



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







MACPHAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL

AND

LITERARY REVIEW.

VOLUME XIX.



EDINBURGH:

MYLES MACPHAIL, 11 SOUTH ST. DAVID STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1855.

Per. 1419. e. 2. 242

H. & J. PILLANS, PRINTERS, 7. James's Court, Edinburgh.

CONTENTS TO VOL. XIX.

- No. CIX.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. V., Hindoo Character, 1.—India as a Mission Field, 13.—Temporising with Popery—the War with Russia, 22.—Theological Tendencies of the Age, 34.—Lines on the Black Sea Storm, 47.—Sebastopol, 48.—Pastoral Charge of Bishop Gillis—The Immaculate Conception, 49.—Death of Andrew Crichton, LL.D., 54.—The War, 57.—Literary Notices, 61.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64.
- No. CX.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. VI., Hindoo Mythology, 65.—The Immaculate Conception, 81.—The Nebular Hypothesis and Modern Geology, *versus* the Plurality of Worlds—Second Article, 90.—Lines on the Condition of the British Troops in the East, 109.—Peace or War, 110.—Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers, by Washington Irving, 111.—New Regulations for the Civil Appointments of the East India Company, &c., 117.—Inquiry regarding the Conduct of the War, 120.—Literary Notice, 126.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 127.
- No. CXI.—An Essay on Indian Literature, 129.—Should Sinners Pray? 142.—Professor Ferrier's Institutes of Metaphysic, 152.—The Necessary Existence of God, 176.—The Czar Nicholas, 179.—On the Death of the Emperor of Russia, 180.—“*Vita Vitabilis*,” 182.—War or Peace, 183.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 191.
- No. CXII.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. VII., Indian Missions, 193.—Lord Lucan and the Battle of Balaklava, 211.—Genesis and Geology, 223.—The Sortie, 239.—Raise the Siege?

240.—James Montgomery, 240.—The Educational Measures of Mr Stirling, and the Lord Advocate, 247.—Literary Notices, 250.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 256.

No. CXIII.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. VIII., From India to China, 257.—Notes on the Book of Revelation, 269.—On Prayer, 278.—Cochrane's Last Things, 284.—The Stars—their Purposes and Language, 291.—Peace or War, 300.—Letter on Eternal Punishments, in Reply to the Philological Objections of a Critical Friend, 301.—The War—Our Present Position, 316.—Literary Notice, 320.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 320.

No. CXIV.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. IX., China and its People, 321.—The Philosophy of the Beautiful, 337.—Notes on the Book of Revelation, *continued*, 344.—Principal Tulloch's Burnett Treatise, 354.—Lines on the French Attack of 22d and 23d May, before Sebastopol, 366.—"The Disciple whom Jesus Loved," 368.—The War—Austria, 375.—Literary Notices, 380.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 384.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CIX.

FEBRUARY 1855.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER V.

HINDOO CHARACTER.

ONE of the servants of the house in which I lived, having asked permission to go on a visit to his friends who resided at a considerable distance from Calcutta, Mr B. gave him a week's leave of absence for the purpose. Next day, however, the man was observed lounging about the premises in the most unconcerned manner possible, and, when questioned as to his movements, he replied, "time enough, Sahib, no hurry; it will do to-morrow." He had not seen his family for six months, and, though anxious to visit his home, he indolently loitered away two out of the seven days given him before he thought of moving.

This incident served as a text to me, and, from it, as from a starting-point, I set about exploring the peculiarities and mysteries of the Hindoo character. The character of a people may be profitably studied on the page of history, but it is more correctly learned in their national customs. If we were to rely on physiognomy as our guide in arriving at a true estimate of the Hindoo character, we should probably be correct in some of our surmises, but we should certainly be wrong in others. Their appearance speaks of nothing but mildness, gentleness, and innocence. But their innocence is indolence, their gentleness—apathy, and their mildness—cunning. Their climate has unnerved their bodies of vigour, and robbed them of all strength of moral character. It has been observed, that even Europeans, who go out to India early in life, become enervated by the climate, and deteriorate both in body and mind. On the plain of Hindostan are millions of effeminate creatures called men, but with

less real claim to the name than the inhabitants of any other country on the face of the globe. The remark most frequently made respecting them is, that they are children of a larger growth. They are of a light and slender form, weak and puny in appearance, and destitute of all courage. An English sailor in his drunken frolics often scatters, with his single arm, a whole crowd of the natives on the ghauts. It is not to be supposed however, that it is of such stuff as these degenerate Bengalees, that our Sepoys, or Indian troops, are composed. They are generally hill-country men—Rajpoots—fine looking men, of great strength and daring, not unfrequently men of high caste, and sometimes even of the order of Brahmins. But in Bengal, the men—old and young—are boyish-looking creatures, and the old women are like faded girls. To add to their uselessness, they cannot undergo the exertion of thinking. You must tell a servant the same thing over again and again, day after day. It would be folly to expect that they could remember it. The common conversation of the people testifies to the narrowness of their intellects, and the limited range of their faculties. When a group of the common people squat down on their hams to chat together, all their talk is of rice and pice (farthings),—rupees and Khaannah (dinner); and, among the women, their husbands, I believe, forms a third topic of conversation. A criminal about to be hanged a few years ago, was asked if there was any thing he particularly desired before leaving the world? "Yes," he said, "I never saw a great heap of rupees together; and of all things I should like to have that pleasure before I die."

The indolence so characteristic of the Hindoos, receives an illustration from a common saying of theirs, to this effect—it is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to sleep while lying down than to lie awake; it is better to smoke the hookha than to sleep; and it would be supreme felicity to be able to lie down to smoke the hookha, and to sleep, all at one and the same time.

The same truth is evident from the manner in which they now submit to the yoke of a foreign power, and have for ages submitted to one foreign power after another. Were a particle of spirit left in them, they could not so tamely as they do yield themselves up to the domination of foreign conquerors. But they care not what becomes of their country, if they themselves but obtain a subsistence. Inhabiting one of the finest regions in the world, their wants, which are but few, are easily supplied. Two meals of curry and rice, and a few bananas, constitute their daily food; and, as for clothing, they cannot possibly spend above sixpence each annually. But their beautiful climate and fertile soil, though a blessing in one respect, have proved fatal to them in another, by depriving them of all physical and moral energy, and rendering them contented with their inferior condition. They seem not to look beyond the supply of their immediate necessities. And the foreigner who will provide for their wants when starving, and take them into his service, becomes to them as a god. Nothing testifies more strongly to their abject debasement and servile submission than such language as this, which has been actually heard from them on such occasions:—"Thou art my God,

for thou hast given me rice, and so kept me alive." Painful as such a degrading feature in their character is, and dishonouring both to God and man, it is capable of further proof. An English bishop was once making a tour of inspection among the Church Missionary Schools in India. On one occasion, his attendants were addressing him as usual in a style of adulation as "my Lord,"—"your Lordship," when one of the youths present, thinking to improve upon this form of address, actually called him "my God." The bishop was of course greatly shocked, and forbade his friends from using his titles in the hearing of the people.

The apathy of the national character is seen in the want of all patriotic feeling and action. Each individual looks to himself and to his own selfish interests alone. No improvement ever takes place unless prompted by foreign advice, or by the promise of foreign aid. It would seem to be the destiny of this country, that it should be preserved from destruction only by being successively conquered. Without the firm governing hand of some foreign power, society here could not exist. It is seen still further, in the patience and imperturbability with which the people resign themselves to inevitable calamities. When any misfortune occurs to them, they soon and easily console themselves with the reflection that it was their fate, that it was written on their foreheads, and that they could not escape their destiny. If their present wants are only satisfied, they seem to give themselves no concern for the morrow, and in the midst of the greatest straits, or on the occurrence of some distressing accident, they will sit down in groups on the ground, to the enjoyment of their pipes, in the most cool and unconcerned manner possible.

As a national characteristic, however, this is most strikingly evident in the contentment with which they submit to British domination, and in the ease with which this vast continent is ruled by a comparative handful of Saxons. The prestige of British power in India, has been sometimes placed in jeopardy by rash enterprises, but, up to the present moment, it is still culminating. And it is this fact, doubtless, the almost unvarying success which has attended our arms in the east, which has overawed the people, crushed opposition, and evoked at least an external appearance of submissiveness to our rule.

Let us look for a moment at the strange and anomalous position which we hold in that country. Our East Indian Empire is truly a wonderful spectacle—the glory of Britain, and the admiration of the world. That a multitude of nations, containing 150,000,000 of human beings, should be ruled by 40,000 Englishmen,—for that is about the whole number of civilians, officials, and military, belonging to this country in India,—is one of the most extraordinary facts in the present state or in the past history of the world. The only parallel to it is to be found in the few millions of Tartars, who have for two hundred years past ruled over three hundred millions of Chinese. India, however, is held by us, fully as much by moral power as by physical force. And notwithstanding all the abuse which the East India Government continually receives, there must be a vast amount of administrative ability and justice,—great wisdom and talent—supporting the foundations of our empire in the east. It is true that we have three great armies in the three

Presidencies of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, each numbering about 80,000 men, but the power which has contrived to attach so many native troops to our sway, for the maintenance of our ascendancy in India, is a power which has never been displayed by any other kingdom in the world. What may be the ultimate fate of our East Indian possessions, it would be hard to guess. Our position there being unprecedented in its nature, and our power being unparalleled in its extent, it would be difficult to form any conjecture as to its tenure. The natives say that it was by their ships that the Feringhees or Franks came, and that it is to our ships we shall one day be compelled to retire.

Although there is great passive endurance about the Hindoos, and although they submit to our presence and to our control, believing it to be the will of heaven that we should rule over them, yet there cannot be a doubt as to the existence of much ill feeling in the minds of the people against their foreign conquerors. Notwithstanding the fact that they are now more secure of their lives than they ever were before under their native rulers or under any other foreign power,—although rice is cheap, and they enjoy peace, and prosperity, and safety, and the rights of private property are respected, and justice is impartially administered,—and they freely acknowledge these benefits,—yet there is probably not a man in India but would rejoice at the overthrow of English supremacy, and the expulsion of the Frank from Indian soil. But as to taking any steps to accomplish this desired result, seems to be altogether beyond their thoughts. That they leave to the appointment of heaven. Some have supposed that the Eurasians, a large and increasing class in India, will one day give laws to that country. But this half breed, the descendants of European fathers and Asiatic mothers,—whence comes their name, Eur-asians,—are characterized by none of the energy of their sires, and possess in abundance the indolence and apathy of the natives.

One very remarkable feature in the mental conformation of the people of India, is their highly imaginative and metaphysical turn of mind. They take the greatest delight in fictitious tales and wild romances, and they believe them all to be quite true. Their fervid imaginations easily enable them to dispense with all ordinary rules of logic, and even with the restraints of probability and common sense. Arabian tales are greedily devoured, are accepted as gospel, and are constantly repeated among them. They thus possess the most distorted, false, and fantastical ideas of the universe. The mysteries of the invisible world have an intense charm to them, and an immensely strong hold upon their minds. Nothing on this subject is too incredible or absurd for their belief, especially when it is asserted with an air of confidence and gravity. Hence in no country in the world are there so many outrageous fanatics, stark—staring—religious madmen, and perfectly sincere and enthusiastic devotees. The tendency of the national mind is to speculate on things of an abstract nature, and at any hour of the day a Hindoo will eagerly commence talking to you about the nature of the gods, and the nature of the universe, and delight in advancing pantheistic speculations and metaphysical quibbles. They seem to derive the greatest enjoyment

from the absurd fables of their mythology. The monstrous fictions, which they greedily swallow, respecting their gods, are a never-failing subject of mirth to them. The recital of the mysteries of their religion is one of their chief diversions, and it would almost appear as if they regarded everything in it as really intended to minister to their amusement. A student of one of the Indian languages thus writes:—"I was once reading to my pundit an account of Siva, with a thousand heads, and a body entwined with snakes, dancing in the sky; and I expected that he would see the gross and painful absurdity of it all. But it threw him into an ecstasy of enjoyment. It seemed to him an amiable condescension in Siva to make himself ridiculous."

Truthfulness and honesty are virtues to which, without any libel, it may be said, the Hindoos are strangers. To listen to themselves on this topic—all are liars, society is bankrupt, and every person is in debt to every other person. "If I do not tell lies how shall I get through the world," is a common saying. To listen to Europeans,—the natives calmly rob you while you are looking at them, and cheat you before your very eyes. Should you send a servant with ten pieces of money to the bazaar, to purchase anything for you, he will keep at least one piece to himself, as a sort of commission for his trouble. Strange to say, every servant in the whole country does this, and you cannot get a man who will do otherwise. They regard what they take in this manner as a perquisite, to which they are entitled, over and above their wages. Should you go to the market yourself and make your own purchases, the shop-keeper speedily finds out who you are, and deducts a certain amount from you, which sum he keeps and gives to your servant at another time. You are sure to be cheated to a certain extent in every purchase you make. The sum of which you are thus defrauded is called *dustoorie*, and the people scarcely think the transaction a sin.

A story is sometimes told in India, illustrative of the universal prevalence of the exaction called *dustoorie*. An Indian Rajah found that his prime minister cheated him, by taking a commission on every thing bought for the prince's use. The Vizier defended himself from the charge of embezzlement on the plea of prescriptive right, and affirmed that all the prince's subjects did the same thing. To prove the truth of this, the prince called one of his servants, gave him a gold mohur,—worth thirty-six shillings,—and told him to go and buy a cow.

"What did you pay for this cow?" demanded the prince, in the presence of the Vizier.

"So many rupees, and so many annas," replied the servant, naming the amount.

"And what have you charged for yourself by way of *dustoorie*?"

"So many annas."

He next sent another servant with a rupee, to buy a sheep.

"Have you kept *dustoorie* for yourself from this rupee?"

"Yes."

He then sent another servant with an anna to buy a few mangoes.

"Have you got your *dustoorie*?"

"Yes."

Another servant was sent with a pice, to buy a few dates, and, when questioned, he also acknowledged that he had kept his dustoorie. Last of all, he gave a cowrie shell—the lowest piece of current money—to another servant, directing him to go to the market and buy a flower.

“How much did you pay for this flower?”

“One cowrie.”

“And what had you yourself for dustoorie?” And the prince, as he said this, looked at his Vizier, thinking that he had now puzzled him, for the cowrie could not be changed, and could buy only one article.

“Alas!” said the servant, “I was greatly at a loss how to get my dustoorie out of the cowrie, and I sat down by the way-side and considered what I should do. Suddenly I remembered that I had not chunamed my brow this morning in honour of my god, and, seeing a water-carrier pass by, I begged a little water from him, and rubbed the cowrie upon a door-step. Thus I chunamed my forehead, and got my dustoorie.”

The mark which the Hindoos put on their foreheads in honour of their gods, consists of two or three white lines drawn athwart the brow by dipping the finger in soft lime. It is renewed every morning. The number of lines varies, and there is a diversity in their form and position, according to the particular god of which the individual is a votary. There is reason to believe that the custom of marking the forehead in honour of the gods, is not confined to the Hindoos, but was practised by other idolatrous nations, and was even imitated by the Jews from their heathen neighbours. In the book of Deuteronomy, there occurs the following remarkable language:—“They have corrupted themselves, their spot is not the spot of his children.” An apostate Jew imitating this custom, was audaciously opposing the express command of Jehovah, —“ye shall not print any marks upon you: I am the Lord:” On the brow of only one individual in the Jewish nation was any mark permitted,—on the brow, namely, of God’s high priest, the people’s representative before God, on whose forehead was placed the golden plate, with the inscription,—“Holiness to the Lord.” Some of the marks which the Hindoo women make on their noses and foreheads in honour of their gods are indelible. I have seen women with such marks, of a blue, and sometimes of a red colour. The flesh is pricked with a sharp needle, and the pigment is inserted in such a manner that it can never be erased. Mr B. informed me that one of the Hindoo converts lamented the spot on her face, and grieved that she could not remove that mark of her having formerly been a worshipper of demons.

The position which woman holds in the social scale in India, is decidedly inferior and degraded, as it is in all heathen nations. The poor creatures, too, have accepted their own degradation, and seem to think that from the beginning it was so. A Hindoo woman never calls her husband by his name; she is not permitted to mention it. She speaks of him and addresses him as her lord, or as the owner of the house, or as the father of her child. “My lord, what will you have your servant

¹ Lev. xix. 28.

to do?" is her form of address; and his is "Oh, woman!" She is not allowed to sit at meat with him. She waits on him at table like a servant or drudge, and she and her daughters eat what her husband and her sons have left. Girls are betrothed while infants by their parents, and if her intended husband dies before the marriage is consummated, then the girl remains a widow for life, with no prospect before her but that of a life of infamy. I have seen some young widows of only eight or nine years of age. A Brahmin marries as many wives as he pleases, and he is, moreover, not bound to support any of them. Many vagabond Brahmins travel about the country like lords, demanding food and lodging wherever they go, and a new wife in every place. The simple people think it an honour to their families to give their daughters in marriage to these scoundrels. They soon abandon their new wives, and go elsewhere to marry others. Great social wretchedness and demoralization result from this custom also. I have heard of one Brahmin who had thirty-two wives living in different parts of the country. Sometimes a Brahmin is even paid for marrying his wives. His sons inherit their father's rank, but the mother does not cease to regard herself as an inferior being, notwithstanding her union with a descendant of the gods. The answer of a poor Hindoo woman, when spoken to by a kind Christian friend about the salvation of her soul, sadly shows how low women have fallen in their own estimation in India,—“why do you speak to me about my soul? I am only a woman. Go to my husband.”

It is a common saying among the Hindoos, that “a wife has no other God than her husband.” It is her duty to worship him, however vile and wicked he may be, with all the reverence due to her maker and preserver. “A chaste wife,” it is said, “when she rises in the morning, washes her husband's feet and drinks the water; she sets flowers upon them, and presents herself before him and waits for his benediction.” In the Institutes of Menu (in which some oriental scholars suppose they have found the Laws of Minos), it is said, “in childhood must a female be dependent on her father; in youth on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; a woman must never seek independency.” “To every species of ill usage, the woman is bound to submit.” “Though unobservant of approved usages, or enamoured of another woman, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must constantly be revered as a god by a virtuous wife.” Her sole merit in the sight of heaven is supposed to consist in the honour and obedience which she pays to her husband. If she visits a temple, fasts, prays, presents sacrifices, or bestows alms, it is not on her own account, but for the prosperity and happiness of her husband and children. She is taught to consider that she has no need to do any of these things for herself, since “she can obtain the reward of eternal life only by serving her husband.” Hence a common objection against female education in India is, that a woman needs no knowledge of religion, or indeed of anything else, because she can get salvation even without worshipping God. For Menu says, “a husband is to a wife greater than Sunkara, (Siva) or Vishnu; the husband is her god, and priest, and religion, and its sacrifices; wherefore, abandoning everything else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband.”

As a contrast to this, however, there is something very beautiful in the marriage ceremony of the Brahmins. After various ablutions and prayers, the bride's father says, "I give unto thee this damsel, adorned with jewels, and protected by the Lord of creatures."

The bridegroom replies, "well be it."

The bride's father then gives him a piece of gold, saying, "I this day give thee this piece of gold for the purpose of completing the solemn donation made by me."

The bridegroom again says, "well be it;" and then recites the text, "Who gave her? To whom did he give her?—Love (or free-consent) gave her. To love he gave her. Love was the giver; love was the taker. Love, may she be thine. Love has pervaded the ocean. With love I accept her love."

They then walk together, while he thus addresses her, "May the regents of space, may air, the sun, and fire, dispel the anxiety which thou feelest in thy mind, and turn thy heart to me." While they look at each other, he proceeds thus, "Be gentle in thy aspect, and loyal to thy husband, be fortunate in cattle, amiable in thy mind, and beautiful in thy person; be mother of valiant sons; be cheerful, and bring prosperity. First (in a former birth) Soma received thee; a celestial quirister next obtained thee (in successive transformations); the regent of fire was thy third husband; thy fourth is a human being. Soma gave her to a celestial quirister, he gave her to the regent of fire; fire gave her to me. With her he has given me wealth and male offspring. May she, a most auspicious cause of prosperity, never desert me."

He then invests her with a new waistcloth and scarf, and offers the following prayer, "may the assembled gods unite our hearts, may the waters unite them, may air unite us, may the creator unite us, may the god of love unite us."

She then steps on a mat covered with silk, and says, "may our lord assign me the path by which I may reach the abode of my lord." She then steps seven steps. The marriage is complete and irrevocable as soon as she has taken the seventh step.

The bridegroom then takes her right hand,—“I take thy right hand for the sake of good fortune, that thou mayest become old with me thy husband. I need the goddess of prosperity. Thou art she. Thou art the goddess of prosperity. I need her. I am the Saman; thou art the Veda. I am the sky; thou art the earth. Come, let us marry. May thou reach old age. May we, during a hundred years, be affectionate and well disposed.”

He then takes her out and shews her the polar star, and says, "Heaven is stable, the earth is stable, this universe is stable, these mountains are stable, may this woman be stable in her husband's family."

He next eats food prepared without salt, and says, "I bind with the fetters of food thy heart and mind to the gem (of my soul); I bind them with nourishment, which is the thread of life; I bind them with the knot of truth. May that heart which is yours become my heart! and this heart which is mine become thy heart!"

The bride is then fed with food prepared in a cauldron, and the fol-

lowing text is recited,—“I unite thy breath with my breath, thy bones with my bones, thy flesh with my flesh ; and thy skin with my skin.”

Although the moral sentiments of the people of India are not, and indeed cannot be expected to be, so pure as those of Christian nations, yet it may be affirmed that there is among them a tolerably clear knowledge of what is right and of what is wrong. Notwithstanding their indolence, servility, cunning, and the practice of many vices, yet there are also some amiable features in their character. And there is no necessity why we should shut our eyes to these, as if we were bent on making out a case against them. A certain young man was looked upon and loved by our Lord himself, apparently for his amiable natural dispositions, and not for any gracious ones that appear to have been in his heart, for he left Christ very sorrowful because he was very rich. There is then much real tenderness, kindness, and affection displayed among the Hindoos. They have a most gentle, unassuming, and winning manner, and there is something positively fascinating in the melting liquidness of their dark eyes. The most tender attachments have frequently been formed between European children, born in India, and their male and female nurses. The darkness of their complexion becomes forgotten, or rather, I think, is even itself loved. There is many a little “Henry and his Bearer,” and many an English and Scottish gentleman who have been reared in their infancy in India will forget their patient, gentle, Indian nurses, only with life itself. Many an officer, too, can testify to the fidelity and care with which their Indian servants have watched over their interests, and, if your body servant must have his paltry dustoorie, he will, at all events, allow no other person to cheat you but himself. The virtue of hospitality is also said to be very commonly and unostentatiously practised by the Hindoos amongst themselves, especially in country districts.

The standard of morality in India, although not so low as some have imagined it to be, is, however, immeasurably higher than their practice. Their morality is fearfully defective, and vice is awfully prevalent. That they fully answer to the character drawn by the Apostle Paul of the Gentiles, is abundantly evident to an attentive observer of their habits. It is an actual fact, that when the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, detailing the awful crimes of corrupt human nature, was first read by some Hindoos, they exclaimed that it was a forgery, and insisted that the missionaries had first studied the Hindoo character, and then themselves drawn that picture of it from the life.

One of the touches which the Apostle throws in, in this portraiture of the Gentile character, is—“without natural affection.” My friend, Mr B., on his return from Chiusurah one day, told me that as he was coming down the river, he observed one of the wild dogs which eat the dead bodies that come floating down the Ganges, running along the banks of the river with the body of a child in its mouth, while a group of women were standing by laughing loudly at the horrid spectacle, and apparently enjoying it. I saw a man one morning lying on his back in the street in the agonies of death from cholera, and, though a crowd of people were gazing at him, not one interfered to lend him the least as-

assistance. At the ghauts, dying persons are often seen lying unheeded, and exposed to the blaze of a burning sun. Their friends bring them down to the banks of the Gunga, that they may expire in sight of the sacred stream, and so be taken to paradise. Crowds of persons of both sexes are bathing around, or performing their religious ceremonies. The son of a dying parent manifests no more concern on such occasions than the idle spectators do. And, to hasten the departure of the spirit, he fills the mouth and nostrils of the dying person with mud, so that he may be the more quickly released from his attendance at the river side. On the banks of the river, a large square building, with an open grating on the top, was pointed out to me as the place where dead bodies were burnt. I did not go near it, for the smoke and stench proceeding from this "open sepulchre" were insupportable even at a distance.

Another of the characteristics of the Gentiles, mentioned by the Apostle, is, that they are "haters of God." We can hardly predicate this with truth of the Hindoos, for they know not God. But with all their enthusiasm for their native idolatry, and with all their attachment to the worship of such gods as they have, still it cannot be said that they love their gods. The reverse is the truth. They pay their respects to the gods after their own manner, but their service is prompted entirely by fear. It is not love that animates them, but dread of the vengeance of the gods, should they be neglected by their votaries. The Hindoo thinks that his god "is altogether such an one as himself." Consequently he has the meanest and most contemptible ideas possible regarding the object of his worship. Thus, if it rains very much, the people say, "these rascally gods are sending us more rain." If a Hindoo is particularly unfortunate at any time, he says, "O god, what art thou about. What have I done that thou thus afflictest me?" A river-god, whose image stood on a bridge, was once threatened in this manner, "Do you think we have not had enough of rain for the present? If you do not cease deluging the country in this manner, you will be toppled over shortly into the water yourself, and how will you like that?" They sit down and abuse their gods, and throw upon them all the blame of their misfortunes. They know not how to cherish calm submission to the will of the Supreme Being, but pettishly conclude by saying:—"The gods will do as they please."

How indeed can they think otherwise of their gods, from the low, deceitful, malignant, and impure character which the gods whom they worship sustain? The Hindoo Pantheon is peopled with the vilest creations of the human imagination, and, since the gods are so worthless, how can we expect their worshippers to be any better than the gods themselves are? The greatest crimes are ascribed to them, and the recital of stories of their wickedness forms a frequent subject of merriment among the people. It may be said with truth that the character of the people of India cannot be fully comprehended without an intimate knowledge of their gods, the objects of their admiration, imitation, and worship. But to pursue this subject farther at present, would lead us into a very wide field of speculation. We shall conclude this chapter then,

by relating one or two stories of the Brahmins, the representatives and offspring of the gods of India.

The priests are men of immense influence and authority among the people of India. In addition to the claim of high birth and divine descent which they put forth, they also demand deep respect for themselves on account of their learning. The course of learning which they pursue is entirely professional, and consists in a knowledge of the ancient Sanscrit language, the study of the ancient Vedas and Puranas, and an intimate acquaintance with the mythology of their country, together with astronomy and astrology. Many of them are men of acute intellect, and of great philosophical attainments. Multitudes more amongst them, however, are the reverse of all this; wretchedly debased and ignorant, possessed of no knowledge of the sacred language, and characterized only by unbounded rapacity, cruelty, and impurity. Some of them, moreover, are distinguished by amazing stupidity, and however highly they are revered as a body by the people, still this does not prevent them, any more than the gods themselves, from becoming a subject for raillery and a butt for laughter.

The following story, taken from the Journal of the Indian Archipelago, although extracted as a judicial case from the code of laws of the Siamese kingdom, is, however, considered merely as an amusing passage and not as a precedent:—"Prammaneechan, a Brahmin, having gone to a house in the vicinage of his own, to ask for some provisions, found that the master had gone abroad. But his wife duly and religiously presented food to him. It happened, however, that in her haste to descend the stair she fell, and, being with child, a miscarriage ensued. In the mean time, her husband returned, and observing the mischief which had happened, he accused the Brahmin of having been the author of it. He accordingly dragged him away towards the hall of justice. While they were walking towards it, a man on horseback came full speed towards them, exclaiming that his horse had run off with him, and desiring some one to stop it. The Brahmin lifted up a stone and threw it so surely that it hit a leg of the horse, and caused him to halt. The rider forgot now his obligation to the Brahmin, in his dread that his horse was ruined. He accused the Brahmin therefore of malice, and joined the party. The three having advanced some distance, the Brahmin, overwhelmed with shame, watched an opportunity, and running up a rising ground, precipitated himself from a rock with intent to kill himself. Unfortunately he fell on a poor peasant, and the shock killed him, the Brahmin being only slightly hurt. The son of the poor man now accused the Brahmin of murder, and, joining the two other complainants, they all reached the court house. The judge, on hearing the case, passed the following decision:—"He who complains that he has lost a child, let him give over his wife in charge to the Brahmin until she shall prove again pregnant. He who demands another horse, let him have one if he chooses at the Brahmin's expense, but as his tongue misled the Brahmin let it be cut out of his mouth. As for the youth who complains that he has lost a father, let him give his mother in marriage to the Brahmin, and thereby obtain another."

Abbé Dubois, in his "Description of the People of India," relates the following Hindoo tale, which, placing some Brahmins in a ridiculous light, would seem also to be a popular favourite:—"A soldier saluted four simple Brahmins, who began a contention after he had passed, for which of them he had meant the salutation particularly. Rather than fight about it, they ran after him and asked him. He said,—'for the greatest fool of the four.' At first they were confounded. Then they began to contend which of them was the greatest fool. They proceeded to the village choultry, and stated their case to the heads of the village. This raised shouts of laughter from the president, and from all around. The first said,—'I got a present of two pieces of cloth of the finest description. Having washed the cloth I hung it up to dry, when unfortunately a dog was seen to pass underneath it; and I feared that he had defiled it by touching it. To make sure, I walked on all fours beneath the cloth, and the children said I did not touch it. But then the dog had a tail, which was at the time cocked up, so I fixed a leaf on my rump, and walked on all fours again. They said I touched it with the tip. Then I tore the cloth in pieces. Every body pronounced me the greatest fool, and when I wanted cloth to clothe myself, people said,—you only want to tear it in pieces.' All thought he had made out a good claim to be the greatest fool; but the second said,—'I got myself shaved, and told my wife to give the barber a penny. She gave him two, and he would not give me back the other penny. I then insisted that he should shave my wife also. She struggled and cried. She was disgraced. People said she had committed adultery. I expected to see her led out on an ass with her face to the tail. Every body reproached me with being a contented cuckold, and would not believe my story. All called me a great fool.' The third said,—'I said to my wife that all women are great prattlers. 'So are the men,' she said. She meant me, I'm sure. I was nettled. I then wagered with her that which of us two should speak the first word should lose a leaf of betel. Next morning every body shouted out to me, but I gave them no answer. People said we were bewitched. A magician was sent for, and he wanted a vast sum of money to remove the enchantment. But another applied hot bars of iron to my hands and feet. Still I spoke not. Then they proceeded to do the same thing to my wife, and she immediately cried out,—'hold, it is enough.' She lost the wager. But people pronounced me a fool for putting the whole village in an uproar, and our friends into an agony.' The fourth said,—'I went to bring the maiden home to whom I was betrothed, but the day proved very hot, and her feet were blistered, and she was like to die by the way, and a traveller passing by said,—'Sell me your wife, and I will give you twenty pagodas for the jewels on her person.' I sold her. Better that than let her perish. When I went home my mother, and her friends, and every body upbraided me. I could not get another wife. I think my pretensions to the salute of the soldier, therefore, are as good as those of the others.' The heads of the assembly, amid roars of laughter, pronounced that each in his own way had established indubitable claims to the greatest folly, and pronounced in favour of them all; that each should be at liberty to

call himself the greatest fool, and attribute to himself the salutation of the soldier. Each of the delighted Brahmins having thus gained the suit, they rushed out of the court, exclaiming, 'I have gained the cause.'

(To be continued.)

INDIA AS A MISSION FIELD.¹

So much has of late been written on India and Indian Missions, that the theme affords little scope for novelty. My reasons for bringing the subject before this audience are, to bear testimony to the cause in the promotion of which my best days have been spent, in a University where I received a part of my theological education, and to lay before those interested in Christian Missions some facts derived from my own experience.

It is sometimes supposed that testimony like mine must be one-sided, and that those only are to be trusted who are indifferent spectators, which is construed to mean those who have viewed the labours of missionaries from amid the bustle of civil and military employments, without ever coming into close contact with the agents of Missionary Societies. No doubt prejudices and prepossessions are to be guarded against by the friends of missions as well as by their opponents; but these exist not only among those who have lived in intimacy with the missionaries and their converts, but also in the minds of those who have judged of them from the misrepresentations of bigoted natives, and a priesthood whose authority Christianity undermines. The more closely, however, the operations of Protestant missionaries have been watched, the more has the conviction grown on the public mind, that they are calculated to produce a great and salutary change on the heathen and Mahomedan population of the globe, and to be the harbingers of a new and better era in the history of mankind. Thirty years ago, when the writer of this paper entered the mission field, the prevailing creed among Europeans in India in relation to Christian missions, consisted of the three following articles:—*first*, That the natives are more virtuous than Europeans, and that to convert them to Christianity would be inflicting upon them an injury; *secondly*, that to convert them is an impossibility, all of them being resolved to die rather than become Christians, with the exception of a few miserable outcasts—the scum and dregs of society; and *thirdly*, that to attempt to change the religion of the Hindoos would excite among them a spirit of insubordination, and lead to attempts to overthrow the British Government. To such an extent did this last idea prevail at one time, that a sepoy, who, of his own free will, embraced Christianity, was discharged from his regiment, though, as some compensation for this, and owing to his past general good conduct, he was allowed to draw his pay while he lived. Such a thing as a native convert could not be

¹ An Address delivered before the Members of the Missionary Association of the University of Edinburgh, Dec. 2, 1854, by the Rev. J. STEVENSON, D.D., late of Bombay.

tolerated among the defenders of British interests and the upholders of the British Empire in the East. These ridiculous fears have now indeed passed away, or are only found lingering among those who never reflect, nor change any of the opinions they adopted without enquiry in the days of their *griffnage*, when they made their first DEBUT into the Indian world, at the interesting age of from sixteen to twenty. A number of intelligent and influential servants of the country, in all departments, are to be found throughout India taking a warm interest in all schemes that tend to promote the Christian education and evangelization of the native population. Young India, too, with its magazines, and newspapers, and female schools, and book clubs, and debating societies, shews with sufficient plainness to Brahmins and Anglo-Indians of the old school, that the days of Hindoo apathy and ignorance are numbered, and that a new order of things has commenced. But, strange to tell, notwithstanding of all these changes, the British Government is stronger than ever.

In considering the subject of Indian Missions, there are two opposite errors against which we must be on our guard ; the first is the supposition that all the great obstacles have been overcome, and that now comparatively little remains to be done ; and the second is, that scarcely any thing yet has been accomplished. Let us glance then both at what remains to be done, and at what has already been effected.

If we look at the vastness of the Indian field and the fewness of labourers in that field, the mind is almost overwhelmed at what remains to be done after all the efforts already made by British and American Christians. Amid a population of 120 millions, there cannot be more at present than 360 ambassadors of mercy sent forth from Christendom, deducting those who have entered the field too lately to be able to engage in evangelistic labours, or who are laid aside by sickness. This gives us three labourers to every million of Indians,—about the same proportion as if among the 2½ millions of our Scottish population, we had eight ministers, say two in Edinburgh, two in Glasgow, and two for Aberdeen, Perth, and the North, and an equal number for Haddington, Dumfries, and the South. Loud and just are the complaints of abounding immorality and irreligion among ourselves, yet we have 2000 ordained ministers of the gospel, each labouring in his allotted sphere, aided by elders and Sabbath school teachers in their separate localities. How limited then is such an agency as that we have mentioned among a nation of heathens, many of whom have not yet even heard of the name of Christ. Let no one then suppose there is no room for fresh labourers in the Indian field. The parts most crowded with missionaries will yet bear division and sub-division many times before the labours of the one interfere with those of another.

But it may be said that I am overlooking the many excellent and estimable native missionaries that have been raised up every where in India, and the fact that the country must be mainly evangelized by indigenous ministers. I by no means overlook nor undervalue the labours of the many zealous and devoted native catechists and missionaries, that point out the way of salvation to their darkened countrymen. Their labours are abundant and most important, though they move in a somewhat

different sphere from the European and American missionary. There is no one to whom the sincere enquirer so readily turns as to the native catechist. He knows that he was once in the same state that he at present finds himself,—that he was born a heathen, and combated the same doubts and fears that he now experiences in his enquiries into the truth of Christianity; to him then he opens all his heart; from the native missionary he expects a sympathy that he does not venture to hope for from a European, however kind and condescending he may be. He cannot feel his soul drawn out to a man of foreign origin, foreign manners, and speaking a foreign tongue, as he does to one who agrees with him in race, mode of living, and language. For such persons then the services of the native teachers are invaluable, and much of the success that has attended missions in India has accrued through the instrumentality of such agents. But how is the native to find access to the prejudiced and bigoted among his countrymen? It is as emphatically true in India as it was in Judea, that “a prophet is not without honour save in his own country and among his own kindred.” Is the preacher a man of low origin? he is doomed to bear the scowl of the haughty Brahmin, and to hear himself upbraided with his low birth, and to be asked how he dares undertake to teach divine knowledge, and open his lips in the presence of those to whom the Creator has assigned the duty of instructing mankind. If he be by birth a man of high caste, he is hooted as an apostate, as a wretch who for a mess of meat has sold his birth-right, and brought disgrace on his kindred and his country by associating with cannibals—for the Brahmin places the flesh of the cow in the same category with that of man, and looks on the beef-eater with the same horror that we regard a New Zealander who feasts on his slaughtered foe. To meet such opponents requires the energy and courage of the sons of the North. The timid Hindoo quails under the fierce attacks of the enraged and foul-mouthed Brahmin, the laugh is turned against him, and he cannot gain the attention of his audience. Here the European missionary is needed to lead the way, and by superior mental power, courage, and tact, to stop the objector’s mouth, and proclaim to the multitude the tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. Like the European officer in the Indian army, he must bear the brunt of the battle, and shew to the native assistants how to endure patiently toils and contumely for Christ’s sake. As long then as there is an open and formidable opposition to Christianity amongst learned and influential classes, so long must men of talent, education, and piety be sent forth by the Churches of Christendom to meet them. The sages of Hindostan have not yet capitulated, and till they do so, all the varied gifts and graces needed in the defenders of Christianity at home, are required in those abroad. There was formerly a notion prevalent among Christians, and it perhaps still influences some of the supporters of missions, that as the Apostles were unlearned publicans and fishermen, a liberal education is thrown away upon missionaries, and that they should go forth to preach the gospel trusting to the working of that Spirit which rendered the first missionaries so successful. The fallacy of this reasoning consists in confounding the condition of the Apostles at the time they were called by our Lord, with that in which

they were when they went forth to preach the gospel. Carey was once but a common unlearned mechanic, but he could not be deemed unacquainted with letters, after he had translated or superintended the translation of the Bible into a dozen Indian languages. How could Peter and his fellow Apostles be called unlearned when they could speak to the crowds assembled at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost from all parts of the ancient world, and to each man in his own native tongue. Give us such unlearned men as these and then talk of razing our schools and colleges. To preach in one Indian language passably well, requires, for men of ordinary ability, two or three years' study, and it is only men who have studied at home who ever learn to speak a foreign language correctly. But did the Apostles never study theology, who spent three years and a half under him who "was filled with all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and "spake as never man spake?" Nor were they even then permitted to preach till they had received that miraculous gift which preserved them from error, and led them into all truth. Never again did men so gifted enter the mission-field. With the power of healing diseases superadded to their other acquirements, they were in a position to prove the divinity of their mission so as no other missionaries have ever been; and what was no less important, made men feel that Christianity had blessings for this world as well as for the world to come. After our most famed classical academies, halls of divinity, and schools of medicine have done their utmost, the modern missionary stands still, in respect of acquired ability for the prosecution of his work, immeasurably below the first missionaries sent forth by our Lord. We speak not now of the inward working of the Spirit on the heart; that is dispensed in a way we may not presume to define, and was equally necessary in the first ages as it is now; but who can say that there never was at any time a connection between this internal agency of the Spirit and those external gifts conferred on the Apostles, without charging the Omniscience with foolishness, in bestowing powers which were in no wise conducive to the great design of the gospel—the conversion of sinners, and the union of hearts to God. No; the most brilliant talents, and the most profound learning, if sanctified and devoted to the great Master's use, may all find in the Indian mission-field a suitable arena for their exercise. Those metaphysical and mystical Pantheistic theories with which the Germans have been dazzling the world and bewildering themselves, are the genuine offspring of the soil of India, and must there be met and combated by the Indian missionary in their primeval home, not as mere speculations, but as practical errors prevailing extensively throughout the community.

A few words may suffice in reference to the personal trials and difficulties to be encountered in the Indian Mission field. To tell the genuine missionary that he had no labours to endure, and no difficulties to overcome, would, in my opinion, be to do all I could to quench his ardour, and extinguish the flame of holy zeal in his Master's cause, which now burns in his breast. True devotion to the Redeemer's work is only fanned by the prospects of trials and dangers. Those things that prove discouragements to the weak and feeble minded, only lead

the soul imbued with Christian courage, to gird itself more manfully for the conflict. Have the trials and privations of our troops in the Crimea prevented those who are recruiting for the regiments in that country from finding volunteers ready to fill up the ranks, thinned by disease and the sword, or have they not rather stirred up the courage of those who thirst for military glory? contradict it whosoever will, we must affirm not only that the same *ought to be*, but *actually is* the effect produced on the minds of those whom Christ calls to carry the standard of the cross into distant heathen lands, when the self-denial to be exercised in this foreign service is placed before them. Let then those who wish to keep the missionary at home, change their tactics, and endeavour to persuade him that no peculiar difficulties or trials are to be met with in the mission field, and from such representations look for success, for this will be a more likely plan to succeed in turning from his high resolve the genuine missionary, than trying to scare him away with the prospect of dangers. It need not be concealed then that many trials and discouragements await the Indian missionary. There is a tropical climate to be encountered, change of society, the apathy and lukewarmness of many professing Christians, whose conduct belies their principles, together with the fickleness and indecision of enquirers, the backsliding of converts, and the lack of zeal in the native Churches. Nothing but experience can give any adequate view of how much all these things tend to depress and bear down the spirits of the heralds of the cross. But God's grace is sufficient, his strength is perfected in weakness, he sends none of his servants a warfare on their own charges, and as their day is so shall their strength be. The missionary is in some measure prepared for the opposition of the heathen priesthood, and to exercise long suffering towards unbelievers, but when long cherished hopes are blasted, when professing Christians hold back their hands from good, and the blossoms fall off, or the fruit before it is ripened, the sorrows of his heart are enlarged, and he finds no refuge but in pouring out his soul into the bosom of his Father and his God.

The connection that has up to this time existed between the Indian Government and the idolatrous establishments of the country, has proved a sad obstacle in the way of the Christian missionary. There is no one who has not heard of the famous temple of Jagannath, and the pilgrim-tax. Through the efforts of British Christians the tax has been abolished, but a grant of money to uphold the temple and its establishment is still annually paid from the Indian treasury. Formerly this grant was but the returning of a portion of the money exacted from the pilgrims, but now it is a direct tax on the country generally, for the support of a grovelling superstition, condemned by all Christians and Mahommedans, and many of the more enlightened of the Hindoo population.

The poor ignorant idolater not unnaturally asks,—if idolatry be a bad thing, why does a Christian Government pay for its support? He has no idea of the government being so weak as to be compelled to do a thing that it dislikes, and he not illogically concludes that if what the missionary says, were believed by Europeans to be true, the grant would

immediately be put a stop to, and thus he is encouraged in his devotion to his idols, and hardened in his opposition to Christianity.

In the Bombay Presidency, with which I am best acquainted, the funds devoted to the support of idolatrous establishments in the British territories, amount to about 70,000 pounds per annum ; of this 40,000 is derived from the rent of lands, and 30,000 are annual grants from the treasury. No one wishes in the present state of native feeling to interfere with the former source of revenue, or call in question the rights of such property, but the money grants made by the native government that preceded the English, were always supposed by the donors to be given merely of their own free will, and ought not to have been continued by professed Christians. Yet they have been regularly paid for the last 35 years, notwithstanding all the orders from the Court of Directors, and pledges to the British public, that the Indian Government would disconnect itself wholly from the idolatrous establishments of the country. Almost in every town money is paid regularly to idol temples by the resident British functionary, and thus a stumbling block is placed before the sincere enquirer, and a great obstacle in the way of the Christian missionary. After paying the money so long, it might be represented indeed, that not disapprobation of idolatry, but reasons of economy, had influenced the government, but such an idea might easily be obviated by devoting the funds to educational purposes.

It is time now to turn to the other side of the picture, and view the favourable points that present themselves in the Indian mission field.

Under this head we may mention, first of all, the free religious toleration that exists in India, and which enables the herald of the cross every where to preach without let or hinderance the doctrines of salvation. Though the Indian Government at first threw obstacles in the way of Christian missionaries, the influence of the British public operating through Parliament, soon put an end to this unchristian interference, and a more friendly spirit now influences both the home and local authorities. Lately the Court of Directors, while still refusing to exert any influence in favour of Christianity, have so far recognized missionary institutions that they have expressed their readiness to aid with money grants such seminaries, on account of the secular knowledge they impart to the rising generation. Even the American missionaries, who can have no prejudices in favour of the English Government, and who from political motives were for a time prevented from settling in the British territories, prefer establishing their mission stations in the Company's dominions, rather than in those of the native princes, feeling they have an assurance for the unmolested prosecution of their labours under the aegis of English law, which they look for in vain from Hindoo or Mahomedan caprice. Before the last Burmese war, the Christian Burmans, persecuted in their own country, fled in numbers across the river to the strip of land the English had taken from the Burmans in the first war, and the principal settlement of the Baptist American missionaries, the only labourers in that field, was Maulmain, the capital of the British possessions in Burma ; and now that Pegu has been added to the

Company's dominions, they find there a new door open for the prosecution of their labours. Scinde and the Punjaub also, in the north west of India, which were closed to missionaries under the native rulers, have been opened to them under the Company's sway, and strange to say the lineal descendents of Runjeet Sing, the late ruler of the Punjaub, is a convert to the Christian faith. Nowhere in Asia, except now perhaps in China, under the greatly altered state of things, are there such facilities for preaching the gospel, as in the British Indian Empire.

Another circumstance favourable to the prosecution of Indian missions, is the number of excellent men, both in the Company's service, and among the private settlers in the country, who take a warm interest in missionary labours, and aid in its prosecution by their contributions, their pious example, and their prayers. The missionary is cheered at meeting with such fellow-pilgrims in a strange land, and feels that the Christian intercourse he is enabled to hold with them, tends to strengthen his faith, and elevate his hopes, borne down by the ignorance and apathy by which he is habitually surrounded. Though the income of many men in India is considerable, few acquire what in this country would be considered as entitling a man to the epithet of opulent, yet as a body the liberality of Christians in India is great in proportion to their circumstances, and the simple piety of many is honouring to Christianity, and makes a powerful impression on the inquisitive minds of the natives, who very soon learn to distinguish between those whose conduct is conformable to the principles of the religion they profess, and those who walk according to the course of the world. Many of the gentlemen and ladies to whom I refer have gone farther, and have aided in the teaching and superintending of native schools, the composition and translating of tracts and books in the native language, and by speaking to such natives as they came in contact with, and putting the Scriptures and religious books into their hands,—in fact doing the work of missionaries.

Another great facility the missionary now experiences in India, is the easy access he finds to many of the young through the spread of English ideas, and of the English language. Within the last quarter of a century, the diffusion of a knowledge of the English language among the young in India has been most remarkable. Before that period no systematic attempts had been made to instruct the natives in the language and literature of Europe, and all the knowledge possessed of English was confined to servants and brokers, and that chiefly in the Madras Presidency, where, for a century at least, a kind of gibberish consisting mostly of English and native words intermixed, and construed according to the native idiom, had served as a medium of intercourse between their conquerors and the conquered Hindoos. About thirty years ago, the celebrated Ram Mohun Roy established an English school in Calcutta, shortly after the Hindoo College, to teach the native youths the English language, and European science and literature, was established. At a somewhat later period, Dr Duff began his labours in connection with the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Since that period, the study of English has rapidly progressed in all the three Presidencies. Probably at least six thousand native youths are

at this moment studying English in the town of Calcutta alone, and imbibing the scientific and moral, and in many cases religious, ideas taught among ourselves. Besides, throughout the British territories, there is scarcely a county town where there is not a company of Hindoo youths studying our language and literature. All of the pupils attending these schools do not indeed stay so long as to learn a great deal, still they have been associated with those who attain proficiency, and adopt from them many important ideas they never would have heard of under their paternal roof. All that is learned, though opposed to Hindooism, is not favourable to Christianity. Yet surely it cannot be said that nothing favourable to Christianity is taught, when even, in the Government schools, "Milton's Paradise Lost" and "Butler's Analogy" are read. No one can intelligently read such works, without imbibing some views that must tell favourably on the mind, nor can any inquisitive person reflect on what he there reads without having his curiosity excited to read in the Christian Scriptures themselves the record on which the poetry of the one is founded, and to which the reasonings of the other point. Though, then, we cannot approve of excluding Christianity from the Government schools, and thus by an entire exclusion seem to fix a stigma on religious truths, a partial good has resulted from them, and minds have been prepared to receive further instructions from members of the missionary body, and finally for the full reception of the truth. Those pupils also have been educated at the mission schools, where lessons in Christianity form a part of the daily instruction imparted. Members too of the Government boards, and teachers in their employ, have given to the pupils in private that religious instruction which they were not allowed to impart in the schools, and thus have in some measure corrected the imperfections of the system they were called to administer. Though, then, others of a contrary spirit have endeavoured to instil into the minds of the youths the principles of infidelity, and contempt for all religion, and have for this purpose imported into India the shallow philosophy of Voltaire, and the ribald sophisms of Paine, the evil thus effected has not been unmixed with good, and the missionary has had to contend there with sneers and cavils which he knew how to answer, instead of having to deal with stolid ignorance, or unravel the tangled web of a mystical system of metaphysics. A new generation is springing up, imbued with the science and literature, as well as with the errors of Europe, and who have been taught to think and reason for themselves, and may, if the Christian Church exert herself, not only be led to the abandonment of idolatry, but to the reception of Christianity. If the Indian Government would advance a step farther, and have in every school a Bible class for the instruction, in its sacred truths, of those who chose to attend it—a thing to which one would think no solid objection could be made—another great step for the preparation of the native youths to receive the instructions of the missionary would be taken, and much benefit to the cause of truth thence accrue.

India has often been looked on as an unhealthy climate—a land of disease and the shadow of death. We make bold however to say that this is far from being the case. Since 1822, when the Scottish mission-

ary Society first began its operations in Western India, there have been sent by it, and the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to the Bombay Presidency, up to the present time, from Scotland, in all twelve missionaries. All of these are alive at the present day, except the first, who had previously resided in India, and lost his health there, and who should not have ventured to return to the country. On an average, these individuals have laboured in India $12\frac{1}{2}$ years each. Six of them went to India between 1823 and 1829; these are all still alive, and have laboured in India on an average of 20 years, and the two who went out the latest are still in the field; two quitted India at a comparatively early period, and two after a residence of about 30 years. If any one will cast his eye over some district in our own country, and consider how things stand among the ministers in any six contiguous parishes, he will not find much ground for crying out of the unhealthiness of India. Common prudence and temperate living are indeed necessary for the preservation of health in the east, but we suspect that the same is the case every where, though not perhaps in the same degree. If a missionary is required occasionally to expose himself to the climate in the prosecution of his labours, he is saved from much exposure and many temptations incident to men in secular employment, and which often tell more unfavourably on the health, than anything the missionary of the cross is called on to endure.

That part of the Mission field of which I have the most practical experience, is the Bombay Presidency. I have indeed seen something of both the others. I visited Calcutta when the General Assembly's Institution had just been commenced by the Rev. Dr Duff and the Rev. Mr Mackay. I visited Serampore before the patriarchs of British Indian Missions, Carey and Marshman, had exchanged their earthly labours for a heavenly rest, and was shown over all the establishment by the Rev. Mr Mark. I saw the Syrian College in Travancore, the fruit of Dr Buchanan's visit to the South of India, while still superintended by the Church of England missionaries, and latterly I have visited the Basle missions on the Malabar coast, thus affording points of comparison with our operations in Bombay. In reference then to India in general, it must be by all conceded that an immense change has been effected in enlightening the minds and diminishing the prejudices of the population generally within the period referred to. Thirty years ago, when I arrived in Bombay, the Government was hostile, now it is prepared to extend pecuniary aid to missionary schools. Some parts, but no complete edition of the Scriptures had been printed in the languages of the Bombay Presidency, now many editions in the Guzartee and Marathee languages have been circulated among the people. Missionary operations were then confined to a small strip along the coast, now they extend throughout the country. There were no Government and few Missionary schools, now many thousand youths, male and female, are being educated in European science and literature, and also taught many of them the truths of Christianity, only some half dozen tracts had been prepared for the native population, now about two hundred volumes, some of considerable size, have been printed and widely circulated in their own

languages. Then there were but two Hindoos studying English in a mission school, now there are at least two thousand. Then there were but nine British and American missionaries, and three of these had only preceded me by a few months, labouring at four stations; now there are 24 at 12 stations. Then there were no converts, now there are small bodies of native Christians at all the longest established stations, amounting to about 500 in all,—ten of which are fellow-labourers in the gospel with their European and American brethren. It is indeed but the day of small things, yet who can calculate the value of an immortal soul. And if even a few such have been turned from the power of Satan unto God, who shall venture to affirm the money expended on missions has been thrown away. Great Britain is spending at the rate of 8 or 10 millions annually at present to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and to repress the aggressions of Russia, and does not spend one million annually on all her vaunted Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies, the agencies by which she assaults the kingdom of darkness. Already, in the Madras territories, where Protestant missions have existed since the times of Ziegenbalg and Swartz, more than a century, the number of those who have renounced heathenism, and put themselves under the instructions of the missionaries, exceeds 70,000. Many of these indeed have advanced no farther than a bare preference for the Christian above the Heathen system, and have not even been baptized. Still there is probably as large a proportion of earnest Christians among them, as there is in the same number of professors among ourselves, while in northern India, where the number of those who have embraced Christianity is small, the proportion of devoted and pious men is much greater, and the trials many of them have endured, and the losses they have sustained for their religion, would do honour to the followers of Jesus in any age or country. The minds of the Hindoo population at present is in a most interesting state. The faith of many in their ancestral religion has been shaken, others are sensible of the folly of the grosser parts of the ancient system, and wish to reform it, others would be content to see old Hindooism white-washed a little, while the number of those who would retain it with all its idolatries, and all its monstrosities, is daily decreasing. It depends upon the Christian Church, whether this crisis in the intellectual and moral history of India, is to be turned to good account by imbuing the minds of the people with the principles of the gospel, or whether they are to be left to sophisms and doubts of an irreligious scepticism. Truly we may say that “the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few.” Let us pray then, that “the Lord of the harvest would send labourers unto his vineyard.”

TEMPORISING WITH POPERY—THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.

BEFORE proceeding to make a few observations on the subject suggested, —we would interpose certain explanations which may be necessary to

guard the reader against such a misconception of the argument, as we would sincerely deprecate.

We wish, as far as is consistent with enlightened principle, that all our fellow-citizens should live together as amicably as possible,—the social state being kept entirely free from the blasting influence of religious hate. And we concede the piety after its own kind, and excellent moral conduct of many members of the Church of Rome in this country.

And we meddle not with political arrangements—the emancipation act, ecclesiastical titles' bill, or any laws affecting members of the Popish sect in the empire.

And we desire that our Protestant friends, in opposing the heresies of the Church of Rome, would exercise all manner of candour and fairness—carefully attending to the strict accuracy of facts, and the cogency of arguments employed in the debate. We doubt whether these suggestions of mere common sense are always regarded—and negligence or indiscriminate condemnation, while most unseemly in the Christian and gentleman, may give an advantage to the enemy.

All this conceded, there remains a serious duty to be performed by Protestants towards Popery as a system of error and of intellectual and religious despotism. There must be no peace with Rome—whether the offensive or defensive form of hostilities be that assumed. Even a latent Popery requires notice, for a power which for ages has overmastered and perverted the human spirit, may be working unseen, as disease may propagate its seeds noiselessly and without calling forth marked attention—or as the mines which are yet to be fired, and yet to produce widespread carnage, are excavated and charged in obscurity and darkness. But it is seldom that neutrality or passiveness can be predicated of the emissaries of Rome. They compass sea and land to make proselytes. They are numerous, well organised, possessed of all manner of contrivances and *finesse*. We blame not the zeal of the agents of the Church of Rome—we desire to find it rivalled in a better cause. But the fact is admonitory—it dictates activity and vigilance. Around us, in Scotland, there are not a large number of Papists certainly, and a very great portion on the muster roll are immigrants from Ireland. But in our cities and towns, and even country places, there are priests to be found,

¹ Thus, for example, although Papists virtually deny the Word of God to the people—yet, under certain conditions, which we of course hold to be erroneous, and improper, nay, tyrannous, lay persons are allowed to read the holy Scriptures, as translated by persons in whom the Church of Rome has confidence. It is therefore not quite exact to say that the Church of Rome forbids the possession and perusal of the inspired volume to her membership. At a recent meeting at Edinburgh, Dr Guthrie mentioned, how, years back, he had come into Edinburgh to attend the General Assembly—and that he called at the shop of the Catholic bookseller opposite the chapel, Broughton Street, and wished to see a Popish Bible. The man climbed a ladder, (there was, if we mistake not, a joke at the ladder,) and brought down the Scriptures in quarto. What the Doctor apparently wished to be inferred, was, that although the Bible was printed in the Church of Rome, it was practically inaccessible to the poor, from the high price of the copies. We doubt this too, and apprehend that cheap editions of the Scriptures have been published by Romanists. The fact may not be worth much—but it is a pity not to be minutely correct in such matters.

usually we believe gentlemanly and well behaved men in respect to morals. In this "district" of Romanism, the local bishop is a good deal of an orator, and although a poor reasoner indeed, is among the most impassioned and imposing of pulpit speakers. England contains a large number of adherents of Popery, many of them highly educated, and of social position, and possessed of wealth frugally employed—while a portion of the band are perverts from a Protestant church. Cardinal Wiseman, who may be held as the English Popish primate, is a man of considerable ability—vastly more intellectual and dangerous than Bishop Gillis. The land too is studded with cathedrals, chapels, colleges, and monastic houses,—and in cases the academics enjoy the consideration and influence which usually attend wealth. In Ireland, the "*church*" numbers its ignorant devotees by millions, and some of the clergy possess qualifications well suited to the position which they occupy. Dr Cullen, a quondam professor at Rome, now titular Archbishop of Dublin, is a man of considerable ability; and despite his *brusque* manner, and sledge hammer style as a polemic, Dr M'Hale is, relatively to those over whom he has influence, by no means to be despised. Popery, too, has its periodicals, large and small, of considerable ability: while, alas, in a certain portion of the clergy of the Church of England, (so Protestant in its Articles, and other standards) we can only recognise traitors, who act with the basest perfidy in becoming the pioneers of Rome—doing the work of the Pope, while liberally paid for opposing Popish doctrines. In the colonies, Popery is making rapid strides, and commands large influence. On the continent of Europe, the Church of Rome is next to supreme. The last German reformation was a miserable failure—one might be so ungenteel as to call it a "*kumbug*,"—Ronge was no reformer—his poor drivel anything but saving truth. It was not with Luther's mighty weapons that the pitiful rationalist assailed the system of Popery. He could render the holy coat of Treves ridiculous—which was no difficult task; but he had nothing to offer for the faith of which this imposture was an incident. A stranger to the cross of Christ, he was fitted to do evil rather than to bring about good; and much as we dislike Popery, we would rather find that corrupted creed subsisting in Germany, than any thing like of Ronge would set up in its stead. As for most of our peripatetic converts, we place no faith in them. We wish to know, not so much whether they have renounced Popery, as what they have taken up to fill the gap left by the articles of belief recanted and abjured. It is not their lectures on the petty faults and errors of popes and bishops, that we regard. There are faults about every administration in the world—our own not excepted. We deprecate this way of having attention drawn from a religious system—it looks too like a sham. We seek to have the Church of Rome, in its institution and doctrines, tried by the word of God and right reason. And, at the very outset, we would know of the declaimer what is his new belief. Is he a rationalist or evangelical—did he subordinate the Bible to his puny judgment, or give to its oracles the place of dominant authority. But this is something of a digression—and we forbear to dilate further on what may be deemed somewhat extraneous to the subject of this paper. We recall attention

to the facts already briefly glanced at, shewing that in Popery, we have to deal with a most formidable antagonist, whose seat is strong, and authority next to unlimited. The religion of human nature, Cecil styled this corrupt system—and as such, if not orthodox, it is certain to be inveterate in its hold of the heart—in too many cases, invincible to argument, impregnable to overthrow.

We bewail such facts—but so the case stands. An amiable reformer avowed, that the old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon. And the religion of human nature, to quote again the too true predicate of which Romanism is the subject, has proved strong indeed, to all the weapons by which it has been assailed. Ardent, zealous, simple-hearted men, to whom Protestantism is naturally precious, who glory in the distinctive doctrines of the Reformation, (as ancient as the revealed truth of God) and find in them the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, may be apt to reason in another way—as if the walls of the citadel of error would fall down before the trumpets of evangelism. And such will yet be the case—meantime former pious hopes—as those excited when Pius IX. fled from his capital—have been disappointed. The adverse party have their confidences and assurances as to the future—they are the victims of day dreams and delusions—pleasing, however, and exhilarating. They can reason from the past subjection and homage rendered to the see of Rome—the present is not in many instances discouraging, the future will be to them matter of certainty as to the triumphs of their church. All about their exciting services—their pompous ritual—their imposing hierarchy—and especially the grand events, which at intervals diversify wonted routine, tend to buoy up the mind, as soldiers on the march or in view of the enemy are apt to get into a state of hilarious excitement, to catch sympathy from each other, and to forget every thing but the furious work before them. The more reasoning Papists cannot but foresee obstacles to the victories they count upon—but they will calculate that in course of time, and aided by a variety of circumstances they will gradually achieve a complete triumph—as your conqueror adds city to city, and state to state, till he attains to empire.¹ The recent declaration, or definition, or decree of the Pope, about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, though intrinsically a silly senseless piece of folly or presumption,² was well calculated to create excitement, and

¹ At Rome, not long back, an English clergyman in conversation with a cardinal, referred the dignity to the great and admirable works produced by English writers, and inquired if his eminence really thought that a nation which had produced such monuments of wisdom, would ever retrograde to Rome. "*Gradually*," was the reply of the cardinal. Puseyism had in all likelihood inspired the Italian priest with this notion, and considering his ignorance of local sentiment, the inference was not unnatural or overstrained.

² Bishop Gillis, already referred to, has delivered a pastoral charge on the subject, which, if not overstocked with reasoning, is flush of exultation,—indeed the prelate seems to regard the measure as a grand evidence of active life within his communion, and outgoing of its inherent majesty. "They said," says Dr G. "of the Church of God, that she was old and in her dotage; that power was no longer upon her lips, nor wisdom in her counsels, nor the weight of majesty in her sceptre, nor glory around the tiara of her earthly pontiff; that man would bend no more in reverence to the authority of her teaching, nor heed the feeble thunder of her doctrinal anathemas; in a word that the world was no longer the portion of

give confidence in the Romish Church. The scene was got up with all possible regard to pomp and display. After the judgment of the Pontiff had been resolved on—he proceeded to St Peter's, while there marched before 150 bishops, and 51 cardinals, princes of the church, gorgeously arrayed in those dresses by which, in the Church of Rome, the priesthood are distinguished as to rank. Arrived at the cathedral, the decree or "*definition*," as Bishop Gillis terms it, was promulgated to the catholic world. Such a scene, although really poor and scenic, and suspicious too, was well fitted to give confidence and hope to many—nay, most of the Romanists. What it wanted in reason, it made up for in meretricious grandeur, and artistic "*points*." We but refer to such matters to shew the nature of the sentiments by which the Papists are animated, and that we have to do with men of hopeful and confident minds.

What has already been advanced has a good deal to do with the theme of the present paper,—"*temporising with Popery*." If correct in our assumptions, our *finesse* and accommodation would be in vain, and might recoil upon ourselves, for while avoiding vindictiveness, cruelty, injustice, and uncandidness, the truth should be boldly and manfully exhibited, and contrary errors exposed, condemned, and refuted.

It was, however, by no means unnatural to endeavour to conciliate the Romanists by concessions deemed harmless towards the Reformed faith. The Apostle was all things to all men, within the scope of principle, in order to win some. What the words of St Paul exactly mean, is to be inferred from his own particular conduct, but there is great danger of their principle being perverted in the hands of prejudiced or weak-minded persons, of those next door to the condition of certain casuists who considered it lawful to do evil that good might come, or others better or more honourable who would reach a worthy end by concessions really doubtful in character, or which are inexpedient, or may be regarded by those on which they are meant to operate as truckling or weak. Queen Elizabeth may certainly be held as an agent employed by Providence to favour the Reformation in this country throughout, and in her day there flourished many eminent and excellent advocates of truth. But it must be allowed that with all her stedfastness to certain points of faith, this great princess had a leaning towards some of the specialities of the Romish religion. Perhaps parties more thoroughly favourable to the Reformation than she were at the bottom of these attempts made to conciliate the Papists of the Marian reign. Hence the old prayer in the Liturgy of good King Edward, supplicating deliverance from the Bishop of Rome and his heresies, was expunged from that part of the ritual. The Lord's Supper was indeed administered in both kinds—the ordination of the great Head of the Church being in this case of institutional

her inheritance—nor time the measure of her duration. . . . We simply record, dearly beloved, what things have been said without inquiring by whom. . . . their reminiscence arises before us, now all the more naturally from the strong contrast they offered to the recent and solemn judgment of the cross of Christ, which it is now our special duty to promulgate," &c. The fact very feebly belied assertions of the kind paraded agreeably to the author of the manifesto. We only wish that Popery gave no other signs of vitality, than the action taken by the Pope of Rome and his hierarchy, about the immaculate conception.

arrangement complied with,—but the bread was cut into a wafer form, that in which the Romanists had received hitherto the sacrament of the altar. It was no doubt expected that this arrangement would have conciliated persons whom it was rightly desired to bring over to the new faith. We cannot wholly blame the parties who acted in this way, though we should have deprecated the device. We fear it did little real good. People are not made to quit their religious convictions whatever their character, by trivial accommodations of a material nature. There were in the three preceding reigns, that of Henry VIII., his son Edward, and she who has not inappropriately been styled “bloody Mary,” many devoted evangelical Christians—good men and true—worthy of that age in which the sun of righteousness shone clearly, his rays unclouded by those mists of heresy which afterwards arose from the region of perverted intellect. But the conduct of the priesthood was shameless and vicious. They came over to the Reformation in thousands during the days of Henry and of Edward, became Papists, or rather stood forth in their real character of Papists, in the days of Mary, and during the Elizabethan era, we doubt not many of the Marian ecclesiastics became Protestants for the nonce. Had Mary Queen of Scots displaced her jealous and lion-hearted cousin, those who read the Protestant service and preached the homilies so rich in evangelical truth, would have elevated the host, and muttered the mass in Latin, doing homage *ex animo et corde* to the holy see. No one ought to believe in the conversion of classes. It fares with them somewhat as in the case of the ten lepers—nine go away unmoved, one alone returns to give praise to God for his new illumination. Dr Robertson has a judicious remark on this point in his eloquent account of the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland. It may be observed here, that as regards the artificial hollow conformity of certain Romanists in this reign, it was condemned by a committee of the Trent Fathers, and we consider justly. But the government had not properly learnt toleration, nor the Papists abstinence from political crimes. Compromise in both cases was superfluous and futile. An attempt long afterwards essayed to effectuate a union betwixt the Churches of England and Rome ended abortively, and the result needs occasion no regret. We are to suppose that neither of the belligerents would have yielded to the other, and compromise would have been shameful. The decided Protestant and decided Romanist would have thought as before. You could not stifle religious convictions, nor gag the mouth of sincerity, nor bribe moral honour into deceit and guile. While on this part of the subject, we might observe that in all probability the chanting of the prayers and (*prose*) psalms in cathedral churches and some parochial churches, was originally intended to conciliate the Romanists—bearing, as the practice did, a likeness to the ancient mode of celebrating divine service. The semi-musical style is by no means unpleasing. Dr Chalmers rather considered it the contrary, and indeed it does not in the intonation differ much from the way in which at one time sermons were delivered in Scotland. We do not presume to blame this arrangement; but its issues were not, we assume, fortunate. Earnest people may like a certain mode of celebrating holy offices, but they will attend more to the matter of the

service. Attune hymns or prayers to music as old as the days of St Ambrose, and if those services exhibit the doctrine of justification by faith, and omit the supremacy of the Pope, or invocation of the Virgin Mary and the saints, the Romanist will repudiate the ideas and disregard the use of the sounds. But we need not go further in expatiating on this point, for we take for granted the argument will recommend itself to reasonable and enlightened men.

But some, we dare say, would conciliate by a negative way—they would give no offence to the Popish mind. We would deprecate all unnecessary irritation, all bearing the appearance of insult or discourtesy. There are, we again admit, worthy persons in the Romish sect. But if the exposure and vindication of Protestant truth be an offence to our brethren, it must be continued. We will not please them by offending God and betraying the interests of truth. We shall not shelve the Bible to avoid annoyance to those whose Bible virtually is the Pope and his musty fusty authorities. We can here recollect that the glorious gospel of the blessed God was, on its first introduction, a stumbling-block to the Jew, to the pagans foolishness,—that co-existent with the exhibition of the cross was its *offence*,—that not alone did the worshippers of false gods reject the lessons of divine wisdom, but their simplicity was set at nought and corrupted by those eclectic Christians who would combine with the faith of Christianity the necessity of submission to the ceremonial law, which it was a grand object of the death of Christ to abolish for ever. Silence in such a case does no good. It betrays tameness—cowardice. It does not make Protestants, because Protestantism is not set forth and vindicated. And if conduct so mean eschews offence, it is a sort of infidelity to truth. Whether our Romanist brethren will hear or refuse to listen, the Protestant minister and advocate is solemnly bound to declare the whole counsel of God. In keeping up the amenities of life we may certainly avoid offence to persons of another religious belief. It is seldom that you may successfully attack a man's convictions in general company. But in the pulpit, or in compositions issuing from the press, there should be no compromise with error. The Protestant advocate should act with entire fairness and candour,—should watch over his zeal with a godly jealousy, but he should speak the truth boldly, openly, without reserve or hesitation,—should speak nothing but the truth—but all the truth. There is an unholy warfare certainly, but there is a peace as unholy if not more so. And if a certain description of strife be obnoxious to the divine law, there is a peace against which the denunciations of the Most High have been fulminated. A sensible Romanist expects zeal in his priest, and will make allowance for zeal in the Protestant. The arguments of the one are disrelished by the other; but this is inevitable in every case of religious and even political contrariety.

Various circumstances tempt to a dangerous compromise with Romanism. The domestic affections here prompt to submission. The Protestant woman wedded (inauspiciously we would say) to a Popish husband, will usually, we should say, for her own sake be mute about points of difference, or seeking a unity of mind as well as intimacy of relationship, will come to adopt in form at least the creed of the individual she seeks

to conciliate and please. Some women have, we doubt not, stood out nobly in such trying circumstances, and we believe the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, the wife of the eldest son of the good King of the French, still remains what she was before her marriage—a Protestant. Females less exalted in position have behaved as honourably, perhaps with stronger temptations to an opposite course. So we allow the blandishments of woman may tempt to a renunciation of church, if not of steady convictions, for there is a wide difference betwixt the two things. Occasional events of a public kind tend to place the interests of truth in abeyance. The Voluntaries, for example, found an ally in Irish Romanism, and there was a strong inducement to be silent about doctrinal heresies and institutional faults. Ireland is mostly peopled by bigoted Papists. These people, generally ignorant and impressible, feel strongly about their religion. They were hardly dealt by, we allow, on religious grounds,—and if their conversion was ever contemplated by those in power, a very improper way was taken to bring about the result. We admit that among persons of such a temper, great prudence is necessary on the part of Protestants. It is needless, it is worse than needless, all at once to decry a system which its adherents cling to with more pertinacity than they do to their very existence. But it is to be recollected that while injustice towards any being is sinful, we are not to expect any real good as the effect of concessions, or sinking the truth. We here pass no judgment on the Emancipation Act; but the expectations of its supporters as to conversions to Protestantism under its benign sway have been disappointed. We do not believe that one Romanist became changed under the condition of equal political rights and franchises. Our late talented countryman, Dr Carlile (of St Mary's Abbey, Dublin), in his eloquent sermon preached before the Synod of Ulster in 1826, dwelt much on the kindness with which Romanists should be treated by those who aimed at their spiritual welfare, while he took occasion to denounce the old laws against Popery. We stand not up for these statutes,—some of them were persecuting enough and unchristian enough. But while a person so minded as the presbyter to whom we refer, would necessarily be more acceptable to his Romanist neighbours than a man of contrary views, we question whether he ever was the means of converting a devotee of the Church of Rome by the force of his liberalism. We do not say but that harsh and severe notions of how Romanists should be treated, disqualify in many cases the Protestant advocate from dealing with this people; but we feel assured that the opposite will not *per se* afford a footing for his attacks on superstition and heresy. We wish to deduce from this theory nothing more but a confirmation of the fact, that concessions to Popery, unless indeed dictated by public justice or personal obligation, will not conduce towards proselytism. Kindliness, honourable candour, and broad fairness, are conditions under which the friend of truth is ever to use endeavours to reclaim those led astray and perverted. He enters the gate of the understanding as it were by civility and meekness; but compromise is of no avail, or if of avail at all, it is to disparage the individual and to disgrace his cause. Come we now from the ordinary predicaments of humanity to those extraordinary, and let us point to the

incidents of the present great war. The nation has been much excited by the eventualities of the struggle in the Crimea,—and people, when excited, are apt to do foolish things. It is very proper to attend to the comforts of the sick and wounded in the military hospitals abroad, but it is doubtful whether it is right to exhibit pictures in the music-shops of young females attending at the bed sides of invalid soldiers, one of these paltry prints being the frontispiece to the words and music of a song composed by a clergyman.¹ However, we are here reminded that British and French Protestants, and Irish and French Romanists are banded together,—“brethren in arms but rivals in renown.” Now we allow that all those religionists fight well, and deserve commendation for their valour. We also concede that while together they must sink their religious differences, and keep up the amenity of social intercourse. Soon it may be they will separate to see each others’ faces no more. But whatever the issue, we should protest against an association of this kind, so accidental, and, in a religious sense, trivial, inducing us to compromise in any way religious convictions, or on its account to veil over or keep under sight religious feeling, or even of itself (unless there were other and stronger

¹ The Sisters of Charity attend in the hospitals with vastly more propriety, we opine, than ordinary female nurses. Yet some of these appear to shew their religious prejudices in such scenes of suffering. We here subjoin an extract from the narrative of Signor Turin, a Protestant missionary at Constantinople,—premising that the French Government has actually provided for the religious wants of Protestant soldiers of the empire, and that the appeal to a dying man from the judgment of one of the sisters was somewhat silly:—

“The director of the naval hospital at Therapia is the only one who has prevented my seeking out the sick Protestants. It seems that the Government continues to consider all the French as Catholics, as it refuses to send any Protestant chaplains, and makes no distinction of religion on the number of the bed. The consequence of this is, that all the Protestant soldiers who fear to be no longer cared for if they are recognised as such, allow the sacraments to be administered to them before dying. It often happened, that, while visiting some of the more courageous, I heard myself called by others who, on my going near to them, excused themselves as they best could for not having dared to confess themselves Protestants before. I should never finish my letter if I were to relate all the intrigues of the Sisters of Charity among the Protestants. But before giving you one or two examples, I ought to say I have found some among them most amiable, and whom I look on as really sisters. One asked me to excuse a young sister who had been impertinent to me. The Superior, whom I saw a minute after, forbade my pardon being asked, saying the sister had only done her duty; but the first insisted on the necessity there was for asking my pardon. The question was referred to a dying man, whom I was attending: a sister coming up to me asked me, ‘Are you the Protestant minister?’ ‘Yes, my sister.’ ‘You have no right to enter our Catholic establishment!’ With these words she went near the sick man, gave him something to drink, and, holding her crucifix, said to him, ‘Take it, and kiss the good God!’ A few hours after he was no more. After a visit I made to another invalid, a sister went to the bed, and said with a loud voice, ‘Poor heretic! Lost for ever!’ An officer lately made a present of a little tobacco to each man. The sisters distributed it. Coming to the bed of a sergeant of the Zouaves, one of them said to him, ‘If you are a Protestant, you shall not have any!’ ‘As you think right, my sister,’ replied the sergeant. ‘No, you shall not have any, if you don’t say as I say. (I repeat the words of the sergeant.) ‘At this price, my sister, I don’t wish any.’ This led to a controversial argument, in which our friend resisted with firmness. The sister at last said to him, ‘From what department are you?’ ‘If I tell you, I know you will not come again to my bed. I am from Rochelle.’ She left him at once.”

reasons) to be made the cause of abolishing certain demonstrations of religious gratitude for favours which we as Protestants are bound to acknowledge. All have heard of the "gunpowder plot," as we have been accustomed to call that fearful conspiracy. It was the work of Papists, in whose view the end sanctified the means—men who did evil that good might come, *i. e.* that the success of their church might ensue. The leaders in this foul project were in cases accomplished—perhaps in matters of morality well conducted; but their religious malevolence was sufficiently intense to dictate a deed of wholesale murder so atrocious, that the world has scarcely its parallel, if parallel there exists in history at all. This grand iniquity—rather its next to miraculous frustration—has, once a year, on the 5th of November, the anniversary of the treason, been celebrated by a religious service in the United Churches of England and Ireland. It seems, however, that across the channel there are clergymen who recoil from this part of their bounden duty. Among these is the former minister of St James' Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, Mr Daniel Bagot. This cleric is now not only Vicar of Newry, but Dean of Dromore, and perhaps has an eye to the episcopate, not surmising, like "poor Yorrick," that were mitres rained from heaven, not one of them would fit his head. Anyhow, if people are not to celebrate the discovery and overthrow of the gunpowder plot, we may at least record Dean Bagot's dislike to the anniversary. This may be most appropriately done by giving *in extenso* his letter to a gentleman of the same kidney—the Rev. Tighe Gregory :—

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—I have seen a letter in the *Northern Whig*, addressed to me by you, commenting on the circumstance of the service for the 5th November having been used on that day in the Chapel of Ease in this town; and as you have thus publicly addressed me, I beg, through the same medium, to inform you that I had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and perfectly agree with you as to the desirableness of following the example which is held out in the Chapel Royal and in several other churches, by allowing that service to become universally obsolete. I am happy to say that in my parish church I was not reading a service which Roman Catholics regard as offensive, on a day, and at the very hour, when so many of our Roman Catholic soldiers were fighting gallantly and nobly for the glory of England, and in opposition to 'Russian tyranny and arbitrary power;' and you will, I am confident, agree with me in thinking that now would be a happy opportunity for those who have the authority to prohibit all further use of the service referred to, and to remove it from our Prayer Book, in order that there may be no obstacle, on all future fifths of November, to Protestants and Roman Catholics harmoniously, and cordially uniting to commemorate the splendid victory of Inkermann. I am, rev. and dear sir, your faithful servant, Daniel Bagot, Dean of Dromore, and Vicar-General of Newry and Morne."

Dean Bagot is happy that on the 5th of November—the day appointed to praise the moral governor of the universe for a signal mercy—he was not reading the obnoxious jubilate service. In other words, he feels complacent in contemptuously neglecting his duty, and setting at defiance the ordinations of his church. This is rather a strange avowal on the part of a dignitary bound to practice and enforce obedience to authority.

It is very natural too, that acting illegally, he should like to find the stumbling-block removed out of his way, and be at liberty to do as he lists. Let people's predilections and whims be only homologated by law, and they will be very dutiful subjects indeed—whereas before, *a la* Bagot, they will take their own mind of things. We had thought that covenanted obligations were not thus to be disposed of—but involved strict and peremptory obligations to be enforced by the demands of authority, as their neglect fell to be punished by the strong arm of power. Dean Bagot therefore wishes the service of the 5th of November, to be prohibited by authority. He cannot say *sic jubeo sic volo*, but it seems there are in the body those who can do the business. But who are these?—not the heads of the church,—they are as much bound to their duty as the assistant curate. Parliament may do this—till then, we would say to this Dean Bagot, that it is his office to officiate on the 5th of November as on any other day specified in the *rubric*. But there is a reason for every thing, and our Dean has a very special reason for his omission of the church service on the anniversary of the gunpowder plot. "Roman Catholics regard it as offensive!" How moving! What a serious consideration to the minister of a Protestant Church! The evil is, there are more things our neighbours are offended at—they are mortally grieved that there is such a thing as Protestantism in the earth, and would uproot it this very hour if able—they bewail the fact that the parish church of Newry is not a mass-house, as we presume it was of old; the same holds of all parish churches—they covet the endowments which Mr Bagot shares to some tune we believe—they envy the present possessors of the cathedrals, and as one of the sect said, will never be satisfied till they retrieve the "*subjects*." Is the letter writer prepared to give up the religion he professes—his income and all besides which give offence to the Papists? Perhaps not—but on his own conciliatory scheme he might anyhow some of the *opima spolia*. Offence indeed! the Romanists are more consistent here, and do not bate an ace from their practices to please us. But blandly pleads our new fledged Dean—Roman Catholic soldiers are fighting for the glory of England. True they are, and it is their duty to do so. We do not disparage the bravery of any of our soldiers, to whatever quarter of the empire they belong—or whatever be their creed—but we are not prepared to give up our Protestant services or institutions, because there are Roman Catholics in the British army. But the Dean, it would seem, desiderates the abolition of the 5th of November service, "in order," pray attend to the argument! "that there may be no obstacle on all future fifths of November, to Protestants and Roman Catholics harmoniously and cordially uniting to commemorate the splendid victory of Inkermann." Was ever such utter drivel penned—was ever such a preposterous reason assigned for mutilating the public services of a church—did ever such nonsense find expression in a letter or its postscript. If the commemoration suggested is to be one of roast beef and malt liquors, there is no doubt the church service might mar its harmony, or, occurring at the dinner hour, incommode hungry people. But if the celebration is to be of a religious kind, Mr Bagot knows or ought to know that Romanists would

not join with Protestants for such an object—such a union is expressly forbidden them. But because it happened that a battle in the Crimea was fought on the 5th of November, is that to be allowed in all time coming to prevent the religious celebration of a great national anniversary? Why should not the Romanists eschew certain of their ways to conciliate us—giff is fair play—but we are really quite easy about the matter. Such absurdity as we have printed in the letter of Mr Bagot is quite contemptible. We shall require better reasons for obviating a great public festival, than its occurring on the anniversary of a great battle at which Romanist and Protestant warriors fought side by side. As for conciliating the Papists, this is indeed a bootless task. A truly great man—our distinguished countryman Dr Chalmers,—in his speech on Catholic Emancipation, tickled his vivid fancy with the idea of Papists yielding to the influence of truth when no longer irritated by political severities. The imagination of this worthy person deceived him—others were deceived in the same way. Rely upon it, the abrogation of the service of the 5th of November would have the same issue. If we cannot give Romanists more than this poor concession, we had as well keep the gift to ourselves. The celebration of the 5th of November may be abolished—it may be useless to perpetuate it any longer—as useless as it was to search the lower story of the Parliament buildings in London at the commencement of each session, to ascertain if there were no combustibles there deposited, and another explosion imminent—but we shall ask other and better arguments than the one alleged—to wit that a battle was fought on the same day, in which our Protestant and Romanist soldiers fought side by side in a corner of Russia. The Sister Church would be fully entitled to celebrate the day on which Popery, as the national religion, fell by the same legislative agency which had given it a footing in the land, and pecuniary support. But more might be said in favour of dropping this festival, than the anniversary of a deed, which we trust tens of thousands of Romanists would regard with horror,—yielding to natural and moral impulses.

Thus far we have proceeded in discussing, however briefly and imperfectly, a subject of considerable importance. We disassociate it altogether from the impressions of the hour,—and seek to reason where others might only feel. There is lukewarmness and indifferentism to denounce,—there is also morbid excitement to ; control, and such excitement is likely to be evolved during a season of hostilities with a powerful and hated enemy. We would treat the Romanist soldier as well as the Protestant in every respect whatever the same. In such a case we should deprecate invidious distinctions, and believe that what would be so unfair in principle will never be exemplified in practice. But we do not choose to abate from any of the demands of Protestantism on that account, or to sacrifice any propriety of Protestantism to a respect for military valour. This quality we would regard apart from religious convictions altogether. Union among citizens of different creeds is not confined to the battle-field or trenches, but obtains in other cases of importance, where it is not required that either party should sink their special views or modify their public services. We do not choose to yield here ;—we do not ask con-

cessions from the adverse party ;—we agree to differ ;—we do not desire to awaken an improper feeling towards a member of the Church of Rome ;—we have already disclaimed all such intent, and express our wish that men in society should be treated agreeably to their deserts, whatever their religious sect and professions.

But Popery as a religion we feel bound to denounce ;—we grieve over its existence in the world, and earnestly desire its overthrow ;—we appreciate its latent strength,—we are contemporary with its struggles for power and influence in the nations. It is an evil to be opposed,—a delusion to be dispelled,—a power to be resisted. How is this to be done ? By the exhibition of the Word of God,—by appeals to rightly-constituted reason,—by exposures of the sophistry employed by Romanists, and those still worse than they, the Romanists within the pale of a Protestant and evangelical church. To all must be added fervent prayer for the divine blessing,—not forgetting the paramount necessity why Protestants should demonstrate the Scriptural character of their faith by lives of superior holiness, and wisdom, and benevolence.

THEOLOGICAL TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.¹

THE wise man said that there is nothing new under the sun. This holds true even in those departments of study where we are the most inclined to assert the originality of our ideas. In many instances in which we have been confident that we were entitled to the merit of a discovery, we have yet come to know that it had certainly been suggested by the sagacity of others, and indicated by facts, which we had for a time forgotten. A stray memorandum in our common-place book may suddenly bring to our recollection the source from which we drew the undoubted germ of our theory, and surprise us by the true discovery that the anxious and jealous care with which we had fostered the foundling, had at length imposed upon ourselves, and betrayed us into the delusion that we held to it a fatherly relationship. It might be very humiliating to the pretensions of modern originality to ascertain how much our most original and independent thinkers do really owe to those who have preceded them,—to what extent the most marked peculiarities of thought and expression have been suggested by a model which chanced to astonish or please,—and how far the most beautiful passages of modern literature, or the most triumphant excursions of modern intellect, are merely the developement of that which had been thought and written long ago. The anxiety to be singular, and to be the pioneer of a new path to knowledge, has not been rewarded with the discovery of anything really new, but has rather found employment in re-opening old

¹ Theological Tendencies of the Age ; an Inaugural Lecture delivered at the opening of St Mary's College, on Tuesday the 28th November 1854, by the Rev. J. TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, St Mary's College, St Andrews. Edinburgh : Paton & Ritchie. 1855.

pathways, which by general consent had been shut up and neglected, because they were useless or deceptive. It is, however, curious to observe the very different judgment which is applied to the appropriation of ancient and modern literary or intellectual treasures. Those writers receiving the highest acknowledgment of their originality, have avowedly and purposely drawn without stint from the fountains of ancient wisdom,—but this has in no degree interfered with their own character or claims. No man is accused of plagiarism because he acquires a purity, elegance, and power of expression, from intimate familiarity with the models of ancient excellence, or even because he continually employs the singularly happy forms and illustrations of classical lore. Even Milton, who of all men was lavish in his use of the idioms, the philosophy, and the eloquence of Greece and Rome, was never for a moment accused of the debt which he owed to those great poets whose method he followed, and whose style and spirit he so happily infused into his own. Will it be believed that the only charge of this nature ever preferred against Milton was as to his “use and imitation of *the moderns* in his *Paradise Lost*?” It would appear then, that however closely we copy the style or borrow the philosophy and poetry of the ancients, we shall escape the charge of plagiarism; but that an idea or a style copied from a modern author constitutes the offence. The literature of the ancients is thus regarded as a common treasure, which every man may appropriate to himself without challenge. And in this way also we understand how some theological writers of the present age are regarded as men of original and independent minds.

It is not to be denied that in general literature the same ideas and trains of thought have often been suggested to different minds without any mutual communication whatever. For example, the beginning of the *Pilgrim's Progress* bears a noticeable resemblance to the beginning of Dante's *Vision*; yet no man supposes that John Bunyan knew anything of the Florentine Poet or of the *Divina Commedia*. We might give many instances of such unconnected and alien resemblances. But it is very probable that even in those English works where peculiarities of association or style do undoubtedly owe their existence to classic models, the writer may often have been as unconscious of the exotic source of their idea as Bunyan was ignorant of the existence of Dante. If we recollect rightly, Lord Brougham somewhere has shown that the finest and most impressive passage in Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, is owing to the introduction of a figure employed both by Demosthenes and Livy. Dr Johnson's comparative estimate of the Latin poems of Milton and Cowley is expressed in his own turgid and stately style, and is announced as the spontaneous and unsuggested verdict of the critic; but for all this, it is merely a paraphrase and amplification of a criticism which had been uttered a hundred years before.

While we thus recognise the direct obligation which one author often unconsciously owes to another in general literature, we are scarcely prepared for the far greater obligations and relationships which are discernible between theological authors. In this department of study there are fixed and definite themes for consideration,—there are the same mate-

rials for analysis,—and there is the same avowed object for investigation. There is little scope therefore for originality in theological science. The striking diversities of national genius, the distinctive peculiarities of national customs and education are by no means so boldly represented in theological history as we would have expected. The poetic temperament of the Oriental develops the same religious frailties and tendencies as the stolid disposition of the Saxon. The theocracy of the old Hebrews, the reign of the kings of Israel and Judah, the burden of the Assyrian yoke, and the rule of the Roman power, all witnessed, though under great diversity of external circumstances, the same theological tendencies, among those who were professing to worship the only true God. Yet what is more remarkable, the same theological tendencies, the same practical errors are manifested among ourselves, though we are a different people, living under a different form of government, and trained to a different condition of civilisation. And it seems to us no small evidence of the Divine source and authority of the Holy Scriptures, that they warn us of these tendencies, and are adapted alike for the instruction and guidance of every member of the human race. There is no combination of circumstances, however unexampled, for which the Scriptures have no relevant directory. We do not indeed allege that there is a monotony in the succession of theological manifestations. The tendencies in every age and country are no doubt the same,—but at one time we observe the preponderating influence of a special element, which at another time may be in comparative abeyance. There are distinctly marked periods of Christian history distinguished by enthusiasm or sobriety, by the predominating action of intellect or sentiment, by energy or quiescence, by the prevalence of scepticism or credulity. In the same way we observe at one time an absorbing and almost exclusive attention devoted to one department of truth, which local and temporary circumstances have forced into prominence,—while, at another time, the same exclusive attention is directed to doctrines of a nature and class entirely different. Through each and all of these varieties of religious manifestation, the same tendencies were in operation in varying degrees of activity and power. The results are curiously identical,—so much so, that the newly discovered dogma of modern times is generally recognised, in spite of the fresh and youthful aspect which it assumes, as the defunct foible or heresy of a former age. Even Mr Theodore Parker of the nineteenth century, with his newly discovered “absolute religion,” must be content to forego the merit of the discovery, and must take his place at the feet of Ammonius Saccas of Alexandria, who taught the same dogma seventeen hundred years ago.¹ And Mr Francis Newman of our own time, with his contempt for a “book-revelation,” and his proud confidence in his own “spiritual insight,” is no doubt entitled to claim the precedence which appertains to a disciple of the more ancient college of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram in the land of Kadesh. We therefore entirely coincide with the doctrine of Dr Tulloch, that the prevailing tendencies which mark theological inquiry at the present time are discernible

¹ Milner's *Eccles. Hist.*, cent. II., cap. IX.

at all times ; though we are surprised that he makes no attempt to account for this remarkable fact, and though we would scarcely say with him that the *only* characteristic of the present movement is its universality. Where such a movement is universal we may be sure that its energy will develop phenomena which had been formerly unnoted.

We do not refer at present to theological manifestations in other countries, as these have no immediate or effective bearing on the special object before us. But, confining our observations to Great Britain, in contravention of the conceited practice which recently has recognised nothing but continental study, we are impressed with the conviction that the present circumstances of our own country, whether favourable or unfavourable to the cause of truth, have never anywhere or at any time previously existed. The unlimited dissemination of knowledge among all classes of society,—the enterprising intelligence fostered among the humblest ranks, by the application of scientific resources to the arts of life,—the political agitation and power committed to men unused and generally unqualified to estimate the wisdom of government,—the destruction of national prejudices and prepossessions by the commercial and mutual intercourse of nations,—the unparalleled success which has attended our labours in the researches of physical science,—the control which has been attained over elements which in ignorance had been generally and devoutly associated with direct interposition of the Deity,—the dread awakened in many minds as to the effects of the godless spirit in which modern science has in some notable instances been pursued,—all these have combined to effect unprecedented conditions in the development of the common theological tendencies. But we must not omit to mention that mis-named spirit, which, though of political birth and design, has invaded the most sacred retreats, and so far from inculcating a brotherly and charitable respect for the conscience of another, has founded toleration on a licentious indifference to the very essential characteristics of Christianity. It needs little sagacity to perceive that such a spirit will decoy many minds to the school of Mr Parker, where all religions are accounted equally good, and that it will scare many others into the confessional of Cardinal Wiseman.

In many instances, religion has been associated with national privileges and prerogatives, so that men notoriously regardless of its duties and doctrines, have yet been as jealous for their religion, as they would be of a hostile invasion. The patristic element was not unfelt (though it assumed a *special* action) in the progress of the Reformation ; for to a considerable extent, Teutonic predispositions facilitated the dismemberment of the Papal empire. But after we have taken into account every external influence, we are not prepared for the religious phenomena which are every where rife in our country at present. When we consider the essential qualities of Protestantism—its necessary and even living provision for its own unimpaired preservation—its unceasing and peculiar task of bringing all minds into direct and intelligent contact with the Holy Scriptures, we are undoubtedly surprised at the present attributes of our religious world. How are we to account for the steady and swelling tide which has for years swept on towards Rome ? Had this

practical tendency manifested itself only in Scotland of late years, we should certainly have offered our ecclesiastical commotions as a main reason for it. But the Romish fascination was of far earlier date and of far wider range. It was vigorous, matured, and fruitful in England, where the noise of our brawling was unheard, and where the external and apparent conditions were totally diverse from ours. The wars of the Scotch Church from 1834 to 1843, did, no doubt, tempt and constrain many persons, who cared more for devotion than causiatry, to withdraw from a ministry which was too busy with something else than the gospel, and to associate with congregations having the protection of a Liturgy. We are only surprised that this did not take place in a tenfold greater degree. But so far as we know, none of those who then withdrew from the Church of Scotland, have ostensibly moved onwards on the way to Rome ; on the contrary, we are led to believe, that they are generally found in those well known sections of prelatists in Scotland, who are standing aloof with abhorrence from Scottish Prelacy, and enjoying the Apostolic order of an Episcopacy without a diocesan bishop. We shall, however, immediately return to the true character of these ecclesiastical broils.

Meanwhile, we might indulge in conjecture, as to the causes which have given to this tendency the vitality which it now manifests. It is the special distinction and boast of our Protestantism that it rejects and repudiates every other authority and appeals directly and exclusively to the Holy Scriptures. But in the history of Protestantism, has not this elemental doctrine been sometimes forgotten, and have we not proved that notwithstanding all our peculiar advantages and instructive experience, we are men of like failings with those who in another age suffered the Law of God to be made void by human tradition ? We do not say that we have inserted in our confession any doctrine unsanctioned or untaught by the Word of God ; but we say, that with all our Protestantism, our appeal has been very often to the authority of men, and not to the holy oracles. It may be most fortunate for us, that those whose wisdom we have followed, and by whose judgments we are guided, have been docile hearers of the word ; but our acknowledgments of doctrines is in every case unwarrantable, and opposed to the essential principle of Protestantism, where it does not depend on a direct reference to Scripture as the sole and supreme authority. The frailties and weaknesses which the Church of Rome has with exquisite and matchless skill converted into secret elements of her power, are common to humanity, and are found therefore in every race, age, and country. These are even sometimes developed in exuberant power among the followers of Knox and Calvin, and are often most vigorous when actually combating the errors of the Papacy. We recognize the germ of the Romish tendency in our fatal willingness to transfer any serious responsibility from our own personal answer—in the facility with which we deceive ourselves, or rather suffer ourselves to be cajoled on this matter—in the blind deference which we are inclined to pay to the judgment of any one reputed as learned, or wise, or good—in our love of sentiment, and mystery, and romance, and ritual significance—in the superstitious anxiety which we cherish for even a deceptive semblance of a communication with the un-

seen world. This germ often buds and brings forth fruit, when those who tend it have no suspicion of its true character and interest. Confining ourselves however to the deference with which the mere dictum or judgment of an eminent partizan is received, we cannot fail to detect the dangers which surround it. In every age of the world, the ascendancy of a superior mind has been sufficiently owned to constitute it the oracle of a school of thought. In very many instances which we could specify, the school, though designated by the name of its founder, has ere long repudiated or materially modified his doctrines; and thus too, a consuetudinary law is often created which practically contradicts the statute. The influence of a man of eminence may be of the best or the most disastrous character. We could point to a goodly number of men distinguished in various professions, who all drew from one and the same source a spirit of scepticism or infidelity. But we would rather select an instance in which a superior piety has kindled a holy influence around it, and observe the dangerous facility with which that influence may eventually be perverted. For it is the natural tendency of admiring disciples to deify their masters, as modern biographers do abundantly demonstrate; and the authority of man is thus very often interposed between the soul and God. We say this of the influence of the best Christians; and we farther assert that whenever the opinions or writings of any man, however distinguished for wisdom and piety, are suffered to assume the place or interfere with the direct and sole authority of the Word of God, the essentials of Protestantism are surrendered, a deadly element begins to act, and the faith of the inquirer is made to stand in all the follies and uncertainties of the wisdom of men. With the universal dissemination of knowledge, and the unrestricted circulation of the Bible, has not the authority of individual teachers become almost practically supreme in our theology? After the example of the men of Corinth, we are divided in our theological allegiance, though we have no inspired instructors to excuse in some measure our dissensions. With neither Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, we are willing to surrender our minds to the direction of a guide unauthorized, imperfect, fallible. Our orthodoxy is tested and established by reference to the opinions usually associated with names of approved ecclesiastical repute. And though we have acquitted the recent troubles of the Church of Scotland of all actual connection with any instance of avowed transition to the Church of Rome, we now must return a verdict on this matter which possibly may be unlooked for, but which must commend itself to every one who looks beneath the surface of religious manifestations, and analyses the current which flows deeper than the shallow barriers which divide sects. What then is the consistent and prevailing element which characterizes the bolder ecclesiastical movements to which we refer? We do not at present care to enter fully on antecedents, which no doubt would suggest some remarkable characteristics of the events which issued from them. The effect of the political and religious principles which acquired terrible power and form in France towards the close of the last century, was by no means confined to the continent of Europe, but in this country produced a rank harvest of its own kind. Even the protracted wars, in which we were

engaged in the early part of the present century, failed to exhaust those elements of infidelity and civil disaffection which had been previously sown by the enemy. To say nothing of the commission of Oyer and Terminer of 1820, and without illustrating the relation of the successive members of the series to each other, we find a theological question in the vortex of the political agitation of 1829. In that year, the Legislature passed the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act. In 1831, political agitation had again increased to an alarming degree, and the Reform Bill was enacted. In 1834, the ecclesiastical legislature adopted a kindred measure, which, under the guise of extending popular rights, and under the special care and advocacy of some of the very parties who in Scotland had agitated for the Reform Bill, was yet practically an assumption of immense ecclesiastical power. We have no doubt whatever, that the more active supporters of the Veto Act, were impressed with the value of the service which some of them deemed themselves rendering to the cause of Protestant religion, and many more of them, to the cause of their political party. But meanwhile, take no account of the conscious aim of the ecclesiastics, and look only at the place and significance which their measures really assume in the developement of the theological tendencies. In the confusion and conflict which the act of 1834 created, there arose a positive and unambiguous claim of ecclesiastical infallibility. Partizans vindicated their zeal and their measures, by the summary announcement that they must obey God rather than men, it being unhesitatingly assumed that the voice of a certain number of ecclesiastics was the voice of God. There was a claim also of spiritual independence, which was merely a convertible term for spiritual supremacy, and the necessary sequence of the previously asserted infallibility. And during all the debate, discussion, and examination of these topics, which were asserted to be of vital moment, and affecting the authority of our Divine Redeemer, be it remembered, that for any one direct appeal which was made to the *Word of God*, there were ten thousand to ecclesiastical ordinances, to alleged *fundamental principles of the Church*, and to the traditions and commandments of men. There never was a movement in any religious body more pregnant with Romish elements, than that to which we have now referred; and it is very deserving of remark, that the theological tendency, which in England specially manifested itself in appeals to the teaching and authority of the Church, was at the same time developed in Scotland, by a party who regarded Tractarianism with unqualified reprobation. And thus we again coincide in the statement of Dr Tulloch, that this tendency has often been found, and never more so than at present, manifesting itself within the bounds of Protestantism. From our very divisions, which sometimes depend only on a name, a spirit has been educes, which has its strength and shibboleth in a merely human authority, and which reigns supremely in many sects, which even boast of their being the farthest removed from the characteristics of the Papacy.

In the inaugural lecture before us, Dr Tulloch has classed the theological tendencies of the age in three divisions. "The first, and in some

respects the most noticeable tendency is that which runs so strongly towards authority in the past, and which may be denominated *Traditionalism*. In direct opposition to this, is that which, acknowledging no authoritative standard of truth, is commonly known under the ill-defined name of *Rationalism*. The more detailed examination of these tendencies, will open up to us a third, sufficiently differing from either, whose designation in the meantime we need not attempt to fix."—(Pp. 5, 6.) It seems to us that the lecturer has not been very happy or correct in his enunciation of the *three tendencies* of which he separately treats. The first of these has occupied the most of our attention, and we have also adverted more than once to the operation of the second, and may have occasion to do so more definitely ere we lay down our pen. We heartily join in every censure and condemnation which Dr Tulloch has pronounced on these two tendencies, but, unfortunately for the three-fold division which he so formally and repeatedly announces, we cannot recognise or understand *the third*. Indeed we conclude from the very showing of the lecturer, that what he does indicate as the *third*, is not properly a tendency at all, but represents the spirit and tone in which he considers that theological inquiry *ought to be conducted*. If he has ground to believe that there is a prevailing tendency of a wise, true, and scriptural nature in theological inquiry, he has certainly made the most notable discovery of the age, but it is a discovery which would contradict more than the half of his inaugural lecture, and leave the remainder irrelevant and unnecessary. We are satisfied however, from the whole scope of the address, that his subject was to define two great divergent tendencies in theological inquiry, both making void the word of God—the one by an appeal to an over-ruling tradition, and the other by an exclusive reference to reason or consciousness—and, by pointing out the peculiar dangers and phases of these two tendencies, which at present are in a high state of action, to indicate "the golden mean," the only safe course which the student of theology can pursue. This was obviously what Dr Tulloch wished and intended to do, but how far he has been successful in attaining his object, is a very different matter. He does indeed take credit for the general and fundamental nature of his classification; but we are no less satisfied that he might profitably and philosophically have resolved his *two* surviving tendencies into one simple element, and described it as an obstinate proneness to evade the supreme authority of the Word of God. There would also have been an important advantage obtained by such an analysis, for it would have supplied the wanting explanation of the very remarkable fact, that the theological tendencies of the present day are more or less discernible at all times and among all people. Probably however, it would not have been convenient for the lecturer to treat of this prime and universal tendency, though we think that the proper cognizance of such an element, would have more satisfactorily indicated on his part, what he elegantly defines as an "attempt to seize the fundamental principles moving the theological mind."

We repeat it: the theological tendencies of this age are curiously diversified manifestations of the universal desire of fallen humanity to rid

itself of the restraint and control of the pure Word of God. It is easy to see how different circumstances of general intelligence, general mental occupation, and peculiar disposition, will effect different manifestations of this primary tendency. A Roman Catholic priest, with whom we had some conversation on this subject, a few years ago, called our attention to the fact, that those who had recently come to the Church of Rome from Protestant Churches, had been all persons of a peculiar mental bias, and were swayed more by *sentiment* than the convictions of reason. He asserted that these converts were no acquisition to the Romish Church. This was indeed a strange admission, but it is true and deserving of serious consideration. In all this, however, we have been dealing almost exclusively with the peculiar manifestation of the tendency which takes advantage of our love of the mysterious, the romantic, and the ritual. Have there not been circumstances, which would strongly favour the developement of a different manifestation of the tendency, such a manifestation as would discard, and ridicule mystery, and everything merely dependent on association? The triumphs won in the fields of physical science—the disenchantment of many processes which had been regarded as verging on the miraculous—the very rapid acquisition of new and formerly unknown departments of study, were apt to create in many minds an overweening conceit of their own capacity, and to foster a spirit of contemptuous commiseration for those whose genius or avocations called them to other aims. The Protestant clergy of the last generation, though often learned and sagacious, were necessarily unpractised in the peculiar studies, which had only assumed importance and activity after their academic course was run, and hence, in some instances, they looked with more than distrust on a philosophy with which they could not sympathise. A seeming conflict ensued between theology and physical science, and some men, confounding, as they obstinately will even do, the foibles of individuals with the principles of the philosophy which they advocate, turned unreasonably away to worship in a different temple, or to discover worship and Scriptural study as a mere relic of fanaticism.

We are thus prepared to understand how in the present age, more than in any which has preceded it, an impetus has been given to that theological manifestation which proceeds on the self-sufficiency of the inquirer, and constitutes his own reason the umpire of the truth. There are countless modifications in which this manifestation will appear: but we believe that it never will appear in *any form* without promoting the other manifestation to which we have so much referred. For the vast majority of men are not only unwilling, and constitutionally unfit to maintain a solitary and independent position of personal sufficiency, but are rather inclined to shelter themselves in a crowd, and gather the assurance of their orthodoxy from the concurrence and imposing authority of others. Hence, on principles universally known, we would look for an active manifestation of the tendency, to *traditionalism*, whenever the tendency to *rationalism* has been indicated. The author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, or Mr Parker, or Mr Newman, will chase more new members into the Church of Rome, than

ever Cardinal Wiseman and Father Ignatius and Mr Wilberforce will persuade to enter it.

In his inaugural lecture Dr Tulloch endeavours to indicate a healthy and legitimate combination of the traditional and rationalistic elements in theological inquiry. Apart from the perplexing vagueness which characterises many of his most formal and technical statements, and which would require another lecture to explain and define them, we have sorrowfully to own, that more than once in perusing this address we have been made painfully suspicious that the third element of his classification was after all a *tendency* and of a very dangerous type. There are forms of expression as to the authority of Scripture which we neither can receive as correct, nor admire as philosophical. But at the same time there are other statements on the same subject, so unexceptionably satisfactory, as to require us to consider the objectionable phrases as arising rather from an affectation which a little experience may cure, than from a successful attempt to express his meaning. What can be more satisfactory than the following explicit statements on the sole authority of the Word of God?

"Wherever it is no longer Scripture—the completed and unalterable revelation of the Divine will which hath been given us therein—but a *subjective arbitrariness* of whatever kind, which determines the thoughts, and stamps the writings of any man—here we must recognise the working of Rationalism, and denounce its poison." Again:—"For us, whatever may be alleged to have been the case with the early Christians, there can be no genuine Christian doctrine or sentiment apart from the Bible. It, and it alone, under God, is the *source* of Divine Wisdom and Divine Life. . . . Here we have the voice of God speaking with authority to the human mind."—(Pp. 27, 30-1.)

These statements, and some others in the lecture, of an equivalent nature, are definite and intelligible, and befit the place in which they were uttered. But there are other passages which have at least the semblance of involving some modification of the doctrine. He asks: "Is the truth to be held, unquestioned and unquestionable in *any* outward formula,—at the simple dictation of *any* outward power? or is it ever only—for our time as for all time—the product of *two* factors—of Scripture and Reason, of Revelation and free Inquiry?"—(P. 10.) There are some important and vital topics in this passage which certainly stand in need of the fullest explanation. Is the Scripture one of these "outward formulae" which Dr Tulloch so superciliously deposes from authority! Are inspired prophets and apostles some of those "outward powers" whose dictation he regards as impertinent and presumptuous? From the context, as well as from the structure of the passage itself, we have no alternative but to believe that this is really the intended meaning of the lecturer, and therefore we take leave to tell Dr Tulloch in the plainest terms, that the doctrine of this passage is incompatible with the essentials of Protestantism, and that it ignores the supreme and intrinsic authority of the Word of God. Had the lecture permitted us to form or cherish a high opinion of the lecturer's judgment and theological attainments, we would have appealed from Dr Tulloch's testimony on one

page to Dr Tulloch's testimony on another. We might, for instance, have quoted the just and insuperable objection and answer which he makes to the pretensions of the Rationalists. "It is never the Bible that judges them, but they that judge the Bible."—(P. 19.) But we acknowledge the very questionable value of this authority, and therefore do not found upon it. He apparently has a theory as to the standard and determination of theological truth which is illustrated by the mutual action of numerical factors. In a passage just quoted, he styles truth "the product of two factors," in another passage (p. 11), he defines it "the ever-fresh product of Scripture and criticism," in another (p. 23), he speaks of "a truly spiritual united once inore with a critical factor,"—and throughout the lecture the same illustration is frequently employed and indicated. Dr Tulloch, therefore, seems to hold that theological truth is not absolutely and independently contained in the Holy Scriptures, but is the product of *two factors*, of which Scripture is one, and reason the other. The guidance of the Spirit of God is thus ignored or forgotten.

That this theory is inconsistent and totally irreconcilable with some statements in the lecture, is a fact of far too little importance to merit farther notice.

But, it will be admitted by every man who is capable of understanding the argument, that any rule applied to the *written* revelation which we possess, would be equally applicable to that revelation had we received it directly from the *lips*, instead of from the *pens* of the inspired men who have recorded it. We assume, as we are fully entitled to do, that the revelation in our hands is authentic and genuine; for the question at issue proceeds on the fact that we possess the inspired record of the Divine will. We therefore turn to our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which was truly and literally spoken by the Divine Redeemer, and we apply Dr Tulloch's method of producing theological truth. We suppose ourselves seated at the feet of Him who spake as never man spake, and while listening to His teaching, we are required to hold that the authoritative embodiment and declaration of theological truth rest *not on our Lord's words and they are authority*, but is a *product*, the factors of which are the infinite wisdom of the Son of God, and our own poor, finite, darkened, depraved understanding! A doctrine, Sir, which at present we will not designate by the terms which it deserves. The Divine Master whom we both seek to serve has reminded and instructed us as to our duty, our responsibility, and our privileges on this matter. He has very emphatically said, "THE WORDS THAT I SPEAK UNTO YOU, THEY ARE SPIRIT AND THEY ARE LIFE." And St Paul thus records it to the praise and honour of the Church of Thessalonica, "For this cause also, we thank God without ceasing, because when ye received *the word of God which ye heard of us*, ye received it, not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God."

"The product" seems a very favourite figure and illustration of our lecturer. He has imagined that there are *two factors* in the manufacture of theological truth, and that of these, reason is one. According to his theory, the ever-varying judgments of men must be continually

affecting and altering truth. We had indeed believed that truth is immutable, that it is unaffected by the bigotry, the self-conceit, the ignorance, or the wisdom of men, and that, in the solemn language of our Saviour, GOD'S WORD IS TRUTH. But our new theologian pities our want of science, and, in an inaugural lecture in which he professes to indicate "the spirit and tone of inquiry" which are to characterize his teaching, tells us that truth has to be *produced*, and that Scripture, instead of being itself the true product, is merely one of two co-ordinate factors—a doctrine which, to our plain minds, is equivalent to the proposition that the Bible is a Revelation in no higher or more definite sense and character than is the Book of Creation. But though the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork, the Psalmist commands us to give heed to a far nobler, and simpler, and more definite revelation, and passes sublimely from the speech which day uttereth unto day, to the law of the Lord which is perfect, *converting the soul*. The "revelation" of reason, of which Dr Tulloch takes high account, (p. 28), so high, that he declares it "no less truly a revelation" than Scripture, has been weighed in the balances and found wanting by the sorrowful and humiliating experience of all generations. Had it been capable of directing mankind to a proper and befitting service of God—had it been competent to suggest and develop the knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, no "outward formula," no infallible revelation of the Divine will would have been necessary, or would have been supplied. But this inspired and necessary revelation is, according to our lecturer, a mere *factor*, which of itself is inert and powerless, and whose *product* and consequent significance must absolutely and helplessly depend upon the value of the factor which operates upon it. He explicitly says, "It is not, indeed, any arbitrary and unreasoning authority we recognize in Scripture."—(P. 31.) The Holy Scriptures must therefore, by a process of reasoning, and by no arbitrary and supreme authority, court the assent of the lecturer's mind to any mystery of godliness. The doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, are not to be received on the arbitrary authority of Scripture, but only on the virtue of a *product* which depends as much on reason as on the Word of God. The command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," comes to us with an arbitrary authority which cannot suffer a moment's evasion; but, according to the theory of Dr Tulloch, it must wait till it has been subjected to the scrutiny and judgment of a co-ordinate *factor*. This factor will of course vary in every instance. Suppose, then, that the factor representing the Bible in Dr Tulloch's theory may be indicated by 9, and that the other factor be represented by 8, or 5, or 2, we obtain a different product in each case, and we glean some indications of the practical working of a system which makes TRUTH the product of two factors—of Scripture and Reason.

One of the qualities of this lecture, a quality which already has been conceded to it, may be noted in the following excerpts which we had marked for minuter criticism, but which our time prevents us from fully undertaking. Speaking of forms which traditionalists accept as embodying the truth, he says, "Whether these forms find their warrant in a

mysterious entity called the *Church*, or whether they derive their sanction from some more special source, does not truly matter.”—(P. 7). Again, “The Church, in a specific sense, as representing not the community of believing people, but a supposed sacred order of teaching and discipline, is the watchword of this movement, (Anglo-Catholicism) as it is, in this case, the formal expression of the traditional principle.”—(P. 8.) These sentences would seem to indicate an intelligent apprehension of the value which Protestant theology attaches to the authority of the “mysterious entity,” and a discrimination of the fatal error of Tractarians in their specific, illegitimate, and unscriptural acceptance of title “the Church.” But the next page of the lecture takes us rudely by surprise. In awarding a tribute of admiration to some qualities of the Tractarian school, he says, we must “acknowledge the consummate scholarship, the range and subtlety of intellect, *the fine and beautiful comprehension often of the real import of the Church's history, and the deeper significance of certain aspects of her doctrine,*” &c. &c.—(P. 9.) What does Dr Tulloch mean by this, or rather does he mean anything? But again he says, “They who would arbitrarily separate themselves from any of the *noble expressions of the Church's past life*, seem to us utterly and hopelessly wrong.”—(P. 12.) What Dr Tulloch intends by *the Church* in one of these quotations cannot be the same with what he means in another. We do not profess to be able to reconcile the passages, or even to recognize, in their discrepancy, any thing very creditable to the sagacity and logical attainments of their author.

Let us turn from the inflated emptiness, the contradictory and uncertain teaching, the pompous, vague, and often unmeaning technicalities of this inaugural lecture, to enjoy for a moment the manly discoursing of a truly philosophical mind. In thought, in language, in spirit, we feel as if emerging from the terrors and confusion of the night-mare into the enjoyment of waking intelligence, when we read the following paragraph as a counterpart and antidote to the lecture. It is from Robert Hall's sermon from Proverbs xix. 2, on the advantage of knowledge to the lower classes.

“Scriptural knowledge is of inestimable value on account of its supplying an infallible rule of life. To the most untutored mind, the information it affords on this subject is far more full and precise than the highest efforts of reason could attain. In the best moral precepts issuing from human wisdom, there is an incurable defect in that *want of authority which robs them of their power over the conscience*; they are obligatory no farther than their reason is perceived; a deduction of proofs is necessary more or less intricate and uncertain,” (we suppose these may represent the *product* of Dr Tulloch,) “and even when clearest, it is still but the language of man to man, respectable as sage advice, but wanting the force and authority of law. In a well-attested revelation, it is the Judge *speaking from the Tribunal*, the Supreme Legislator *promulgating and interpreting His own Laws*. With what force and conviction do those Apostles and Prophets address us, whose miraculous powers attest them to be the servants of the Most High, the immediate organs of the Deity! As the morality of the Gospel is more pure and comprehensive than was ever inculcated before, so the consideration of its Divine origination invests it with an energy of which every system, not expressly

founded on it, is entirely devoid. We turn at our peril from Him who speaketh to us from heaven."

Reason has its own important function and calling in theology. These concern the accuracy of the transcription of the Bible, and the authority on which we receive the record. But reason is no factor—it has merely to decypher and implicitly receive what the hand of God has written. It has humbly to seek for the guidance of *the Spirit of Truth* whom our Redeemer promised to send to abide with His people for ever, and who would guide them into all the truth. In any delineation, therefore, of the proper method of theological inquiry, the office of the Holy Spirit, the necessity of His influence, the frailty of reason, ought to occupy a place of prominence; and the teacher should impress most solemnly on the minds of his students, the insufficiency of any human *factor*, and the countless errors which sprung from such a source. An infallible director has told us that, ere now, the world *by wisdom* knew not God. The promise and the teaching of the Holy Spirit are thus of infinitely too high account in proper theological study, to be merely introduced as an after-thought in the concluding paragraph of a lecture which avowedly professes to announce the *tone and spirit* which are to characterize the teacher's labours. Should Dr Tulloch repudiate those doctrines which we have thought it our bounden duty to expose and censure as plainly involved in his lecture, we are quite aware, as we have already stated, that there are other passages in it which seem of unexceptionable orthodoxy. This, however, only demonstrates in the lecturer a total want of that definite accuracy of thought and expression which, in a teacher of theology, is an essentially necessary qualification. If he insist on the employment of reason in one way or other, let him know that its province is to withstand such "oppositions of science falsely so called," as have been engaging our attention. And though we cannot accuse the lecture of following the classical elegance of the ancients, or avoiding the erroneous tendencies of the moderns, we think, in taking leave of it, that we have exposed views and qualities, the absence of which would have been its best commendation.

• LINES ON THE BLACK SEA STORM.

14th November 1854.

Dark was the night :—from steep to steep,
 Along the Euxine's rock-girt shore,
 Echoed the raging of the deep,
 And mingled din of tempest's roar.
 Loud and yet louder howled the blast,
 And fiercer heaved the swelling main,
 High o'er those cliffs the wild waves lashed,
 Then sunk in Ocean's bed again.

Oh righteous Heaven! a night so wild,
 Not every one shall 'escape to tell;

This night for many an ocean child
 Shall storm-winds sound the fun'ral knell.
 Ill-fortuned sailor! sad the hour
 When subtle chain thy anchor lost;—
 Stay, angry Euxine! stay thy power,
 Nor crush thy child 'gainst foeman's coast.

Oh! can no power avert thy doom,
 Or snatch thee from th' engulfing wave?
 Can hope's bright star dispel the gloom,
 That shrouds the spirits of the brave?
 Ah no!—for hark! one shiv'ring shock
 As the foundering ship drives on;
 And an echoing crash from rock to rock;
 And these brave ones—all are gone!

But think not thou, the heavens assent
 To aid *thee*, Russia, 'gainst thy foe;
 That winds and waves their force have lent
 To lay the British legions low:
 This ne'er shall be; whate'er betide,
 Yon fortress-city's pride shall fall;
 And th' Allied banners, side by side,
 Wave o'er her ruined bastions wall.

Britain! though many a tear-dewed cheek,
 And many a home and heart forlorn,
 In touching accents sad bespeak
 The wild-waves rage that fatal morn;
 Despond not yet,—though tempests toss
 And crush thy noble dogs of war,
 Thou still can'st well repair the loss
 Ev'n though its sum were greater far.

But 'mid the tempest's angry wrath
 Acknowledge still the Power divine,
 Whose hand the fate of armies hath,
 Nor at His workings e'er repine.
 Trust in the God of Battles' might,
 He'll aid thee, as before, again;
 For sure he shall defend the right,
 And shield the orphans of thy slain.

LEITH, *January 1855.*

R. H.

SEBASTOPOL.

Frown not proud Fortress! nor rely
 Upon thy bulwarks strong;
 Thy foes will neither turn nor fly,
 They come to conquer thee, or die
 Thy ruins grim among!
 A tyrant reared thee to enslave,—
 Thou hast no terrors for the brave,
 Who come at Freedom's call.

Nought will avert thy certain doom ;
 Thy own proud walls shall be thy tomb !
 Around about thee firmly stand
 Thy conquerors,—a patriot band—
 And History waits with pen in hand,
 To chronicle thy fall !

PASTORAL CHARGE OF BISHOP GILLIS.¹—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

A SHORT month or two back there was a tremendous piece of work at Rome. The old city indeed seemed as if revived to its former splendour when the spiritual mistress of Christendom, and when its streets were trodden by hosts of ecclesiastics,—from the Scottish bishop of Dunkeld or the Isles to the Italian cardinal. The pope was proceeding to St Peter's with all the pageantry of his rank, and with vastly more than his usual *cortege*. There preceded Pius IX. 150 bishops, wearing silver copes and white mitres,—and also 51 cardinals of the three great orders of bishop, priest, and deacon. This imposing ceremonial was meant to give authentication or solemnity to an act of the Pope, or rather of a sort of council headed by the Pope, which declared the *immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary* to be an article of faith. We daresay many people who saw this very fine turn-out would believe the doctrine, just because such a number of people dressed so magnificently were employed in its promulgation,—and such fine music was sung by the well-trained choir. But there is something rotten in the business. It will start awkward questions about the right of the pontiff to act so authoritatively in matters of faith, even aided by the counsels or opinions of a number of bishops,—in the Romish Church often poor theologians indeed. And we daresay the educated minds of the church will continue to think as hitherto, notwithstanding the bustle, and parade, and grandeur, of the scene at St Peter's. However, the new doctrine, or whatever is new about the affair, has a devoted adherent in Bishop Gillis, *pastor*¹ *pastorum* of the Romanists of the eastern district of Scotland. He is almost out of the body about what has happened, and while officially called upon to demand obedience to the Pope's decree,—practically that all should believe on the authority of the pontiff what is now a tenet of their religion, he treats them to a flowing harangue,—tickling the fancy if he does not require to command the judgment. The matter of the pastoral indicates that it was carefully considered by the author, and yet with all the pains bestowed on its composition, it holds some sad drivel. The author, however, could not help himself. He is a poor reasoner, Bishop Gillis, but a great reasoner would have dwindled down into sorry dimensions with such a thesis to vindicate.

¹ A Pastoral Charge by the Right Rev. Bishop GILLIS, on the recent Dogmatical Definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. Edinburgh : Marsh & Beattie, 18 South Hanover Street.

The doctrine which the theologians at Rome have coined into an article of faith appears to be this, that the soul of Mary had come into being without the taint of original sin. In discussing the views of St Bernard on this point our author makes a curious distinction. He says, "when Catholic theology treats of the immaculate conception of Mary, its intention is not to speak of what in the now sad mystery of man's entry into life, may so far constitute a beginning of mere material existence, but of that moment only in which the Divine omnipotence breathes into man his imperishable soul." We really cannot profess to understand this, and need not at present inquire what is meant by the writer. But we consider that the bishop's authorities do not always support the position they are called upon to justify. First, and rather suspiciously, he cites the fourteenth council of Rome at the end of the fourth century, which appears simply to have declared the perpetual virginity of the Saviour's earthly parent. This is not in point. Nor was the decree of the Council of Ephesus in 481, which opposed the Nestorian heresy, to wit, that there were two persons in Christ, more to the purpose—nor even the judgment of the Council of Trent, that she had never actually sinned, any more valid,—for although all born under the sad predicament of our fallen nature will sin,—yet it is not impossible but that by miraculous grace the tendencies of human nature might be so restrained that the favoured individual would be guilty of no transgression against the divine law. We should call this condition, which, so far as we know, has no example in the case of mere man, miraculous. In the case of the Virgin Mary, the Trentine council ascribes this exceptional virtue to a "special privilege from God." Hence we must call the bishop's authorities irrelevant,—although they may be held as going so far with him to countenance the pope's decision. And it may be added, that St Bernard, on whose view of the case Bishop G. lays great stress, had his scruples, although these are explained away by an ingenious theory; and in proclaiming that Mary was "exalted above all the angelic choirs of heaven," the father did not necessarily assume the immaculate conception,—but in all probability proceeded on the grandeur and dignity of her office,—and the electing love of God which distinguished this daughter of the house of David above all women. So far we reason about the bishop's authorities. With us they are trifles light as air, and altogether vanity, even were they quite explicit as to the point at issue,—we mean of course in argument,—for with the bishop a doubt would now be evil and shunned as heresy.

We may give an extract or two from the bishop's pastoral, which is showily written,—an enamelled piece of rhetorical composition. And here let us cite a piece of special pleading:—

"And can it for a moment be imagined, Dear Brethren, that She who from all eternity had been so linked in the thoughts of God with the work in which all His divine affections were centered, should not have been herself from the beginning the object of His most special tenderness?—that angels or archangels could ever have been more dear to Him than MARY? or that She who was to be the Mother of a more perfect creation, that through her Son we might become, as the apostle St James expresses it,

'some beginning of His creature,' should have been ushered into life a less perfect being than was Eve,—Eve who, together with her shipwrecked innocence, forfeited the brightest jewel of her womanly crown—the power from the beginning of bending over innocence, and calling it her child? Or, can it be admitted, that God could ever have loved a sinful nature? or that, whereas from all eternity His love was perfect for his incarnate Son, it never could have rested on Her through whom that Son was in time to become Man, until She had been previously cleansed from the stain of a polluted origin? No, Beloved Brethren, even when 'taking upon Himself the form of a Servant, and being made in the likeness of men,' such is the sanctity of God, that our very reason recoils from the thought of the first earthly tabernacle in which he chose to rest, having ever for a moment, given shelter to sin. And hence that teaching of the heart, laid down in the 11th century by the great St Anselm, of Canterbury, and the principle on which all Catholic divines have since built their arguments in defence of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception: 'It was befitting that the purity in which that Virgin gloried, should be greater of its kind than all other conceivable holiness, save the holiness of God.'

The last sentence, which embalms a quotation from St Anselm, is next to blasphemous, if not positively so. It exalts the personal character of a mere human being above that of the Saviour, who did no sin and was born without sin. The inquiry why the Virgin should be born into the world less holy than Eve is frivolous and absurd. Our common mother fell from innocence, and her acquired taint of sin she communicated to all her posterity. This the Word of God teaches,—while by fair inference it teaches the reverse as to the original condition of her illustrious daughter. One would think this might satisfy any body; but it seems it will make no impression on a bishop promulgating a decree of Pius IX. Can there be language more explicit than that which, on the authority of the Most High, declares the fallen corrupt state of every human being, however various the outgoings of the inward corruption may be.

It seems Bishop Gillis was not present at Rome when the decree was promulgated,—but hear how he apostrophizes St Peter's, and describes the mitred gathering under its lofty roof:—

"Oh! Holy Basilica, wherein Peter still shares, as it were, the glory of his Master's sepulchre,—thou greatest of all the earthly sanctuaries of God,—thou proudest monument of human piety and of Christian genius,—oh! what would we not have given to have been present within thy walls, on the ever memorable day, when they re-echoed that Apostolic Decree, and rang again with the Church's hymn of triumph and of thankfulness, for that *MARY*, the Church's Mother, had been proclaimed to have been without spot or blemish from the first moment of her Conception!

"The reigning head of Peter's dynasty, Dear Brethren, *PIUS IX.*, was there, with the honours of exile for justice' sake like a halo around the ephod of his priesthood; wearing in all meekness the mystic crown of an undying Pontificate, and grasping gently that crook of the One Shepherd, which still throws so steadily its telling shadow across the world. He was there with four hundred ancients of the Temple, Princes of the Church, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates of every degree around his throne; with numerous and many-coloured pilgrims from the cloister, and Priests and Levites from every tribe of Christian Israel; with fifty thousand believers in his apostolic mission, rending the dome of Michael Angelo with their plaudits of holy jubilation; nay, to the mind of every Catholic, he was there, amidst a still more august assemblage, unseen but felt; with the

votes and prayers, or protestations of obedience of the whole existing Episcopate in his lap; with eighteen centuries of witnesses to his right of doing what in the name of God's Church, he was about to perform; with the ministering angels of God around the altar of his sacrifice; with the saints of Heaven, waiting to take up fresh notes of joy in honour of Heaven's Queen;—with MARY, ready to repeat her canticle of praise,—‘My soul doth magnify the Lord, because He that is mighty hath done great things to me;’ and the glory of the Lord withal, pouring forth from His Tabernacle the majesty of His Divine presence;—such, Dearly Beloved, was the Basilica of Peter, on the day of MARY's Triumph; such was Catholic Rome, in the first days of the present month, when, looking back on the convulsions of eighteen centuries, and beholding all without her spiritual gates, still the toy of the whirlwind, and the prey of devouring discord; she witnessed, as of old, to the revealed truth of God, and rested as in the consciousness of her own eternity.”

Was there ever such “*havers*” uttered as that which appears in the first paragraph. Who could prove that St Peter was buried in this “holy Basilica,”—or, we might add, that it is his chair which is there preserved. Or, were the first position as capable of proof as it is the contrary, in what respect could the remains of the Apostle be said to share the sepulchre occupied for a space by the conqueror of death, many hundreds of miles distant in the land of the Jews? Really this is too rhetorical, Dr Gillis.

The bishop is of anything maudlin in the following passage:—

“Then God speed the arms of Britain and of France! for Britain's faith was great of old in MARY's protection; while Catholic France still hoists with reverence the Virgin's banner as the proud oriflame of her fleet; and hangs the Virgin's medal over the heart of her every soldier, from the highest leader of her forces, down to the little drummer boy. Nor can we overlook the coincidence, that the first battlements of the enemy fell before the valour of our united troops on the festive anniversary of MARY's Assumption into heaven; and that, after months of protracted and almost hopeless negotiation, the first earnest, let us trust, of certain victory, if not the first dawn of peace, was vouchsafed to us, on the eve, we may call it, of the Feast of her Immaculate Conception.”

There is nothing to say about this. The coincidence is surprisingly like the notion of cause and effect exhibited in the theory of Tenterden steeple having created the Goodwin sands. But we leave the bishop to enjoy his day-dream, and exult over all the wonderful facts he has paraded.

One curious, but rather characteristic feature of the charge consists in its always taking for granted that all “Catholics” ever believed in the immaculate conception, and of course what the fathers said will be regarded as their testimony to ancient and universal belief. We believe the entire contrary, and were it to hold, that led away by reverence degenerating into superstition, the earlier Christians did believe that one chosen by God for the grandest and most brilliant of all earthly destinations, was born without sin, we should still go back to the law and the testimony. Cerinthus the heretic was contemporary with the inspired Apostle St John, and in the days of St Paul sad heresies had appeared to prevent simple souls from revealed truth. We do not believe that such views as possess Pius IX. and his coadjutors were then held by any portion of the

Christian community, but had they, we should still have enquired—how readest thou? We can understand the Holy Bible as well as the fathers, or those who came before their day. But while this belief is assumed as a great historical fact, embracing the past and present, our author would seem to attach great importance to what his superior the Pope has done. Hear him at the very outset of his charge:—

“They said of the Church of God, that she was old and in her dotage; that power was no longer upon her lips, nor wisdom in her counsels, nor the weight of majesty in her sceptre, nor glory around the tiara of her earthly Pontiff; that men would bend no more in reverence to the authority of her teaching, nor heed the feeble thunder of her doctrinal anathemas; in a word, that the World was no longer the portion of her inheritance, nor Time the measure of her duration; for that, like to the proud statue of Nabuchodonosor’s dream, her feet were but of iron and clay;—withdraw from her the support of human aid, and, like the second Babylon, she must totter and fall. We simply record, Dearly Beloved, what things have been said, without pausing here to inquire by whom they were uttered. But like the murky vapours which seem at times to struggle for the mastery of the atmosphere, until melted away by the sudden breaking forth of a glorious sun; their reminiscence arises before us now all the more naturally, from the strong contrast they afford to that recent and solemn judgment of the Vicar of Christ, which it is now our special duty to promulgate, and the duty of us all to welcome with feelings of the most implicit obedience and filial gladness. We speak, of course, Dear Brethren, of the recent Dogmatical Definition that has raised the hitherto universally entertained pious belief in the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN, to the doctrinal level of an Article of Faith, which all are henceforward bound to hold, under pain of incurring the guilt of heresy.”

Now really this reads very nicely, but the feat celebrated does not seem to us as very wonderful. That the Pope should just tell his dutiful children that they were to believe just as they believed before, might be an act of temerity as regards those without the only and infallible church,—but its importance *ab intra* diminishes into a very little speck when the fixed and universal acceptance of the dogma is assumed. We are quite sure that the decree or definition of Pio Nono will have little or no effect on unwilling minds, even among the clergy,—it is not in man’s nature that it should. But to believers it is an easy matter to believe, and not the less firmly that four hundred teachers of religion believe in the same way as their flocks believed before some of them were born.

We have waded through the bishop’s pastoral, which is really very neatly composed, and rather poetical in its language,—but as an instrument of conviction it sinks into nothing. It smacks of the inherent vice of Popery, human authority,—where God’s word is silent. This would be enough to condemn the affair,—but as we have already had occasion to remark, the worthy bishop presses into his service authorities which cannot be righteously claimed,—even the doubting St Bernard who, troubled with scruples, was willing to submit to authority,—“Who rules o’er freemen should himself be free,”—any how an authority should not be waiting for other authorities, and they fallible men, to define or regulate his faith. The subject is one we have rather unwillingly approached, for it

cannot be so readily discussed as most other points, and we could wish in the case of our Protestant brethren, that unmoved by what has taken place, they would exercise extreme delicacy and reserve in this grave debate. On account of the worship rendered by Papists to the Virgin Mary, some Protestant controversialists speak of that illustrious personage in coarse and unseemly phraseology,—a conduct most reprehensible and God dishonouring,—for she whom all ages were to call “blessed” must indeed be blessed and worthy of high esteem and honour. This is a different matter from adoration, or invocation, or assuming the sinlessness of the sainted daughter of Israel. We revere and eulogise the departed who have lived holily and done service to the cause of God in the world, and are certainly not less bound to be true to our nature in the case of the mother of the world’s Redeemer. There are some who will not reason, and are too besotted to make distinctions required by the nature of things,—and which fulfil but the demands of reason and justice. We here suggest what we regard as the Scriptural view of the case to men of understanding, of conscience, and of heart, who can give honour where honour is due, and as much of honour as is deserved and required.

DEATH OF ANDREW CRICHTON, LL.D.

It is with much grief and no ordinary regret that we advert to the recent death of our neighbour and friend Dr Crichton—so long known as an author and journalist, and who deserves commemoration in this place as a warm and devoted friend of the Church of Scotland. We all know, though too seldom keep in mind, the uncertainty of life, and it often happens that while the feeble linger on better or worse by turns, the hale and robust are suddenly struck down; but we confess to having heard of the death of this respected gentleman with surprise and emotion. A very few days before his lamented decease, he spent a short time in our small penetralia, chatting in his usual intelligent and ready way, and going over the morning’s journal as was his wont. The immediate cause of his death appears to have been an acute fever, originally caused by cold caught while attending the funeral of his brother-in-law the late Mr Calvert, W.S., and otherwise this bereavement is thought to have deeply affected him. Dr Crichton was a native of Dumfries-shire, and studied with a view to the ministry in the national establishment, receiving licence to preach the gospel. He was, however, early introduced into the circle of authorship, and may be regarded as a fine type of the professional writer. We understand that among his first efforts as a journalist, he contributed to the *New North Briton*, an Edinburgh journal now extinct. For many years he was editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a conservative paper. A few years back the Doctor quitted this situation, but frequently contributed papers to the *Edinburgh Evening Post*, a paper of views on many points congenial with his own. Latterly, however, there was not much stirring to call his pen into action.

And we understand he was specially employed in literary labour intended to have a more permanent form than articles appearing in the journals. A work by Dr C. on Russia was left nearly completed, and has partly passed through the press. In the case too of a literary man, he will, from circumstances we need not here explain, be likely to exchange finally the columns of the newspaper for the pages of the compact and authenticated volume. Yet while employed in editorial labours, or similar duties, our friend gave to the world a considerable number of books. A contemporary who has supplied a short sketch of Dr Crichton, says:—

“ His first literary performance, the ‘ Life of Colonel Blackadder,’ appeared more than thirty years ago. It was followed by ‘ Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackadder,’ of which the first edition was published in 1823, and the second in 1828. He compiled for ‘ Constable’s Miscellany’ two small volumes of ‘ Lives of Converts from Infidelity,’ and contributed to the same series a translation of ‘ Koch’s History of the Revolutions of Europe.’ He was the author of a ‘ History of Arabia,’ in two volumes, and (jointly with Dr Wheatson) of a ‘ History of Scandinavia,’ also in two volumes, both published in the ‘ Edinburgh Cabinet Library’—the one in 1833, and the in 1838.”

The attachment of Dr Crichton to the Church of Scotland was deep and sincere—of any thing he was too conservative in his views, and perhaps allowed passing events to modify his original impressions too slightly. This is to be regretted. But the Church had not a more devoted adherent within its borders. It was impressed in this way that, after the disturbed era of the secession, the clergy in Dumfries-shire presented the deceased with a piece of silver plate, a well deserved token of esteem. As already mentioned, Dr C. was a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, or a *probationer* as we might say. But it is not pleasing to reflect that such a man never had an ecclesiastical living in the establishment he had done so much to defend, and that at times when earnest and skilful advocacy was really required, and might be deemed important. There is perhaps too much a disposition in those connected with old institutions to suppose these to be perpetual, impregnable—requiring no vindication or support—and to hold the advocate as a mere trader in composition, who has chosen this description of conservatism as a theme rather than another. This is a cold and heartless view of the case,—but it may yield to a worse sentiment possessed, by which the assured partizan may view the same honest and useful labourer with a sort of dislike, as giving occasion by his zeal to so wild a suspicion as that effort or apprehension was, in such a case of certain stability, necessary or feasible. Any how our friend was left to the uncertain and trivial returns of authorship for support. And had it not been for a very small patrimony his fortunes in life might have been more trying. Lord Orford said that the nation had no separate treasury to reward its friends. What was not exactly true of the body politic, all things regarded, would appear true of the Church of Scotland. She possesses no means whatever of rewarding literary supporters. They must be content with the satisfaction of a good conscience and a flattering obituary notice in prospect. We regard this as a great privation and defect. Every church, national or

dissenting, should have some munificent endowments meant to afford learned leisure and comfortable subsistence to their literary sons, and especially to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day in their support. Many good and excellent men have experienced neglect in the Church of England, but in that case it happens that where attention is providentially directed to merit, there is the means of rewarding the virtues, talents, and usefulness of the living man. Had Dr Crichton, for example, been in the sister church, he would, in all probability, have had not merely a parochial charge, but a prebendal stall in a cathedral. We can recollect a case where, by the favour of a certain prelate, a clergyman, but for a season an official in a public institution, has obtained a vicarage worth £1600 per annum, and an archdeaconry to boot. A speech on education is said to have recommended a presbyter so much to a minister of the crown, that he is now a bishop in an English diocese. These are vain regrets in the case of departed worth,—but the fact is admonitory.

We have set down Dr Crichton as a professional author, and a fine type of this valuable and admirable class of citizens. A paltry attempt, originating in certain points of a novel (of the serial class), has been made to shew that literary men are capable of earning large sums, and the correlative of this would seem to be that where these are poor, it must be the effect of folly or moral misconduct. This is a sheer delusion. That occasionally an author (*rara avis in terris*) may make a comfortable subsistence, or even leave some money we allow—parish ministers in the poor Church of Scotland have left assets, all things considered, wonderfully large. We should think Dickens may become rich relatively to other and superior men, and Macaulay, if he wrought for six or eight hours a day, could maintain himself in bachelor affluence. But solid acquirements and moderate industry, as also experience in composition, may secure a reward so small that we might feel ashamed to set down the likely result in figures. A large amount of suffering and trial may be the fate of a man of high accomplishments, whose aim is the divine glory and the good of others. Lord Jeffrey sighed over the misfortunes of Scotland's peasant poet, and unavailingly wished he had lived along with this illustrious child of song, honoured as he would have thought in ministering to the exigencies of genius. But in our day of high pretension and sentimental benevolence, we need, in a higher department of labour, but suggest the straitened circumstances of such men as Dr Kitto and Dr Dick, both distinguished Christian authors. The mere contributor to the periodical press too, while in general but sparingly remunerated, where remuneration is bestowed, has not only to put up with slender gains but the lack of fame. Contemporaries do not know from whose able pen those writings proceed which cheer or instruct—which point the way to truths forgotten or inoperative—which denounce vice, confute error, and strike rebuke into the mind of the unscrupulous oppressor. Nor in an age like this, with its cant and fanaticism—its high pretensions and lack of vital godliness—with its names, and leaders, and *idola*, is the author without strong temptations to swim with the current, to forego his better judgment, and to do homage at the shrine of facti-

tious and hollow influence. However, we but digress here ; though we feel impelled to set down the ideas which a long experience of literary life has suggested, and which we do not choose to conceal or disguise. Dr Crichton had less perhaps of the experience of literary toils than men to whose genius and usefulness he would have done justice,—and he ever held firmly by his principles even with loss to himself. But in his case we have to regard a life of literary effort far from realising competency, which, if spent in another department of educated industry, might have led to fortune. It may be here stated, that Dr Crichton was long an elder in one of the churches in this city, and occasionally sat in the General Assembly as the representative of a royal burgh.

We do not intend to enter here into details of the history of the deceased. We may observe, however, that his manners were frank and affable, and that in demeanour he might be held considerably to resemble the worthy clergyman or author of a previous century. He eschewed foppery and pretension, and was greatly liked as a man of quiet unassuming manners by those with whom he came into contact.

Dr Crichton leaves a widow (the daughter of a minister of the church) and a very young family of children. We grieve to say that their situation is one of honourable poverty—but surely the family of Andrew Crichton deserves well at the hands of the Church of Scotland, and should be kept in mind at this season of affliction and heavy trial. There is what is better than the favour of man, or any claims on his gratitude, those stable and gracious promises in which a merciful God is set forth to the contemplation of the bereaved, as the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless.

THE WAR.

WE beg our readers' attention to a few remarks on the present singular aspect of warlike affairs. The alternative of peace or war is again presented to our view ; but we must bear in mind that the one—War, is an actual reality, while the other—Peace, is but an airy phantom, sufficient only to give to the great disturber of peace an opportunity of weakening the efforts of his adversaries, and to afford to the peace agitators an excuse for again urging their peculiar doctrines. The Ministry carry on war operations and peace negotiations at the same time, trusting to any lucky chance which may bring about some more favor to their ill assorted administration—thus likely neither to secure peace nor to prosecute the war with the requisite energy. This course is an apt representation of the divided, uncertain, and ruinous policy which has all along characterised the acts of the Coalition Ministry ; and of the manner in which the interest of the country and the welfare of the world have been sacrificed to time-serving and selfish expediency. Sebastopol still holds out against all the efforts of the Allies ; and, madness extreme ! in the midst of this siege, a Conference for Peace is opened at Vienna with the Czar of Russia, who, encouraged by the disasters of the Crimean expedition, hopes to tire out the Allies, or at least gain an advan-

tage by disgusting the British nation with the war. Most opportune is the moment for the Emperor of Russia to put forth his diplomatic talent ; and it is preposterous to imagine that so astute an observer of events will at this time concede any thing important. He will employ the want of success in the Crimea and his own professions of desire for peace to make Austria hesitate to fulfil her resolution of joining the belligerent states ; and Austria will be inclined to use her endeavours to patch up a peace, to which she may be persuaded that the Allies may at this time not be unwilling to agree. However willing Nicholas may be to bring this embroilment to a termination, he will, most assuredly, at a period so little adverse to him, not do anything which will limit his territory or his power ; and, therefore, the rumor which has given to Prince Gortschakoff full authority to treat, except for the diminution of the Russian fleet or occupation of the Russian territory, bears the semblance of truth. Such terms must be wrested from the Czar by force of arms, not obtained from him by treaty.

We have been again cajoled, and what is all this talk about peace ? It is raised by Russia to amuse the Western Powers, and to delay the carrying out of the proposed offensive and defensive alliance of Austria ; and thus to weaken our operations in the Crimea, and enable the Czar still farther to act upon the weakness of Austria by over-awing her frontier. This double purpose is effected : for it cannot but paralyse any great project before Sebastopol if there be a dread that the sacrifice of life which may be thereby incurred may be immediately rendered useless by the declaration of an armistice, the Czar meanwhile gaining time to pour in his reinforcements. He is also concentrating large forces on the frontiers of Austria, and if that State take the field against him, he is ready at once to pounce upon her, and is not far removed from the capital of her dominions. In the difficult position in which Austria is placed, such a movement cannot but make her hesitate. She will unquestionably be inclined to favor any indication, whether sincere or not, shewn by the Autocrat of Russia towards peace. Her self-interest, nay her self-preservation, is deeply involved. Instead, therefore, of the close and intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, between Austria and the Western Powers, with which this year was to have been opened, we witness the repetition of the preliminaries for another Vienna Peace Congress. The farce which was enacted before the war is again to be repeated with still greater mockery. The belligerent states cannot be sincere and honest, however desirous they may be for peace, in entering into this conference. Of a piece with the extraordinary procedure which has taken place throughout this European quarrel, is the most unusual course of opening a discussion for peace while hostilities are to be carried on with the same, if not greater energy than before. In all former wars, when any terms of peace were to be discussed, an armistice, or cessation of hostilities, was first declared : and, if there were an honesty of purpose in the transaction, there is here actually the basis of negotiations, establishing as it ought to do—if that basis had been accepted—a clear case for a suspension of hostilities. This proves the really elusory and deceptive character of this business. As things are, it is most fortunate that no

such cessation was obtained. The terms commonly now known under the oft-repeated indefinite designation of the "Four Points," were offered as the *sine qua non* to the Czar for acceptance. The first announcement was that Prince Gortschakoff, after communicating with the Emperor Nicholas, was authorised to accept them unreservedly. Some explanation, it is supposed, was agreed on between the Allies as to the interpretation of these Four Points—for indefinite enough they are as they stand—yet hardly was the unreserved acceptance announced when it was intimated, that some explanation was made as to their acceptance. The plain truth seems to be, that the Czar of Russia never intended to accept these Four Points implicitly as the foundation of a treaty for peace, but has merely expressed his willingness to meet with the Allies to discuss these Four Points. Here again, by his consummate diplomatic talent, he cajoles the Allies; and, if he does not gain his point of getting peace without any sacrifice, he will gain advantage in some way. How could it be expected that he would do more than agree to meet with the Allies to confer on the interpretation of the Four Points, when it is evident that the Allies have not themselves a distinct understanding regarding them. Were it so, and they were interpreted as they must be, the Czar of Russia would never have been found acquiescing in them at the present stage of the war. We doubt not that he would willingly agree to peace, and probably come down a little from the ambitious project of Turkey's partition or destruction with which he set out; but to the diminution of his power or of his territory, he will never consent by treaty. The force of arms can alone accomplish this.

What of Austria now? By the treaty of December 2d 1854, Austria was bound to co-operate with the allies at the beginning of this year, but by this last diplomatic trick, another Congress of Vienna is being assembled. This is undoubtedly most agreeable to the policy of that Court, and she thus puts off the evil day of a rupture with Russia. We have never disguised our opinion as to the difficult and hazardous position in which Austria was placed at this juncture, becoming every day more critical. Peace or abstinence from warfare is her only safety. When she is obliged to declare herself on one or other side, whichever cause she may espouse, the risk of her dismemberment as an empire is sufficient to make her tremble. The peculiar character of the dominions of the House of Hapsburg, and the slight hold by which much of them is retained, exposes their power to the greatest danger. Either of the foes of Austria, will not have much difficulty in stirring up dissension, and will not fail to do so, and woe betide her. But what is to be said of her apparently more firm attitude lately, and her evident determination to join the Western Powers. We have all along been convinced, and have repeatedly given expression to this conviction, that Austria will not take the part of Russia, but will when driven to it, side with the Allies. The time of forbearance towards her difficult situation, is now past. She cannot but perceive this, and, as generally happens in similar cases, she may be found espousing the side of the Western Powers with energy, discerning thereby her best policy. To save herself at all, she must join heart and hand on our side, and thus alone will she gain the

active co-operation of the two great Powers in the preservation of her territory. From causes akin to these, originate Austria's more warm espousal of the side of the Western Powers, and her more firm attitude as regards Prussia and also Russia. The rivalry between Austria and Prussia for ascendancy among the Germanic States, will now animate Austria to exertion, especially when the leaning of Prussia to be influenced towards Russia tends to make them adversaries. This may be the means of turning the scale in favor of the scheming Court of Vienna. The aspect of the proposed peace negotiations at Vienna, inclines us to think that Austria will still endeavour to bring about some arrangement of the European question, but that failing in this, and seeing that her attempt to keep aloof from taking part in the warfare must now terminate, she will find it her only chance, and her best policy in the critical circumstances to join the Western Powers. It may be deemed somewhat presumptuous to hazard conjecture on the probable issue of this last feature of the war, to so great an extent: but it is merely a conjecture, and we confess our total inability to fathom the depth of the wonderful future which now opens on us. We have only taken upon us to state our impressions of the present appearance of affairs, though humbly confessing our equal liability to error with all finite beings. The knowledge of the future is alone with the Infinite. It seems at least pretty evident that the result of the meeting at Vienna will not be Peace but War, and that to a greatly increased extent. We are on the eve of a widening of the basis of the war—and ere long nearly every State in Europe will be more or less engaged.

Turning from these speculations on the future, to the certainties of the past, we have a subject on which we can speak with confidence. How humbling especially to our own country is the whole course of events since the commencement of the war! It ought not only to bring down our pride, and to teach us how far we are behind other nations in many things, and to animate us to energy and exertion; but above all things it ought to make us abase ourselves before the Great God and Father of all, to teach us the solemn lesson how neglectful we have been of him, and how vain has been our boast that we could go forward to victory defying the whole world. Apart from these considerations, which cannot fail to strike us, and which have been sent for our learning, the responsibility of these things lies not the less on those who have had the management of the war. Were it the case that amendment had taken place, and that these misfortunes only marked the commencement of our warlike operations, pardon for the past misconduct however great might be accorded. But when every day only adds to the calamities and to the omissions and commissions of men in power, they are beyond mercy, and there is loud call for a change. Instead of being able to place things on a better footing, they seem to be bewildered and getting deeper into the mire of disorder, shewing manifestly their utter incompetency for the duties of the offices which they have assumed. The crisis is so imminent that it behoves the strong interference of Parliament. Things have been brought to so wretched a condition by the prevalence of a wrong system, and the want of a right system, that a total, radical

change is demanded. But truly the magnitude of the evil is such as to deter most men from undertaking the attempt to remedy : and it will take some time before even the most effective management can restore anything like order.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Sabbath Question in relation to the Cabmen's Strike: A Lecture delivered in St. Mark's Chapel, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh, on the evening of Sunday, December 31, 1854. By JOHN GORDON. London : Edward T. Whitefield, 178 Strand. Edinburgh : William Macphail, 98 Prince's Street.

THIS is an ably written, and powerfully conceived sermon, far above the ordinary rate of sermons, so far as enlightened views of religious and moral duty are concerned—and in point of style, exemplifying most successfully the characteristic peculiarity of the author—we mean, the power of exhibiting and condensing vigorous reasoning in terms and sentences correspondingly energetic and effective.

The sermon was written and delivered, of course, in connection with the claims of the cabmen, for the furtherance of which claims, the author is a decided and warm friend—though he advances the cause on principles and views of Christian duty different from those which the cabmen have been instructed to set forward. We never doubted that the cabmen would succeed—that they were entitled to succeed—that all benevolent minds would rejoice in their success, and that no practical inconvenience would be felt, so soon, at least as those subsidiary arrangements were made, which the cessation of the former traffic seemed to require.

But the value of this sermon consists not so much in its advocacy of the cabmen's claims—as in the enlightened views of Christian duty, as distinct from Jewish similitude, by which the whole discourse is pervaded—and the explanation and furtherance of which, it was obviously the main purpose of the author to promote.

Two leading points pervade the discourse. In the first place, that with respect to the Jewish Sabbath—the *time*, the *manner*, the *ground* of its observance,—and the *penalty* by which that observance was enforced, differs from the corresponding points connected with our Sabbath observances. And, in the second place, that the cabmen were theologically wrong in resting their case, as its strongest position, on the literal interpretation of the fourth commandment—and that if they had been enlightened theologians, and not under the influence of sectarian guardians, they would rather and more justly have rested their cause on those enlightened views of duty and of mutual kindness and sympathy, which are the true principles of Christianity as a spiritual and not a ceremonial dispensation.

These views are powerfully put forward by the author—and we believe that a candid and careful perusal of the sermon is fitted to suggest most important reflections respecting the whole character of Christianity and its requirements, which are by no means generally entertained by the men of our own generation and neighbourhood. But for the Cabmen, we must say, that though they were not probably theologically right in the choice of their ground—yet knowing, as every person does know, that the ground they have chosen or were instructed to assume—was in accordance with the prevailing opinion of the community, for whose sympathy and support the appeal was made, even though they acted only as all litigants do, when they not only avoid all jarring with the acknowledged partialities of their judges

—but avail themselves, so far as a strict regard to truth permits, of these partialities and prejudices. Nothing is better known among the men of long robes and curled wigs in our Parliament House, than that a young advocate is quite out of his course, when he says or suggests any thing in favour of his client that does not suit the known taste of the judge before whom his pleading is conducted.

That the author of this sermon, however, is a warm friend to the proper observance of the Sabbath day, will be apparent to every reader who carefully peruses the author's luminous and delightful exhibition of the *social and religious* advantages with which the Christian observance of that day is connected. Our present notice, however, is necessarily a short one—and we cannot find space for these passages.

The whole of the author's reasoning, in the latter part of his discourse, is acute and powerful in no ordinary degree—and is exceedingly well entitled to the attentive perusal of every person who sets a becoming value on enlightened views of Christian principle and duty. We can only afford room for the concluding paragraph :—

“ It was not by accident that the long list of Jewish ordinances, with this Sabbath ordinance among the rest, was expressly done away with. It was with a definite purpose, as to which we are not left in any doubt. That purpose was to preserve and perfect the character of pure spirituality which Christianity so decidedly and fully claims for itself. Religion, according to the Christian representation of it, consists of the voluntary adoption and application of those holy and gracious principles which the gospel offers to the human mind and heart. That gospel does not bind us to any invariable services ; but it lays us, instead, under the most powerful obligations to fulfil every service which our own sense of rectitude suggests. It does not even enumerate the acts of obedience upon which this sense of rectitude may be brought to bear : because it contemplates such a universal bearing of it, as no enumeration could embrace. It is always careful that the moral precepts it enjoins should not be taken to supersede the principles from which they spring, and to which they owe their force. In the same manner it is still more careful that nothing of a merely formal nature should be confounded with personal truth and purity. In the manifestation of this latter care, it excludes from its duties everything which might be capable of that abuse. It gives no occasion whatever for the error, that ceremonial deeds may stand in the place of spiritual sanctity, or that religious responsibility can be fulfilled by ritual observances. To prevent such occasion, it abstains from authorising any rites and ceremonies, or connecting special holiness with any particular times : teaching that the only worship which the Father seeks is ‘ worship in spirit and in truth ; ’ and desiring to make all times equally holy. Well indeed are both the liberty of its obligation, and the obligation of its liberty, thus expressed in immediate connection with my text :—‘ He that is called in the Lord being a servant is the Lord's free-man ; likewise also, he that is called being free is Christ's servant.’ Then it is added : ‘ Ye are bought with a price ; be not ye the servants of men.’ ”

The Manse of Sunnyside, or Trials of a Minister's Family. Edinburgh : John Shepherd, 15 Princes Street.

We do not know whether they call a clergyman's house in the United States a “ *manse*,” but this is a very pleasing, fascinating book about the life of a pastor and his family located somewhere in the vast regions of the Republic.

Man is substantially the same everywhere—domestic life in every region of the globe exemplifies the same “changes and chances,” and wherever placed the genuine Christian evinces his relationship to God by the graces and virtues of his character. The story here is a simple one, devoid of plot, of moving accidents, or of great events. It is the narrative of a pastor's life, who, with an excellent woman as his partner, lived many years in one place as the teacher of a congregation—and although he had not been without a wish to change his place, died in the incumbency to which he was in early life ordained.

He who serves at the altar, requires to live by it—and if the minister is to be allowed to enter into the relations, and to come under the obligations of ordinary life, he must be held as committed to all resultant from his position. Your Popish monk, if a decent well disposed man, could sleep in a cell in some religious house—and get his food by foraging up and down the wide circle of his communion—his coarse dress costing but a very trifle. He lived and died a celibate—without any trouble as to household expenses, life insurance, fire insurance, or local rates. But very different is the case where there is a house to keep up—public burdens to fulfil—and somewhere about the half of a score of children to feed, cloth, and educate. The pastor must either be a monk practically, or often he will turn out the man of care and anxiety—of debts and troubles—of anxious aspirations after a place where more income is to be had. Mr and Mrs Edwards, the hero and heroine of the manse of Sunnyside, had their pecuniary trials. It would seem that the parents of the lady, whether from parsimony or lack of means, only provided the young couple with “a buggy and a fine horse,” very good in its way, but not pantry articles. Mrs Edwards could not afford a servant, (or “help” as they style this *employe* among our cousins), and had to work herself. There was what we would term a stipend attached to this transatlantic cure, but it was ill paid. As the minister said to his helpmate, “Quarter-day comes—no salary ready—I must take an *order on the stores* or nothing.” To understand the latter allusion, it must be kept in mind, that at times the Yankee parson is paid on the *truck* system so much disliked in this country as a mode of disbursing the wages of ordinary labour. Mr Edwards was resolved to leave. He was pinched in means—his wife toiled out with the fatigues of the house. But the people entered into an agreement to give him so much of a stated salary, and to make up the rest by a “donation meeting,”—that is a sort of *soiree* or *fete*, where what should have been paid as a debt, was contributed as a gift. Then a deacon did not think that the pastor held enough of meetings—that matters were getting cold—and the poor lady of the manse found herself elected to never so many offices, one of which was directress of a prayer meeting,—a post whose duties she could ill fulfil,—for although devout, pious, and a genuine Christian, she wanted confidence and fluency in expression, properties which may subsist without good or grace, and where there is a deal of sin. However, the good couple contrived to get on, and brought up not fewer than seven children, all of whom in early life, but one, turning out religious, and the exceptional case was that a “strong temperance man,” owing none of his lack of godliness to “intoxicants,”—rather to an unrenewed heart, was the whole of the privation due. At his mother's death even this stray sheep was reclaimed. The temporal fortunes of these young persons might be held as most favourable,—in instances almost brilliant. But then you know novelists can mould the plastic clay which constitutes their *matériel* into any shapes. The hero of the story may have misery or happiness accumulated on him at will,—and a slight disregard of those stern things called probabilities is no great offence in romance. Day dreams like those of night have their ideal scenes, for “monarch reason

sleeps." But we are taught not to regard the prosperity of the Edwards as anything to be greatly wondered at. They were "wealthy and influential,"—but the author interposes a reproof to rash judgment. "They were remarkably blessed 'say some; but this is not so.' God deals with us with a more even hand than we are always disposed to believe. The evil is largely tempered with the good, and those who wholly trust in him shall even here be led into green pastures. Many a minister's family, who have as cheerfully meet the toils and privations of their humble lot, and as hopefully lived for the future, as did this one, whose history we have followed, have been no less remarkably rewarded." We consider that a judgment such as is suggested about the blessedness of a number of lucky people would be silly, and not in the spirit of Christian philosophy,—unless, indeed, all that was meant was mere felicity in its gross and vulgar sense,—reputation among men, health, money, favourable connections in life, and so forth. Conversely we could not predicate the opposite of blessedness of those who suffer the heaviest trials of life,—bodily and mental affliction,—reproach or abject poverty. It was not on sinners above all in Jerusalem that heavy calamities fell, as our great Teacher instructs us. God does indeed deal with an even hand so far as justice is concerned,—but from a righteous God we sinners merit only tribulation and wrath. On many occasions the families of righteous couples have turned out ill, morally and otherwise,—while we concede that truly religious people may make gross mistakes in the upbringing of their charge. Witness the partialities of Eli and of David. As for persons "remarkably rewarded," it will often be found that others vastly better have a different destiny in life,—reward is here an improper expression. Our deeds, however externally excellent, cannot be profitable to the Most High. They are the conduct of unprofitable servants,—if done from the best of motives they are but an expression of divine goodness towards those unworthy of regard. We do not deny what has been called the *rewards of grace*, as the qualifying word sufficiently precludes the notion of "works of congruity;" but in the recollection of the earthly experience of apostles, saints, and martyrs, of those who wandered about "destitute, afflicted, tormented," we do hesitate to place the scene of such tokens of the divine favour on earth. It may happen so in cases,—but too much is taken for granted by our author in devising such good fortune for the children of the "Manse of Sunnyside."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has appointed the Rev. John A. Macrae, to the parish and church of Trumisgarry, in the island of North Uist, in the presbytery of Skye, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Donald Macdonald to the parish of Alvie.

Induction.—The Presbytery of Dunfermline met on the 11th inst., for the purpose of inducting the Rev. David Nicol to the church and parish of Dalgetty. Mr Mackay of Inverkeithing

preached and presided. At the conclusion of the solemn services Mr Nicol received a cordial welcome from the people of his new charge. On the Sabbath following, Mr Nicol was introduced to his flock by the Rev. Wm. Glover, D.D., minister of Greenside Parish, Edinburgh.

Died, at Rothiemurchus Manse, the Rev. Andrew Rutherford, minister of that parish.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CX.

MARCH 1855.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

No one who has lived even a short time in India, can fail to have his attention drawn to the popular idolatry of the country. Coming fresh from a Christian land, where a pure faith is held and a pure worship practised, the absurdities and abominations of the Hindoo religion pressed themselves forcibly on my notice. Accordingly, the nature of the Hindoo idolatry was an object of intense interest to me. And, as I imagine that the aberrations and vagaries of the Hindoo mind, exhibited in its search after objects of worship, may be an object of interest to my readers also, I now propose to lay before them the result of my inquiries and observations. If we make the mythological legends, and popular religious opinions of ancient Greece and Rome, the objects of our patient study in our early years in this country, after the lapse of many centuries, and at a great distance from the places where these mythologies flourished, and from the time when they existed as matters of actual belief to any human being, surely we may well regard with equal interest the myths, the philosophy, and the popular errors, connected with a faith, which is at this moment the religion of many millions of our fellow subjects in India.

In investigating the Hindoo system, many extraordinary facts are presented to our view. We find, first of all, most striking confirmation of the truth, that no considerable nation of the heathen world has existed, or can exist, without gods of some sort or another. Why is it that no people on the face of the globe is to be found without its gods?—

VOL. XIX.

E

Except, indeed, a few barbarous tribes which have sunk to the lowest depths in the scale of humanity, and even they, it is known, if they have not a god, have at least a superstition of some kind or other, implying a belief in some sort of connection between the visible and the invisible worlds?—This remarkable phenomenon can be resolved only into the ultimate principle, that man is constitutionally and essentially a religious animal, and, in this respect, distinguished from all other creatures in this lower world. He must have a god or a superstition of some sort or another, and if this craving or want in the human breast, implanted there by our Maker, be not attended to, then violence is done to one of the primary instincts of our nature. But no where in the world has this longing for a connection with unseen and superior influences been exhibited so intensely, and carried out so extravagantly, as in India. There, three hundred and thirty millions of imaginary beings have been deified and exalted to the rank of gods by the people. And, however extraordinary the number of their objects of worship thus appears to be, we shall see by and by, when we come to speak of the pantheistic nature of their creed, that the wonder really is—not that there are so many gods in India—but that there are not many more. Since every conceivable object in nature, animate or inanimate, is held to be an emanation from the Divine Being, and therefore a part of the Deity,—since every being that has ever lived and breathed, whether human or otherwise, is held to be, so long as it exists, an integral part of the Divinity, a minute atom sent forth from his all-pervading essence, as a spark from the fire, or a drop from the ocean,—if the gods, or parts of God, exalted to a place in the Hindoo Pantheon had been countless myriads, instead of the few hundred millions above mentioned, this would have been but a consistent result of their system of belief.

In the preceding chapter, I observed that the character of the people of India could not be adequately understood without a knowledge of the character of the Hindoo gods. Before our investigation is finished, we shall find that if the Hindoos are inferior in wickedness to their gods, it is only because they are inferior in power. For the ability to perpetrate wickedness on a gigantic scale, is gravely supposed by the Hindoos to be an especial prerogative of their gods, and even a proof of their divinity. To remind my readers of what I have already advanced on the subject of Hindoo character, let me here quote the following, as an admirable summing up on the point, from the pages of Macaulay :—

“The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages, he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness, for the purposes of manly resistance ; but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration, not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak, are more familiar to this subtle race, than they were to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jews of the darkest ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is

to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman,—deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the lower Ganges. All these millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. With all his softness, the Bengalee is by no means placable in his enmities, or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purposes, yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage, which is often wanting to his masters. To inevitable suffering he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude, such as stoics attribute to their ideal sage. A European warrior who rushes on the battery of cannon with a loud hurrah, will shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall into an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee, who would see his country overrun, his house laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonoured, without having the spirit to strike one blow, has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mutius, and to mount the scaffold with the steady step and even pulse of Algernon Sydney."

The preceding portrait is admirably correct, so far as it goes. But it must strike every reader that an important element is wholly left out. The religious sentiments and opinions, and the line of conduct which springs from them, are entirely ignored. The influence of their idolatry upon their national character is completely overlooked. If religion, as it plainly is, be an essential element of human nature, and if religion, as it plainly does, exercise any influence in the formation of human character, and in the governance of human conduct, then, certainly, this ought to be taken into account in forming our estimate of individuals and of nations.

Happily, there are singular facilities afforded us for arriving at a correct knowledge of the Hindoo faith. And, however astonishing, and even mysterious it may appear in many of its peculiarities, yet it is well known that the Hindoos make no mystery of them. An inquirer obtains an answer to all his queries. There is no such thing as either true or false shame about the Hindoos, prompting them to hide any thing connected with their religion. So far from concealing the recondite mysteries of their faith from view, they have been at the pains to represent them on the sculptured walls of their temples, as well as to describe them in their Vedas. It is observed in the *Indian Antiquities*, that "it seems never to have entered into their heads, that any thing natural could be grossly obscene; 'a singularity,' says Sir William Jones, 'which pervades all their writings and conversation, but which—(this, however, is extremely doubtful)—is no proof of depravity of morals.'"

Let us take a glance, first of all, at the myths and fables connected with their faith. This will naturally precede any inquiry into the philosophy of their religion, and into the popular system of idolatry which has been reared up on the foundation of these mythic stories.

First, then, there is Brahm, the supreme spirit. Brahm is not to be confounded with Brahma, one of the gods of the Hindoo trinity. Brahm is always of the neuter gender, while Brahma is masculine, and denotes the creative power in active exercise. Brahm is called the substance of

the universe, and the source of being to gods and men, and all other creatures. "He alone has any real existence, and other individualized souls, whether of gods or men, are but portions of the one existent, doomed for a time to lie under the painful delusion, that they are separate individual existences; for one only existent soul is distributed in all things; this supreme self-existing power is never regarded as an object of worship."¹

The most extraordinary and contradictory things are asserted respecting the Great God by native Hindoo writers. He is said to be "the most holy spirit," and is described as something "entirely different from matter," and yet, in the same theological work in which this description occurs, it is also said, that "the five elements of earth, water, fire, air, and ether, form a part of the divine constitution."² He is described as "the animate and inanimate of nature," and as, in fact, "all things whatever." He is called "the birthless Lord," and yet nature, the universe, and everything that exists, as well as God, are severally declared to be eternal. He is said to be devoid of quality. He is called an entity, and yet he is a nonentity. He is declared to be time. He is said to do nothing and to feel nothing. The soul of man, and indeed of every living being, is declared to be God, and that man is set down as a fool, who perceives more than one nature prevalent in all things.

The Puranas describe God as the great mundane animal, with the sun and moon for his eyes, the earth for his belly, the mountains for his bones, the rivers for his veins, the hairs of his head being clouds, those of his beard lightning, and those of his body trees and shrubs. He is said successively to destroy and reproduce the universe. He is spoken of as a huge wild beast, or wonderful animal, which contracts and expands itself at certain periods; at one time making itself so small as to be "impenetrable to a needle's point," and, at another, swelling out to such an enormous bulk, as to become the "substance of fourteen worlds." He is compared to a spider, and is represented as "spinning the world out of his own bowels." Brahm created, it is said, first of all, the waters, and placed in them a productive seed. This seed became an egg, and from the egg sprung Brahma, the father of gods and men. After many ages the egg divided, and the heavens and earth appeared. It is remarkable, in connection with this point, that one of the names of the Supreme Spirit, is that of Narayana, or "Mover on the waters." This Hindoo story of the creating of the waters first of all, and the placing in them of a prolific seed, bears a faint though distorted resemblance to the true account of the beginning of the creation in Genesis, where we are told, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Brahma is called by the Hindoos "grandfather," and they say that it is to his creative powers, that all other deities, men, and demons owe their existence. The Hindoo triad, as is well known, is composed of those three great gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The nature of their existence, and the order of their operations, are thus expounded:—"Brahm, the supreme, in a state of activity, giving rise to the pheno-

¹ *Vide* Dr Wilson's Commentary on the Sankya Rarika.

² *Vide* Wilkins's Translation of the Bhagavata Gita.

mena of the universe, is Brahma ; in a state of quiescence, during the continuance of the world, he is regarded as pervading and preserving the whole, and is hence called Vishnu ; in a state of decay, change, or dissolution, he is Siva, that in which the universe reposes when all things return to Brahm."¹

It has been commonly supposed, that this triad of divinities has some relation to the three persons of the Holy Trinity, as a revelation, or rather a tradition of that doctrine. It would be expecting too much, however, from the blinded nations of the Gentiles, to suppose that they should have had any knowledge of the doctrine of three persons in one Godhead, when this mystery was but dimly seen, and vaguely guessed at by ancient Jewish saints, and has only been clearly revealed in the Christian faith. It is much more probable that Shem, Ham, and Japheth, the three sons of Noah, are here alluded to. There can be no doubt that the gods of heathen nations were once living men, famous heroes who had a real existence in a very high antiquity, and became deified and worshipped in future ages. Now, it is very remarkable that one of the names of Brahma is Prajapati, or "lord of earth," sometimes also translated "lord of creatures," but plainly Lord Japeti, or, without any disguise, Lord Japheth. In the preceding account of the order of the existence of the Hindoo triad, Brahma is mentioned first. And it is a curious fact, that Japheth was really the eldest son of Noah, although he is usually mentioned as the last of the three. As corroborative of this conjecture, it is worthy of notice, that in the early histories of Greece, Japheth is evidently alluded to under the name of Iapetus, the ancestor of the Greek nation, whence the proverb "as old as Iapetus." The ancient Greek myth of Saturn dividing the world among his three sons, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune ; the Egyptian triad of great gods, Kneph, Pthah, and Khem ; and the Hindoo triad, starting from Brahm as their original, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva ; are all susceptible of an obvious and easy explanation, when referred back, as merely varying traditionary accounts, to the Scriptural narrative respecting Noah and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

The character which Brahma sustains as a god, supposing him as such to be merely a fiction of the Hindoo imagination, is by no means a good one. He was guilty of lying. He stole calves from Krishna. He was addicted to intoxication. He was cursed for incest. He was laid under a ban by the other gods for his crimes. And thus although he is the first and the greatest of all the gods in the Hindoo pantheon, he was deprived of all his worship in this world. This is the explanation of the fact that there are no temples to Brahma, and that there is no *poojah*, or offering, made to him. It appears from some accounts, however, that, although he is not worshipped by the common people, the Brahmins occasionally present him with a flower. Brahma is said to have produced the Brahmins from his head, the Kshetriyas from his arms, the Vaishyas from his thighs, and the Soodras from his feet. Hence the origin of caste.

¹ *Vide Madras Christian Instructor*, 1844.

In Hindoo pictures, he is represented as having four heads. Originally he had five, but he lost one of them by the hand of another god. The origin of his five heads is thus told in one of the Puranas:—"Menu says, how did Brahma-Deva obtain five heads? While he was repeating the name of the divinity, having split his sinless body, he made a woman of one half and a man of the other. She being produced from his own body, he first thought her his own daughter. Having looked at her, he was greatly agitated, being affected with the arrows of love. "O fair form? O fair form!" thus he exclaimed over and over again. Then she, falling down to perform prostration, he saw her with his front face. Then she, inexpressibly fair, began to perform the ceremony of going round her father Brahma, when, ashamed to turn round on account of his sons, through desire of looking at that form, he had a face produced towards the right hand. While he was trembling with fear, a face was produced towards the west. Afterwards, another was produced to the left hand. Then another face was produced, from the earnest desire of seeing her wondrous form, when she was ascended to heaven in him affected with love. So that all the severe austerities he had performed to enable him to create the world, went to destruction, from the desire he had of cohabiting with his daughter. In this way was the fifth face of the all-wise manifested."

This daughter whom Brahma is here said to have produced by opening his mouth, and who is elsewhere said to have been produced by a flame that issued from his mouth, is supposed by some to bear a resemblance to Minerva, who sprang from the brain of Jupiter. Brahma is said, in the Matrya Purana, to have lived with his daughter for a hundred years of the gods. In this Hindoo legend, of the "Great Father" of the world, marrying a female who was once a part of himself, there are probably to be found some traces of the true history of the creation of the first woman. But the real truth respecting it is, as usual, as a writer in the *Oriental Christian Spectator* has observed, disguised and contaminated by the impure conceptions of the Hindoo fabulist."

Vishnu, the second of the three gods to whom the Supreme Being is supposed to have delegated his power, is a very famous hero—and a most popular god in Hindoo mythology. He is like the rest of them, a great scoundrel, but that has not stood in the way of his being a favourite god. His wife is Lakshmi, the goddess of beauty, whom he obtained at the churning of the sea. This reminds us of the Greek fable respecting Venus Aphrodite, the goddess of love and of beauty, who was said to be produced from the foam of the sea. Having got his wife by stratagem and falsehood, he afterwards deceived her, and formed an illicit connexion with Tulasi, the wife of an Asura or giant. He was guilty of injustice, theft, and falsehood. He is called the "deluder of the three worlds." He was cursed, deprived of his reason, and exiled for his wickedness, by the other gods. His debaucheries and amours form a favourite subject of song, and a constant topic of conversation. He was in fact the greatest rake among all the Hindoo gods.

There is a legend in the Matrya Purana, in connection with this god, which cannot but be regarded as truly wonderful. Vishnu, in the form

of a fish, addresses Menu, saying :—" Know that in a short time, this earth will be submerged in water, and that this ship has been prepared by all the gods for thy preservation. When, therefore, the deluge takes place, enter this ship, and take with thee all kinds of seeds, and of animals that are produced from heat, from eggs, and from the womb ; and fasten it to this horn of mine. Thus shalt thou be preserved ; and, after the deluge has ceased, shalt thou become, on the renovation of the world, the progenitor of all beings and the lord of a manvantara." In the Agni Purana, he is represented as saying still further :—" On the *seventh* day from this, the universe will be submerged beneath the ocean. Do thou, therefore, taking all kinds of seeds, and accompanied by the *seven* seers, enter into a boat which has been prepared for thee ; and, during the night of Brahma, fasten it with a snake to my horn." There can be no doubt that, in these passages, there is a distinct reference to the flood of the days of Noah. The person addressed by the god is called Menu. What is that but Noah, *Nuh* ? The seven persons who were to accompany him into the ark, is the exact number of the members of Noah's family, namely, his wife, and his three sons with their wives. The "*seventh* day from this" is mentioned above, and it is remarkable that in the Mosaic account the following words occur :—" For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights ;" and, still further :—" And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth."¹ Finally, we observe upon this, that the destruction of the world and its renovation here alluded to, in connection with the flood, very probably lie at the bottom of those marvellous Hindoo fables, which speak of the Divine Being as successively destroying and reproducing the universe.

The Puranas say that there have been ten avatars, or incarnations, of Vishnu. In one of these he appears as the god Krishna. It is of Krishna that the famous legend is related, of the defeat of the serpent, and his triumph over it. This representation is a frequent subject of Hindoo paintings, and must be familiar to every one. It is sculptured on the walls of one of the oldest temples in India. He is represented as grasping the body of a large snake with both his hands, and, standing upright, with its extended length stretching over him, tramples with his feet on its head, bruising and crushing it. Who does not see in this Hindoo tale, and in the fact that this exploit is ascribed to that one god in the Hindoo mythology, of whom incarnation is most predicated, a wonderfully clear allusion to the fall of man, and to the promise of a future deliverer, " the seed of the woman," who should " bruise the serpent's head." The following lines of an early Hindoo poet, are mentioned by Buyers in his *Recollections of Northern India*, as one of many complimentary expressions to be found in the Shasters respecting women, and as having a probable reference to the first promise of the Messiah :—

" Woman is man's better half ;
 Woman is man's bosom friend ;
 Woman is redemption's source ;
 From woman comes the liberator."

¹ Gen. vii. 4. 10.

Krishna is said, during his childhood, to have done many foolish things. He is represented as having stolen milk and curds, and broken diabes and earthen vessels. Much worse things than these, however, are ascribed to him in this incarnation. The defence which the Hindoos make for Krishna; when his character as a god is assailed, on the ground of his numerous debaucheries, is curious. "These very things," they say, "prove him to be God, for did you ever hear of a man being able to commit them? What you allege as proof against, we allege as proof for, his divinity."

Siva, the third in the Hindoo triad, is called the destroyer, as Brahma is the creator, and Vishnu the preserver. Siva destroys, however, but to reproduce, and his worshippers contend that he is the Supreme God. In the *Shanda Purana*, he is made to describe himself as a wandering mendicant, riding on an ox, taking a rag from a dunghill to clothe his nakedness, and having his body rubbed over with ashes. He speaks of himself as wandering here and there like a madman, dancing with devils in solitary places, adorning himself with garlands made of snakes and skulls, and going about begging with a human skull in his hand. In the *Bhagavata*, it is said that he married the youngest of sixty virgins, who were the grand-daughters of Brahma. His father-in-law, Daksha, Brahma's son, seeing him go about as a beggar, was greatly enraged at his low habits, and regarded him as a most dishonourable relative. The greatest enmity was therefore cherished on both sides. Daksha made a great sacrifice, to which he invited all the rishis, gods, and kings, but omitted to invite Siva and his wife. Siva, greatly enraged, struck his matted hair on the ground, and produced an enormous giant with three eyes, who, at the command of Siva, took with him every species of devil, ghost, and hobgoblin, and, proceeding to Daksha's abode, destroyed his sacrifice, and cut off his head. Thereupon, Brahma and Vishnu came bending as suppliants at the feet of Siva, and, at their request, Siva put a goat's head on Daksha's body.

Siva is greatly worshipped by the lower orders of Hindoos. The character of the being whom they adore is extremely bad. He was a drunkard, and he has one of his names from "the redness of eyes" produced by intoxication. After the drinking of spirits became unfashionable and disgraceful among the gods, on account of the curse of Brahma, Siva found means to evade the new law, and continued a drunkard still. Siva and Brahma are both said to have been so feeble and stupid in their understanding, that they could not escape from their enemy Ravana, a giant, who is said to have made them slaves to himself. For the crime of murder, Siva was subjected to the curse of becoming a fool and a vagabond upon earth. It has been attempted to identify Siva, so far as his name is concerned, with one of Noah's great-grandsons. In the *Asiatic Researches*, the opinion of Sir William Jones is recorded, to the effect that the Hindoo god Rama is the same person with Raamah, the son of Cush, mentioned by Moses. The probability of this conjecture is strengthened by the resemblance between the name of another of Ham's grandsons and that of the Hindoo god Siva. The name of this god is variously pronounced in the different languages of India,—Siva, Sheeva,

and Sheeba. Now, in the book of Genesis, we read that two of the sons of Cush were called Seeba and Raamah.

The wife of Siva is the notorious Kalee, who delights in bloody sacrifices, and is the patroness of murderers. The ferocious Thugs, a murderous fraternity which the British Government has succeeded in putting down, recognized her as their tutelary divinity. She is usually represented as standing on her husband Siva's neck, with her tongue hanging far out her mouth; her eye-brows stained with blood, and wearing a necklace of skulls falling nearly to the ground. Such is the appearance of her image when carried in procession by the Hindoos. In the language of Isaiah,—“They bear her upon the shoulders, they carry her and set her in her place; from her place she shall not remove; yea, one shall cry unto her, yet can she not answer, nor save him out of his trouble.” This hideous and detestable deity is greatly worshipped in India. Her legend is this:—Two enormous giants made war against the gods, and were every where victorious, until Indra, the king of heaven, and all the gods, reduced to the most deplorable state of wretchedness, implored the interference of Brahma and Vishnu. By their advice, the assistance of the goddess Kalee was called in. She went forth, single-handed to battle, against an innumerable army which the giants had collected together. The way in which she annihilated her enemies was original. She drew them towards her by tens and twenties at a time and devoured them like fruit. She snapped off the heads of their commanders like cabbage stalks, and drank their blood. The two giants, infuriated at the loss of their army, next collected another host, composed of an infinite number of giants, and proceeded to Himalaya to do battle with the goddess. The encounter was dreadful beyond description. But she ate them all up as she had done before, except the commander of the army, who was a very hideous and formidable giant, and from every drop of whose blood which fell to the ground, sprang a thousand giants. However, she gained the victory at length, and was so overjoyed that she danced till the foundations of the earth shook. The gods were now afraid for the stability of the world, and, at their intercession, Siva went to persuade her to desist. He saw no other way, however, of prevailing, than by throwing himself among the dead bodies of the slain. When the goddess saw that she was dancing on her husband, she was so shocked that she put out her tongue to a great length, and remained motionless. And so she is represented in this posture, in all her images in Bengal, to this day.

The consort of Siva in his pacific character is called Doorga. The festival of Doorga Poojah is celebrated in her honour. The most painful tortures are inflicted on themselves by her worshippers, and the most abominable indecencies form part of her worship. Doorga is also supposed to be the original of the Medea of the Colchians. Her name, Maha-Devi, is, in Northern India, written Mah-Dea, which very nearly resembles Medea. There are said to be several passages in the history of these two goddesses very similar to each other. The wars and exploits of Doorga are related at length in a popular Hindoo work, which is more frequently read by the natives than all their other books.

Siva and his wife thus appear to be most popular deities in India, and yet they are, without doubt, the two most abominable wretches in the whole Hindoo pantheon. Had this amiable couple any family? Yes. As it is impossible for us, however, to notice individually the hundreds of millions of Hindoo deities, or even all Siva's relations, we shall mention only one of his sons, namely Gunputti. He is the god of wisdom, and is represented with an elephant's head, as having four arms, and as riding on the back of a rat. Christian Henry Bateman in his account of the gods of the heathen, relates the legend of Gunputti so pleasantly, that we cannot refrain from allowing him to tell the story:—"The sacred books teach the people that when Gunputti was born, his mother was in high glee about her fine young god, and called all the other gods to come and admire him. Amongst those that came was one that had an *evil eye*, and, as he looked at Gunputti, he looked so hard and so long, that at last he looked off his head. Poor Doorga was in sad trouble about her son, and cried bitterly over the disaster, and then falling foul of the god that had done it, she would very soon have destroyed him, had he not cried out for mercy, and promised to get her son another head without delay. On this she let him go, and the god seeing an elephant coming along the road, chopped off his head, and sticking it on Gunputti's shoulders, exclaimed, in admiration of his beautiful countenance, 'See there's a fine head for you! It has got plenty of brains, and so he shall be called the god of wisdom!' About his riding on a rat, the story they tell is this. On one occasion Gunputti went to fight a great giant that was doing much mischief in the country. The battle went very hard with the giant, and when he saw he would certainly be conquered, he suddenly turned himself into a rat as big as a mountain, and ran at Gunputti to frighten him. Gunputti, however, was the god of wisdom, and was not going to be outwitted by a rat, so he jumped at once on the rat's back, and has been riding there ever since, while, with all the rat can do, he cannot get him off."

We shall notice only one other god, the god Indra, king of heaven. He is usually represented as being covered all over with eyes. Some writers on the Hindoo mythology, in imitation of those commentators on Homer, who find abundantly more meaning in Homer's words than Homer himself intended, have strenuously endeavoured to reduce to a philosophical system its extravagant features, and to bring a hidden meaning out of its varied emblems, which its authors never intended to express. Thus Indra's innumerable eyes are supposed by them to represent omniscience; Brahma's four faces, the perfect wisdom of God; Doorga's ten hands, the almighty power of the Divinity; and so on with the others. But the Hindoos themselves know nothing of all these philosophizings. Ward, telling us that the Brahmins themselves reject these explanations, and, by way of contradicting them, point to the giant and cannibal Ravana, who had a hundred arms and ten heads, refers, for an illustration, to the true history of the god Indra, as a case in point.

Innumerable as the gods of the Hindoos already are, their number is still increasing. A boy in the Deccan was lately deified, and pronounced an incarnation of one of the gods. An officer in the English army,

Colonel Wallace, has had the same equivocal honour paid to him, and *poojah* is now regularly presented at his tomb in Bombay. At Allahabad, about thirty years ago, a new goddess was set up and extensively worshipped for a while, under the name of Rampani. It was given out that she was the great goddess whom the English worshipped, and through whom they obtained all their victories. A Sanscrit hymn was written in her praise. The native lawyers in our Indian courts of justice became especially devout in paying their adorations to her, and a temple was just about to be erected for her regular worship. But an Englishman was asked one day to give some account of the goddess Rampani, when it appeared that what the natives meant to deify was actually the East India COMPANY. Upon this, of course the bubble burst.

What must be the effect upon their lives and morals, of such an impure, debased, and absurd system of religion as this? We perceive that, evidently upon no nation in the world, has their religion such an immense hold as upon the Hindoos. After an exposure of its blasphemy, impiety, and vileness, a universal verdict against it is inevitable. The influence of such a detestable system of belief and of worship, must be incalculably bad. Accordingly, we are not surprised to learn, that the morals of the Hindoos are at the lowest possible ebb; that crimes, the most preposterous and unnatural, are constantly committed; and that not only polygamy in its worst forms, but also polyandry, exists in various parts of India. The moral sentiments of the people, born and brought up under such a system, must be very low. And of the truth of this, a too faithful index and a most mournful evidence present themselves, in the lowness of their actual morality. It is their very religion which has made them so bad as they really are. Their corrupted hearts devised a corrupt religion, and their wicked religion has made them still more wicked. The actions ascribed to the gods, commemorated to this day in Hindoo festivals, are such as would be held disgraceful and punishable in the most ignorant of men. Can we wonder at Christian philanthropists earnestly longing and labouring for the overthrow of so pernicious a system?

Among all the idols worshipped by the Hindoos, it has been observed that there are none to represent any of the virtues. We look in vain into Hindooism for one gleam of mercy, for example, to the penitent sinner. "In this respect," says Ward, "the Hindoo mythology sinks far below the European. For the Greeks and Romans adored Virtue, Truth, Piety, Chastity, Clemency, Mercy, Justice, Faith, Hope, and Liberty, and consecrated images and temples to these deities." And as to any possible good resulting from their religion, it would be hard indeed for a Hindoo to draw a moral lesson for the guidance of his conduct from the behaviour of the gods. If a Hindoo parent quotes their histories at all, when admonishing his children, it is as a warning rather than as an example.¹ Nay, so perverted have their ideas become on the

¹ The story of the sun-god is sometimes adduced in this manner. The Hindoos do not offer whole rice to this god, but rice ground small. The reason of this is, that when he and some other gods came together once, they began to quarrel and

subject of religion, more especially from the conduct of those abandoned females who sing indecent songs, and dance obscene dances before the gods, that they actually consider a respectable woman as having nothing to do with religion. A married woman, they say, is saved by the service which she renders to her husband; but those other women who have broken through all the decent relations of life, are naturally expected to devote much of their attention to religion.

A Hindoo hymn, or invocation, extracted from one of the Puranas, and addressed to one of the principal gods, will show the fierce, blood-thirsty, and cruel tendency of their religion, and will help to illustrate, if not explain, the singular phenomenon of so much cruelty and want of natural feeling, existing in connection with the greatest mildness, in the Hindoo character; "*Hrim!* protect me, O Doorga! O chief of the divine mothers! giver of blessings! accept these various offerings of flesh, and my prayers. Our praise be to thee, O Bhagawati! dweller in cemeteries, bearer of a skull, borne on a car drawn by ghosts,—black night, large-mouthed, laughing terribly, gnashing thy horrid teeth loudly, with a body full of flesh and blood, and a tremendous tongue. Praise be to thee, O Kalee! with terrific tusks and fear-inspiring eyes, flashing like lightning, with a countenance darting frowns, and bearing on thy neck a string of skulls. *Hram! Hram!* O destroyer of difficulties! quickly accomplish this business. O delighter in flesh and blood! be propitious, and enter this place. Enter, enter; tread, tread; dance, dance; why delayest thou to enter? O wearer of human heads and skulls! seize, seize; tear, tear; consume, consume; slay, slay; *Hrum! Hrum!* destroy, destroy; pierce, pierce with thy trident; kill, kill with thy thunderbolt; smite, smite with thy rod; cut off, cut off with thy disc; fell, fell with thy mace; strike, strike with thy axe!"

We cannot leave the subject of the Hindoo mythology, without alluding to the curious fact of an ancient legend to be found in one of their books, bearing a wonderful resemblance to the division of the earth after the flood, among the three sons of Noah. In the Podmo Purana it is said, that Sutyavrato had three sons, the eldest of whom was Jyapeti, or lord of the earth. The others were Charma and Sharma, which last are, in the vulgar dialects, pronounced Cham and Sham. The royal patriarch was so fond of Jyapeti that he gave him all the regions in the north, towards the Himalaya mountains. To Sharma, he allotted the countries towards the south. But he cursed Charma, because when the old monarch was accidentally inebriated with a strong liquor made of fermented rice, Charma laughed; and it was in consequence of his father's imprecations that he became a slave to the slaves of his brothers.¹ Further,

fight, and the sun-god came off so badly from the brawl, that, by a blow from another god on his mouth, he got all his front teeth knocked out. "Never," says a Hindoo parent to his child, "never quarrel with other boys, lest you should be like the sun-god."

¹ *Vide Asiatic Researches.*—A curious story is related respecting the Brahmins, which may explain the influences by which the names of Shem and Liam have been thus changed and disguised. The Brahmins, it appears, are fond of exercising their ingenuity in giving to simple names the appearance of very hard words. "As a musical virtuoso," says the Calcutta Christian Observer, "shows his skill in playing difficult cadences and rapid fugues, so did the Brahmins, whose

respecting the flood, Sir William Jones observes, in speaking of the four avatars of Vishnu, in the Satya Yug, or Saturnian Age, that "there was, in the opinion of the Hindoos, an interposition of Providence, to save a devout person and his family, (for all the Pundits agree that his wife, though not named, must be understood to have been saved with him), from an inundation by which all the wicked were destroyed."

As further confirmatory,—so far as the traditions of other nations, extravagant and distorted as they are, can be said to confirm Scriptural truth,—of the Mosaic account of the shortening of human life after the flood, the Satya Yug, or Golden Age, is said to have lasted 3,200,000 years, in which time the duration of man's life was 100,000 years, and his height 21 cubits; the Treta Yug 2,400,000 years, when the life of man was diminished to 10,000 years; and the Dwapor Yug 1,600,000 years, in which the human race was restricted to a life of 1000 years. The present is the Kali Yug, Iron or Earthen Age, and is destined to continue 400,000 years, of which only 5000 have yet expired. In this age human life is reduced to 100 years; and the Brahmins affirm, that before this age is finished, the stature of man will be so reduced, on account of the progressive wickedness of the race, that he will not be able to pluck a berengeleh, or egg-plant, without the assistance of a hooked stick."¹

We have left ourselves no room for the observations we intended to make in this chapter, on the developments of this mythological system, on the existing idolatry of India, and the actual facts connected with their religious worship,—its ablutions, fastings, prayers, offerings, and sacrifices, and the numerous, burdensome, and painful customs imposed on them by the requirements of their faith. But our readers, we are persuaded, must be already familiar, from missionary reports, with much information on these points. We shall conclude the present chapter, then, by alluding to the philosophy of the Hindoo system. It is con-

tongue had been exercised daily from their childhood, in the pronunciation of a variety of sounds not familiar to the common people, become a kind of linguistical virtuosos, and as such, most fond of pronouncing hard words and artificially connected sentences. This naturally produced in them the tendency to complicate the language, and invent new combinations and terms. For instance, the simple words, Shem and Ham were too simple for them, and they changed them into Sharma and Charma. To prove how difficult for pronunciation some of the Sanscrit slokas are, the following instance will suffice. Bhoj Rajah had at his court four Brahmins famed for the tenacity of their memory. The first could repeat any poem after having heard it once. The second could repeat it after having heard it twice. The third and fourth could do it, after the third and fourth repetition. Relying on the skill of these pundits, the king had proclaimed through the whole land that he would award the sum of 100,000 rupees to any one who would compose a new poem. Many came and recited their compositions before the king and his pundits, but they all returned with empty hands. For, as soon as they had done, the first pundit used to say, 'Oh, your poem is not a new one; I know it.' And when he had repeated it, the second, third, and fourth did the same. But one day a Brahmin came and proposed four slokas (composed of the most unpronounceable and artificially constructed words). The four pundits, on hearing this, tried to repeat it, but they soon staggered, got confused, and stopped. They tried it again, but it was of no avail, they could not repeat it. At last, they gave it over in despair, and the cunning Brahmin triumphantly walked off with the lakh."

¹ *Vide* Maurice's *Ancient History of Hindostan*.

tended by some oriental scholars, that fragments of great and holy truths are to be found even among the objectionable details of Hindoo mythology. Hindooism undoubtedly sets forth primarily one God, who, however, is never worshipped, but in whom all things are said to exist, and to whom, it is further supposed, all beings pant to return and be reunited for repose, as to their final resting-place. In the Asiatic researches, the following passage on this subject occurs:—"The doctrine of the Vedantis is this, that the spirit of God pervades the universe, that the Supreme Benevolence has been eternally occupied in bestowing happiness, or the means of attaining it, that we ought to seek to attach ourselves exclusively to God; that we retain, even in this forlorn state of separation from our beloved, the idea of heavenly beauty, and the remembrance of our primeval vows; that sweet music, gentle breezes, fragrant flowers, perpetually renew the primary idea, refresh the fading memory, and melt us with tender affections; that we must cherish these affections, and, by abstracting our souls from vanity, that is, from all but God, approximate to his essence, in our final union with which will consist our supreme beatitude. From these principles flow a thousand metaphors and other poetical figures, which abound in the sacred poems of the Persians and Hindoos. The modern Sufis suppose, with great sublimity both of thought and of diction, an express contract, on the day of eternity without beginning, between the assemblage of created spirits, and the supreme soul from which they were detached, when a celestial voice pronounced these words, addressed to each spirit separately,—‘Art thou not with thy Lord?’—that is, ‘art thou not bound by a solemn contract with him?’—And all the spirits answered with one voice,—‘Yes.’ The Hindoos describe the same contract, under the figurative notion, so finely expressed by Isaiah, of a nuptial contract. For, considering God in the three characters of creator, regenerator, and preserver, and supposing the power of preservation and benevolence to have become incarnate in the person of Krishna, they represent him as married to Radha, a word signifying atonement, pacification, or satisfaction, but applied allegorically to the soul of man, or rather, to the whole assemblage of created souls, between whom, and the benevolent Creator, they suppose that reciprocal love, mystically shadowed in the Song of Solomon. The beautiful poem on the loves of Laili and Mejnum, is, though built on true history, yet allegorical and mysterious, for the name Laili is used for the omnipresent spirit of God."

That we cannot understand love to God, without human love being first deeply experienced, is a principle implied and illustrated at great length in a Pastoral Drama, called the *Gitagovinda*, in which, under the figure of the loves of Krishna and Radha, is represented the reciprocal attraction between the Divine goodness and the human soul:—"Radha, thus invited, tripped through the forest, but shame overpowered her; when, by the light of innumerable gems, on the arms, the feet, and the neck of her beloved, she saw him at the door of his flowery mansion. Then her damsel again addressed her with ardent exultation, 'Enter, sweet Radha, the bower of Heri; seek delight, O thou whose bosom laughs with the foretaste of happiness. Enter, sweet Radha, the bower

graced with a bed of Asoca-leaves ; seek delight, O thou whose garland leaps with joy on thy breast. Enter, sweet Radha, the bower illumined with gay blossoms ; seek delight, O thou whose limbs far excel them in softness. Enter, O Radha, the bower made cool and fragrant by gales from the woods of Malva ; seek delight, O thou whose amorous lays are softer than breezes. Enter, O Radha, the bower spread with leaves of twining creepers ; seek delight, O thou whose arms have been long inflexible. Enter, O Radha, the bower which resounds with the murmurs of honey-making bees ; seek delight, O thou whose embrace yields more exquisite sweetness. Enter, O Radha, the bower attuned by the melodious band of Cocilas ; seek delight, O thou whose lips, which outshine the grains of the pomegranate, are embellished, when thou speakest, by the brightness of thy teeth. Long has he borne thee on his mind ; and now, in agony of desire, he pants to taste nectar from thy lip. Deign to restore thy slave, who will bend before the lotos of thy foot, and press it to his bosom.'

"She ended, and Radha, with timid joy, darting her eyes on Govinda, entered the mystic bower of her only beloved. Her heart was agitated by her sight, as the waves of the deep are affected by the lunar orb. Tears of transport gushed in streams from her full eyes, for their watery glances beamed on her best beloved. Even shame, which before had taken its abode in her dark pupils, was itself ashamed, and departed when the fawn-eyed Radha gazed on the brightened face of Krishna, while she passed by the soft edge of his couch, and the bevy of his attendant nymphs, pretending to strike the gnats from their cheeks, in order to conceal their smiles, warily retired from his bower. Govinda, seeing his beloved cheerful and serene, her lips sparkling with smiles, and her eye speaking love, thus eagerly addressed her, while she carelessly reclined on the leafy bed strewn with soft blossoms ;—'Set the lotos of thy foot on the azure bosom, and let this couch be victorious over all who rebel against love. Give rapture, sweet Radha, to Narayan, thy adorer. I do thee homage. I press with my blooming palms thy feet, weary with so long a walk. O that I were the golden ring that plays round thy ancle. Speak but one gentle word. Bid nectar drop from the bright moon of thy mouth. Since the pain of absence is removed, let me thus remove the thin veil that enviously hides thy charms. Blest should I be if those raised globes were fixed on my bosom, and the ardour of my passion allayed. O suffer me to quaff the liquid bliss of those lips. Restore, with their water of life, thy slave who has long been lifeless, whom the fire of separation has consumed. Why are those eyes half closed ? Are they ashamed of seeing a youth to whom thy causeless resentment gave anguish ? O let affliction cease, and let ecstasy drown the remembrance of past sorrow.'"

The poem of Laili and Mejnum, before alluded to, from the Persian, is as follows :—

"The man who had inebriated himself with milk from the nipple of anguish, who had been nourished in the lap of affliction,

"Mejnum, mad with the bright hue and fair face of Laili, himself a dark mole on the cheek of the desert,

"Having found the way to the mansion of love, became fixed like the threshold in the door of love's palace.

"Over his head the form of Madness had cast her shadow; the tale of his passion was loudly celebrated.

"Among the Arabs a tumult arose on all sides; the relation of his adventures was a dessert in their assemblies.

"A powerful prince reigned in Arabia, possessing worldly magnificence and riches.

"He had seen the depredations of Grief through absence from a beloved object; he had plucked many a black-spotted flower from the garden of love.

"Even in *his* infancy he had felt the pain of separation; the bitter taste of that poison remained on his palate.

"When he learned the story of the afflicted lover, he instantly gave an order to a slave;

"Saying, make thy head like thy feet in running towards Najd; go with celerity, like a violent wind.

"Bring speedily with thee to my presence, Her who has stolen the heart of Mejnum with a glance.

"The stripling ran, and in a short time brought Laili, that Empress in the dominion of beauty.

"To another slave, the Prince gave this order, Run thou also unto the desert.

"Go to that ornament of frantic lovers, Mejnum, the illumined taper of love.

"Bring speedily before me that inflamed youth, that heart-consumed, anguish-pierced lover.

"'O thou,' said the Prince, 'who hast been lost in the valley of sorrow, dost thou not wish me to give thee the object of thy passion.'

"'No,' answered he, 'far is it from my wish, that an atom should be seen together with the sun.'

"'Speak truly,' replied the Prince, 'art thou not willing to recreate thyself on the smooth plain of that beautiful cheek?'

"He rejoined, 'O chief of men with generous hearts, a particle of dust from thy gate, is a diadem on my head.'

"'The pain of my love for Laili is sufficient for my heart; a wish to enjoy her presence thus would be injustice.'

"'To gratify this contemptible soul of mine, a single ray from that bright luminary would be enough.'

"He spake and ran towards the desert, his eye weeping, and his eyelashes raining tears."

What follows is from the Arabic, and is supposed to have the same spiritual meaning with the preceding:—"Never, O never, shall I forget the fair one who came to my tent with timid circumspection. Sleep sat heavy on her eyelids, and her heart fluttered with fear. She had marked the dragons of her tribe, and had dismissed all dread of danger from them. She had laid aside the rings which used to grace her ankles, lest the sound of them should expose her to calamity. She deplored the darkness of the way, which hid from her the morning-star.

It was a night when the eye-lashes of the moon were tinged with the black powder of the gloom ; a night in which thou mightest have seen the clouds, like camels, eagerly grazing on the stars, while the eyes of heaven wept in the bright borders of the sky. The lightning displayed his shining teeth at this change in the firmament, and the thunder almost burst the ears of the deafened rocks. She was desirous of embracing me, but, through modesty, declined my embrace. Tears bedewed her cheeks, and, to my eyes, watered a bower of roses. When she spake, her panting sighs blew flames into my heart. She continued expostulating with me on my excessive desire of travel. ‘Thou hast melted my heart,’ she said, ‘and made it full of inexpressible anguish. Thou art perverse in thy conduct to her who loves thee, and obsequious to thy guileful adviser. Thou goest round from country to country, and art never pleased with a fixed residence. One while, the seas roll with thee ; and, another while, thou art agitated on the shore. What fruit, but painful fatigue, can arise from rambling over foreign regions ? Hast thou associated thyself with the wild Antelopes of the desert, and forgotten the tame deer ? Art thou weary then of our neighbourhood ? Oh ! woe to him who flies from his beloved ! ’ ”

(To be continued.)

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE Protestant world has again been thrown into surprise by an act of the Pope—an act which has excited ridicule rather than the indignation which he kindled so extensively in 1850,—by apportioning our country among his bishops, and giving them titles from these territories. But which, upon due consideration, appears the bolder of the two ? In the one case he ventured upon an untried step—he could rely upon the united support of his own church,—he struck at the outward privileges, rather than the doctrines of Protestants, and therefore he might not apprehend the recoil which he received, the political jealousy of the ambition of the Papacy ever since entertained by statesmen, and the exposure of the corrupt creed of Roman Catholicism still being made from the pulpit and the press of England and Scotland. But in this instance it was different. His position requires us to give him credit for a familiar acquaintance with the history of his church, and therefore he must have been quite aware that he was about to assert a doctrine which not only all Protestants regard as unknown to the Scriptures, and derogatory to the Saviour of mankind, but which has all along been viewed in the same light by such a large and influential party in his own church, that it has never till now been made an article of faith, but been left an open question.

The act whereof we speak, is the decision that the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, shall henceforward be an article of faith, and that all who doubt it shall be accounted heretics. It was come to by a congregation of Cardinals and Bishops held at Rome in December last, and then declared by Pius IX. in person, and with all the ceremonies, shorn

of their splendour indeed, but superstitious as in the days of yore, where-with it is endeavoured by the Church of Rome to give authority for such decrees ; such as exhibiting relics, crowning the image of the Virgin in St Peter's, &c. We might have smiled at the procedure as only ridiculous, at first sight, and, upon second thoughts only pitied those upon whom it imposed, had it terminated at Rome. But it seems it is not to do so,—the decree is not to remain a dead letter. On a recent Sabbath, a pastoral address by Cardinal Wiseman, and sent on before him from Rome as if no time was to be lost, was read in all the churches and chapels of his so called arch-diocese of Westminster, promulgating the decree of the immaculate conception—and consequently it cannot be confined to Roman Catholic places of worship, or Roman Catholic religionists, but is already paraded in one form and from one motive or another before us all. Not only in the metropolitan, but local newspapers—we see paragraphs about the immaculate conception. It has therefore become a necessary precaution, a duty, to acquaint ourselves with its meaning and its proofs.

By the Immaculate Conception is meant, that Mary the mother of Jesus Christ *was exempt from all sin, original and actual*. Pope Pius IX., and the conclave which assembled in obedience to his summons, have decreed that she was. In doing so they *have gone beyond the Council of Trent*. Now this is saying a great deal. The three hundred years that have elapsed since the Council of Trent was held, have made the authority of the Pope or a Council but the shadow of what it was at their commencement. The Pope could then make emperors and kings obey him, he is now dependent on them. It is a question with our ally of France, how many troops he may now withdraw from Rome for service in the East, without endangering a second expulsion of the same Pontiff from his own capital. It was then a question whether the Lutherans might not yet be crushed—either driven back into the bosom of the church by persecution, or recovered by the reformation of manners and purification of creed which many who urged the holding of the Council of Trent fondly hoped from it. One hundred and ninety six bishops attended it ; the representatives of Charles V. of Germany, the most powerful ruler of the age, and of many other royal personages, were also present ; and it was carried in one of the earliest debates, that it should be regarded an œcumenical or general council, in spite of the three legates who appeared for the Pope, (Paul III.,) and who made a stand against the use of that term, under the apprehension that some of its decisions would be disagreeable to their master, and on the ground that a universal council is above the Pope himself—"that it holds its power immediately from Jesus Christ, and that all Christians of what condition and dignity soever, even the Popes themselves," are obliged to obey it. One comparing this council with the congregation held so recently at Rome, would be inclined to call the latter Ichabod—to think that the glory had departed, and yet it has issued a decree which the Council of Trent shrunk from. And by shrinking from, we do not mean that by common consent it evaded the subject, but that after full discussion it left it undecided. At the fifth session, when the decree regarding

original sin was produced for adoption, it was objected that if according to it Adam transmitted his sin to all his descendants, then the Virgin Mary like others was born in sin,—in other words, that this decree impugned her Immaculate Conception. Now upon this, the council held, as the Romish Church at large, notwithstanding of its vaunted unity, had for centuries held, irreconcilable opinions. The Franciscans stoutly affirmed the Immaculate Conception, and formed perhaps the majority,—the Dominicans fiercely denied it, and were too numerous and influential to admit of the supposition that they would quietly submit to an adverse decision, carried only by a few votes. To increase the dilemma, the three legates who had been appointed to preside in the name of the Pope were themselves divided. De Monte espoused the affirmative side—Santa Croce the negative,—and Pole, the English Cardinal, does not appear to have indicated his opinion. In these circumstances a compromise, suggested by the bishop of Astorga, was grasped at, as the most expedient, viz., that the council should decline decision of the disputed dogma, and allow each party to entertain its own view. It was not a very consistent finding—did not accord well with the pretension to infallibility which Roman Catholics are clear lies somewhere in their church, though where they cannot agree: but it was more modest, and more tolerable to conscience, than that which has the other day been proclaimed. Pius IX.,—though only aping the authority which Paul III. really exercised, though not assisted by so many, and some may question by such able theologians, and in an age when many fancied that the Roman Church was silently abandoning her most untenable and peculiar dogmas,—has made it heresy to doubt one which his predecessor of more auspicious times consented to leave open. It is not difficult to say who has acted most judiciously for his own reputation, and for the interests of his church, and done least detriment to the prerogative of Jesus Christ.

But there is a more grave objection to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception than that it is now for the first time made an article of faith. It should, one would suppose, be almost an unanswerable objection to it, to a Roman Catholic, that the Council of Trent did not make it such, for that council has hitherto been regarded as precisely defining and even settling all that is essential for him to believe: but to a Protestant it is of greater consequence to show that it is contrary to the Scriptures—and this we shall now endeavour to do.

In strict fairness, it devolves on our opponents to adduce the texts. As the innovators they ought to tell us the places in the Scriptures wherein it is taught that the mother of Jesus Christ was born without sin, and never committed any. In every such controversy, it is required of those who broach the novelty, that they appeal to the positive proofs, and it is enough if the other party can show that these are not pertinent or conclusive. But in this instance it must be otherwise. If any texts are cited in support of the Immaculate Conception, we confess our ignorance of them; that we have failed to discover them. We know indeed that the words employed by the angel, when he announced to Mary that she should be the mother of Jesus Christ, "Blessed art thou among women," and also those wherein she sang her gratitude for the high

distinction which all her countrywomen from earliest times had desired, "from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," are pleaded in justification of a practice which may only be the legitimate development of the Immaculate Conception,—we mean the worship of Mary. And were this the point in dispute, it might justly be said that they are perverted when so applied—that in both instances they signify merely that Mary was specially honoured by God, in being chosen as the individual to introduce his Son into the world. The full expression used by the angel at the annunciation, makes it clear that this was his meaning. He said, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women,"—(Luke i. 28), and the last clause just contains the same idea as the first—is only a form of congratulation upon some happy event, customary in Scripture. And so in the Magnificat—"all generations shall call me blessed; for he that is mighty hath done to me great things,"—(Luke i. 48). Mary only here thankfully acknowledges that distant generations should consider her specially honoured in being the mother of Him in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed, and this Protestants do as unhesitatingly as Papists—although like herself they ascribe the honour to the favour of God, not her sinlessness. This use of the word "blessed" in the sense honoured, or privileged, occurs in many passages besides those in question. It is applied to Jael exactly as to Mary: "Blessed above woman shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women,"—(Judges v. 24); but no one considers this a command to worship Jael for her somewhat questionable despatch of Sisera, the oppressor of Israel—but only that on account of it the relieved nation would account her happy, and cherish her memory with gratitude. And so our Lord pronounces in the Beatitudes a variety of classes blessed—the poor in spirit, the mourning, the meek, they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers,—but he means that their characteristics shall obtain rewards from God, not divine honours from men. These texts then afford not the smallest countenance to the *worship of Mary*, and if there be any room for degrees, are still less appropriate to her *sinlessness*, because although the two things have a sort of connection, they are so distinct that each requires its own evidences. Though it would do not a little to warrant her worship, to establish her sinlessness, it would be an unsatisfactory way to infer the latter from the former, supposing the direct evidence to be far better than it is; it would be like affirming that the foundation must be good, seeing that the superstructure is not yet in ruins, instead of laying the foundation bare, that we may judge with our own eyes from an examination of itself.

In the want then of any Scriptural passages in favour of the Immaculate Conception, we take leave to say that there are not a few against it. *Every one that affirms the doctrine of original sin is so.* If it take no exception in her favour, it implicates her, like every other descendant from Adam, by ordinary generation, in his first transgression. Well, these are manifold and all comprehending. When God said as the deluge was receding, "I will not again curse the ground any

more for man's sake, for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth," he did not confine his description to the few survivors of the human race, for they had so approved themselves to him by the character of their heart and life, that he had miraculously preserved them amid the world's wreck; and, moreover, he was laying down a principle that was to guide him, "while the earth remaineth." He characterized therefore the human race as a whole, and he made no reservation of any individual of it. What is man (saith Job, x. 15), that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman that he should be righteous,—and again, Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one. Besides the more immediate object for which we cite this passage, to show that the language is employed generically, as including all, we may here remark in passing, that in another point of view, it disproves the Immaculate Conception. It asserts that no one whose parents are chargeable with sin can be born without it. This argument was urged against the *original* sinlessness of Mary, by the celebrated Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, in the twelfth century. "On the same principle," he wrote, "you would be obliged to hold that the conception of her ancestors in an ascending line was also a holy one; since otherwise she could not have descended from them after a worthy manner. . . . we ought not to attribute to Mary that which belongs to one Being alone—to him who can make all holy, and being himself pure from sin, purify others from it. Besides him, all who have descended from Adam must say of themselves that which one of them says in the name of all, 'in sin did my mother conceive me.'" So spoke the brightest ornament of the French Catholic Church in his day, and one withal disposed, with this limitation, to do Mary too much honour,—who held that she "was born with the tinder, the inflammable material of sin,—lust warring against reason; but that she was preserved through the power of grace from all the excitements of temptation, until after the birth of Christ she attained to a perfect exemption from the same." The language of Solomon, (Prov. xx. 9), Who can say I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin? And of Jeremiah, (xvii. 9), The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it? are other examples of a universal charge of natural guilt. The charge cannot be evaded by saying that those who prefer it lived earlier than Mary, and therefore could not know what were to be her peculiar properties. It should be a sufficient answer to this, that they all spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and that they had reference to the future as well as to the past and present. But we answer more especially, that the sacred writers, who were cotemporaneous or posterior to her, and who must have known of her immunity if it existed, ascribe to her none, either from original or actual sin, when treating too of the subject. It is generally supposed that after the crucifixion of her divine Son, Mary spent the remainder of her days with his favourite disciple John. Under the tortures of that death, he was sympathetic enough with her, and considerate enough of her future comfort, to commend her to the care of John, in the words, "Behold thy mother," and from that hour that disciple took her to his own home. He had therefore the best opportunity of ascertaining all

respecting her, and it was not in his nature to judge another censoriously, or to conceal any peculiar excellence possessed; nevertheless in his first Epistle, written about A.D. 90, when Mary, unless of extraordinary longevity, must for many years have slumbered in the dust,—when according to ecclesiastical tradition, she had been about 30 years dead,—we find these verses: “If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us, (i. 8); if we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and the truth is not in us, (i. 10). There he does not speak of himself individually, but in the name even of true Christians at large, and he drops no hint that it was not to be understood of her whose protector he had been, as of all others. St. Paul, too, lived subsequently to Mary,—he had much intercourse with her familiars and relatives, and he nowhere teaches that she was sinless. Great stress ought to be laid upon this, because in more places than one, *his express object* is to make out that there is no person immaculate. The foundation which he lays in the third chapter of Romans, for his momentous proposition that no man can work out his own justification in the sight of God, but must be indebted for it to Jesus Christ, is that “both Jews and Gentiles are all *under sin*,—*that there is none righteous, no not one,—that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.*” And so in the third of Galatians,—he argues that the heavenly inheritance is not promised to righteousness according to the law, but to faith in Jesus Christ, seeing that the Scripture hath concluded all *under sin*. Now since St. Paul’s nearness to the times of Mary, and his connection with her associates and members of her family,—her nephews if not her sons,¹—forbids the supposition that he was ignorant of her characteristics, his silence as to her sinlessness, when demonstrating the sinfulness of all mankind, would have been nothing less than a *suppressio veri*, and this is a charge against him which it will be soon enough to meet when preferred.

It is unnecessary to cite more passages to the universality of human sinfulness—they will readily occur to every reader of Scripture, and to all, the remark made upon those already adduced is applicable—that in not *excluding* Mary, they *involve* her.

From the *facts* recorded of her in the sacred writings, no support for the Popish dogma may be gathered. As if in precaution against it, these are few and cursory. While her Son was under her charge, she performed to him the part of a tender and pious mother. We read of her carrying of him to the temple, to be circumcised and presented—of her nocturnal flight with him to Egypt, and of her annual taking of him to the distant city at the Passover, so soon as he could go, and while on several of these occasions, incidents occurred which could not fail to increase her fondness and expectations of him, she did not allow herself to be lifted up with pride. She owned him at the cross, when men of stern mould had not the courage—she surrendered him with meek though bleeding spirit, and she joined with those who accepted of his resurrection as demonstrative that he was both Lord and Christ. All this, we ungrudgingly admit, sheds honour upon her,—indicates both

¹ Galatians i. 19.

native and religious qualities worthy of our esteem ; but does not go one step to prove her *perfect*. And it may be added that on two or three occasions—for example when she remonstrated with her Son for staying to question and answer the doctors in the temple,—when she prompted him to provide the wine at Cana,—and interfered with him while teaching in the synagogue of Capernaum, she betrayed what we shall not call moral improprieties, but what without severity we may call the want of that thorough knowledge, that just appreciation of another, of time and circumstance, which enters into our idea of a perfect character.

The Scriptures then are utterly devoid of authorities for the Immaculate Conception,—nay, they are distinctly opposed to it. In the judgment of Protestants, this settles the question—the Scriptures being their only rule of faith and manners ; but with Roman Catholics they are less conclusive ; it is of far less consequence what they say. With them the decisions of the church are above the Scriptures,—whenever the two come into competition the Scriptures must yield—the Scriptures are fallible—the decisions infallible. “ Even a Scriptural proof in favour of a decree held to be infallible, is not in itself infallible, but only the dogma as defined.”—(Möehler Symbolik). We are not to enter into their church’s infallibility further than to say, that it is one of their weakest though most serviceable refuges,—that themselves have hitherto hotly contended whether it be the church universal, or a general council, or the Pope, that is infallible—and that wherever the infallibility resides, it has not prevented a mass of contradictory definitions and decrees. But according to themselves, a decree of the church issued either by a Pope or council, is not arbitrary, is only the infallible definition of what has been the belief of the church upon the point in different countries and ages, gathered by a certain process. We use the indefinite expression, “ certain process,” in order that, before we try it, we may describe it in the words of one of the ablest living Roman Catholic theologians, Cardinal Wiseman. “ *Tradition*, or the doctrines delivered down, (he says in his lecture, *Exposition of the Catholic Rule of Faith*, delivered in 1835 and republished in 1843), and the *unwritten word* of God, are one and the same thing. But it must not be thought, that Catholics conceive there is a certain mass of vague and flowing opinions, which may, at the option of the Pope, or of a general council, or of the whole church, be turned into articles of faith. Neither is it implied by the term *unwritten word*, that these articles of faith or traditions are nowhere recorded. Because, on the contrary, suppose a difficulty to arise regarding any doctrine, so that men should differ and not know what precisely to believe, and that the church thought it prudent or necessary to define what is to be held ; the method pursued would be, to examine most accurately the writings of the Fathers of the church, to ascertain what in different countries and different ages was by them held—and then collecting the suffrages of all the world and of all times, not indeed to create a new article of faith, but to define what has always been the faith of the Catholic Church. It is conducted in every instance as a matter of historical enquiry, and all human prudence is used to arrive at a judicious decision. But when the church is assembled for this solemn

purpose, in consequence of these promises of Christ which I shall develop at full length hereafter, we believe it impossible that the decrees which she issues can be false or incorrect, because Christ's promises would fail and be made void, should the church be allowed to fall into error."

Now has the new decree of Pius the Ninth to which Wiseman himself has been a party, been arrived at by this process, supposing it as unerring as represented, which it really is not. We have seen that it is inconsistent with Scripture,—is it agreeable to tradition? does the historical enquiry described establish that the Roman Catholic Church has in all ages, and with anything like unanimity, held the Immaculate Conception of Mary? Not at least in so far as our research has extended. We have previously stated that the Council of Trent was the last general one which the Romish Church has ventured upon, and that in it opinions upon this subject were so divided, that no decree was pronounced. Going backwards to the thirteenth century, we find the matter greatly controverted. The dispute was not indeed so broad as betwixt Protestants and Catholics. It seems to have been agreed that she was preserved by grace and Providence from actual sin, (though there is just as little proof of this as of the other), but the most powerful party in the Romish Church contended that she was not exempt from original sin. The leader of this party was the famous Thomas Aquinas, of the order of the Dominicans. His opinion is thus stated by Neander, (*Church History*): "The antagonists of the extravagant veneration of Mary gained a very important voice on their side, when Thomas Aquinas stood forth as an opponent of that opinion, offering as an argument against it; that the honour due to Christ alone would thereby suffer injury, inasmuch as he must be acknowledged as the Saviour of all men, whom all needed in order to be freed from original sin. As he saw very clearly that nothing can be adduced from Holy Scripture regarding the conception and birth of Mary, he was of the opinion that no decision was to be arrived at here except on grounds of reason and analogy. From these then it might be argued, that on Mary as the mother of Christ, was conferred greater favour than on any other human being, and since a Jeremiah, a John the Baptist, enjoyed the peculiar privilege of being sanctified from the womb, a like privilege must be attributed also to her. Hence it might be that although original sin existed in her as a nature, yet through the grace imparted to her before her birth, and through the divine providence which accompanied her afterwards through her entire life, this inherited nature was so restrained that no motion contrary to reason could proceed therefrom. Thus might that which was potentially present in her, be notwithstanding always restrained from any actual putting forth, and thereupon, after the conception of Christ, might follow a perfect exemption, in her case, from all original sin even in its potential being; which exemption was transferred to her from her Son as the universal Redeemer." Aquinas does not very decidedly say that she ever attained exemption from sin—he employs the expression "might be" with noticeable frequency, he distinctly says that she was sinful by nature, and he borrowed this view substantially from Bernard, who wrote a century earlier; but the disciple, yielding so far

to the innovating spirit of the age, went considerably further than the master. As we previously remarked, Bernard considered that Mary shared the corruption of human nature, and on this ground he strongly protested with others, especially with Potho, a monk of Prüm, and de la Celle, Bishop of Chartres, against the festival of the Immaculate Conception, first introduced in their day. The institution of this festival is of no weight in the controversy, for it was begun without any authority, by some canonicals of the church at Lyons; it was strongly remonstrated against; and the age was notorious for innovations both in rites and opinions. Beyond this period we do not know of anything precisely to the point. There are traces broad enough and far retrograding, of an idolatrous veneration of Mary. Images of her were condemned by the Council of Constantinople held in 784, and attended by 330 bishops, besides many abbots and friars. Even in the fifth century her worship had begun. A small sect of women in Arabia took upon them the name of her priestesses, and on a particular day performed towards her rites, which some writers incline to regard as only a relic of those performed in pagan times to Ceres; but their conduct was visited with the unanimous reprehension of the church.¹

We conclude then that this article of faith is defective in the evidence which even Romanists account necessary,—it has not the support even of tradition, if that word be restricted to written ecclesiastical history,—the Immaculate Conception is the creation of a *new article of faith*, not the definition of what has always been the faith of the Catholic Church. We have given some proofs that it has always been rejected by the best portion of it; and we now add one that should supply their lack, viz., that it is rejected still. A public letter from Florence,—one of the most submissive places existing to papal decrees, states, “that the Dominican monks refuse to receive the decision on the Immaculate Conception recently promulgated from the Vatican, and with the cry of ‘Aquinas to the rescue,’ are preparing to wage the old battle against the Franciscan or Jesuit defenders of the doctrine.” Its authors might have known it, but experience is not among the teachers they acknowledge; “always the same,” is their proudest motto.

But is this dogma worth this discussion,—will any harm result from the decree of the Pope and his Councillors? Unquestionably, unless shown to be erroneous. The thing has not been done in a corner,—it is paraded in the face of Christendom, and it is a proverb, that the confident iteration of the most absurd thing will gain more or less credence unless contradicted. Nor is it to be any longer merely a speculative opinion.

¹ Legends regarding her are carried back to the time of her death. Of this there are various versions. One is, that when all the apostles were gathered round her bed watching her, Christ with his angels appeared, and committed her soul to the archangel Gabriel, but her body was taken away in a cloud: Another, that when her grave was opened three days after her interment, in order to allow the apostle Thomas to do reverence to her remains, the body was not found, but only an exceeding fragrance; whereupon it was concluded that it had been taken up to heaven. A festival was in due time instituted in commemoration of this pretended miracle, which, Samuel Davidson in relating the story, dryly remarks, is appropriately called the “Assumption.”—(Neander, Kitto's Bib. Cyclop.)

Men are no longer to be allowed to differ about it. Doubt of it is now to be heresy, and heresy, according to Romish teaching, *excludes from heaven*. It is well therefore that we know how galling is the yoke wherein we shall be entangled, should Popery succeed in her efforts to recover the ascendant. It will render us more sensible and watchful of our privileges in present emancipation. But there are more certain and worse evils than this, and against which it is as much the duty of Protestants as Papists to protest. To allow that Mary is sinless, can be done only at the expence of Mary's Son. By exalting her to his level, you give her half his glory ; it loses its lustre in proportion as it is divided. Now she has already robbed him of enough,—many more prayers are addressed to her than to him by Papists,—and they make her not only a subordinate Mediator between God and man, but a principal, thereby invading another of his peculiar prerogatives, and contradicting the express words of Scripture, that there is *one* Mediator between God and man, the *man* Christ Jesus. It is to be deprecated then that the fables respecting her should receive either addition or increased credence. Be it ours to look upon her as “highly favoured” in being the mother of him who is both God and man,—in being the *θεοτοκος*, the mother of God, of Nestorian disputes,—as amiable and exemplary in all the relations of life in so far as we are informed ; but let us hold that her Son is the only partaker of our flesh and blood who is “without blemish or spot.”

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS AND MODERN GEOLOGY, *VERSUS* THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

(Continued from page 354.)

WE resume our observations on the “Review” of the “Plurality of Worlds,” by again asking the reader, while perusing these remarks, to bear in mind what we formerly premised, that, notwithstanding the objections already and to be stated, we have seldom met with an article on the interesting subject of which that review treats, that as a whole pleases us more, and in so many points of which we could so cordially agree ; and that our reason for at present passing over in silence these numerous points of agreement, and presenting the reader with only those portions in which we would venture to differ from the reviewer, was, and is, that the former, though by far the more pleasant exercise, would be little else than re-echoing, in the expressions of the reviewer, our own sentiments as published long before ; whereas the latter is intended to caution the reader on certain points that appear to us—to speak in plain terms—unsound, and of course unsafe,—and the more so perhaps from being thus mixed up with their contraries, and that too by so high and influential a hand. At p. 12¹ we have :—

“How unconceivable it is, says the sceptic, that the Son of God should have been sent into this world as a propitiation for the sins of the race of Adam alone, when there are so many other worlds in which the divine law

¹ N. B. Review, No. LXI.

may have been broken, and a sacrifice for sin required ! How can we believe, says the timid Christian, that there can be other inhabited worlds than our own, when God has but one Son whom he could send to save them ? Dr Chalmers has rather cut than untied the knot, when he expresses the opinion that the inhabitants of these worlds may not have required a Saviour. It would be a difficult position to take were we to maintain that there may be intellectual creatures occupying a world of matter, and subject to natural laws, and yet exempt from sin, and suffering, and death."

Now, first with regard to Dr Chalmers's solution, there can scarce be a more rational and satisfactory explanation given. We know that " the whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick," and that it was emphatically as a sick member of the great family of worlds, that this one, on the momentous occasion referred to, was visited by the great Physician. On the same principle, our Saviour himself says, " What man of you, having an hundred sheep, (clearly referring to the plurality of worlds,) if he lose one of them, (as clearly alluding to this stray world,) doth not leave the ninety-and-nine in the pastures, and go after that which was lost until he find it ?"

To imagine it possible that all or any of the inhabitants of all or any of the worlds were *under any circumstances created sinners*, appears to be an idea that could spring only from such imaginary, blind, and inefficient processes of creation as those named at the head of this article, and—begging our reviewer's pardon—in point of improbability, seems to us go a-head even of that which he so ably and eloquently condemns,—namely, the creating of these worlds altogether without inhabitants. It is impossible to conceive such a Creator as we know ours to be, permitting, through *inadvertence*, the admission among the materials, of any foreign substance that was calculated to damage or alloy His grand work. It is still more impossible to conceive Him *intentionally* introducing any such ; and if there were any thing *inherent* in the nature of matter itself, necessarily productive of such a result, (as is implied in the above extract), well may we rest assured that not a single atom of that universe would ever have been called into being by a sin-abhorring and perfectly Holy God. When the all-perfect and gratified Architect surveyed the splendid and immense fabric He had just summarily completed,¹ and pronounced the whole *good*, yea *very good*, assuredly the blight of sin had not touched with its slightest plague-spot so much as a single apple of that vast orchard,—so much as a single orb of that innumerable crowd of heavenly mansions.

In the same page it is said :—

" When our Saviour died, the influence of his death extended backwards in the past to millions who never heard his name, and forwards in the future to millions who will never hear it. Though it radiated from the Holy City, it yet extended to all lands, and affected every living race in the old and in the new world. Distance in time and distance in place did not diminish its healing virtues. It was a force which did not vary with any function of the distance. All-powerful over the thief on the cross, in contact with its divine source, it was equally powerful with the red Indian of the west, and the wild Arab of the east. Their heavenly Father, by some process of mercy

¹ Psalms xxxiii. 9.

which we understand not, communicated to them its saving virtue. Emanating from the middle planet of the system, why may it not have extended to the planetary races in the past, when 'the day of their redemption had drawn nigh,' and why may it not extend to the planetary races, in the future, when 'their fulness of time is come?'"

Further, in case his readers might startle at the idea of spiritual light thus passing at one leap from this to the neighbouring worlds, the reviewer here introduces, by way of stepping-stone, the supposition that if this world were split up into two halves,—the eastern and western hemispheres, and afterwards travelled or swept its course as a double planet, with a gulf between its two portions impassible for man, none would doubt of spiritual light passing over the interval, and benefiting the Americans of the new world equally with the inhabitants of the old!

Here we have what seems a very remarkable medley of what is called "universal salvation," and modern geological dogmas, with the reviewer's own peculiar tenets regarding the propagation of spiritual light, and of salvation being naturally necessary for all worlds, and repeatedly and periodically so for the same world, throughout all imaginary past, and all future time! On these several points we would remark.

The Saviour's influence did indeed extend backward to many (may they have been millions!) in the past; and also forwards, in the future, to millions; but to none of the human race did that influence ever extend, who had never either heard His name, or received something which others did not, equivalent to hearing His name,—the amazing effect of which was not only to arrest the recipient in his previous downward descent along with the rest of the human family into eternal destruction, but to reverse his motion into an upward course, having its terminus in everlasting life. Though spiritual light be not subject to the same laws as physical light, yet it has nevertheless its own peculiar laws; some of which are revealed in the Word of God, and observed by us in their consequent phenomena. One of these, bearing direct upon the point, is, that previously-enlightened man is, either directly or indirectly, the *sine qua non* instrument in the Spirit's hand for communicating that light to his fellow-man. This being the case, could we suppose even an island, on this same world, inhabited by fallen men such as the rest of the world's inhabitants,¹ to which enlightened Christians had no means of access of any kind, these unfortunate individuals (unless some special deviation from the ordinary course of Christianity were made by its Author in their behalf,) must perish for lack of knowledge. If thus, then, an insulated race on the surface of this same *whole* world could not receive it, of course the influence referred to would be less fitted to overleap the imaginary gulf that is supposed to have intervened between the fragments of the old world and the new,—and far less to shoot across the relatively wide interval that separates this world from even its nearest neighbours. But on this point what a rational relief is it to believe that these other worlds in general need not, never did, and never will need salvation,—that health and harmony are still the rule, disease and dis-

¹ Romans iii. 9—18.

order the rare exception, throughout both the moral and physical universes.

P. 13.—“Before we leave our subject in its religious phase, we must notice another form of the ‘difficulty,’ bearing upon natural religion, to which both Dr Chalmers and our non-pluralist philosopher have given very undue importance. For reasons which our readers will at once understand, we will give it in the words of the latter.”¹

Then follow a long extract from the “Essay,” and remarks upon it, which in our opinion clearly evince that neither the essayist nor his reviewer saw the “difficulty” referred to, in the same truthful light as did the celebrated divine. ‘Twas not the *ordinary* attention of the Almighty to one of many millions of His *similar* worlds, that formed the chief difficulty dwelt upon by the divine, as may be seen by examining the astronomical discourse referred to; but that such an enormous expense should have been incurred in such a quarter, for the sake of procuring salvation for the ungrateful and rebellious inhabitants of this degraded world, and all that by one who meanwhile enjoyed the possession of millions of unfallen worlds. ‘Twas this that formed the difficulty,—a difficulty that still remains, and ever will remain incomprehensible, not only to the most powerful intellects of that race which is chiefly interested in it, but even to all the most exalted of the heavenly hosts. ‘Tis unto that difficulty, we are told, that even wondering and amazed “angels desire to look.”

P. 14.—“The *omnipotence* of the Creator is the earliest of our acquired lessons, and the very first that is confirmed by our individual observation and experience.”

This, in the present untoward circumstances of nature around us in this world is more than doubtful. Many, most, if not all things thereon and therein, are evidently far below that condition to which, in fulfilling the expressed design, they were susceptible of being raised; so that, if we meanwhile overlook, as the reviewer seems to do, the fact of present *derangement*, that for certain revealed reasons pervades the whole,—serious doubts as to their Creator being either an omnipotent or an all-wise Being, must arise.

P. 15.—“We maintain that minds of the highest cast view the microscopic worlds as creations of an entirely different nature from those discovered by the telescope, and that such minds can never reason from animalcular to intellectual life.”

Did the reviewer hold the essayist’s sentiments, this expression is just what might have been expected. But in the mode of reasoning of the eminent individual who made it, and in this same review, we have most convenient and repeated proof of its unsoundness. The telescope discovers to him merely the *stages*, while the actors are as yet concealed from direct view by distance, or want of sufficient power in the instrument of vision. But, does the reviewer’s reason stop at the limits of sight? No. Proceeding cautiously on the sure grounds of revelation² and ana-

¹ It would have answered both his own and our purpose much better had he given it in the words of the former.

² Isaiah xlv. 18.

logy, it goes far a-head, and drawing aside the veil left by vision, exhibits each of these stages teeming with life, ranging from the animalcular up to the intellectual, and back again from rational down to the microscopic, or rather to the stage itself inclusive, as one group or system necessarily connected together.

By the way, we have long thought it scarcely fair to reason, as is often done, and in this review once more, from the condition of animalcular life on this world to that on other and unfallen stages. Here, in this world at present, we are told, on the highest authority, and daily observation confirms the sad tale, that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, since the fall, until now." There is the best reason to conclude, judging from the character and power of the Creator, that in a perfect world the smallest organic beings are protected against painful destruction or even injury; that provision of one kind or other is made for their entire safety and enjoyment of life,—or, if destined to be "swallowed in myriads at every act of deglutation," as remarked by the reviewer, that their destruction imposes no more pain, than that felt by the unconscious accompanying vegetable, undergoing its mastication, as the destined pabulum of the devouring animal.

P. 17.—Our reviewer speaks of the geology of other worlds having "new *cataclysms*!" We doubt not but the greatest cataclysms in these other happy and serene worlds will be the undulations in their limpid waters, occasionally extending to the flowery and fragrant banks, caused by the disporting evolutions of their gigantic and lively leviathans.

"But what will be the intellectual occupation of the inhabitants of the planets? Who can doubt but their object is to study and develop the material laws which are in operation around them, beneath them, and beyond them in the skies."

All this is just what might be expected as coming from such a quarter. But, notwithstanding our own sympathies therewith, is there not much reason to think that, while such may be in part the enjoyment of the redeemed, their chief, by far their highest and happiest, employment will be of a much more spiritual and refined nature? for, besides being intellectual, we must remember these restored ones will also be social and divine.

P. 18.—"Upon such a foundation of quicksands (as he had just enumerated), the essayist ventures to place the incomprehensible dogma *that man's nature and place is unique and incapable of repetition in the scheme of the universe!*"

However fragile the premises referred to, and unfitted for leading to such a decision, we would fondly hope that the essayist has here for once the advantage of his reviewer in the truth of the conclusion,—for man's nature and place here are at present both *sadly fallen* from their original status in that grand scheme,—and the other grand scheme, namely, that of salvation, is purposely intended to *restore* both.

P. 19.—"Our seas and our continents occupy, so far as we can judge, the same place and the same areas as they did at the creation of Adam, and hence it follows, that the continents, in whose strata we find shells, and sea-

woods, and fossil fishes, must have been raised from the bottom of the sea, by some powerful subterranean forces, covering the continents with the waters of the ocean, and destroying the various races of animals by which they were inhabited."

Now, here is one of the several occasions, during this interesting discussion, where the reviewer is, so to speak, weighed down from his natural vantage-ground, by the encumbrance of his modern geological tenets, to the level of his opponent. That one possessed of the strong common sense, the acute reasoning powers, and we may add, high scientific attainments, and more especially still perhaps, of the *faith* of our reviewer, could thus imagine that a world, constructed as he himself admits, expressly for habitation, and that by an all-perfect and all-powerful Architect, and laid out by the most perfect Landscape-gardener, when all was repeatedly pronounced good, yea VERY GOOD, by infinitely the highest Judge in being—could have exhibited meanwhile the awfully convulsed and dislocated internal structure, sepulchrous aspect, and amorphous and inhospitable surface this world at present displays, and that too after being made aware that the same all-perfect Architect, Landscape-gardener, and Judge, after describing certain catastrophes through which it had passed, had subsequently and repeatedly pronounced that very world, once so perfect, a blighted and a ruined thing, is indeed surprising. But here we will be told that the opinion of our world being still as good as, nay now better than ever, is held, not by our reviewer and essayist alone, but by almost all savans, and not only savans, but almost all theologians also of the present day; nay, that it is generally believed that the tremendous catastrophes which have admittedly thus convulsed, and shattered, and crushed it, were the very instruments employed by its Creator for framing the world! Well, it may be so, but if so, for the reasons just stated, as well as for others that might be given, the fact we conceive is calculated to excite in any sober mind only the more astonishment. No, no. The catastrophes that have tumbled and tossed this unfortunate planet into its present internal confusion, destruction of life, and superficial *raggedness*, (only look at its terraqueous features as pourtrayed on a map)—must have been *subsequent* to the Adamic creation, that creation when all was declared to be SUPERLATIVELY EXCELLENT. And there are not wanting records, and these too of the highest authority, both in sacred¹ and profane history, and in the phenomena themselves when duly interpreted, of catastrophes perfectly capable of effecting such dislocating and destructive results.

Regarding the idea that our world existed numerous ages before the Adamic period, the reviewer says:—

¹ At the Fall, we are told, the earth, previously a paradise, was blasted into a waste and howling wilderness. Immediately before the account of the flood, we are reminded (Gen. v. 29), that this was then the sad condition of the earth. At the flood again, God declared that He would, and he did destroy man with the earth. The waters floated fifteen cubits above the highest mountain "under the whole heavens,"—i. e. all round the globe, while the fountains of the great deep, namely, volcanic agency, heaved and convulsed the whole mass; and in a much later portion of Scripture (2 Peter iii. 6), referring to this disaster, we are informed from the pen of inspiration, that "the world that then was *perished*."

P. 20.—“While we admit this theory, it is only as a *theory*, and as the most plausible (!) explanation which, in the present state of our knowledge, can be given of the geological phenomena.”

We again can scarcely conceive how such explanations to such a mind, or indeed to any rational mind, can appear either the most or in the least degree “plausible,” or anything else than absurdity—still however, we congratulate our reviewer on his now viewing the wild hypothesis merely as a theory. The announcement is significant, and we observe has aroused alarm in certain quarters, where there seems to be more anxiety for continuing a little longer certain day dreams in which the parties referred to have unwittingly for some time back indulged themselves, than for awakening or allowing others to awake to the truth.

P. 20.—“The discovery, however, of a single human skeleton, or of a single specimen of the workmanship of man in a stratum which it could not have reached from above, would completely overturn this geological theory, and establish the doctrine that under the influence of causes which we cannot comprehend, (?) the strata composing the crust of the earth, must either have been deposited during the human period by a quick process, (which of course is an admission that it might have been so) or that there were pre-adamic races who occupied the earth in primitive times, and whose bones and records still remain to be discovered.”

“Upon such a foundation”—to quote our reviewer himself—“of quick (or rather *quaking*) sands, do our modern geologists venture to place their incomprehensible dogmas !” The idea of pre-adamic races of *men* here hinted at, is new to us. The declaration to which we have already had so frequent occasion to refer, that at the completion of the Adamic creation everything was VERY GOOD—a declaration made by one that cannot lie, and the highest Judge in being, to whose vision the whole stellar universe was pellucid as crystal, and whose eye, before the declaration escaped him, had traversed thoroughly every part and portion from the deepest centre to the most distant circumference, a declaration moreover, announcing a condition of things so much in accordance with our reason, entirely precludes the possibility of the remains of either human or other animals being *then* in the internal parts of the earth. This declaration also entirely precludes the idea of any of these parts *then* exhibiting any of those fearful traces of disorganization and disruption, that are now so frequently to be met with. There were, to use medical language, no foreign bodies, such as organic remains, nor any disjointed nor broken bones, or ruptured viscera, or lacerated muscles in that healthy subject, our paradisaical world. All and every part and particle then harmonized and conjoined to render it the most fitting habitation possible.

P. 21.—“If this is not the case, we are involved in the inconceivable absurdity, which no sane mind can cherish, but one panting for notoriety, that the Almighty took millions of years to make a world, which was to be occupied only during a few thousands. That the time of a house being occupied should be one year, where the time taken to build it is a thousand, is a supposition too ridiculous even for a writer of romance.”

Modern geologists ! hear those sensible remarks from one as yet professing of yourselves. They will be found more pertinent to those Chris-

tians who believe that the coming great day of judgment,—wherein the heavens being ~~as~~ fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, but out of which, at the recreating word, shall again arise (like the phoenix from its ashes), new heavens and a new earth, a fitting habitation for the righteous,—is not very distant. But after all, our reviewer, on the least reflection, must himself feel that the objection of much time being spent in the process of creation, sinks into insignificance, beside the far graver ones of the coarseness and cruelty of the assumed process, and of the result being what is now exhibited, both inside and out, of this world.

On the other hand, according to the “theory” enunciated as the true at the commencement of these remarks,

“The Almighty spake the word,
And done it was without delay,”

and all **VERY GOOD** even in His eyes. Subsequently, for certain melancholy reasons clearly declared to us, one sad blight after another has passed over the originally fair scene and its inhabitants, till all were reduced to their present degraded condition.

The Restorative Scheme of Christianity graciously intervenes however, not only to prevent many of those inhabitants sinking deeper, which they must do if not rescued, but to raise them again to their original elevation; and finally to upraise also their fallen stage to its primary condition, thenceforth to form the blissful and eternal home of these redeemed.

The idea of the other worlds of the stellar universe being without inhabitants, either altogether or for a length of time, is one that could have arisen only in the minds of those who entertain the nebular and modern geological hypothesis of the slow and tumultuous self-creation of these worlds. Here—p. 22,—we have a lengthened extract from the obnoxious Essay, wherein it is argued by the author, that in charging the Creator with wastefulness of space in peopling only one world, he goes no farther than the reviewer himself, in ascribing to the ~~same~~ Creator wastefulness of time in peopling that world only after it had lain desolate for immense ages;—“the intelligent part of the creation,” argues the essayist, “is thrust into the *compass of a few years*, in the course of myriads of ages; why then not the *compass of a few miles* in the expanse of the system.” We admit with the reviewer in his reply on this point, that an individual’s want of economy in one direction, does not *necessarily* imply the same in other directions. But it certainly makes way for, and indicates the latter. Maintaining however, as we fearlessly do, and that after both a scientific and Scriptural investigation of the case, that there are no good grounds for either charge, we must admit that the essayist has here transgressed no farther than his reviewer. Nay, the latter’s own party being the first that ventured to advance the accusation, must be held as responsible in a great measure, for both branches of the charge against the Most High.

“If the Almighty has occupied millions of years in preparing the earth for the residence of man, not by a summary process, but by the slow ope-
VOL. XIX. G

ration of secondary causes, and laid down in each member of its formation, fossil remains to enable man to read its history, and thus to show forth His glory to an intelligent race."

We have often felt curious to know the *cui bono*, the object of the modern geologist's Creator in mixing up with the other portions of the so called structure, immense numbers of the carcasses of the former inhabitants of that structure's surface. Here we have that object more frankly than (*for the sake of a certain hypothesis*) prudently announced, —namely, to enable an *intelligent* race to trace the history of said "structure," as given by the copartnery of the two hypotheses so often named, and *thereby* show forth the *glory of God as the Creator* of that structure!!! What a paradoxical means of gaining the desired end!

P. 23.—Of course similar remarks apply to the following:—

"If the Almighty has been at *such pains* to prepare an atom of a planet for man, will he not have made a similar preparation (!) for more gigantic planets, *to excite the admiration and promote the happiness of other intellectual races*? That preparation (!) may be going on in some, or, what is much more likely, it may be finished in all the other planets of the systems. All of them were doubtless launched into space at the same time, or if they were formed by secondary causes from a solar atmosphere, (well may the two hypotheses be called root and stem of the same weed), the earth was certainly not the first-born of the series. The new form, therefore, of the argument from analogy is certainly this, that all the planets have been formed by a process similar to that of the earth, that all of them are intended for inhabitants, and that some of them may now be only in a state of preparation."

Further, here we have a mode of preparation (and such a mode!) as must have left, or still leaves, each world uninhabited for millions of years. Is not this just yielding *pro tanto* to his author the point at issue. Our reviewer feels himself thus obliged to succumb, not from the strength of his antagonist, but owing to the swampy nature of certain portions of the ground whereon he himself stands and thus occasionally stumbles.

"When we find a theory (namely, the modern geological) used so improperly, and, as we think, for so unworthy a purpose, we become disposed to consider its value even though we ourselves believe it."

"So improperly?" Why the result is just the *legitimate* consequence of such a creed; in short, the whole affair is a regular *reductio ad absurdum*,—and we have little doubt but, if such a mind as that of the reviewer would, as here threatened, candidly reconsider the "theory," it would, in spite of long-cherished dogmas, act as in its younger days when encountering a similar demonstration in "Euclid."

"There are some grounds not very shallow why the periods occupied by the earth's preparation may not have been of such incalculable length as geologists believe, and it is possible that preadamic races may have existed in certain parts of the earth."

The latter idea, as we have formerly shown, is entirely out of the question. But we again congratulate the reviewer on the former sentiment. It is further symptomatic of a feeling of uneasiness in his present position, (a feeling that we have been led to think is beginning to be shared

in by many others not quite so candid,) and of a desire to shift to other and surer grounds, as yet discerned only dimly through the mist of long standing prejudice,—grounds, however, that, out of that mist, as we have long experienced, are radiant with sunshine.

P. 34.—“But we, the inhabitants of one of the least of these globes, which has for millions of years been in possession of animal, if not of intellectual life, and that obviously with the design of preparing it for man (!)—we who must be guided by our knowledge, however limited, never can comprehend (and never will believe it possible) that planets the same as our own have not been destined for the same rational and noble purpose—destined doubtless for an intellectual race—and destined probably for a previous and lengthened occupation by the lower animals, in order that the being ‘made after God’s image and likeness’ may study on the tombstones of the past the miraculous processes of growth and decay—of destruction and renovation (!) by which he has provided for his children so noble an inheritance.”

Our reviewer, in a foot-note appended to this page, and occasionally elsewhere, justly complains of not only the absurdity of his opponent’s views, but also of their being so degrading to *astronomy*. Does it not appear strange that the same judgment and taste discovers not in the above modern geological processes of preparation, by alternate destruction and renovation, repeated and continued throughout an incalculable series of ages, a “theory” even more absurd and more disparaging to the science of *cosmogony*,¹ and, what is much worse, more disparaging too to the Author of both these departments of nature? Irrespective of the immense time alleged to have been consumed at it, the said process of growth and decay, of destruction and renovation, by fearful convulsions and cataclysms, through the rugged instrumentality of which that Author is said to have “provided and prepared so noble an inheritance,” may indeed be considered as “miraculous” as the reviewer pleases, but viewing it in the light of calm reason, science properly so called, and that Author’s own account of the matter, seems eminently calculated to make many an Alphonzo shrug his shoulders; nor does the present condition of the “noble inheritance”—the hap-hazard result of such a fearful process, seem calculated to restrain some of the children and heirs referred to, while viewing it as a portion of God’s *bona fide* creation, from behaving in a similar undutiful and disrespectful manner. As was formerly remarked, what would our estimate of either the mere human mechanician or machine be, were such a process of long continued alternate rearing up and crashing down adopted in its construction, and the issue to prove such a bungled job? We say *bungled*, for notwithstanding the still numerous remains of original excellence exhibiting themselves in many parts, any candid judge reviewing our present world either internally or externally in connection with the grand object in view in its original construction, must pronounce it an almost complete failure. In fact,

¹ Man though made after God’s image and likeness no longer retains that image or likeness.

² We had at first written this “geology,” but on reflection that geology, properly speaking, as applied to this fallen world, is to cosmogony what, in another science, nosology is to physiology, we altered the term accordingly.

we are as it were completely shut up to the conclusion and solution so long ago given by the Creator of that world Himself, namely, that He originally and summarily formed it a thoroughly perfect machine for accomplishing its intended purposes as a habitation, but that subsequently, for reasons also explicitly declared by Himself, He blasted and destroyed it.¹

P. 36.—“Without affecting the grand truth of a plurality of worlds, we might surrender the moon at discretion. The analogies between the earth and the other planets fail entirely when we reason from the condition of the earth to that of the moon, and, therefore, the only principle on which we could assign her inhabitants, is similar to that which led Sir William Herschell to believe that the sun was inhabited—the principle that large globes intended primarily to light and heat the planets might be secondarily employed to support inhabitants. The moon has no day and night like this planet. She has a grand purpose to answer without being the seat of life, and it is not improbable that she may be in a state of preparation,” (we confess to instinctively shuddering at the thought,) “either for being occupied by animal life, or in a more advanced state for the reception of intellectual beings, or she may at this moment be inhabited. It is not true, as our author states, that all astronomers without exception believe that the moon is unfitted for animal and vegetable life, and no less problematical are many of the statements he makes respecting the structure of that luminary. He believes, as every astronomer believes, that her surface indicates extensive volcanic agencies—volcanoes of enormous magnitude, but now extinct. Why were these volcanoes in action? Their extinction indicates a progressive step in the moon’s history, and when the time arrives water may issue from her hidden caverns and give to her seas and an atmosphere as another step in her preparation for life.”

¹ This, by some, may be thought rather strong language, as applied to either phases of this world—its original excellence and its present imperfection. But what does that Creator Himself (who of course knows best) say on the subject. As to the former condition, we are repeatedly told by His amanuensis, that this world was constructed by no less an agency than His own all perfect hand and all powerful word. What is the decision we come to regarding the qualities of any philosophical instrument having thus a first rate maker’s name engraved upon it! of course that it is an excellent one for the purpose designed. Further, we have, in the case of the world’s construction, not only the name of the maker given, but each successive stage of the process of construction pronounced *good*, and the whole when completed declared to be *very good*, by infinitely the highest judge in being. A structure thus designed and framed by such an Architect, and that to the entire satisfaction of such an Inspector, must have possessed an excellence beyond any thing we can conceive.

Again, on the other hand, when He saw cause to reverse the original process, what amount of dislocation must have been the consequence of the primary curse or blight, and what further ruin when He in His own words *destroyed* the earth, and when His amanuensis declared that, as to God’s purpose in making the world, it had subsequently *perished*, see Is. xlv. 18, &c.; as to its *original condition*, see Gen. i. 1, 4, 10, 12, 18, 21, 25, and 31; 2 Pet. iii. 5, &c.; and as to its *present condition*, see Gen. iii. 17, v. 29, vi. 13, vii. 2; 2 Pet. iii. 6, &c., or what is more palpable, see the subject itself.

By the way, we omitted noticing in the text that our reviewer speaks of the earth being previously inhabited for long by the lower creatures, as calculated to prepare it for man. Does he mean that the mixture of their carcases with the earth manured the soil for the succeeding crop, or that the inquisitive Creator, in introducing one race after another during the world’s supposed self-improvement, was experimenting and testing from time to time how high a race said world could support at its different stages of advance.

In the sentiment expressed in the first sentence of the above extract we would fully agree, but, for reasons, differing *toto cælo* from those indicated by the reviewer *in this case*, but in harmony with those he suggests in *another*,¹ of which more anon, when we come to treat of that case. Again, are not the analogies between the earth and moon, instead of being fewer, more numerous and strong than between the earth and the other planets? Indeed, the former may be looked upon as in a sense only different portions of the same world, designedly separated and ingeniously arranged so as to be of more mutual service to each other than if in one body. It is more than doubtful, though it doubtless be one of the objects of the moon to give light to her primary, whether that be, or at least were originally her primary use. Nay, probably it is not the primary use even of the sun himself to give light and heat to other worlds. Besides doing this, what is at least equally essential, he retains them in their places; and, as was before suggested, probably acts as an inhabited world himself, more perfect than the circumstances of the other members of the system permitted them to be. The want of the quick alternation of day and night in the moon, we would ascribe to the same cause as the want of water and an atmosphere, and the possession of volcanoes. These wants and possessions, all evidently disqualifying her for habitation, should, as in the case of the earth, be unhesitatingly ascribed to *derangement* subsequent to an original paradisaical condition. We all know that if a globe in her position, though constructed and set agoing so as to turn more frequently on its axis, were while so turning to be loosened or shattered in its framework, it would, under the tidal influence of its neighbouring primary, instantly settle down into a form that would very soon put an end to its diurnal revolution. This we believe is the case with the moon, and the same convulsion might cause both her atmosphere and water to disappear, and rouse her internal fires—originally intended for the purpose of regulating her temperature—into violent and destructive volcanic agency. The extinction of former enormous volcanoes may indeed indicate a progressive step in the moon's history; but assuredly it is not any progressive step in her *creation*, but rather resembles that of the quiescence which succeeds the last convulsive throes of the victim of Asiatic cholera.

"Why were those volcanoes in action?" asks the reviewer. We know not. But of this we are certain, as assured as that the cannons before Sebastopol were not the instruments employed in constructing its now shattered fortifications, that such agencies were never used for the purpose indicated by the reviewer. They are well fitted to demolish, but totally incapable of constructing a world. "Why were those volcanoes in action?" We know not in the moon's case; but we know why the same agency convulsed this world throughout; and it may be an interesting question, whether one and the same melancholy cause simultaneously affected both this world and its appendage, or whether the latter was disorganized for an independent cause of its own.

P. 38.—"The theory which we are called to examine is the nebular hy-

¹ See further on.

pothesis of the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, a hypothesis which, in a previous article, we have fully described, and the absurdity and impossibility of which we think we have demonstrated. The Creator of the universe fills all space with attenuated matter, the *fire-mist* of the hypothesis, and having laid down certain laws of attraction and of motion, he leaves every thing to their superintendence. The particles of the fire-mist somewhere in space attract one another and form a nucleus of matter, which revolves upon its axis, the germ of an infant sun (system ?) The surrounding mass of fire-mist is put in motion, throws off rings, which cool into solid revolving planets, and by a similar process these planets manufacture their satellites, and Saturn a ring into the bargain. All this takes place according to the fundamental law. God is not in the heavens, and hence planets are bungled by his apprentices—portions of the sidereal matter erroneously collapse. The elements of our system are imperfectly concentrated, and what in the original design was intended for a planet between Mars and Jupiter, to perfect Bede's beautiful law of planetary distances, has been marred by some evil spirit, doubtless, and results in twenty-nine asteroida, with showers of meteoric stones, 'bits of planets,' as our author calls them, which have failed in the making and lost their way till they tumble on the earth."

To the above there is the following footnote :—

"This theory of meteoric stones is not the author's. It was published by us forty years ago, but not as the consequence of a mistake in creation."

Why thus ascribe that once famous but now almost entirely forsaken hypothesis, namely, the nebular, to the author of the "*Vestiges*" alone, as if he were the original propounder, and only advocate and propagator thereof. 'Tis not so long since this hypothesis formed the established creed of almost all astronomers, just as its partner the modern geological one, was then and is still held by almost all geologists. Indeed, as we have had occasion repeatedly to remark, during the last thirty years, these two hypotheses, and latterly the Vestigian, are only different parts of the same grand error,—the most glaringly *outré* and erroneous of which is the middle portion. This last named portion, till finished off and completed by the author of the *Vestiges*, besides all its other faults, was a most incoherent and inconsistent part, for it would have us believe on grounds anything but scientific or scriptural, that the merely physical departments of nature were the result of laws—laws too, wild and insufficient beyond measure,—while the organic portions were the effect of God's direct handiwork. The Vestigian improvement, whereby all, from the unstable foundation of the star-dust or fire-mist, up to the apex man, was conceived to be the result of law, gave at least some consistency and veri-similitude to the whole.

Our reviewer refers to *his* exposure of the absurdity of the nebular hypothesis *after* the discoveries of Lord Rosse's telescope. We could refer to *our* exposure of the same (conjointly with the modern geological) many years *before* the resolution of the nebulae by the "monster" telescope. Some years ago our views, which were then the same as they are

¹ Many thus suppose these meteoric stones to be portions of the shivered planets; others that they have been ejected from volcanoes in the moon. We recollect, several years ago, of asking whether they might not also be missiles ejected from this same planet during some of her more violent throes, and continuing to haunt the mother's path till again received back upon her bosom.

still, in the face of both halves of this hypothesis, were repeatedly denounced as both "antiquated and unscientific." Has the subsequent advance of science, as regards at least one half, and that not the most improbable portion, shewn them to have been so in reality?

After all, does it not appear strange that our reviewer should, while professing to hold modern geological views, thus suicidally expose to ridicule his author's,—“All this takes place according to primordial law: God is not in the heavens and hence planets are bungled by his apprentices.” Is not this a mortal thrust at his own tenets?

Does it not appear remarkable also, and here we come to the point referred to above, that our reviewer should constantly represent the imperfections of the moon as those of immaturity in such a bungling process of adolescence as he ascribes to her, while, as he informs us in the foot-note, he had long ago ascribed the condition of the asteroids to a very different cause. Why should he who had so rationally explained the latter by the hypothesis, that these asteroids originally formed one perfect world which had subsequently been by some fearful convulsion shattered to pieces, not take a similar view of the imperfections of the moon and of those of this world?

P. 40.—“The eleventh is a chapter tending to show that the proofs of design are less clearly seen in mere physical arrangements,—in the rotations of earth, air, water, heat, and light, than in the structure of plants and animals.”

Our reviewer seems to acquiesce in this remark, for he makes no reply. Why is his mouth shut? Because, holding in common with his author, that our world is still just as it was made, by a certain appalling process, and that world in all its parts, being glaringly deficient in traces of *design* in its structure, he must allow the force of the argument; whereas, had he seen the subject in what we hold to be the true light, the case would have been very different. It might not, perhaps, be correct to say, that the same quality and amount of design was even at first displayed in every department of nature,—in the lower as fine and as much as in the higher,—in the elementary as in the structural,—in the physical as in the organic,—in the organic as in the intellectual and moral; but we maintain, as the necessary inference from the fact of such an all-perfect Architect being engaged in the whole work of the universe, that, as it came from His hands at first, *it must have displayed consummate design in all and every part throughout, so as to fit all and every part respectively, in the very best manner possible for the object in view.* And why do we not still find it so? Simply, we should say, because in that portion of said universe, to which alone we have direct access, namely, this world, the physical structure has, subsequently to its primordial perfect condition, suffered tremendous derangement; whereby it has been reduced to the mere wreck of what it was. The organic portion has also suffered; some of the actors to the same extent with their fallen stage, and become extinct, but of course not the surviving races. These survivors, though they doubtless all, less or more, partake of, and suffer from, the sad change, still retain a considerable degree (at

least as much as is necessary to continue life) of their original perfection, and hence the contrast referred to in last extract.

P. 41.—We suspect there is at least as much of the astronomer's Utopian future, as of the Christian's exhibited in the following:—

"But it is in the study of the heavens that the future swells most largely to view, and gives us an interest in worlds, and systems of worlds, in life without limits as well as in life without end. On eagle's wings we soar to the zenith, and fly to the horizon of space, and amid the infinity of life, we descry the home and the companions of the future."

We for our own part believe that the restoration of this same world to its original perfect condition is one of the problems to be accomplished by the **GRAND RESTORATIVE SCHEME OF SALVATION**, and that thus restored, it will form the new heavens and the new earth, wherein the righteous,—the Redeemer and His redeemed,—shall for ever dwell. We believe, for reasons explained elsewhere, that in that restored world the body shall be much more vigorous, and the attraction of the earth much less than at present, so that, if we cannot altogether fly, we can at least glide at will in any direction over the paradisaical surface of this same world from any one part to any other without that fatiguing exertion that is necessary in present circumstances. The fact, however, that then, as now, bodies¹ on its surface, and the earth, will mutually attract each other, though not nearly so intensely as at present,² should, we are inclined to think, prevent the possibility, as its richness will prevent the desire, of our ever quitting our own glorious and blissful home.

"His (the essayist's) future of creation is but the future of the earth, the social, the intellectual, and the spiritual progress of man. But though thus limited, it challenges all our sympathies. It is the foreground of the great panorama of eternity,—the arena in which we have to struggle with the tempter,—the gymnasium in which we are to be taught the secrets of nature and the elements of social progress,—and it is from its remotest shore that we are to embark on the ocean of eternity."

The sentiments here expressed, while they partake much of the character of the last, appear to us to be, in a Christian point of view, still more objectionable. The idea, common to both the reviewer and his author, and alas! just now, common to too many besides, that our present condition is one of *progress in the regular course of nature*, seems to have its roots in that other grand heresy, to which we have had occasion already to allude, as also common to both our savans, and to too many besides them,—namely, that self-development process of creation, consisting, in its three parts, of the nebular, modern geological, and vestigian hypothesis, which would, if it could, absorb Christianity itself into its vortex. Our present condition on this world is not one of progress, properly so called. Irrespective of the glorious scheme of salvation at

¹ If our reviewer should remove this obstacle by proving [that] the "spiritual bodies" the redeemed shall then wear, will not impede their aerial or rather ethereal flights, as few have a stronger wish to get a peep into some of these remote mansions than ourselves, we will cordially give in.

² In its renewed, and what may be called its regularly-organised condition, this world, there is reason to believe, will be much larger, and consequently less dense, and so its superficial attraction will be much reduced.

present being carried on by a High Hand on this world (*and which is itself emphatically an arresting-of-further-degradation and restorative process*), the progress traceable on the earth, so far as it is merely human, in the advance of science, civilisation, &c., is, as we have had occasion elsewhere to observe, "but as the painful raising a little of the bruised head, and the drawing together, in order if possible to shift into an easier position, of the mangled members of a once strong man, who, while in the vigour and prime of life, had fallen over the brink of a very deep coal-pit upon the black and muddy floor far below." Progress of the kind referred to by our sages, was not in man's normal condition,—more than growth is in maturity. The point of departure from which progress becomes *useful* in a temporal point of view, lies not in the course of nature properly so called, but consists in that great dislocation of all nature, both moral and physical, throughout this world, which was the consequence of man's rebellion. This world is indeed the arena on which a portion of the inhabitants (not the whole) have to struggle with the tempter; but neither does that necessity lie in nature, but also in the sad and peculiar circumstance above referred to; and unequal and vain were the contest, unless "greater were He that is in the wrestlers than he that is in the world." With the rest of the inhabitants there is little or no struggle, "they are taken captive at his (the tempter's) will." Insensible of their danger, they passively float down the stream of life to the cataract.

"What this future is we can gather only from the history of the past. It is by the impression of the foot, and the length of the step, that we can judge of the direction, the velocity, and the purpose of the mover. In his physical aspect, and in his intellectual manifestations, man has made no advance to a more elevated station. His hand and his head are still the hand and the head of his primitive race, but by the skill of the one, and the energy of the other, he has achieved, and has yet to achieve, a more exalted condition. In the development, however, of his spiritual nature, strenuous exertions have yet to be made. Nations have put forth their highest powers in the holy cause. (Whence more strenuous exertions then?) The temple and the mosque (1) have opened wide their portals in every land. Orders of men have been set aside to reclaim from ignorance and vice, and to teach the great truths of the spiritual world; and the prison and the penitentiary have been called to their aid to protect the community from turbulence and crime. Civil society, however, has reaped but little fruit from exertions so active, and institutions so complete, and till universal peace blesses the nations of the earth, the citizens of the world,—the apostles of a universal philanthropy,—cannot combine their exertions for social advancement. War is the inexorable foe of all progress, intellectual, social, and spiritual. The man who can slay his brother, or encourages another to slay him, renounces his godlike character, and returns to the community of the tiger and the hyæna. Civilization stands still when armies take the field. It retrogrades when they leave it. Humanity shrieks at the trumpet note of battle; and religion stoops abashed in presence of the warrior with red hands, and the sovereign with a bloody heart. That these are the views of the author of the work before us, is evident from the following just and noble sentence, which we quote with unmingled pleasure."

"That civil society, namely, that which secures to men the rights of pro-

¹ Scottish Christian Journal, July 1851.

perty, person, family, external peace, and the like, may be conceived as taking a more excellent character than it now possesses, we can easily see; for not only does it often very imperfectly attain its direct object,—the preservation of rights,—but it becomes the means and source of wrong. Not only does it often fail to secure peace with strangers, but it acts as if its main object was to enable men to make war with strangers. If we were to conceive a *universal and perpetual peace* to be established among the nations of the earth (for instance by some general agreement for that purpose);—and if we were to suppose, farther, that those nations should employ all their powers and means in fully unfolding the intellectual and moral capacities of their members, by early education, constant teaching, and ready help in all ways; we might then perhaps look forward to a state of the earth in which it should be inhabited, not indeed by a being exalted above man, but by man exalted above himself, as he now is.”

While with the sentiments expressed in these symphonious extracts, we would in general cordially agree, yet they do appear wanting in a great and fundamental element. They represent the present disorganization, and degradation of the human family, as just the natural condition of man in his present “stage of progress,” that is to say, that man’s Maker made him so at first, or rather in a much lower condition than his present, for he is supposed to have made, by his own “most strenuous exertions,” considerable advance since. All who entertain such tenets, must, we should think, be apt to exclaim “why hast thou made us thus?” why should the all-powerful Creator have left such a very important part of His work in such a rude and unfinished state, and in such hands,—i. e., “for man to mend?” and that by processes neither—owing to the unfinished state of the actors themselves—well directed, nor—owing to the discordant nature of the materials—competent though ever so well directed!

“Well,” the reader may ask, “if their theory be wrong, and thus lead to conclusions dishonourable to the Creator, let one hear the correct account of the matter.”—God created man at first to *love his neighbour as himself*. How simply, how perfectly efficiently must this one little item in man’s mechanism have met and removed all these difficulties, and superseded all such elaborate props and bulwarks! Had man not fallen from his original state, every member of Adam’s family would have sympathised with every other, as warmly as the different members of the same individual do now; and as a man just now with a knife in his right hand, would as soon wound that hand as the left, so in man’s original condition, he would, and in man’s restored condition he will, as soon injure himself as his neighbour.

But nevertheless, these facts, though they remove all reflections against the Creator, say nothing against most of those appliances for making the best of a bad case recommended by our savans. By all means, let man exert himself to the utmost in every proper way, besides the main and only effectual way, that appears likely to better his condition on earth; but at the same time, ever bear in mind that the human family, devoid at present of the beautiful and simple *REGULATOR* above referred to, is like a watch without its balance wheel; and, as the materials for supplying that and other deficient and injured parts of the machine, lie only in the hands

of their first inventor and applier, who offers them anew "without money and without price," let us be in earnest to secure a fresh supply.

P. 43.—"But our author is not satisfied with the mere promotion of knowledge, and the extension of man's intellectual empire. He contemplates still loftier purposes, and we look eagerly along with him to the 'full development of man's moral, religious, and spiritual nature,' and that of course, by the following process! 'Can we not conceive,' says he (the essayist) 'a society among men which should have for its purpose, to promote this development far more than any human society has yet done? a body selected from all nations, or rather including all nations, the purpose of which should be to bind men together by a universal feeling of kindness and mutual regard, to associate them in the acknowledgement of a common Divine Lawgiver, Governor, and Father;—to unite them in their efforts to divest themselves of the evil of their human nature, and to bring themselves nearer and nearer to a conformity to the Divine idea; and finally, a society which should unite them in the hope of such a union with God, that the parts of their nature which seem to claim immortality, the mind, the soul, and the spirit, should continue for ever in a state of happiness arising from their exalted and perfected condition? and if we can suppose such a society fully established, and fully operative, would not this be a condition as far elevated above the ordinary earthly condition of man, as that of man is elevated above the beasts that perish?'"

These savans, in wording and echoing these sentences, seem to have been so full of their pet self-development processes, that they entirely overlooked, further than that some of their ideas have been borrowed therefrom, the fact that there is already, and has been for long a justly celebrated society constituted at an immense expense, and patronized by no less than the Author of nature Himself, for the express purpose of carrying out the very objects, (but to a much greater extent) contemplated by our essayist and reviewer in their proposed society. In the one society success is as certain as in the other it is Utopian. Why? because in the latter it would be the mere broken stones and debris of the fallen temple, trying to reconstruct themselves into a splendid edifice again; in the other, it is the original Architect Himself redressing and replacing the stones, and clearing off the rubbish—we would therefore recommend our readers, if not already members, to join that long established and flourishing old Society first and at all events, and then they will be the better qualified for joining and carrying out the objects of the new.

"In concluding a review marked with so much censure," says our reviewer, "it is pleasing to ourselves and must be equally so to such of our readers as share in our views, that we have found at the close of our author's work, sentiments so noble, aspirations so lofty, and suggestions so valuable for the advancement of society. How ardently do we wish that the rest of the volume had been such as to excite the same admiration!" For the reasons stated, we do not ourselves sympathise, and we would venture to warn our readers from sympathising, with such sentiments, or, except in a very modified sense, joining in such admiration. Nevertheless it may be possible that even with such heterogeneous materials as man at present affords, both as the agent and patient in the proposed project, something might be done to better his unfortunate

condition. In the matter of removing the savagism of war, for instance, the history of our own native country, Scotland, affords a good proof of this being practicable. Not very long since the frequent feuds among Scotland's chiefs were generally settled by the sword, and now all such are settled either judicially or by arbitration,—and why might not national disputes be similarly arranged among at least all nations that are civilized. We trust it will shortly be so. These nations are at present receiving from Providence pretty broad hints to adopt some such arrangements.

In conclusion, we would ask our readers to bear in mind what it is that in the foregoing remarks we have chiefly been endeavouring to maintain—that it is, not merely what our reviewer pleads for, namely, that the other worlds of the stellar universe be, both as to physical condition and inhabitants *as* this one—but that they are in both respects *very far superior*—in short, that they are, at present, as to paradisaical, organic, and moral condition, what this one would still have been, had no change intervened to mar the fair scene—had it still retained its original position in the all-glorious creation of God. And on the other hand, that this world and its inhabitants, compared with these worlds and their inhabitants, are, the one a mere wreck or heap of ruins, and the other a fragmentary, wretched, and degraded race; and that the moral or rational inhabitants thereof are not only thus wretched and degraded, but, as declared in God's own Word, sinful and rebellious beings, and in consequence justly exposed, not only to all the miseries incident to life on a fallen world—to death itself, (not in man's original condition,) but, worst of all, to the pains of hell for ever! Blessed be God, however, we are not left to despair; the glorious scheme of salvation, referred to above as an old Society established by the Author of Nature Himself for the amelioration of man, and always and anxiously open to receive members, affords an easy and the only¹ effectual means of Escape and Restoration.

P.S.—In glancing again over the review before us, we find the following has escaped notice.

P. 6.—“But when we look into the world of instinct, and survey the infinitely various forms which people the earth, the ocean, and the air; when we range with the naturalist's eye from the elephant to the worm—from the leviathan to the infusoria—and from the eagle to the ephemeron,—what beauty of form—what diversity of function—what variety of purpose is exhibited to our view! In all these forms of being, reason might have been given in place of instinct; and animals the most hostile to man and the most alien to his habits, might have been his friend and his auxiliary in place of his enemy and his prey.”

This seems to say that in putting the soul of man as a tenant into the human form of body, the all-wise Creator might have directed it equally well into the body of the walrus or sponge. Now we hold that, all things considered, the human form alone of all the varieties referred to, was specially constituted for the human soul; and that it would not have been so suitably accommodated in any other, and, of course, taking

¹ Acts iv. 12.

into view the perfect character of the Creator, He could not have joined together two portions of His works that were not suited for each other in the best possible manner. Of course if this be the correct view, so far as the rational souls of other worlds resemble those of this, so far, *cæteris paribus*, will their bodies too; if two or more forms were otherwise equally suitable, however, there is reason to think variety would to that extent be introduced. As to the remark, "that animals now the most hostile to man and the most alien to his habits, might have been his friend and his auxiliary in place of his enemy and prey," we maintain that originally they were faithful and friendly subjects, and that they are so no longer, is part of the sad consequence of the vast change that has subsequently taken place.

LINES ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN THE EAST.

Britannia mourns,—the tear of sorrow,
And bitter pangs of anguish keen,
In tones that language cannot borrow,
Bespeak the grief of Nations' Queen.
Say,—mourns she for her dear ones slaughtered
Amid the din and crash of War?
Or weeps she for her Navies shattered
On ruthless foeman's shores afar?

Or, righteous Heavens! may it be,—
But oh! heart-rending is the thought,—
That tho' she sung of Victory,
She sung of one too dearly bought?
But stay,—perchance Britannia grieves
In sympathy at others' woe;
And that some sister nation heaves
Beneath Oppression's crushing blow.

Or, can it be she mourns the hour,
When Right insulted bade her arm?
When trampling Despot's o'ergrown power,
Pealed the first notes of War's alarm?
What!—said I Britain's sons regret
She bared her arm the weak to shield?
Vain thought!—Has Albion's glory set,
That she should dread the battle-field?

No,—ne'er shall Britain craven shrink;
Let Danger *other* states appal,
She'll mount its very giddiest brink,
Should Right and Justice on her call.
Nor mourns she yet the accursed name
Dishonoured on a field of Death;
Nor lost is yet her well-earned fame
By treach'rous deeds of broken faith.

She mourns her many sons laid low,—
 Laid low,—but not by foe's sword;
 Nor sunk beneath the murd'rous blow
 Of Russia's barb'rous savage horde.
 But blighted by the Winter's blast,
 And 'numbed beneath its icy chill,
 Her gallant ones are sinking fast,
 And yet unheeded is this ill.

Ah Britain! many a sad sad tear
 May trickle o'er thy pallid cheek;—
 That thus should fall her sons most dear,
 A ruder heart than thine would break.
 Thy Statesmen should have long foreseen
 The ruin now so many mourn;
 They never doubted yet, I ween,
 That Winter would *this* year return!

And yet, unsheltered, sent they forth
 Our valiant band of heroes brave,
 To stem the Tyrant of the North;—
 Ah! many found a different grave
 Than meets the soldier on the plain
 Of mortal strife, when steel meets steel;
 For seething mist and drifting rain
 Our poor unsheltered Legions feel.

O negligence, akin to crime,
 That through our ranks distress should roam
 In icy blasts of that cold clime,
 While Statesmen sit at ease at home!
 But conscience-stricken, for this deed,
 See, shrink the dastards from the throne;
 Now, Britain! in thy hour of need,
 Thy staunchest friend is PALMERSTON.

LEITH, *February* 1855.

R. H.

PEACE OR WAR.

I would not call that man my Countryman,
 Whose craven tongue would babble—"give us Peace,
 And Peace at any price." No! I would fear
 The gallant spirits of th' heroic brave,
 Who fell on Alma's heights, and Inkermann,
 And Balaklava's valley now immortal,
 Would from their coffinless but glorious bier
 Rise and disown their country! 'Tis no more
 A local quarrel, but a contest stern.
 The last—of tyranny for power and sway.
 It was to come! tis come—that mighty struggle!
 And every Power in Europe yet shall hear
 The trumpet's voice, and answer to its call.

There is no neutral ground whereon to stand,
In this, the greatest of the world's great fights—
If Law, and Right, and Liberty, are worth,
Then fight for them—God will defend the right !

WOLFERT'S ROOST, &c.¹

WE have spoken highly,—and deservedly so,—of all the preceding volumes of Constable's *Miscellany of Foreign Literature*,—but this latest issue has some qualities, that in point of literary workmanship, and of interest in the topics, give it a decided superiority over all its predecessors. Most of the preceding authors being foreigners, their works were necessarily offered to the British public under all the disadvantages which translations, even when faithfully and ably executed, never fail to carry along with them. These authors, too, as foreigners, had previously acquired for themselves no authoritative prestige over the predilections and fond associations of the public of this country,—there is not even any well-founded reason for supposing that any one of them had ever attained to that perfect accomplishment as a story-teller, or painter of picturesque scenery and manners, which has given to the present author so high a rank among the most justly favourite authors in our vernacular tongue,—and the topics in which they dealt, being all of foreign growth, necessarily required some time before they could be made familiar to the minds of British readers, and be welcomed with that general appreciation and sympathy to which they are unquestionably entitled.

But Washington Irving is an author, who not only writes in our own language, but who has acquired a purity, and beauty, and power of giving effect to that language, which have not been surpassed by any writer born and educated on our own shores,—and which are often either most noticeably wanting, or debased by transatlantic idioms, in many of the most popular productions of the American press. Our author has long been a favourite with every class of British readers,—and there is no person, capable of reading, within the British dominions, who is not ready to hail with rapture any new production from the pen of Geoffrey Crayon,—the deservedly esteemed author of *The Sketch Book*, *The History of New York*, *The Voyage of Columbus*, *The History of the Alhambra*, and *the Downfall of Grenada*.

In one respect the present volume differs, but not disadvantageously, from those which have preceded it. Our author's delineations or graphic portraits are not confined to one locality or country,—but range from the banks of the Hudson to the capital of France, from thence back again to the scenery of Florida and the Bermudas,—and every now and then present us with pictures which have their originals either among the mountains of Spain, or in some of the mediæval towns of Flanders and the

¹ *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's Edition. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1854.

Netherlands. Yet amidst all this variety, one style of portraiture pervades the whole;—and, while by the skill of the artist, and the judicious selection of his topics, the volume is characterised by a masterly unity of design, the variety of topics and of scenery only serves to relieve the attention and to keep alive the curiosity of all classes of readers.

It is pleasing to find,—as is most decidedly indicated by the workmanship of the present volume,—that the style of our author has lost nothing of its well-known graces,—nor his portraits any of their pristine freshness,—from the too notorious effects of old age, and long authorship. Of these graces, and that power of portrait-painting,—which are universally familiar,—it would be superfluous here to speak at any length,—the *creamy* richness of his language,—its *mellifluous* sweetness,—the *laping* beauty and *dimpling* softness with which it glides from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph,—its power of presenting pictures, which once seen are never entirely effaced from the fancy and recollections of the observer,—the singularly happy use which he makes of modifying and suggestive adjectives, like those masterly and seemingly casual touches which in great masters of the pencil and the brush, give such an exquisite finish to their most effective productions,—and lastly, the admirable skill with which—in accordance with a well-known Spanish rule—he commonly makes the last touch of his sentence the most suggestive and pleasing,—or, as the Spanish rule, applied to sonnets, expresses it, ever “*locks up his sentences and paragraphs with a golden key*,”—these qualities of his style are universally known and appreciated;—and it is to them, along with the substantial merit of his sketches, that he owes the enchantment which all his successive works have exercised over the minds of readers, wherever the language of Britain is spoken and read.

It is one of the great excellencies of this author that his stories are generally short, and his pictures but sketches. If it had been otherwise, the rich *creminess* of the style would have made a lengthened story fall upon the taste of the reader;—or if the story was chiefly attended to, the beauty of the author's expression, and his masterly command of polished diction would have been less noticed, and much of the good that may be gained from the study of his sketches would have been lost. As it is, the reader is in no haste with the perusal of the story, which he knows will not be carried out to a tedious minuteness,—and while he relishes the successive incidents, he has full leisure to study and be benefited by the ceaselessly recurring felicities of the author's diction.

The pervading peculiarity of the present series of sketches, and that which gives them unity amidst all their variety, is the constantly recurring contrast which they present to the fancy of the reader, between scenes and manners that have now passed away, or are but traceable in some remaining fragments, and the more modern characteristics that are rapidly usurping the place of those which are departing. Thus the author lingers with delight in tracing the peculiarities of an old dwelling of the middle ages, which had been brought or copied from the Netherlands, and which might still be seen among more modern buildings on the banks of the Hudson. Thus too he paints with delight an old and decayed

nobleman of the French capital, as contrasted with others of the same rank or title, who now figure on the streets or in the saloons of Paris. And thus also he has furnished in the story of the Phantom Island, a rich display of the old dresses and furniture of the Spanish grandees, as contrasted with the modes, and furniture, and scenery, that in the same country, are more suitable to the changed, if not perhaps improved taste, of the more modern population. In this way his pictures become very vivid and striking, not merely from their intrinsic force and finish, but from the attractive contrasts in which they are placed.

Every reader of Knickerbocker has a delightful remembrance of "SLEEPY HOLLOW," whence the author gleaned most of the incidents which make up that ever memorable history. In the first of his present sketches the author has given some further interesting notices of this locality, which, we doubt not, will be perused with universal interest. We can only afford room for the concluding paragraphs, which, however, we recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers,—both as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers,—and as affording notices of a locality which will long be explored with interest by the admirers of Knickerbocker. After a full and interesting account of "Sleepy Hollow" and its contents, the author thus proceeds:—

"Here, then, did old Diedrich Knickerbocker take up his abode for a time, and set to work with antiquarian zeal to decipher these precious documents, which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; and it is the facts drawn from these sources which give his work the preference, in point of accuracy, over every other history.

"It was during his sojourn in this eventful neighbourhood, that the historian is supposed to have picked up many of those legends which have since been given by him to the world, or found among his papers. Such was the legend connected with the old Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow. The church itself was a monument of bygone days. It had been built in the early times of the province. A tablet over the portal bore the name of its founders. Frederick Filipson, a mighty man of yore, patroon of Yonkers, and his wife, Katrina Van Courtland, of the Van Courtlands of Croton; a powerful family connexion, with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek, and the other on the Croton River.

"Two weathercocks with the initials of these illustrious personages graced each end of the church, one perched over the belfry, the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weathercocks, each pointed a different way; and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine; emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy.

"In the burying ground adjacent to the church reposed the earliest fathers of a wide rural neighbourhood. Here families were garnered together, side by side, in long platoons, in this last gathering-place of kindred. With pious hand would Diedrich Knickerbocker turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown the tombstones, to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English, of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Taasels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraits faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs.

"The congregation in those days was of a truly rural character. City fashions had not as yet stolen up to Sleepy Hollow. Dutch sun-bonnets and honest homespun still prevailed. Everything was in primitive style,

even to the bucket of water and tin cup near the door in summer, to assuage the thirst caused by the heat of the weather or the drouth of the sermon.

"The pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding-board, and the communion table, curiously carved, had each come from Holland in the olden time, before the arts had sufficiently advanced in the colony for such achievements. Around these on Sundays would be gathered the elders of the church, gray-headed men, who led the psalmody, and in whom it would be difficult to recognise the hard-riding lads of yore, who scoured the debateable land in the time of the Revolution.

"The drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow was apt to breathe into this sacred edifice; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominie, but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locust from the neighbouring trees.

"And now a word or two about Sleepy Hollow, which many have rashly deemed a fanciful creation, like the Lubberland of mariners. It was probably the mystic and dreamy sound of the name which first tempted the historian of the Manhattoes into its spell-bound mazes. As he entered, all nature seemed for the moment to awake from its slumbers and break forth in gratulations. The quail whistled a welcome from the corn-field; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush with restless wing, proclaiming his approach, or perked inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy. The woodpecker tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered round the trunk, as if asking how he relished the salutation; while the squirrel scampered along the fence, whisking his tail over his head by way of a *hazza*.

"Here reigned the golden mean extolled by poets, in which no gold was to be found, and very little silver. The inhabitants of the Hollow were of the primitive stock, and had intermarried, and bred in and in, from the earliest time of the province—never swarming far from the parent hive, but dividing and subdividing their paternal acres as they swarmed.

"Here were small farms, each having its little portion of meadow and corn-field; its orchard of gnarled and sprawling apple-trees; its garden, in which the rose, the marigold, and hollyhock grew sociably with the cabbage, the pea, and the pumpkin. Each had its low-eaved mansion, redundant with white-headed children, with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren; the coop on the grass-plot, where the motherly hen clucked round with her vagrant brood. Each had its stone well, with a moss covered bucket suspended to the long balancing-pole, according to antediluvian hydraulics; while within doors resounded the eternal hum of the spinning-wheel.

"Many were the great historical facts which the worthy Diedrich collected in these lowly mansions; and patiently would he sit by the old Dutch housewives, with a child on his knee, or a purring grimalkin on his lap, listening to endless ghost stories spun forth to the humming accompaniment of the wheel.

"The delighted historian pursued his explorations far into the foldings of the hills, where the Pocantico winds its wizard stream among the mazes of its old Indian haunts—sometimes running darkly in pieces of woodland, beneath balancing sprays of beech and chestnut; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh, green intervals; here and there receiving the tributes of silver rills, which came whimpering down the hillsides from their parent springs.

"In a remote part of the Hollow, where the Pocantico forced its way down rugged rocks, stood Carl's mill, the haunted house of the neighbourhood. It was indeed a goblin-looking pile; shattered and timeworn; dis-

al with clanking wheels and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horse-shoe, nailed to the door to keep off witches, seemed to have lost its power; for, as Diedrich approached, an old negro thrust his head, all dabbled with flower, out of a hole above the water-wheel, and grinned and rolled his eyes, and appeared to be the very hobgoblin of the place. Yet this proved to be the great historic genius of the Hollow, abounding in that valuable information never to be acquired from books. Diedrich Knickerbocker soon discovered his merit. They had long talks together seated on a broken millstone, heedless of the water and the clatter of the mill; and to his conference with that African sage, many attribute the surprising though true story of Ichabod Crane, and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. We refrain, however, from giving farther researches of the historian of the Manhattoes during his sojourn at the Roost, but may return to them in future pages.

"Reader, the Roost still exists. Time, which changes all things, is slow in its operations on a Dutchman's dwelling. The stout Jacob Van Tassel, it is true, sleeps with his fathers, and his great goose-gun with him; yet his stronghold still bears the impress of its Dutch origin. Odd rumours have gathered about it, as they are apt to do about old mansions, like moss and weather stains. The shade of Wolfert Acker still walks his unquiet rounds at night in the orchard; and a white figure has now and then been seen seated at a window and gazing at the moon, from a room in which a young lady is said to have died of love and green apples.

"Mementoes of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker are still cherished at the Roost. His elbow-chair and antique writing-desk maintain their place in the room he occupied, and his old cocked hat still hangs on a peg against the wall."

We would fain add to these extracts the whole chapter relating to the DUTCH PARADISE,—but as the extract might seem to some of our readers too lengthy, we shall only give the beginning and conclusion of the narrative. Our readers probably are aware that the inhabitants of most countries have formed to themselves ideas of the original paradise, corresponding with the peculiarities of the countries of which the framers of such hypotheses happen to be the natives. We have even been credibly informed that with a great proportion of our Highlanders, the actual locality of this much controverted scene is believed to have existed amidst the long heathery wilds of LOCHABER,—and that when a young Highlander, with his lately wedded spouse is leaving this locality, with the view of reaching a fixed resting place in some of our Transatlantic colonies, and is fondly singing "*Lochaber no more*,"—he is exactly, so far as mental emotion is concerned, what Milton has given [as the most touching portion of the whole PARADISE LOST, when he thus concludes that immortal epic:—

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way."

A Dutchman's paradise is, of course, of a very different kind,—and has a reference, not to heathy moors,—or hollows amidst Alpine mountains,—but to green meadows, traversed by lazy canals,—and to places where fat kine may graze and be in good condition for furnishing rich cream, and giving birth to savoury and oval shaped cheeses.

Accordingly, our author thus commences his account of BROEK, or the DUTCH PARADISE :—

"There has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and the learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from whence our first parents were exiled. This question has been put to rest by certain of the faithful in Holland, who have decided in favour of the village of BROEK, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, correspond in all respects to the description of the garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

"This eulogium induced me to make some inquiries as to this favoured spot, in the course of a sojourn at the city of Amsterdam, and the information I procured fully justified the enthusiastic praises I had heard. The village of Broek is situated in Waterland, in the midst of the greenest and richest pastures of Holland—I may say, of Europe. These pastures are the source of its wealth, for it is famous for its dairies, and for those oval cheeses which regale and perfume the whole civilized world. The population consists of about six hundred persons, comprising several families which have inhabited the place since time immemorial, and have waxed rich on the products of their meadows. They keep all their wealth among themselves; intermarrying, and keeping all strangers at a wary distance. They are a 'hard money' people, and remarkable for turning the penny the right way. It is said to have been an old rule, established by one of the primitive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no one should leave the village with more than six guilders in his pocket, or return with less than ten—a shrewd regulation well worthy the attention of modern political economists, who are so anxious to fix the balance of trade.

"What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is, the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbour in her devotion to the scrubbing brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore, is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white."

We recommend the whole chapter to the perusal of our readers,—being certain that it will be read by,—or to many excellent housewives of our own country with ineffable delight. We can only afford room for the concluding paragraphs :—

"I must not omit to mention, that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed, you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is, in fact, the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades everything else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place; but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a ribbon!

"On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the *prediger*, or preacher—a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long time the inhabitants lived in a state of great indifference as to religious matters: it was in vain that their preachers endeavoured to arouse their thoughts as to a future state; the joys of heaven, as commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them, who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dykes, and ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should never come horse, or ass, or cat, or dog, or anything that could make noise or dirt; but there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, for ever and ever! Since that time, the good housewives of Broek have all turned their faces thither."

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE CIVIL APPOINTMENTS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE STUDY OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

IN Allen's East India Mail for December last, appeared an important document, embodying new rules for Appointments to the Civil Service of the East India Company. It is true that the paper referred to is published only as the Report of a Committee, still there is little doubt but that it will pass the Board, with no material alteration. The importance of this document to the public in general, consists in this, that by the new rules, all appointments to the Service are thrown open to competition throughout the whole kingdom, and that annually forty prizes of yearly salary, beginning with £600 per annum, and rising gradually to £4000, will be awarded without fee or favour, to the best qualified applicants. Nor is that all; there are several situations, where more even than the last mentioned sum is awarded to high administrative ability,—in some cases £6000, and in others even £12,000. In comparison of such appointments as these, the boasted fellowships of the English Universities, clogged with the conditions of residence and celibacy, sink into insignificance.

The Committee have wisely recommended, that the candidates should possess that kind of learning which may be alike useful to them in after life, in case of failure, and ornamental in case of success. Classical and Mathematical knowledge, therefore, are to hold a high place, but they are not to form the exclusive subjects of examination. Eastern and Modern languages, Moral Philosophy, and the Natural Sciences, are each to possess a place in the schedule, and eminence in any of them to have its appropriate weight. Nothing could have been better devised to ensure that varied talent and excellence, which such a service as that of the East India Company requires. The Government wants first-rate linguists, men of enlarged and philological minds, who can, from their knowledge of general Grammar, and the principles of language, acquire dia-

lects which have never been reduced to writing, and thus prepare the way for the civilization of rude and barbarous tribes. It requires men who can superintend Colleges and Educational Institutes, make trigonometrical, statistical, and geological surveys, and thus map out the country, ascertain its actual state, and bring to light its hidden mineral treasures. All these things, in addition to the collection of the revenue, and the administration of justice, may be required of a Company's civil servant. No one kind of talent then will suffice. Men of all varieties of gifts and tastes are needed, to administer the affairs of that vast country, or rather aggregation of countries. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from Pegu to Cashmir, we have a series of nations differing as much in manners and customs, in original character and language, as the nations of Europe do from one another, and a territory not much inferior to Europe in extent and population. All the principal places of trust in this vast empire, are filled by natives of Great Britain, and no where in the world is there a finer field for the display of superior abilities, or for conferring blessings on myriads of our fellow-men. The civil service of the East India Company had in it at first too much of the mercantile element, to afford much scope for the exercise of the higher powers of the mind, but these days are gone no more to return, and a new era has commenced in which the welfare of the nations under the British rule in those extensive provinces, is the ruling element. To promote the happiness of the natives of India, must then be the great aim of the Company's servants, and what object can be more congenial to a liberal and cultivated mind? There is much, indeed, in the Indian character, that tends to disgust a European. The cringing and deceit which so generally prevail, are revolting to those into whose minds truth and self-respect have been instilled from their earliest years, yet there are many residents in India who are acquainted with natives whose word they can fully trust, and who abhor the servility of their countrymen. Just as the character of the English officials rises, so will that of the natives. When death shall have freed the country of the dregs of that school of civil servants, whose gambling or dissipation, notwithstanding of their handsome allowances, has involved so deeply in debt, that they can never leave the country or quit the service, the character of the East India Company's civilians will rise still higher, and such cases as those to which we have referred, no longer form blots on its escutcheon. And now that there are Chaplains at most of the Stations, the character of the European population will assume an aspect honourable to Christianity, and to the English name.

It will readily appear from what has now been stated, that Oriental Literature must in future command more attention than it has hitherto done in Great Britain. In England, even Hebrew is but little attended to in the Universities, and in Scotland, where every theological student has to pass an examination in that language before he can be licensed to preach, and to attend the Hebrew class in the University for at least one session, the knowledge acquired is usually of the most elementary kind, and not one in fifty after becoming a minister regularly reads his Hebrew Bible, or is able to use it intelligently in his pulpit preparations. As for

other Oriental languages, the knowledge acquired of them is next to nothing with a very very few exceptions. Candidates for the East India Civil service will require a knowledge of the Arabic and Sanscrit, in which the religio-political codes of the natives of our Eastern possessions are all written. For although, in criminal matters, English and Roman law or a copy of them, is generally followed, the laws of property and inheritance is that of the native population, and no one can safely administer that law, who is not able to consult the text books and judge for himself of their contents. For want of such knowledge most laughable scenes sometimes take place,—the grossest imposition is played off on English judges, or gross injustice practised. One story of the kind we may mention. A young man, after being a couple of years in the country, was left in charge of the head quarters of the collectorate, to look after the magisterial duties there, while all his superiors were out in the districts collecting the revenue. One morning two men were brought before him, accused of the sacrilege of mutilating an image of one of the inferior members of the Hindoo Pantheon. The truth was that the image was housed in a mere shed, to which access was obtainable without even opening a door. The men in question were generally understood to belong to the light fingered fraternity, and in the prosecution of their calling were trying to find out whether or not under the image some thing more valuable was buried than the stone of which it was composed. In conducting this operation the stone fell and was broken, and the police hearing a noise rushed in and seized the offenders in the very act. They could not deny their crime, but the question was what punishment should be awarded. For this, grave and reverend Brahmins were to be consulted. They first turned up one book, and found that the punishment for mutilating an image, was a fine of a few bags of shells, which when converted into our currency, would amount only to a shilling or two. Come, come, said they, one to another, this will never do. What! shall we tell the gentleman that our holy law values at such a trifle the majesty of our gods, and expose them and us to contempt. Another text must be sought for. Then reflecting that to violate the majesty of a god must be a greater crime than to shew disrespect to a king, they quoted a text relative to the crime of breaking open the royal armoury, and pronounced the prisoners worthy of death, as if they had committed that offence, knowing themselves quite safe from detection whatever they might say. At the same time they recommended that the criminals should have their punishment mitigated to three months imprisonment, (the greatest they could award without higher authority) as the offence was not premeditated but accidental. This award was immediately carried into effect.—To the general student the Sanscrit literature is by no means so void of interest, as we shall show in our next Number.

INQUIRY REGARDING THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

SINCE we addressed our readers a ministerial crisis has taken place, in consequence of the conduct of the war, offering a most fitting opportunity for a retrospective review of the management of the momentous contest in which we are engaged. The country, awakened from their lethargy, have acted on the legislature, to demand an inquiry. By resistance to this just demand the Aberdeen Ministry was driven from power,—and, strange to say, the remodelled Government which now fills its place follows the same course of opposing this constitutional right of the people, through their representatives, for an investigation. The Ministry remains virtually the same, with the substitution of two Whigs for two Peelites, and we may well ask with Mr Roebuck, “Is there a new administration?” Though two Peelites, holding the two prominent places, have been ejected, and their places have been filled up by two Whigs, yet the transactions of these few weeks prove distinctly the predominance of that element which has been the great drag on the proper prosecution of the war—the Peelite section. It was the combination of the Peelites which prevented the junction of Lord Palmerston with Lord Derby,—it was the same party who dictated terms to Lord Palmerston, whose ambition to have his name enrolled among the Premiers of England, led him to yield to those men who, possessed as they are of talent, cannot command half a hundred votes in the House of Commons,—it was these same slaves of routine and red tape who have forced from the successor of Lord Aberdeen several of the appointments which have been filled up. It is, further, the presence of this most unfortunate ingredient which has led the Ministry to attempt to compromise, if not altogether to smother the proposed inquiry. We have had the impression, and we scruple not now to avow it, that from the moment of Lord Aberdeen’s dismissal, the late administration were determined to strain every nerve—to leave no stone unturned—to patch up the Aberdeen Ministry, so that they might be enabled, if possible, to stave off altogether the inquiry; and it was this alone which induced the Peelites to take office under Lord Palmerston, that they might keep back much which might throw discredit on their war proceedings. If such be not the case, why resist the inquiry? They ought to be the foremost in demanding investigation into the conduct of the war, if they feel that they are guiltless. Surely the best way of remedying past defects is to lay the whole bare and open before the country. This cannot give information, or injure us with the enemy. Well indeed would it have been if we had only divulged what was past, keeping concealed what was actually going on or intended to be done. We propose, therefore, in the prosecution of this subject, to confine our remarks chiefly to the past conduct of the war, seeing that to the Ministry does the country look for the wisdom, prudence, and foresight which are necessary for carrying it on. By the past alone we are justified in judging, hoping that the Palmerstonian Ministry will profit by the blunders which they them-

selves have committed under a different leader. The popular man was Lord Palmerston before he assumed the reins of power, but we question much if he has not already lost some of that misplaced popularity. His actions since his accession to the premiership have not been calculated to continue the confidence which was accorded to him in expectancy. Hereafter we shall be better able to ascertain how far Lord Palmerston was entitled to the credit which he has acquired. Having evidently yielded to the fatal influence which swayed and moved the late Administration, Lord Palmerston's first step is to resist the carrying out of the very motion to which he owes his present position—proving, what we ventured to affirm on the vote of the 29th January, by which Lord Aberdeen's Ministry was driven out, that constitutionally no one of that Ministry could be the Premier. The result demonstrates the truth of our anticipation; for the Palmerstonian Ministry repeat the tactics of the Aberdonian. Though not sufficiently versed in the rules of Parliamentary warfare, we should suppose that the matter stands thus: that the House of Commons have agreed to Mr Roebuck's motion for an Inquiry, that that vote is final, and all the discussion which can take place is on the nomination of the Committee. No vote can now be taken on the Inquiry. It can only be fallen from by a neglect to name a Committee. This no doubt would have been the course pursued had the effect of the motion been to bring in an entirely new Ministry, who would have been justified in offering to undertake the Inquiry. But it is preposterous that the parties should investigate and be the judges of their own conduct, however much they may defend it,—conduct on which the nation, through their representatives in Parliament, have so unmistakeably pronounced their verdict. Even at the risk of another change of Ministry, the House of Commons cannot thus stultify itself; for in this way the very object of their vote of censure would be defeated. In case of this failing, the Government, if report speaks true, have another plan ready, viz. to compromise with Mr Roebuck for the appointment of seven against his eight Members of Committee, and by this trick endeavour to swamp them. Why should the Government seek any compromise at all? It can bear no other construction than that they fear an investigation, for every day opens new matters of culpability, whereof the responsibility lies alone with the Government.

Though undoubtedly Mr Roebuck's Committee, if appointed, will make it their duty to inquire into the whole minutiae, we seek not to arraign them on charges arising from matters of minute detail—many and grievous though these blunders be—but shall confine our remarks to the general measures by which they have attempted to carry on the war. Let them stand or fall by these. Let them court instead of resisting inquiry. Again, we keep almost entirely out of view those errors which have been chiefly the result of a bad system. Sufficient is there in the general management without descending to the minutiae for the most severe animadversion. No minor question is it, nor can it be ranked among the faults of system,—the false economy of the Cobden school of politicians, by which our armaments have for many years been so sadly reduced,—neither to system nor to detail can be attributed the delay

previous to, and the tardiness subsequent to the declaration of war,—nor to either of these causes the gross neglect not to put us on a war footing and to embody the militia,—nor, finally, the “too late” characteristic of all their proceedings, and the total want of foresight or anticipation of the most probable events. We lay the blame not on any one or two Ministers—though the Premier and the War Minister may be more directly culpable—but we think that the responsibility rests with the whole Cabinet.

We propose to consider the conduct of the war under two branches—before and after the declaration of war by Great Britain against Russia, March 28, 1854.

It is a matter beyond all question, that we owe much of the disaster of the Russian war to the unprepared condition to which we had been brought by the ill-judged economy of the Peace Society politicians, Cobden, Bright, Hume & Co. Year after year our land and sea forces were cut down by these men, till our forces were barely sufficient for the ordinary defence of our Colonies and of our homes. Here lies one of the grave accusations against the Aberdeen Ministry, that they, knowing well the state in which the war establishment was, delayed to take any means to better our condition when war was imminent. The Czar of Russia had violated the territory of our ally by crossing the Pruth so far back as July 1853, and war was declared by Turkey against Russia in September of the same year. Our peace establishment was allowed to remain, and no preparation for war was made. By this, surely the Government of Lord Aberdeen incurred a heavy responsibility, and are answerable to their country for having made no preparation for what was not only a very possible but a very probable contingency. It was right to do all that could be done to preserve peace; but, at the same time, the general maxim, that to be prepared for war is the best security for peace, never was more justly applicable than to the year 1853. No plea of justification can be brought forward for the gross negligence of the Government. If they themselves dreaded not what eventually took place, they had ample warning from every side; and the indications of the impending rupture were of so distinct a character, as to convince the most unobservant, or the man least gifted with foresight, that the contest if not immediate, could not be long deferred. This is the foundation of a grave charge against the Ministry, that the military establishment was not put on a war footing immediately, especially when it is known, and as we have already found to our sad cost, that it takes a considerable time before forces, whether military or naval, can be brought into a fighting condition. What a vast benefit it might have been, and how many lives, and how much treasure might have been saved, had the Administration, which has just deceased, used a reasonable foresight, and equipped our navy, reinforced our land forces, organized a transport service, improved the commissariat and the medical departments of our army and navy, and called out the militia. All these things at least ought to have been done; and it is a grave act of omission and neglect, in consequence of which most of our misfortunes have happened.

Such were the blunders committed before the declaration of war, and

if they were acts of *omission* then, they became deeds of *commission* after the 28th of March 1854, when we were actually at war. How awful the responsibility now becomes! and no plea of ignorance can be set up, for by the confessions of the late Secretary-at-War, the army had to be created. If not before a time of war, however probable, it might be, surely when actually engaged, every means ought to have been used to repair the previous neglect.

Is it the case that even common precautions have been taken in this emergency? It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, that the preparations for war were not on a scale proportionate to the power with which we had to contend, even had our armament been previously on a war establishment, far less on a peace footing as it was. A finely equipped force was, no doubt, sent out, furnished well enough for parade, but neither the number nor the equipments were fitted to cope with the immense army which our foe could bring into the field, and which the event has proved. No means were taken of having a proper commissariat; the medical department, the transport service, and the ambulance corps were avowedly deficient, and, will it be supposed, the store of ammunition was short, and there was no supply of clothing for the troops. We seek not to charge Ministers with all the ills which have happened, and we say not that they could have anticipated every difficulty; but surely one and all of those which have been enumerated fall within the category of events which ought to have been foreseen by the most ordinary capacity. If nothing else were anticipated, they could not but be aware that winter was soon approaching, and that our troops ought to be provided against it. Even since the time that a winter campaign was inevitable, which is more than three months ago, much, if not all, might have been done to put our forces in a proper condition, but even to this very day, everything is radically wanting. The outcry has been loud and long for months, and most cruelly has it been disregarded, not so much in the actual attempt to remedy it, as in the blunders, the egregious errors which have been committed in every department in supplying the deficiencies. It is vain for the Ministry to attempt to throw the blame on Lord Raglan or others at the seat of war—with them alone lies the culpability—for those in the Crimea were never afforded the means by the Home Government of carrying out any of these necessary improvements. We need not refer to the different condition of our Allies—to whose assistance we owe so much—and out of whose book we might so easily have taken a most instructive leaf.

But further, it cannot be chargeable against Lord Raglan, or the evils of our system, that there was no army of reserve in the Mediterranean or somewhere else,—that reinforcements were not more plentiful,—that the militia, the great source of our military strength, was not called out. With the Ministry rests the responsibility of all these neglects. "Too late," as Lord Derby well remarked, has been the characteristic of all their war proceedings, and to this fatal error must be attributed the great proportion of our disasters. But beyond all, one charge stands most prominent, the neglect to embody the militia. No language is too strong for the reprobation of this capital error. War was declared in

March of last year, and no steps were taken in this most important matter till the Autumn, and even now very few of the regiments are available. At whose door lies this? Assuredly at the door of that popular septuagenarian nobleman, who after a long and chequered career, has at last attained the summit of ministerial power. With Lord Palmerston as Home Minister, is the blame for not bringing into action this most effective mode of supplying our army. Had this been done two years ago, or even as soon as war was declared, our armies would have been in a different condition, and we venture to say that there would have been no necessity for the abortive Foreign Enlistment Bill, or even for the radical change which was made with regard to the employment of the militia. Being "too late" with everything, the Ministry were obliged to resort to extraordinary measures, and the result of these extraordinary efforts proves how inefficient was the Aberdeen administration for the conduct of the war,—for by Lord Palmerston's own admission in the House of Commons, the Foreign Enlistment Bill, to enforce the carrying of which the ministry staked their existence, has been a complete failure.

What appears remissness and neglect in the management of this war, is open to a still more grave accusation,—amounting to actual criminality. By the confession of members of the Cabinet, they were determined for peace, and said that there would be no war,—and, therefore, with these admissions, and the sad consequences which have resulted from this peace policy in war, their neglect and their non-preparation have been wilful. Never was a Ministry more deserving of reprobation than the late Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, and how distinct was the expression of public opinion in driving them from power by an unprecedented vote of censure. But we fear much all the mischief is not done; for, though another man is head, we discern significant signs that the crooked policy of that section to which the late Premier belongs still bears away. Let the country be forewarned,—and we would fain hope that ere this article appears before the public, the House of Commons will have shown their determination not to succumb to the Ministry to cover up their previous blunders. Lord Palmerston and his Ministry hold a most false position, seeing that they, with few exceptions, are the very Ministry which was so lately driven from power. The Queen acted most constitutionally in omitting the late Ministry and in sending for Lord Derby. Though we cannot afford confidence to men who have been just voted devoid of confidence, we would wish certainly that they should receive reasonable forbearance. Though we have no desire to hurry on the accession of the leader of the constitutional party to power, we cannot think that Lord Palmerston can retain his post, especially if he treads so closely in the steps of his ousted predecessor, or that the Peelites will long serve under him,—and if he should be obliged to vacate office, the *dernier resort*, as well as the hope of the country, is the return of the Earl of Derby.

Not least among their blunders, besides the want of foresight and of preparation, were the saving of Odessa—which left a magazine, whence everything has been poured into the Crimea for our destruction—the non-blockade of the Black Sea, and, what was worse, the proclamation that there was a blockade while there was not, by which our mer-

chants were injured, and the pro-Russian Greeks were benefited—and thirdly, the “leap in the dark” mode in which the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken. Time and space would fail us to go through the long catalogue of errors, by which so much disaster has been caused, nearly all if not all of which could have been avoided with common sagacity. From first to last, the mismanagement of the war has been a series of unparalleled blunders—and out of which it cannot be pretended that the new Ministry seem likely to help us. But all these afflictions we know have been sent by the Almighty Ruler for a righteous end, and for our profit; and as a judgment on our foolish boasting, our selfishness and want of trust in Him. We have relied on our own strength, and have not looked for help and deliverance to Him who alone can give it. Much we regret, and ever have we deplored the want of recognition of God’s Providential dealings with us—and sad indeed is it, that the nation as a nation, do not seem to have their eyes open to this great fact—and that, amid all the calamities by which we are beset, and amid all the complaints against Rulers and systems, there is no general call for a national humiliation to acknowledge the hand of God.

We said that we should not trespass on the future conduct of the war, but on this we shall only observe, that having first shewn a general disposition more fully to recognise the finger of God in this dispensation, we should use all means to bring up our forces to cope with the large armaments to which we are opposed, and to provide all things necessary for the exigencies of the war. A useful lesson, if not already given to us by our own sad experience, we might receive from the conduct of Austria. Though not at war, and professing a desire for the continuance of peace, and no doubt most anxious in this wish, she has been making large preparations for war, and that notwithstanding that she is possessed of one of the largest military establishments.

We had proposed to make a few remarks on the coming Congress of Vienna, but we have already exceeded our limits, and must therefore defer this. We would only repeat the burden of our former articles—that this Congress, like the other negotiations for peace, will result in nothing, if the Western Powers are sincere in their determination to have a sufficient guarantee for the continuance of peace. This Russia will not concede at present, no, not till it is taken from him. Till the Czar is completely isolated, there is no hope of reasonable terms, and till a material guarantee is exacted and the kingdom of Poland set up, there will be no security for the continuance of peace. We cannot help again pointing out what must now be manifest to every attentive observer of events, that the erection of the kingdom of Poland is the only sure barrier against the future aggression of Russia. Nay, further, let the Western Powers beware in this matter that they do not lose the golden opportunity now presented of at once doing a magnanimous deed and of giving security for the peace of Europe; for, depend upon it, if we delay much longer, and the isolation of Russia be still further increased, the Czar will not hesitate to proclaim himself the head of the Slavonic race, and to offer to Poland a sovereign and independence. The crisis is imminent, and woe betide Europe if this latter should be the alternative which our luckless

delay shall bring about. Here is a splendid opportunity for the new Ministry. Let Lord Palmerston seize it,—his popularity would be at its height,—the Czar humbled and the future peace of Europe secured. These are no dreamer's visions, but sober realities which are daily more and more taking possession of the minds of men.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Narrative of the Life and Travels of Sergeant Butler.—Written by himself.

Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.

Philip O'Flaherty, the Young Soldier. Edinburgh: John Shepherd.

IN proportion to the difficulties and trials experienced by the agent in pursuing a virtuous career, is the excellence of his character to be determined. Impediments to the cultivation of mind and heart—and to the exercises of the divine life, there may be in discouraging abundance amidst the quieter walks of life. And it is the heart that knows its own bitterness. But there are situations in life, where it is matter of formal difficulty to live soberly, righteously, and godly. Under present circumstances and those past indeed, the *personnel* of the army has to a great extent been procured from a very doubtful class of citizens—indeed, too often enlistment is the correlative of sin or folly—after associations but too frequently tend to perpetuate bad habits—although a mechanical obedience is rendered imperative towards superiors. But there have been valuable Christians in the army—and we believe there are many at the present time—and that the camp at the Crimea, and the military hospitals are made to contain devout soldiers—men who live to God and die in faith. The first work named above is an autobiography—that of a Christian man long in the army. He tells his own story with great simplicity—and it is replete with incidents varied in the details. The work has passed through several editions, and we do not wonder at its success. It is a narrative finely suited for fireside reading—and in country places would be quite a treasure. Such a book might be sent with great advantage to the soldiers serving abroad—and might be greatly prized by the sick and wounded of the army in the East. The easy, simple style of the writer—so full of a soldier's experience—so redolent too of ardent piety, might attract to divine themes, those who must in cases be taken craftily, and as it were with guile. We would throw out the hint to benevolent persons who attend to the spiritual wants of the brave men who abroad and amidst dangers and toils are fighting their country's battles.

Philip O'Flaherty is, as his name denotes, an Irish "boy," a genuine Milesian. It is interesting to know that this young soldier was originally a poor Popish boy, who, clothed in rags, had obtained admission into a Protestant school. His career under instruction was wonderful—he acquired knowledge so quickly, and was able to communicate what he knew so skillfully. He became a Protestant, but his change, while it provoked the resentment of Romish relatives, excited the suspicions of Protestants, who, although bound to be cautious, must not be over suspicious of imposture in instances like the present. His thirst for learning too, was attributed to incipient insanity—the best account many people can give of aspirations and actions which they cannot understand or appreciate. He became a teacher in Ireland—but persecution forced him to England, where he obtained a situation; here his father and brother followed him, and so worried the poor

fellow with their tongues—realizing, we daresay, the eloquence of the Cowgate here, or Paddy's market in the west,—that in desperation he enlisted. It is rather to be regretted that such a step should have been taken under the influence of the moment, but it is pleasing to understand that the conduct of the young and forlorn recruit was very excellent. Afterwards, it would seem as if the brother became a Protestant, at least was in the way of the change, and even the old father has relented, arguing, with not the best logic, that the persistence of Philip in his new views was from God. Arrived in the East, the young Irishman was made a corporal, and not only so, but he learnt the Turkish language so rapidly, that he is now one of the interpreters to the army—on good pay, and in the way we should think of further promotion. There is no saying what O'Flaherty may yet attain to if he escapes the rifle or sabre of the Muscovites. He possesses an amount of modest assurance, we infer, like the more thriving of his lineage. He is a good lad, this Philip O'Flaherty we believe, but may be rather in danger of contracting a spice of forwardness, which the experience of life, and converse with great minds may prevent. He was last heard of before Sebastopol. Poor man, he writes home: "It is expected that this strong garrison will fall in twenty-four hours." How vain the hope we all know! Granite fortresses well defended don't yield so readily, and we could wish to find such defensible works in larger number in this country. We may state that this is an interesting tract, the matter being mainly extracts of letters written by O'Flaherty, and we allow to the Editor that his history is "calculated to have a beneficial influence upon youth, by illustrating the advantages of education, and proving how difficulties of position almost unsurmountable, could be overcome by persevering energy and application." Many of our youths really require to be stimulated by such examples of "knowledge under difficulties,"—and encouraged also by the piety of devout persons of their own standing.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Glasgow Society of Sons of the Clergy.

—With reference to the notice which appeared in the last number of this Magazine, of the above Society, it has been suggested, that if Presbytery Clerks would take the trouble to send to the Secretary Lists of Minister's Sons throughout the country, who are in such circumstances as to warrant the hope of their joining the Society as Members,—not only would it be gratifying to such individuals themselves—but the usefulness of the Society might thereby be greatly promoted.

Ordination.—The Presbytery of Paisley met at Lavern for the purpose of ordaining Mr James Ingram to the pastoral charge of Lavern congregation. The Rev. Mr Kirk presided, and preached from John v. 40. The audience was large and attentive. After the solemn act of ordination, in which the Rev. Mr Aitken of Kilmarnock took part, the young minister and the con-

gregation were suitably addressed. At the close of divine service Mr Ingram received a cordial welcome at the principal door of the church.

Presentation.—The Rev. Thomas Leishman, M.A., minister of Collace, and son of Dr Leishman of Govan, has been presented to the Parish of Linton, in the county of Roxburgh, by R. K. Elliot, Esq. of Clifton.

Presentation.—Lord Fife has complied with the wishes of the parishioners of Crimond, and appointed the Rev. Mr Irvine, at present minister of Peterhead, to that church, vacant by the death of the late Mr Boyd.

Appointment.—The Rev. Dr Rogers has been appointed, by the Right Hon. the Secretary-at-War, chaplain to the garrison of Stirling Castle, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Watson.

University Degree.—The Senatus of the University of Glasgow have unanimously conferred the Degree of Doctor

in Divinity upon the Rev. Peter Chalmers, minister of the First Charge in the Abbey Church, Dunfermline.

The Rev. Mr Brydson, the respected minister of Kilmaecolm parish, died suddenly at his manse of apoplexy. Mr Brydson, who was much esteemed by his parishioners, was the author of a volume of very sweet poetry, among which are several Scotch songs that have since become deservedly popular.

Died, at the Manse of Dailly, on the 29th ult. the Rev. David Strong.

Died, on the 2d inst., the Rev. James Scrymgeour, of New Street Chapel, Canongate.

Died, at Ladykirk Manse, Berwickshire, on the 10th instant, the Rev. W. A. Corkindale, minister of Ladykirk.

M A C P H A I L ' S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXI.

APRIL 1855.

AN ESSAY ON INDIAN LITERATURE,
WITH REMARKS ON THE ENCOURAGEMENTS TO THE STUDY OF
INDIAN LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES, BY THE NEW RULES
OF THE COURT OF DIRECTORS, FOR CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

GREAT political and religious revolutions, illustrious feats of arms, the subjugation of foreign states, or the successful repulsion of invaders, have laid the foundation for literature in all ages and countries. It is such events as these, that have roused to activity the genius which otherwise would have slumbered on amid the dull uniformities of life, and furnished subjects for poetry and history. Poets and historians have often been accused of exciting in the minds of youth a thirst for military glory; but was it not the martial deeds of Greeks in Asia that fanned into a flame the poetic fire, smouldering in the breast of Homer, and the heroic defence of their native land by Miltiades, Themistocles, Leonidas, and hosts of brave compatriots against Persian invaders, that inspired the fathers of history with the noble enthusiasm to raise a monument, more lasting than bronze and marble statues, to the heroes who turned the tide of war, drove back the barbarian foe, and established the superiority of Europe over Asia. The most famous works of Indian, as well as of Grecian literature, had their origin in the celebration of warlike exploits. Of the two great Indian Epics, one celebrates the prowess of five brothers of the Lunar race of kings, who recovered their paternal realm, usurped by their own cousins; and the other panegyricizes the illustrious Rāma, born in the family of the Solar race, and relates his exploits in Southern India and Ceylon. The capital of the former of these royal families was near the modern Delhi, and that of the latter in the vicinity of Ouda. In truth all the most popular epics and dramas that have ever existed, have had some foundation in real transactions,

VOL XIX.

I

but in the transactions of a bygone age. It is not till the sun has set and the shades of evening have begun to gather around us, that we see the western sky irradiated by those brilliant colours which at once form a subject for the artist's pencil, and afford pleasure to the eye. Nor are the deeds of heroes fit subjects for the poet, till the lapse of time has softened them with its mellow hues, and the veneration of an admiring posterity prepared men to accept without questioning its reality, the brilliant colouring of the bard. But we are anticipating, and rushing into the midst of our subject, which is according to rule in an epic poem, but not exactly the plan to secure perspicuity in a dissertation. The earliest writings known in India are of a liturgical character,—sacred hymns composed to be chaunted during the performance of sacrifices, and the offering of oblations to the elements of nature, fire, air, earth, and water, to the sun, the firmament, the moon, and other celestial bodies. The collection of these hymns forms the oldest portion of what is called the Vedas, and goes back to a period probably about twelve centuries before the Christian era. The only European composition that this work resembles is what is called the Orphic hymns, a compilation, however, belonging to a much later age. It is rather remarkable that many of the Psalms,—those especially composed by David, and which were used in the monotheistic worship of the Jewish temple,—should be nearly of the same age as these first specimens of hymns intended to be sung during the performance of the polytheistic rites of the ancient Brahmins. To the European scholar the interest of this ancient Vedic system, is chiefly owing to the similarity that exists between it and the theogony of Greece and Rome. This connection was first brought prominently before the public by Sir William Jones in the first volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, and additional light has since been thrown upon it by the learned dissertations of Monsieur Bournouf, and of the German Orientalists Lassen and Rothe, and a farther connection established between it and the ancient Magian and modern Parsee religion. It is certainly an interesting fact to find the same system of religious belief, not only in fundamental principles, but in a great many minute particulars, prevailing in countries so far separated from each other; and this, along with the other great fact of an intimate connection existing between the Greek and Sanscrit languages, leads us to the conclusion, that at a period comparatively recent, just before the dawn of authentic history, the two people formed but one nation in Central Asia, part of which went westward to Greece and Italy, and part crossed the Himalayas to settle in the plains of Hindostan. The ancient hymns of the Veda are now partly translated by Dr Wilson, Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, and are thus accessible to the English reader. The following specimen will convey some idea of their subject and style:—

“1. I invoke Agni (Fire) for protection: I invoke for protection Mitra and Varuna (the sun at various seasons): I invoke Night who brings rest to the world: I invoke the divine Savitri for my preservation.

“2. Revolving through the darkened firmament, arousing mortals and

immortals, the divine Savitri (Sun) travels in his golden chariot, beholding the several worlds.

"3. The divine Savitri travels by an upward and by a downward path, deserving adoration he journeys with two white horses; he comes hither from a distance removing all sins.

"4. The many-rayed adorable Savitri having power to disperse darkness from the world, has mounted his high-standing chariot decorated with many kinds of golden ornament, and furnished with golden yokes."

And again:—

"I offer up especial praise to the most bountiful, the excellent, the opulent, the very powerful, and stately Indra (Firmament), whose irresistible impetuosity is like the rush of waters down a precipice, and by whom widely diffused wealth is laid open to his worshippers to sustain their strength.

"All the world, Indra, was intent upon thy worship; the oblations of the sacrifice flowed like the waters of a cascade; for the fatal golden thunderbolt of Indra, when hurling against the foe, did not sleep upon the mountains."

With these ancient hymns, which in the original are termed Suktas, there are two other branches of Hindoo literature confounded by modern Brahmins,—the rules and directions given for the performance of sacred rites, and the theological summaries deduced from those text books. The former of these possesses a certain degree of antiquity, but the latter, judging by the absence of archaisms, our only sure test in these matters, belongs to a very recent era, though by natives generally, and even by Ram Mohun Roy attributed to the authors of the hymns, ascribing to them sentiments of which they never even dreamt. The system at the earliest period of which extant writings enable us to judge was neither idolatrous nor monotheistic, but polytheistic without image worship. Fire was invoked as flaming on the altar, consuming the sacrifice, and raising aloft its smoky ensign. Wind was worshipped by Indian sages as sounding through the branches of the trees, whistling through the narrow crevices of the sacrificial pavilion, or licking up the oblations. The firmament adored was that bespangled at night by the starry host, through which the lightning flashes, and the thunder rolls. The sun and moon of Brahminical adoration were the veritable orbs that the one by day and the other by night send down their radiance on the earth. Sometimes one of these divinities and sometimes another is spoken of as if he were chief, and sometimes the juice of the moon plant (*Asclepias acida*) mixed with barley and producing an exhilarating beverage, is spoken of as if it were to be identified with the universal spirit,—the soul of the world, or the supreme ruler of the Universe; but it is doubtful if this doctrine belongs to the oldest phase of Vedic theology, which on the contrary took no pains about a subject of so much labour in later times, the reconciling a variety in the objects of worship, with Unity in their substance.

A system of theology so rude and unartificial could not long satisfy

¹ Rig. Veda, Sakta v. 1—4:

thinking minds, and therefore, with the rise of a philosophic spirit, it became an object of assault to the votaries of reason. Their attacks however seem at first to have been merely of an indirect character. The philosophy of Kapila, which was the earliest propounded in India, and goes back probably to 900 or 1000 years before our era, accuses the Vedas of defect but not of falsehood. It traces all existent beings up to nature, and leaves no place for an eternal deity, for which reason the modern Brahmins call it the atheistical, and who, to save philosophy from such an imputation, have added a deity, to whom they assign no other task than barely to look on and proclaim that nature is neither to be trusted nor interfered with, and that the path of true wisdom is to force away the mind, in the very spirit of stoicism, equally from its pleasures and pains. Kapila occasioned no schism. Ritualism in his philosophy was only virtually condemned, not directly attacked, and its adherents were either too wise or too ignorant to perceive the consequences of his speculations. The case was different with Parsvanath the founder of the Jain system, who flourished about B.C. 800. He formed a new religious sect in direct antagonism to Brahminism, but made little progress in propagating his opinions at the time, though they afterwards extended their influence throughout India, and still prevail in the western provinces to a considerable extent. About three centuries later the famous Buddha adopted and modified this system, which, under the auspices of his disciples, was propagated before the Christian era not only throughout India, but Ceylon, Burmah, China, and the Eastern Isles, and afterwards was introduced into Tibet and Mongolia, and is at the present day the most prevalent of any system of religious belief, though it has long been banished from the plains of Hindostan, where it originated. The fundamental speculative notion of Buddhism is, that the Buddha or perfectly enlightened sage, is the only existing deity. To this eminence he has raised himself through a multitude of transmigrations, by the exercise of beneficence and self-denial, the two cardinal virtues. Nature is the originator of all things, and she works on in her destined course, submitting however to modifications from the will of man. The gods of this system are beings inferior to the sage, and worship him, not he them. Such is the power of mental abstraction, that a poor fallible mortal is capable of acquiring omniscience, and of raising himself to the highest eminence possible, without any foreign aid. Perhaps this is the conclusion at which man naturally arrives, when he casts away every shroud of tradition, and surrenders himself to the pride of reason. On the principle that all knowledge must be level to human apprehension, it seems necessarily to follow that the intellect must be able, according to the boast of the schoolman, to discuss "*omne scibile*," which is in fact to deify it. The Christian indeed starts back with horror at the contemplation of such presumption, but he ought at the same time to be grateful that his mind has had instilled into it better principles, and not boast of his superiority to greater men, who have been left to their own unaided powers while groping their way to truth, especially as we have seen a professed Christian bishop, assuming to himself omniscience in all matters of faith. Buddhism too at its first propagation was rather

an ascetic system of moral reform, than a speculative code, and the efforts of the sage and his first disciples were directed to impress the minds of a semi-barbarous race with sentiments of humanity, and teach them to exercise kindness towards all animated beings, and not to initiate them into the mysteries of philosophy. It was not against monotheism but against polytheism that the first Buddhists shot the shafts of their ridicule; nor was it till their manners had become corrupted that they busied themselves with speculative niceties. Yet a morality based on an atheistical theory, though it might for a while, as in the case of Epicurus and the early Buddhists, maintain its ground, wanted the one great principle of permanency, and yielded at last to the progress of refinement, and the vices that too commonly follow in its train. In all these discussions however, we have this grand difficulty to encounter,—that we are destitute of the authority of contemporary writers. The writings we possess must all, judging from the style, which is almost our only criterion, as we have already noticed, must have been composed centuries after the period to which they relate, affording free scope for the fervid imagination of Indian biographers, to revel and produce all kinds of romantic legends. The Buddhists are famous for their monastic institutions as well as for their moral philosophy. The missionaries of the Church of Rome have all been struck with the similarity of this eastern system to that of their own communion. Some have been pleased to find so near an approach to Catholicism in so widely extended a religion, while others have felt that unless they can shew that the Buddhist borrowed from the church, it will be shrewdly conjectured by Protestants that they have taken a leaf from the book of eastern monachism. It is a well established historical fact, indeed one of the few well established facts about ancient India, that the Buddhist system existed fully formed, five centuries at least before the commencement of the Christian era. The system was well known in Egypt, so early as the time of Clemens of Alexandria, when monachism was but beginning to entwine its roots with those of Catholicism, so that there can be no difficulty in explaining how an eastern institution found its way into Europe, as we all know that the monastic institutions of Christendom are by all ecclesiastical historians traced to the banks of the Nile and the deserts of Egypt.

As a specimen of the tenets of Buddhism, from an early and cotemporary source, though probably the author was a Brahmin, we may give the following specimen, put into the mouth of an ascetic of this profession in the play of the *Toy Cart*.¹

Be virtue, friends, your only store,
And restless appetite restrain,
Beat meditations drum, and sore
Your watch against each sense maintain,—
The thief that still in ambush lies
To make devotion's wealth his prize.
Cast the five senses all away
That triumph o'er the virtuous will,

¹ Act viii., scene 1. *Wilson's Hindu Theatre*, p. 122.

The pride of self importance slay,
 And ignorance remorseless kill ;
 So shall you save the body guard
 And Heaven shall be your last reward.

Why shave the head and mow the chin,
 While bristling follies choke the breast ?
 Apply the knife to parts within,
 And heed not how deformed the rest :
 The heart of pride and passion weed,
 And then the man is pure indeed.

These verses are but an amplification of the three precepts of the Buddhist religion, to forsake sin, practice virtue, and subdue the passions. Another literary specimen from a Jain work, of the fifth century of our era, containing a legendary history of one of their sages, furnishes a good exemplification of Hindoo manners in the age in which it was written.

" King Siddhartha arose, and by the help of his footstool descended from his couch, while it was yet the season of blooming early morn, and the brilliant Aurora, like beds of full blown roses and water lilies, appeared in all their beauty, diffusing a radiance like red Asoka flowers ; and soon the rising sun like the crimson side of the Retti seed, the eyes and feet of the wild pigeon, or the scarlet coloured eye-balls of the Indian cuckoo, emulating a bouquet of red china roses, deep as the colour of red lead or a bunch of red lotuses, with his thousand rays, introducing day, and dispelling night and all its gloom, shines forth. Having got up he went into the gymnasium, where there was a profusion of instruments for exercising the body, and weights for stretching the arms. There, after exercising himself till he was tired and tired again, he took various kinds of oil, some with a hundred and others with a thousand drugs and medicaments dissolved in them, and anointed himself all over with these. He was then well rubbed and champoed by men skilled in the art, and who could impart a softness and tenderness even to the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. He then went into the bathing room, and sat down upon a jewelled easy bathing seat. There he performed his ablutions, so conducive to health and comfort, with tepid water scented with flowers and sweet perfumes,—pure water from a holy place. At the end of this operation, attended with so much pleasure, he dried himself with a towel made of soft, valuable, and finely coloured cloth. After this he put on his robes, made of the most expensive materials and fringed with jewels, entirely new, and adorned with wreaths of flowers, sprinkled with saffron, and scented with sandal wood."

The ancient Jain and Buddhist literature differed in one remarkable particular from that of the Brahmins ; it was written in the vernacular language of the country, instead of the Sanscrit employed by their rivals, and unintelligible to all but the learned. In its unpolished state the Sanscrit had no doubt been the language of that northern Arian tribe of which the Brahmins formed a part, which imposed its laws and institutions on the vanquished Turanian Indians, who still form the mass of the population. From the intermixture of the conquerors and conquered,

a new language, formed from the intermingling of that of the rulers with the words and idioms of that of the subjects; had gradually been formed. It was this new language that the religious reformers polished and cultivated, and thus obtained such a powerful influence among the people. When however another religious revolution took place about the eighth or ninth century of the Christian era, that transferred all political power to the Brahmins, the Buddhist literature in India fell into entire neglect, and the remains of it are now to be sought for either in Burmah, Ceylon, or Tibet. The only province in India where any portion of it is to be found is in Nepaul, at the bottom of the Himalaya mountains. Whatever histories had been composed of India in its most flourishing era, perished with the expulsion of the Buddhists, and the meagre chronicles of Ceylon and Cashmir are the only traces of historical literature that remain. All the notices of the transactions of ancient times amongst the Brahmins are mixed up with so much legendary lore, that it is next to impossible to separate the wheat from the chaff. In addition to the two great Indian epics,—which probably, like the poems of Homer, the tragedies of Shakespeare, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott, contain a proportion of truth in the midst of embellishing fictions,—there are a number of works called Purāns or Antiquities, which profess to trace the history of the world from the earliest times down to a late period, as well as to lay down rules for divine worship. Professor Wilson, who has studied long and deeply those works, does not think any of them can in their present state date earlier than the seventh or eighth century of our era, and that some of them are still considerably more modern. Connected with these works also is the modern system of philosophy, called the Vedantic,—a spiritual pantheism in great vogue among the Brahmins at the present day, and which seems to be the highest effort of unaided human reason grappling with the phenomena of the world. The philosophy even of Schelling and Hegel, the last products of the intellect of metaphysical Germany, does not essentially differ from that wrought out by Hindoo sages. Nor can we wonder that a nation of an highly metaphysical turn of mind, which continuously for nearly two thousand years has been working out the problem of the Universe, should have arrived at the highest results of which unaided reason is capable. The contemplation of the world indeed ought to lead the mind to the conclusion that it is the work of an eternal, omniscient, and omnipotent Creator, but this conclusion is reached not by a direct demonstration in which every step is clearly seen, but rather in the way of that indirect process of the mathematicians, in which a proposition is demonstrated by shewing the absurdity of every other supposition: The mind of man cannot fully grasp the idea of an eternal omnipresent personal deity, but it can see that on no other hypothesis than the existence of such a God can existing phenomena be satisfactorily explained. If, however, reason is determined to prove directly every step of the process, and rejects all that is not so demonstrated, the existence of matter must be denied, since it can neither be eternal, nor can it ever be explained so as to bring the subject down to the level of the intellect of man, how anything could be made out of nothing. The conclusive argument

against spiritualism, however, is that it contradicts nature, and forces even its advocates to act as if its first principles were unsound, otherwise why do they deliver lectures to supposed auditors, or publish books for readers whose existence remains unproved. The Hindoos have rather a clever story by which they attempt to defend their philosophy. They tell us of a Brahmin, who had discoursed long and largely before a Raja on the non-reality of all visible substances. When he had finished his discourse, and was returning home, the Raja commanded a servant to let loose one of the largest and fiercest elephants in his stables upon the Brahmin. This was accordingly done, and the terrified sage, not having such faith in his principles as Zeno of Elis, when he saw the savage brute running along the streets, fled with the rest of the crowd, and sought for a place of refuge by the first open door. Next time the Brahmin waited on his sovereign, he twitted him on the inconsistency of his practice with the theory he had advocated. The philosopher however was not thus to be put down, and promptly replied, "pardon me, your majesty, there was no inconsistency. My fear was unreal, and the elephant unreal, you are unreal, and I am unreal; all is delusion." The gulph that separates the world within from the world without is too wide for human reason to bridge it over. Man is so constituted as to believe in both an internal and external world, but when he is called on to give the reason why, he finds his intellect too weak to solve the problem, and he is either with Reid obliged to confess that such is the case, and reduce philosophy to an affair of common sense, or with the spiritualists to deny the existence of matter altogether. In the Vedantic literature of the Hindoos there are some very fine sentiments notwithstanding, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"The spirit perishes not with the body.

No weapon can cut it, nor can any fire consume it.

It is not corrupted by water, nor does the wind dry it up."

The Hindoos have also a dramatic literature, though not very extensive, nor are there any public theatres or any other representations of plays than what take place in the rude booths of strolling companies, who move up and down the country, or in the halls of nobles and princes. Some of these plays have been translated by Professor Wilson, and though none of them are equal to the master-pieces of the ancient or modern European drama, they are not wanting in passages that exhibit great tenderness and pathos, and the plot often excites considerable interest. In most of these plays attention has been paid to the dialect of the speakers. The Brahmins and kings are generally made to use the Sanscrit, while inferior characters employ some one of the modifications of the vernacular language,—a feature in them which gives liveliness and a shew of reality to the dialogue.

As a specimen of the power of a Hindoo poet, the following soliloquy of Rama, who had conducted his wife Seeta into a forest there to desert her, may serve our present purpose. Seeta is sleeping on his arm for a pillow, when a slanderer comes in and persuades him that he must abandon his wife as unfaithful, though himself persuaded of her innocence, to quiet the mind of the populace:—

"Cruel task ! I have become a savage ;
 The wife, whose every hour since early youth
 To me has been devoted, and whom all
 Beloved by me have tenderly caressed,
 I ruthlessly and fraudulently consign,
 Like a domestic bird, to certain death.
 Wretch that I am, why shall my touch impure,
 Pollute these charms ? Hold me not thus,
 Your tender grasp, dear Seeta, from a man let loose,
 Whom every crime degrades,—you think you cling
 Around the Sandal's fragrant trunk, and clasp
 The baleful poison tree,—let go—let go—thus—thus.
 (*Detaches himself and rises.*)

What now is life ? a barren load ;—the world—
 A dreary, arid, solitary wild.
 Where can I hope for comfort ? sense was given me
 But to make me conscious of affliction,
 And bind me firm in an unyielding frame.
 Departed sires ! prophets and sages ! all,
 All whom I have loved and honoured ! and all ye
 Who have shewn honour and regard for Rama ;
 Celestial flame ! auspicious parent earth !
 To whom amongst you dare I raise my voice ?
 What name may I invoke, nor wrong its sanctity ?
 Will ye not shrink from my solicitation,
 As from an outcast's touch ; from me who chase
 My wife, the honour of my house, away,
 And doom my faithful Seeta to despair,
 Like a dread offering to infernal fiends.

(*Bows down to Seeta's feet.*)

Adored fair one, for the last,—last time,
 Thy lovely feet exalt the head of Rama."

Another branch of Indian literature, and one by no means to be contemned, is its apologues. The Hindoos hold fables in higher repute than Europeans do, and the Panchatantra, the name of their most esteemed collection, it has been argued with great probability is the foundation of all the different works of the kind that have been produced in western Asia and Europe. It seems not unlikely that Esop, to whom the Greeks introduce us when he was a Lydian slave, derived his origin from India, and that after receiving a good education there, in some civil contention or foray of banditti he had had the misfortune to lose his liberty. The Brahmins have a saying that learning is the most valuable of all treasures, since it neither can be spent nor stolen, and the slave Esop made use of his to delight and instruct the Asiatic Greeks, and has been repaid by them in having his name handed down to all posterity.

A new era of Hindoo literature commenced after the Mahomedan conquest in the twelfth century of our era. Of this, a part was composed in the Sanscrit, and part in the vernacular dialects.

The Sanscrit portion of the new literature is chiefly mathematical, and contains juster views of geography and astronomy, than had been previously current in Hindostan, no doubt derived ultimately through Persian authors from the Greeks, though unacknowledged. It is rather a singular fact, that a translation of Euclid's Elements into the Sanscrit,

was published as if it had been the original work of an ancient Hindoo sage, which, after being long lost, was again brought to light. This was, no doubt, done on account of the prejudice, which many bigotted Brahmins then entertained, and still entertain, against everything foreign. The works above alluded to are called *Sidhantas*, and are still taught among the Hindoos, and good use is now making of them at the Benares College, in disabusing the minds of the youth of many of the rude and silly conceptions prevalent among the people, and based on the authority of the *Puranas*. They are thus made a stepping stone to the more correct and scientific ideas which have been wrought out on all these subjects by modern Europeans. The other branch of indigenous Hindoo literature, which has, no doubt, also originated partly in the more correct ideas of the Deity propagated by Mahomedans, and which has the vernacular tongues for its vehicle, has had far more influence on the population, than any other agency since the first establishment of Buddhism. European authors, however, have not sufficiently estimated the importance of the works in question, and have been too easily persuaded by Brahmins interested in maintaining the dignity of their caste, to consider every thing not written in Sanscrit as of no intrinsic value, and of no account with their compatriots. The most famous and purest exponent of this modern Hindoo theism in the Upper Gangetic provinces, was the celebrated Kubeer. His system was partly Mahomedan, and partly Hindoo, and at his death the two parties contended which should dispose of his remains, so accurately had he followed the golden mean; retaining only the doctrine of Monotheism, without receiving the peculiarities either of the Brahminical or Moslem system. Along with moral and religious maxims Kubeer intermingles occasionally denunciations of idolatry, and of prevalent superstitions, which now, instead of exciting tumult among the idol worshippers who hear them recited, generally elicit a smile. This is quite in accordance with the experience of Paul at Athens, and the opposition Christianity meets with in India is found by missionaries to arise more from dislike to its peculiar doctrines, than from any feeling excited against it, by its denunciations of idolatry. Reformers of the same stamp as Kubeer have arisen in every province in India, and, with considerable shades of difference, maintain the necessity of worshipping one God. The object of worship is usually named after the chief Hindoo god adored in the province, and in some cases a small emblem of the divinity, as a shell, or cylindrical piece of stone or metal is worn about the person of the worshipper. The strict adherents of these monotheistic systems worship none of the inferior Hindoo gods, and have no religious intercourse with Brahmins or priests of other sects, although they have religious teachers of their own, whom they venerate and support. In the south of India, among the moral reformers is reckoned a female, some of whose verses, translated by Dr John, are published in the *Asiatic Researches*. The Seiks, who have rendered themselves of late so famous in the political history of India, belong to this reformed religious party. They form no images of the divinity, and the only sacred emblem they possess is a book of moral and religious precepts, a copy of which, covered over with embroidered cloth of the most valuable sort, is

enshrined in their principal temple at Amritsar, and there shown as an object of reverence. It was composed mostly by Nanak the first, and by Govind, the last of the ten great teachers and leaders of the sect. The doctrine of the unity of the Deity leads naturally to that of the unity of the human race. The polytheistic Hindoos and Egyptians had a variety of castes, which led to division of counsels, and in the end to political annihilation. The Greeks had had their Autochthones in every quarter of the world, whom they supposed to have sprung like mushrooms from the soil. The monotheism of Jews, Mahometans, and Christians has led, on the contrary, to men to regard one another as brethren, and it did so among the Seiks, and thus bound together Hindoos of various castes in one compact body, and enabled them to establish a powerful empire in the Punjaub, till a mad democracy impelled them to rush against the Colossus of the British empire, where they were dashed in pieces.

As specimens of the monotheistic literature of India in the middle ages, I give the following passages from Tooka Ram, a celebrated poet among the Marathas, in reference to the sacrifice of a ram, one of the ancient rites of the Brahmins :—

“ Beat to death the ram when muzzled,
And offer the Soma with sacred song ;
So they say, but still I'm puzzled,
And half suspect such worship wrong.
Are rites like these the Deity worthy,
That turn religion topsy-turvy ?”

And again in denunciation of idolatry and polytheism :—

“ Where'er my essence is unknown,
With many victims altars groan,
Offered to various gods of stone.
Of me there is no knowledge there.
They who form a god of clay
Only their ignorance display,
And this is God, they vainly say,
Most High, all-wise, seen every where.”

“ Faith with devotion is the God of gods.”

I purposely pass over all notice of Mahomedan literature in India, as having only indirectly, as indicated above, influenced the Hindoo population. The Arabic and Persian writers are studied by the learned Moslems, and a few historical and statistical works in relation to the conquest of India, by the Timur family, and its subsequent state under their rule, have been added to the general stock. The most remarkable of these, are the institutes of Timur, usually called in Europe Tamerlane, by the Emperor himself, Ferishta's history, and the statistics of the empire in the reign of Acbar, by Abul Fuzl, all originally composed in Persian, and only since the introduction of the English rule translated into Hindostanee, a dialect, the grammatical inflexions of which are the same as the Hindoo spoken in the Upper Gangetic Province, but intermingled with many Persian and Arabic words, and which has become the vernacular tongue

of the modern Mahomedan population generally, and a kind of *lingua Franca*, especially in Northern and Central Hindostan. In this language however, and in all the vernacular dialects of India, a new literature is springing up; partly the work of educated natives, and partly that of Englishmen, which demands a few remarks ere we conclude this essay.

The art of printing was unknown in India till introduced by Europeans, although block-printing had been practised in China from time immemorial. Without the art of printing the progress of knowledge must always be slow, and literature and science can never penetrate to the lower orders of the community, though even printing will not suffice for this, without the aid of district and village schools. Destitute in a great measure of these two aids, the Hindoo reformers, to whom we have already adverted, were obliged to trust entirely to oral instruction, and it is wonderful the effect they produced by this simple agency. I myself have seen, in a village of not more than two hundred houses, a company assembling once or twice a week at the house of a common handloom weaver, and listening for an hour or two while he read and expounded to them from books, such as I have just quoted, and others perhaps of a more legendary cast. The Hindoos are a people intensely curious about all subjects, especially religious subjects, on which they think a great deal. I once met with a common native artilleryman who had changed his object of worship twelve times, and at the period I refer to, was a firm believer in Kubeer and the unity of the Deity. The idea so prevalent among Europeans that the Hindoos are incapable of change, has been purposely instilled into their minds by Brahmins, interested in preserving the present order of things,—and the little truth that is in it, has arisen from the brutality of Mahomedans, more ignorant and less civilized than themselves, attempting to thrust the Koran down their throats with violence and insult, and by no means arises from any thing in the natural character of the people. Accordingly the efforts of Europeans to diffuse among them the science and literature of the West, which began only about a quarter of a century ago, have already had in all those places where they have been persevered in, a most remarkable effect, and a stranger will make his way through India now almost as easily with a knowledge of English as with an acquaintance with Hindostanee. Indeed in the South I have found this latter entirely fail me, while I could get on easily with the former. The young educated natives of India too, from different provinces, correspond and converse with one another in English, for want of any other medium of intercourse. Englishmen instead of having to excite in the minds of the Hindoos this desire for the study of their language and literature, have been forced by the natives themselves to turn their efforts into this channel. When the idea of educating the population was first taken up by the Government of India, Colleges were established to teach Arabic and Sanscrit, and the students were paid to attend these seminaries; but when Government established English schools, pupils flocked to them in multitudes, and far from requiring bursaries and allowances to induce them to come, they paid fees towards the expences of their

education. The new literature accordingly that is springing up consists as yet chiefly in translations of English works of an elementary and instructive kind, and suited to the present wants of the juvenile population. The Sacred Scriptures too are translated into the Sanscrit, and almost all the vernacular languages of India, and many editions of them have been circulated, at first gratuitously, but now generally at prices which, though small, form a sufficient guarantee that some value is attached to the work by the purchasers. Religious books of considerable size, as well as many small tracts in great abundance have also been sold and gratuitously circulated among the natives in their own languages, and additions are making to this literature every year. Nor is it the missionary body alone that engage in this labour,—many gentlemen, and even ladies, skilled in the native languages, have aided in this benevolent work. The late Dr Mill of Bishop's College, and Mr Muir, a civilian on the Bengal establishment, have published works even in the sacred tongue of the Brahmins—the Sanscrit,—containing a digest of the evidences and doctrines of Christianity, adapted to the state of learning and feeling existing among the higher classes of natives. The influence of European literature would have been greater had more attention been paid to the union of the learning of the East with that of the West. At first the Educationists directed their chief attention to the cultivation of Eastern and indigenous literature, and by a sudden revulsion it became in a great measure neglected, and every effort was directed to the teaching of the science and literature of Europe, and the Hindoos treated as if they had been New Zealanders, destitute of the knowledge of letters. It is by the combination of the two, as is now being attempted in the Benares College under Dr Ballantyne, and in the Poona College under Major Candy, that young men alone can be raised up commanding the respect of the Brahmins, and imbued with the principles of true knowledge. The opinion of a man ignorant of Sanscrit in regard to the value of Hindoo literature, will never carry any weight. The Sanscrit is the Latin of India, and a man can no more pretend to be a scholar in the East, than he can in the West, if ignorant of the language in which the intellect of a continent has for centuries communicated its ideas to the world; even supposing it were true that every thing good in it can be found elsewhere. To neglect the old literature of India because we can find every true idea it contains in the English language, is but the old Moslem argument in a new form, against the literature of the Greeks, “that if in consonance with the Koran it is useless, and if in opposition to it, it ought to be destroyed.”

The new rules of the East India Company in relation to their civil service, will necessitate the paying of more attention to the study of the languages of Hindostan in our systems of education, and if Scotland is to maintain its place, and send to India as many young men as it has been accustomed to do, it will hardly answer in our colleges to unite them to the chair of Oriental languages. The Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and Persic, are surely sufficient for one man; the Sanscrit, Hindostanee, and the vernacular tongues of Hindostan, ought to have a separate professor. Though a perfect knowledge of any Indian tongue can only be

attained in the country itself, still much time would be saved, and future progress much facilitated by judicious lectures on the languages, literature, and customs of India. Unless the student has had brought before him in this country large and scientific views of the grammar, genius, and connection of the different dialects of Hindostan, he will find it no easy matter to attain these afterwards. The same training also is essential for the Christian missionary who goes forth to that country, and a capability for entering into the feelings, and understanding the peculiar currents of Hindoo thought, could in this country be imparted, which would save him from many mistakes after entering the field of his labour. And as to the general philologist, the Sanscrit, as the oldest member of the Indo-European family, demands peculiar attention. Not only are the Hindoos our fellow subjects, but the influential tribe among them, the introducer of science and literature in its elementary and rude state, was the same as that from which we ourselves are sprung, at a period comparatively recent. We resided in the same locality in Central Asia. They went south-east; we went north-west, and now again we are united in India. All men indeed are brethren, but the tie of relationship is in some instances nearer, and in others more remote. The Sanscrit and the English languages are near relations, and the elementary words of our mother-tongue, such as father and mother, sister and brother, cow and horse,¹ are almost identical with the terms of the sacred language of the Brahmins. Strange as it may seem, the inhabitants of England and the Scottish Lowlands are more nearly related to the higher castes among the Hindoos, than they are to their compatriots in Wales and in the Highlands.

SHOULD SINNERS PRAY?

It is somewhat surprising that the question stated in this way, should ever have been raised by any man, and especially by religious men, who must have prayed as sinners or never prayed at all. However, the intrinsic superficialness, or as it may be impropriety of such an inquiry cannot, since it has been started, be made an excuse for evading or ignoring the point which it raises—and which as matter of theology and practical religious conduct demands consideration.

In the correspondence of Dr Chalmers (No. 3) we find a Mr James Anderson writing to the Doctor in the following way:—"Leslie the bookseller, whom I believe to be a sincere and experienced Christian,

¹ i. e. Pitri, Mātri, Swastri, Bhrātri, Gow, Haya.

² It was the intention of the writer of this paper to have published a tract on the important *thesis* announced above, but various circumstances have prevented the fulfilment of this wish. The remarks which are set down have a fragmentary and somewhat disjointed character. They are put forth however, in the hope that the topic will be noticed and have justice done to its requirements by ministers of the gospel and theological writers—and also that the private Christian may, as is becoming in him, turn his thoughts to an examination of the true theory of prayer.

asked me a few days ago to write an appendix to a small tract which he is reprinting. I did so ; and having given a short account of the nature and beneficial exertions of the religious tract societies, I concluded with a few exhortations, among other things recommending to the reader frequent prayer to God. When I carried it to him, he (with a frankness which in a dependent tradesman I consider no mean proof of the independence of his principles,) told me he did not approve of my recommending prayer, 'because,' to use his own words, 'prayer is sinful in the unregenerate.' This opinion I heard at the moment with extreme disgust, but a little reflection soon convinced me that it is possible his opinion may be true, for the arguments which he used were at least plausible.—We do not find any reply to this theory of the situation of the unregenerate from Dr Chalmers, nor any subsequent letter to Mr Anderson. We are however to assume that the Doctor would have regarded the doctrine of Mr Leslie as very heretical. This person may have been "a sincere and experienced Christian," but moral sincerity and Christian wisdom are two different matters. Many persons who have fallen into gross religious errors, have been sincere enough in their convictions, and obstinate enough, we may assume, at times in holding by them. The errors exhibited in the statement above will be noticed afterwards. Meantime it is right to say that the heresy of prayer being improper in the case of the sinner has other abettors—and these ministers of the gospel. For example, Mr Morrison, a secession minister whose name is applied to discriminate or designate certain heresies, was charged by his presbytery with holding, *inter alia*, that "though sinners should be commanded to pray, they should be told that to pray in unbelief, or to substitute for praying the mere saying of prayers, the asking what they neither desire nor expect, to substitute this in the room of immediate faith is but to insult God, and to increase their own condemnation." At the hazard of anticipating observations which might appear with more propriety elsewhere, it may be observed that this language is exceedingly confused and misleading—as also heartless and out of precedent. To pray in Christian form in unbelief,—as an atheist or deist—would be stupid and hypocritical—but to pray without attaining to the maturity of faith, may be one of the first signs of spiritual life. Anyhow he was no unbeliever who prayed, "Lord, help mine unbelief!" and certainly his petition was not blamed by the Saviour to whom it was addressed. The substitution for prayers, of the mere saying of prayers, is wrong whether in saint or sinner, and is a fault into which the former may fall—probably does often fall—for the closet as well as the world is the scene of sins and shortcomings. Certainly to pray for what one does not desire is wrong,—it is formality or hypocrisy, and it is to be feared is one of man's besetting sins which attach to the public offices of religion, but to pray for what is not expected, does not come under the same condemnation. These are tentative prayers. The suppliant may fear he will not receive good things at the hands of the Lord, that his past sins will preclude the bestowal of the large and precious benefits of the gospel, but still he asks as if to make the experiment. We have here to do with weakness—with lowly abasement—with trembling fear, and, it may be,

deep depression of spirits. But it is in prayer effectual relief is to be expected. And if in the ways of Heaven the bruised reed will not be broken nor the smoking flax quenched—if with the broken and contrite heart, with him who trembles at the divine word, the Most High will condescend to dwell, there is a likelihood that appropriate prayers offered up, though with trembling diffidence, will be graciously heard or answered in the court of Heaven. On the other hand, a bold, forward, confidence that a shower of good things will follow upon the utterance of our litanies is not *in se* a condition absolutely favourable. Such a state of mind may arise from ignorance, self conceit, or physical specialities of constitution. No doubt the best situation of him who prays, is along with good desires to ask what is promised to one in his situation, and to expect confidently it will be bestowed by the hearer of prayer. But in the case supposed before, we may have to do with bodily prostration, clouded spirits, and distressing apprehensions of the divine displeasure on account of sin—and instead of persons so afflicted ceasing to pray, their unhappy situation is just a special reason why they should come to the throne of grace to obtain mercy—and although affliction, even spiritual affliction, does not merit the favour of the Almighty, it is a state which specially has the regards of our Father in Heaven, a condition with which the outgoings of the “triumphant attribute of God,”¹ *love*, are most congruous. Men in the ways of nature must creep before they run, and *generally*, though not always, the same will hold in spiritual progression—in the stages which are gone through before the full stature of the saint is attained. It holds that the perfect love of God is the highest condition of the Christian life, and after such a state all believers should strive—to it they should constantly aspire. But we do not expect this grand attainment to be reached at once—that a single bound will clear the distance betwixt the degradation of sin and the glories of paradise. Such a felicity is not impossible,—it may have been realised in experience. But oftentimes fears and terrors are the means by which sinners are led to Him against whom they have sinned. The pangs of bodily illness—the discomforts and woes of a sick bed—the agonising apprehension of an unblest eternity, will often be employed to lead sinners to repentance. To revert to Mr Morrison, it may be as well to quote the language in which Dr John Brown expressed his views of the heresy put forth by that theologian. The report of the debate bears that the U. P. professor of exegetical theology spoke in the following way: “It appeared to him that the language of Mr Morrison on this subject was exceedingly liable to misapprehension: yet at the same time it appeared to him that the evil which Mr Morrison intended to guard against, was a real and important one. The point to which the convicted sinner had come when this particular statement of doctrine was intended for him was a critical point, when he was in danger of making shipwreck, and probably language even somewhat inaccurate was not likely to do much harm; for when the sinner became alive to his real position as an object of the condemning sentence of the holy God, trembling on the brink of a mi-

¹ Tillotson.

serable eternity, if the unhappy creature obtained but a glimpse of the true character of God, the logic and eloquence of Mr Morrison, though they were ten thousand times greater than they were, would not prevent the man from praying. His mind and heart would rise to God in—‘God be merciful to me a sinner,’ and this would be acceptable prayer, but still it would be so just because it was prayer in the faith of the truth, though the man had got but a glimpse of the truth.” There is truth in what the Professor says, but he treats the error of his co-presbyter too gingerly. It is so far gratifying to feel assured that the convicted sinner will be impelled to come to God in prayer—but the conduct of a professed minister of the gospel who would interdict his approaches—or drag him back on the way to the throne of the heavenly grace, merits serious animadversion, and such would have come very appropriately from an aged divine and teacher of theology. Dr Brown infers the person in the situation supposed would not regard the obstructive depreciations of Mr Morrison—and that his logic and eloquence would be thrown away on one so earnest for mercy, nay he avows that “*language even somewhat inaccurate was not likely to do much harm.*” Of the logic or eloquence of Mr M. we know nothing—but if such exist we can only regret that they are employed on the side of error—in doing the work of superstition,—which

Bade doubts arise and tears to flow
And spread deep shades our souls and heaven between.

But it may well be inquired what might happen should the “unhappy creature” (the words are Dr Brown’s, nor very respectful words either) believe what was said, and come to give practical application to language “somewhat inaccurate.” This is the question—the serious and practical question. Inaccuracies regarding certain allusions of Scripture may be harmless, and certain texts have been—and ever will be—differently interpreted with no harm to faith or practice. But a false view of the position of the soul towards its God is a different matter,—it as it were blocks up the portals leading to the throne of grace, and creates a gulf at the first steps (if we may so phrase it) of the narrow way which leadeth to eternal life. It may be a consolation under certain circumstances that one occupying the position of a religious teacher and guide will be disregarded when in error—when parading an unscriptural crotchet instead of sound theology, but we regret that he is there to have an opportunity for harm—and especially under the circumstances instanced, he may be the means of inflicting serious injury—of offending one of those little ones whose salvation is so dear an object to the Redeemer of the world.

All who believe the scriptures are convinced of the necessity and efficacy of prayer. It is with these we deal—and the philosophical argument which goes to shew the reasonableness of prayer, however appropriate in the case of a deist, or curious as matter of mere speculation to a Christian thinker, may be disregarded here. The question is not about the divine authority of prayer, or whether God hears prayer, but has respect to the moral condition of the suppliant. Some there are who

say that sinners are not to pray.¹ We deny this, and join issue with the objectors, in consistency it is held with the doctrines of scripture and the examples there exhibited of human conduct.

It is to be conceded that no one should pray for what he absolutely believes will not be granted—this would be folly or presumption. To pray for health, if agreeable to the divine will, is allowable—but not that a lost limb might be restored. To pray for the intellectual properties of an angel would be absurd. Nor should any one ask from a holy God what is contrary to the divine perfections or law. This would be impiety. Only a moral madman would ask of the Divine Majesty to hold his evil deeds, as ought but sinful, or would ask the interposition of the Most High to facilitate and prosper designs and purposes of evil.

And no one should pray for grace he does not intend to receive and turn to good account. To ask pardon of sin without a desire to live a holy life, should existence be prolonged, would be shameful and wicked.

But the past history of the suppliant does not preclude the exercise of prayer. It is true it is said the prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord—but this must have respect to those who address God in a way of the same sort, or similar to that already described—who ask what is out of the designs and beside the laws of our existence—who ask what is bad in itself—or ask for what they do not intend to use aright. Of old there were Israelites whose temple services were disowned by God, and regarded as a loathsome thing. The Pharisees too, made long prayers, and by this means augmented their demerit and guilt. The disqualification here operative, was not that the parties were sinners at the point where prayers were made, but that they were self-satisfied sinners who prayed in the way of form, or to secure a reputation with man—not for the purpose of obtaining pardon, mercy, and a change of heart and character. Those who exemplified the worst properties of the stiff-necked and proud formalist—the extortionate, unjust, and self-seeking Pharisee—were at liberty to pray—their past character not impeding their prayers—but their prayers, unsuitable in the requests which they embodied, or offered from bad motives, were obnoxious to Him to whom all hearts are open, and by whom all desires are known.

It may here be laid down as an axiom in theology, that what God has promised to bestow, or offered to bestow, may be sought for—agreeably to the position of the petitioner. Mercy and salvation are provided by the Creator of our spirits, and the moral governor of the universe, for sinners as such—not for righteous beings, but for those fallen and sinful. In benign consistency with this view of the matter, the Scriptures abound in exhortations to prayer—practically the sinner is desired to ask what he needs from the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He cannot qualify himself for access to the divine footstool—nor superinduce purity upon himself—nor do away with the guilt of his past history. He must pray in the capacity of a sinner—nay, in that capacity he is desired to pray, and authorised to pray, and must pray if he prays at all. It is conceded that the attention and regard of the awakened sinner may at

¹ In what character it may be asked did the objectors pray—if they ever prayed ought!

once be directed to the Saviour as a refuge to the guilty soul—whose meritorious righteousness is sufficient for all our wants. But this is not to be held as an alternative resource to prayer—anyhow, as a conduct so intrinsically preferable as to cast doubt on the other and more homely duty. If the immediate act of faith be analysed, it may be found to involve prayer—as permeated at least by the nature and spirit of prayer. For surely when the remedy is appreciated, and when a movement is made to grasp its benefits, there is implied a desire that those advantages should be secured—or rather bestowed. The state of mind brought under notice, may have more of the formal nature of prayer about it than this, and be in effect a fervent appeal to the great God, for an application to the soul of that wonderful good which is apprehended by the mind, and perceived to be suitable to the exigence of the individual. The provision of the gospel is one, and cannot be confounded with anything else. So substantially the state of the recipient mind will be one also. But the points to which the mental eye may be directed in the contemplation of the grace of the gospel, may vary considerably in the case of the most earnest inquirers. Some matured believers have never known the time when they were brought into a state of union with God. They may have been devout from early life, and be unaware of what circumstances external to themselves, or what emotional workings within, led them to become religious, and to seek the kingdom of heaven. They have gradually been enabled to take in the whole of saving truth, and they might find it impossible to say what part of the divine economy had their first regards. They have lived themselves as it were into Christianity, and the processes of spiritual life are as mysterious to them as the developments of the bodily frame, and the workings of that wondrous thing we call life within the frail shell or casket of the body. Others may, from particular circumstances, have begun with salvation, not so much in the way of deliverance from the guilt of sin, as relief from its power—they may, as matter of mere priority in the order of time, have had respect to what God does within us, rather than to an atonement and sacrifice external to our own hearts, and which we regard from afar in the satisfied justice of the Eternal, and the mediatorial agency of the Saviour, grounded on his sacrificial merits, and active righteousness. In true Christian experience, this will come to complete the faith of the believer. Come it must, as a main integral and necessary element in the life of the soul towards God—while it may not be included in the first views of the plan of salvation. But there are other cases in which the subject of divine influences is aroused at once to a sense of danger—and is impressed with alarm and terror—when the yawning gulf of perdition appears ready to swallow up the guilty, and to close for ever on its doomed and lost victim. So possessed, the individual has neither time nor quietude for contemplations extraneous to the place of safety for the perishing soul. In his keen concern, he resembles the drowning man who clutches his deliverer, and cannot wait to bestow a thought on the appearance of the individual, or the scenery of the shore to which he is to be conveyed. Like "*Christian*" in the matchless allegory of Bunyan—the man, awakened up to a sense of his danger, makes all haste to

quit the "city of destruction." He may not at once find relief, or have a sense of security—he may, as Christian is represented by the glorious dreamer, carry a weary burden for a time on his aching back—but he takes the first steps to obtain deliverance from the impending wrath of God, and he does well certainly to act in this way. In all such cases, and in others of Christian character, there is a diversity in the conduct of the soul, but ultimately there will be found a unity and harmony in the aims and experience of the different classes of believers. Their hearts are one,—their faith one, and their hopes one, though the developments of Divine grace were different in each. Hence the impropriety of too curiously prying within to fix upon the date of a change of heart,—and also of religious persons, in their dealings with their friends, and neighbours, and catechumens, laying too much stress on the discovery of that epoch. And further, we would suggest the danger of the inquirer laying stress on the special experience of religious people, which may be modified by many circumstances in the ways of God, and the idiosyncrasy and external circumstances of the individual. The grand question is not how one became religious,—but is there the proofs and evidences and fruits of religion in the heart and life? This is the great, the absorbing question, which it behoves all professing Christians to settle. Besides, it holds that too large measures of Christian virtue are not to be exacted all at once from the *inchoate* (as we might say) believer. We here repeat a sentiment set down before, that men must creep before they walk,—and we may add, must walk when they cannot run. To demand a lively comprehensive faith,—or the disinterested love of God from a babe in grace, is about as wise as to expect the religious experience of St Paul, Polycarp, or other Christian heroes, from a youth in years,—a convert of yesterday. Such views have a bearing on the point under notice,—but the divine warrant and inferential propriety of the sinner, as such, at once betaking himself to God in prayer, however feeble his faith, is the great matter to be established. Now in all such texts as "call upon me in the day of trouble," "seek the Lord while he may be found," there is the direct and clear authorization of such conduct. No motive to prayer can be so low and selfish as that of a sense of imminent danger, a dread of the wrath of omnipotence. And yet we read of wretched men sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, fast bound in misery and iron,—and this on account of sin,—who, when they called upon the Lord, were heard and delivered from their afflictions and woes. This account of the great mercy of a pardoning God occurs in Psalm cvii., and is one of several narratives of the same description, in which suffering and calamity do impel the sinner to betake himself to prayer and supplication,—to deprecations of the wretchedness he endures, and to petitions for that relief which is only to be had from the hand of the Almighty Father of our spirits. The publican in our Lord's famous parable, felt himself to be a sinner. Perhaps he was a great sinner, and the view of his character implied in the self-glorification of the Pharisee, might, as matter of previous history, have been quite correct. Happily, however, there was no Leslie or Morison to cast cold water on the devotional spirit of the man, or to render prayer a terror to him. He was in all proba-

bility unregenerate and unjustified, the very state in which Mr Leslie held that for a man to pray is sinful. Yet, impelled by the necessities of his condition, as brought to light by the Spirit of God, he prayed and that appropriately,—“God be merciful to me a sinner.” There was something affecting and lowly in that prayer. Had Mr Morrison been his guide, and in an inadvertent moment allowed that such a person might pray at all, he would have inquired of him if he was sure in the first place that he would obtain what he sought, and involved the “unhappy creature’s” spirit in a cloud of perplexity,—perhaps the process of unevangelic and heartless drivelling ending in the man going away without offering up his requests to God. However, he had the luck to escape any of those types of our modern *illuminati* who dwelt in Jerusalem, (for the Pharisee was not inclined to turn teacher,) and pray he did, and with acceptance, for he went down to his house justified rather than the other. We do not hesitate to regard the prayer of the Publican as of the sort which may be designated *tentative*, or experimental and contingent. We do not detect in his language any assurance that his request would be granted,—but he ventured upon the divine mercy, and sought what he felt to be necessary for his soul’s safety, where pardon and grace were to be found. We do not say but that there is a better state of mind, and one more worthy of a believer. But we could not hold that this was positively to “*ask amiss*,” to use the language of an inspired writer. St Peter pressed on even the mercenary and unworthy Simon Magus the necessity of prayer, while, however, he by no means gave assurance that pardon would be granted in answer to the sinner’s petition. But in other cases we find prayer, and that successful, though we cannot assume that the petitioner felt confident that what was wanted and sought for, would be obtained on application to one able to fulfil the largest desires of the suppliant. Those who approached the Saviour of the world while he dwelt among men, had no doubt generally a confidence in his mighty powers,—but whether they would experience the benefit of those powers could not be assuredly known, and a belief that they would, was not an object of faith certainly, if matter of hope. The nobleman applied to our Lord for the cure of his son, and was told that he lived. This he believed firmly,—it was a specific declaration. He came impressed with the conviction that the great prophet had miraculous power,—his after faith was based on the veracity of his divine benefactor. The Syrophenician woman does not appear to have been confident that her child would be restored to reason, and to freedom from Satanic molestation, by the Saviour. At one stage of her interview with the great physician, she might have inferred that her application was in vain. The apparent objection to such an act of mercy being extended to a stranger and alien from the commonwealth of Israel she resolutely contested,—and people do not argue in favour of an act of grace when absolutely assured they may have it for the asking. Her faith was great, but its object was the ability of the Saviour to deliver from disease and Satanic domination,—not that she should benefit by that virtue,—anyhow the certainty of the latter was vastly more feeble than of the former. We need not, however, accumulate examples of the kind. In cases,

however, it is worthy of mention, our Lord bestowed the pardon of sin where that great mercy was not sought for in audible words. There was necessarily existing a penitent spirit, with a desire for forgiveness at the hands of God,—but the party so highly favoured of the Lord did not ask the boon. The woman who had been a sinner busied herself in washing the feet of our Lord with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head. She preferred no request,—uttered no voice of complaint,—sought no favour,—but the inward motions of the soul were read by the divine perspicacity, and he who had power on earth to forgive sins, declared that her sins though many were forgiven her.

In every situation of misery and suffering the sinner and the afflicted may call on God.¹ When fools suffer on account of their own wickedness,² nay, suffer as the direct consequence of wickedness, they are still authorised to come to Him whom they have offended, to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. If the sinner may be saved, the sinner may ask salvation—nay, he may ask deliverance from wretchedness, temporal as well as spiritual. The sickness and debility of the prodigal may be incurred by imprudence and vice,—but just as the undutiful thriftless son in the parable was welcomed back by his indulgent father, so will the sinner be graciously received by our Father in heaven, whose benevolence was designedly pictured forth in the conduct of the offended parent of him who had wasted his substance in riotous living. Such views are of the very essence of the evangelical system. And they possess their high utility also—their moral efficacy in the case of individuals. Despair is certainly the worst enemy of the sinner's soul,³—and if the individual be led to the conclusion that to pray is sinful, he may commit other sins while he avoids that of supplication to God, and if encumbered with objections and stipulations in his approaches to the divine mercy, he may drown his cares in the orgies of dissipation and profligacy. Or another situation may be noticed,—that of religious melancholy, with its dark shadows—its silent but deep anguish—or its whims, fantasies, and vagaries—its “hours mispent and fair occasions passed for ever by”—morbid idleness and *ennui*, where the individual might have become a Christian fruitful in every good work, going on from strength to strength in the heavenly pilgrimage. To gather up the results of the whole, the sinner has a divine warrant to pray for what God bestows on sinners—and may pray even though not in full persuasion at the moment that he will receive;—commanded to pray, it is his duty to do so; and nothing in his situation except insincerity (which is to be held as likely to preclude prayer altogether,) should prevent his entering on this urgent and necessary but beneficial work. If this be true, it holds that a better advice cannot be given even to an *unregenerate* man than to pray, inasmuch as salvation from the guilt and power of sin—that boon he really wants—is at the disposal of God—is given freely without upbraiding, and may generally be held as bestowed in answer to prayer. Ask and ye

¹ Dr Colquhoun's (of Leith) volume on *Saving Faith* contains some excellent remarks on this subject.

² Psalm cvii. 17-21.

³ Horaley.

shall receive, seek and ye shall find, is the rule in all cases of the kind. Usually it is to be held prayer precedes the communication of good things from above, as the gift of the Holy Spirit. Where there are complaints of unbelief, it is necessary to pray for faith,—of hardness of heart, for a new heart and right spirit,—of attachment to sin, for the infusion into the heart of the antagonistic principle of divine love,—of disinclination to prayer, for the spirit of grace and supplication.

Pastor Vinet, in his admirable work entitled *Pastoral Theology*, has some excellent suggestions to ministers of the gospel as to the way in which they should deport themselves at the death-bed of even the sinner. He exhorts them to pray with and enter into the situation of the moribund traveller to eternity. There is something benign and hopeful about his words; and he speaks truly when he says, that even then the soul estranged from God may be reclaimed. Such a scene is deeply afflicting to religious sensibility, but it does not preclude the offers of salvation. Sickness apparently unto death is no more than an accident of the sinner's situation, so far as our calculations are concerned; and if it was appropriate to offer the Saviour to the same party before that event, it is appropriate now, rather affliction and the prospect of removal from the world renders the embassy of mercy doubly congruous. It is true that it is infatuation to delay repentance till the closing scene, and that even where there is an apparent change of heart, we must, on this side the grave, want the evidences of its genuineness, to wit, a godly, righteous, and religious life as opposed to past ungodliness and sin. But essentially regarded as respects the gospel, there is no reason why its efficacy should fail, even in a case so critical. The Saviour's mission comprehends extreme as well as ordinary instances of sin, inasmuch as he came to save to the uttermost, to the very uttermost. Nor need we sinners grudge the return of any soul to God, and its final redemption from the evils we constantly deprecate. The best of men is a debtor to divine grace as well as the worst, though their characters widely differ, and are to be differently estimated. Despair in the dying sinner is greatly to be deplored; but despair in the religious friend may communicate itself to the mind sensitive, jealous, and apprehensive about eventualities,—and with too much reason. Still there is hope; the individual, to use the expressive phraseology of our forefathers, is still on "*praying ground and pleading terms with heaven*," and this is much,—it may be every thing in the circumstances, perilous though we are to hold them. While health remains prayer may be lawfully encouraged, and prayer, though extorted by affliction, and the expression of terror, may be heard, may be the harbinger of better thoughts than those in which supplication had its origin. Such ideas are different from parading great, and dangerous, and heartless sinners as remarkable saints on account of certain exercises of mind on their deathbed. Biographies of this kind are not only injudicious, but a moral nuisance. And while complacency and exultation may be but physical results, mere animal excitement, or signs of bold bad forwardness and presumption, even the expressions of terror or the thrilling avowals of despair may not be always or too readily interpreted

as decisive against the final acceptance of the stricken and affrighted offender. Nor is it always wisdom or charity to tell all about these horrors in tracts and other publications. Salvation does not uniformly carry assurance along with it, else there would not have been so many saintly mourners walking in darkness and having no light, afflicted and tossed with tempests. The hour of death is fearfully trying, it is next to overwhelming to him whose peace with God is not secured; but it is not absolutely the epoch of reprobation to such a one. Amidst its darkness there may appear gleams of hope, the terrors of the soul may be really symptoms of spiritual life, and in the issues of eternity, while the first may be last, the last may be first.

INSTITUTES OF METAPHYSIC.¹

A book on metaphysics by a Professor in one of our own Universities could scarcely have been left altogether unnoticed in our journal—unless the book had been of a very flimsy and common-place character indeed—because the initiatory studies of all our public teachers and functionaries have for centuries been steeped in this kind of speculation,—and further, because the style of thinking which prevails upon such subjects has always had, and must necessarily have, a most important influence on the style of disquisition which prevails in our pulpits, and in all the offices which have it as their duty to discuss and to enforce the great practical maxims of business and of life.

These we say are considerations that would have led us—notwithstanding the disrepute into which metaphysics have recently fallen in this country—to notice almost any work, not obviously quite unworthy of attention, which comes to us with the name and authority of a Professor, whose especial function it is to imbue the minds of his pupils with principles of a metaphysical kind. But the book now under consideration has claims to our attention of a very novel, and peculiar, and paramount nature. We say at once that it is the most talented and effective work of the kind that has yet proceeded from any of the metaphysical writers of this country—or perhaps of any of the countries of modern times. The simplicity of its fundamental and crowning principle—the strictness of its demonstrations—the richness of its explanatory remarks—the boldness of its style—the directness of its forms of expression—the adroitness with which the author meets and overcomes all the obstacles that beset him in his adventurous course—the perseverance with which he urges forward his great attack upon the citadel of ignorance or error—the slaughter which he makes of opponents that have hitherto kept the field unchallenged or at least unsubdued—and the final triumph with which he retreats from the important but yet simple work—simple at any rate to his powers—which he has accomplished, all justify the cha-

¹ *Institutes of Metaphysic; the Theory of Knowing and Being.* By James F. Ferrier, A.B., Oxon, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St Andrews. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

racter we have ventured to give of the work,—and all candid readers must, we think, at once place it at the head of all the speculative or metaphysical treatises which have yet appeared in our own country, or more exclusively, during the cycle of speculation in which it has been our destiny to live.

The author himself is by no means unaware of the excellency or value of his work. Indeed he surpasses all the authors, whose works we have ever met with, in the openness, the piquancy, the indomitable energy, and, what some people would call the absolute disregard of modesty, and of all deference to the established maxims of literary or philosophical intercourse, with which he proclaims the utter worthlessness of the speculations of most of his predecessors, and claims for himself and for his work the merit of perfection in whatever respects the style of his disquisitions, and the value and originality of the views which he opens up. This to us—as we doubt not to others—seemed at first to be a very questionable peculiarity of the work, on the score at least of propriety and common decency—whatever it might say for the love which the author entertained for his subject—and the strong sense of duty which weighed with him, in doing all that he could to draw the attention of the public to excellencies or claims which he might think there was some probability of being unknown, simply because they were overlooked by the public, or not pressed with a due urgency on their attention. But upon further consideration we have found these self-laudatory effusions to be rather amusing than offensive,—and while admiring the indisputably gigantic powers of the author as a reasoner and analyst, we are not disappointed to find that he still retains something in his mental structure which brings him down to the level of very ordinary men,—and that as he is so given to flatter himself, he cannot be supposed to be inaccessible to the same *soft sawdor* when administered by the hands of others.

We at once confess that, previous to the publication of this book, we had entirely misapprehended the intellectual character and official position of our author. We thought of Professor Ferrier, in our ignorance, as one of those quiet and retired teachers, who dealt chiefly in old and stereotyped notions—and who made up a course of lectures which served rather to drug the thinking powers of the pupils, and eventually to give them a distaste for all speculative research, than either to whet their curiosity or to prepare them for entering successfully on their future career, on some of the highest and most alluring tracks of thought in which it is the privilege of the human intellect to range. But instead of this, our St Andrean Professor at once blazes forth upon us, as unquestionably not only one of the most accomplished, so far as knowledge of his subject is concerned, of all the masters who have chosen metaphysics as their theme,—but as a thinker and reasoner who is as remarkable for the surpassing power of his intellect as for the completeness of his mental armoury,—as a thinker, moreover, who has a perfect assurance of the supremacy of his own powers, and of the importance of the work which they have enabled him to accomplish,—and, finally, as one who firmly believes and explicitly announces that his work will henceforth be

the only acknowledged "Institute of metaphysical instruction," and that he will be the Euclid of speculative science for all coming times.

Now we are not of opinion that the book will really take the place as a "Metaphysical Institute" which the author has claimed for it,—and we entertain this doubt, not only because the work will be canvassed and attacked by able metaphysicians who have been accustomed, and are professionally pledged, to a different style of disquisition and of thought,—but because we think that there are some qualities in it which really unfit it for being the initiatory text-book of metaphysical expounders. But though we doubt as to the work taking the place to which we have now alluded, we are yet confident that it will go far to accomplish another, and perhaps still more important purpose. Our opinion is, that it will infallibly give a new impulse to thought on most of the topics which it has incidentally discussed,—and that whatever opposition it may meet with for a time, it will thus be the means of eventually leading to a better, more enlightened, and more stably founded style of speculative disquisition than any that has characterised our country for a long series of years. This is a far more influential position than that of being merely an acknowledged "Institute" for speculative teaching, either in our lower class-rooms or in the more august halls where such topics are discussed,—and for this issue it is our opinion that this work—notwithstanding any unavoidable imperfections that may attach to it—is, in all probability, destined.

Mr Ferrier commences his work with the explicit avowal that metaphysical philosophy, as it at present exists, and has existed for many ages, is a mere mass of confusion and of positive error—a *RUDIS INDIGESTAQUE MOLES*. It is not merely wanting in arrangement, but positively erroneous—it needs not merely to be supplemented, but to be put into the right direction. By this avowal on the part of our author, it is not to be understood, as if he denied that most of the important principles of metaphysical science have revealed themselves in occasional glimpses to the minds of the cultivators of this study, and may be found in incidental passages of their writings,—but that these principles never have been firmly and perseveringly laid hold of—never have been reduced to a well ordered and stringently "reasoned" system—never traced to the fundamental principles from which they flowed, nor followed out to the conclusions which, under proper investigation, they necessarily implied. That we are not misstating or exaggerating the opinion of our author on this subject, will be evident from the following quotation:—

"It is a matter of general complaint that, although we have plenty of disputations and dissertations on philosophy, we have no philosophy itself. This is perfectly true. People write about it, and about it; but no one has grasped with an unflinching hand the very thing itself. The whole philosophical literature of the world is more like an unwieldy commentary on some text which has perished, or rather has never existed, than like what a philosophy itself should be. Our philosophical treatises are no more philosophy than Eustathius is Homer, or than Malone is Shakespeare. They are mere partial and desultory annotations on some text, on which, unfortunately, no man can lay his hands, because it nowhere exists. Hence the embroilment of speculation; hence the dissatisfaction, even the despair, of

every inquiring mind which turns its attention to metaphysica. There is not now in existence even the shadow of a tribunal to which any point in litigation can be referred. There is not now in existence a single book which lays down with precision and impartiality the Institutes of all metaphysical opinion, and shows the seeds of all speculative controversies. Hence philosophy is not only a war, but it is a war in which none of the combatants understands the grounds either of his own opinion or of that of his adversary ; or sees the roots of the side of the question which he is either attacking or defending. The springs by which these disputatious puppets are worked, lie deep out of their own sight. Every doctrine which is either embraced or rejected, is embraced or rejected blindly, and without any insight into its merits ; and every blow which is struck, whether for truth or error, is struck ignorantly, and at hap-hazard.

"This description is no exaggeration ; it falls short of the truth. It will readily be believed, not perhaps by philosophers themselves, but by all who, without being philosophers, have endeavoured to obtain some acquaintance with the views of those coy custodiers of the truth."

Again, with respect to Dr Reid's philosophy, which was formerly so much in vogue, and which is again being brought forward under very powerful auspices, our author, in his own free and easy, yet powerful and telling way, thus expresses himself :—

"But Dr Reid, honest man, must not be dealt with too severely. With vastly good intentions, and very excellent abilities for everything except philosophy, he had no speculative genius whatever—positively an anti-speculative turn of mind, which, with a mixture of shrewdness and *naïveté* altogether incomparable, he was pleased to term 'common sense ;' thereby proposing as arbiter in the controversies in which he was engaged, an authority which the learned could not well decline, and which the vulgar would very readily defer to. There was good policy in this appeal. The standard of the exact reason did not quite suit him, neither was he willing to be immortalised as the advocate of mere vulgar prejudices ; so that he caught adroitly at this middle term, whereby he was enabled, when reason failed him, to take shelter under popular opinion ; and when popular opinion went against him, to appeal to the higher evidence of reason. Without renouncing scientific precision when it could be attained, he made friends of the mammon of unphilosophy. What chance had a writer like David Hume, with only one string to his bow, against a man who thus avowed his determination to avail himself, as occasion might require, of the plausibilities of uncritical thinking, and of the refinements of logical reflection ? This amphibious method, however, had its disadvantages. At home in the submarine abysses of popular opinion, Dr Reid, in the higher regions of philosophy, was as helpless as a whale in a field of clover. He was out of his proper element. He blamed the atmosphere : the fault lay in his own lungs. Through the gills of ordinary thinking he expected to transpire the pure ether of speculation, and it nearly choked him. His fate ought to be a warning to all men, that in philosophy we cannot serve two mistresses. Our ordinary moods, our habitual opinions, our natural prejudices are not compatible with the verdicts of our speculative reason.

"The truth is, that Dr Reid mistook, or rather reversed, the vocation of philosophy. He supposed that the business of this discipline was, not to correct, but to confirm the contradictory inadvertencies of natural thinking. Accordingly, the main tendency of his labours was to organise the irrational, and to make error systematic. But even in this attempt he has only partially succeeded. His opinions are even more confused than they are fallaci-

ous, more incoherent than they are erroneous; and no amount of expository ingenuity has ever succeeded in conferring on his doctrines even the lowest degree of scientific intelligibility. His claim to take rank *par excellence* as the champion of common sense, is preposterous, if by common sense anything more be meant than vulgar opinion. When the cause of philosophy is fairly and fully pled at the bar of *genuine* common sense, it is conceived that a decision will be given by that tribunal in favour of the necessary truths of reason, and not in favour of the antagonist verdicts of the popular and unreflective understanding which Dr Reid took under his protection. Oh, Catholic Reason of mankind, surely thou art not the real, but only the reputed, mother of this anti-philosophical philosophy: *thy* children, I take it, are rather Plato's Demigods and Spinoza's Titans.

The same style of vituperation—if such a term can be applied to works which really must be considered as giving too much occasion for its use—is employed by our author currently throughout his treatise,—and is made applicable to most of the previous authors and systems with which, in the course of his researches, he has occasion to deal. The author accordingly proceeds, in a very luminous manner to point out several causes of this general confusion and error. Throughout the whole of these causes, as thus pointed out, we have not space for following our author,—but his most important principle upon this subject is, that metaphysical philosophy has thus failed chiefly because men have been more disposed to look in the far distance for important truth, than to find it lying at home, and under the most familiar objects of their observation. He has an amusing illustration upon this point which we shall immediately present to the consideration of our readers,—it is, that if a man sets out from his own home, and perseveringly goes round the world—though he seems to be leaving his own home, at every step of his onward progress, so much the farther behind him—still if he perseveres, it is actually at his own home that he eventually finds himself,—and so it fares in the search after truth,—we seek it in the far distance—but after long continued and toilsome, though not unimproving search, we find it actually under our feet, and gleaming on us from every object that meets our most familiar gaze. But let us hear the author himself upon this subject. After stating explicitly and in so many words, “That it may be affirmed with certainty that no man, for at least two thousand years, has seen the true flesh and blood countenance of a single philosophical problem,”—our author thus proceeds:—

“But how is *that* to be accounted for? It is to be accounted for by the circumstance, that men have supposed that in philosophy they could advance by going forwards; whereas the truth is, that they can advance only by going, in a manner, backwards. We have tried to get *to the end*, without having first got *to the beginning*. The true state of the case is this: The world of speculation, like the physical globe, is rounded to a sphere, but a sphere of more gigantic compass and more difficult circumnavigation than any which the whole natural universe can show. The primitive articles of all thought, the seminal principles of all reason, the necessary constituents of all knowledge, the keys of all truth, lie, at first, buried under our very feet; but, as yet, we are not privileged to find them. We must first circumnavigate the globe; the whole world of speculation must be traversed by our weary feet. Hence every step forward carries us only farther and farther

from the mark. Ere long the elements of truth—all that we are indistinctly looking for—lie in the far-distant rear, while we vainly think that we behold them glimmering on the horizon in our front. We have left them behind us, though we know it not—like decaying camp-fires, like deserted household gods. We still keep moving onwards in a direction which is, at once, wrong and right—wrong, because every step leads us farther and farther from the truth; right, because it is our doom. Every new halt increases our confusion, our consternation, and our dismay. Our hearts may sink within us when we cross the line on the shoreless sea of speculation. At the antipodes the clouds of doubt may settle dark upon our path, and the tempests of despair may cause our fortitude to quail; but *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, there is no drawing back for us now. We are embarked on an irrevocable mission; let us press forward then—let us carry through. The intellectual, like the physical world, is a *round*; and at the moment when the wanderer imagines himself farthest from the house of Humanity, he will find himself at home. He has revolved to the spot of his nativity. He is again surrounded by the old familiar things. But familiarity has been converted into insight; the toils of speculation have made him strong; and the results of speculation have made him wise. He is now privileged to dig up the keys of truth, and to see, and to show to others, the very seeds of reason. He now beholds the great universe of God in the light of a second illumination, which is far purer and far less troubled than the first. Philosophy and common sense are reconciled."

The great object of our author—and every well informed person must allow that it is a great and truly philosophical purpose—is to imbue the minds of his readers with the idea that the most familiar things—when rightly examined and investigated—are really the most replete with important information,—and that we must seek for the key to all philosophy—not by prosecuting voyages into far distant and unknown regions, but by looking carefully and sagaciously and with undimmed eyes upon the simplest, and what we are disposed to consider as the best known of the objects that meet us in our every day walks. There is, however, a strong tendency in men—especially in men professedly philosophical—to overlook such subjects,—and in accounting for this tendency, the author thus remarks:—

"Several causes might be pointed out in explanation of this oversight; they are, however, mostly, if not entirely, reducible to the one great and leading cause which has been already referred to; to wit, familiarity. The influence of this principle in deadening the activity and susceptibility of the mind is overwhelming to an extreme. Drugged with this narcotic, man's intellect turns with indifference from the common and the trite, and courts only the startling and the strange. Every one must have remarked, both in his own case and in that of others, how prone we are to suppose that little advantage, and no valuable result, can accrue from a careful study of that to which we are thoroughly habitated. 'Perpetual custom,' says Cicero, 'makes the mind callous, and people neither admire nor require a reason for those things which they constantly behold.' Rare events are the natural aliment of wonder; and, when it cannot be supplied with these, our inquisitiveness is apt to languish and expire. Abundant examples of this tendency—this proneness to prefer the unusual to the customary, and to conceive that things are marvellous in proportion to their rarity, and that the seldomer they appear the more are they entitled to our regard—might be drawn from the practice of mankind in the daily conduct of life, as well as from

the history of science in all periods, but especially in the earlier stages of its development. The Science of an untutored age passes by unheeded the ordinary appearances of nature ; but her interest is easily aroused, her attention is readily enchained, by such mysterious portents as the earthquake and the eclipse. She is blind to the common and familiar phenomena of light ; she is deaf to the common and familiar phenomena of sound : she has eyes only for the lightning ; ears only for the thunder. She asks with eager curiosity,

Quæ fulminis esset origo,—
Jupiter, an venti, discussâ nube tonarent !

But she leaves unquestioned the normal or every-day presentments of the senses and the universe ; she pays the tribute of admiration to nature's exceptions far more promptly than to her majestic rule.

"It is thus that uncultivated men neglect their own household divinities, their tutelary Penates, and go gadding after idols that are strange. But this proclivity is not confined to them ; it is a malady which all flesh is heir to. It is the besetting infirmity of the whole brotherhood of man. We naturally suppose that truth lies in the distance, and not at our very feet ; that it is hid from our view, not by its proximity, but by its remoteness ; that it is a commodity of foreign importation, and not of domestic growth. The farther it is fetched the better do we like it—the more genuine are we disposed to think it. The extraordinary moves us more, and is more relished, than the ordinary. The heavens are imagined to hold sublimer secrets than the earth. We conceive that what is the astonishing to *us*, is also the astonishing *in itself* ; thus truly making 'man the measure of the universe.' In this superstition the savage and the *savau* fraternise (bear witness, mesmerism, with all thy frightful follies !)—and, drunk with this idolatry, they seek for truth at the shrine of the far-off and the uncommon ; not knowing that her ancient altars, invisible because continually beheld, rise close at hand, and stand 'on beaten ways. Well has the poet said,

"That is the truly secret which lies ever open before us ;
And the least seen is that which the eye constantly sees."

SCHILLER.

But, dead to the sense of these inspired words, we make no effort to shake off the drowsing influence, or to rescue our souls from the acquiescent torpor, which they denounce—no struggle to behold that which we lose sight of, only because we behold it too much, or to penetrate the heart of a secret which escapes us only by being too glaringly revealed. Instead of striving, as we ought, to render ourselves strange to the familiar, we strive, on the contrary, to render ourselves familiar with the strange. Hence our better genius is overpowered ; and we are given over to a delirium, which we mistake for wisdom. Hence we are the slaves of mechanism, the inheritors and transmitters of privileged error ; the bondsmen of convention, and not the free and deep-seeing children of reason. Hence we remain insensible to the true grandeurs and the sublimer wonders of Providence ; for, it is to be conceived that the operations of God, and the order of the universe, are not admirable, precisely in proportion as they are ordinary ; that they are not glorious, precisely in proportion as they are manifest ; that they are not astounding, precisely in proportion as they are common ? But man, blind to the marvels which he really sees, sees others to which he is really blind. He keeps stretching forwards into the distant ; he ought to be straining backwards, and more back, into the near ; for there, and only there, is the object of his longing to be found. Perhaps he may come round at last. Meanwhile, it is inevitable that he should miss the truth."

In the prosecution of his task, the author has of course two sets of thinkers to free from their errors or their confusion,—and to put in the track of obtaining a right and lucid view of their own position as occupants of this world, or as enquirers after philosophical truth. There is in the first place, the great multitude of men,—who are chiefly busied with the objects around them, and whose minds are full of what the author calls *inadvertencies* as to the true nature or relation,—philosophically considered,—of the objects to which, in the past, such earnest attention is given. And secondly, there are the psychologists, or professed cultivators of what is called the “philosophy of the human mind,”—with respect to all of whom the author is persuaded that they are even farther and more obstinately wrong in the direction and tendency of their researches, than the inadvertent workers and gazers among the fluctuating and mystifying objects of perception and sense. The author’s progress is accordingly to a very considerable degree polemical,—that is to say, he has not only to go straight-forward with his own demonstration, but almost at every step to knock on the head some thoughtless or obstinate opponent that thrusts himself in his way. This system, accordingly, says our author:—

“This system is in the highest degree polemical; and why? Because philosophy exists only to correct the inadvertencies of man’s ordinary thinking. She has no other mission to fulfil; no other object to overtake; no other business to do. If man naturally thinks aright, he need not be taught to think aright. If he is already, and without an effort, in possession of the truth, he does not require to be put in possession of it. The occupation of philosophy is gone: her office is superfluous: there is nothing for her to put hand to. Therefore philosophy assumes, and must assume, that man does not naturally think aright, but must be taught to do so; that truth does not come to him spontaneously, but must be brought to him by his own exertions. But if man does not naturally think aright, he must think, we shall not say wrongly—(for that implies *malice prepense*)—but inadvertently; and if truth be not his inheritance by nature,—if he has to work for it, as he must for all his other bread,—then the native occupant of his mind, his birthright succession, must be, we shall not say falsehood—(for that too, implies *malice prepense*)—but it must be error. The original dowry, then, of universal man is inadvertency and error. This assumption is the ground and only justification of the existence of philosophy.

“If authority were of any avail in matters of pure speculation, abundant evidence, though not, indeed, of the clearest or most unfaltering character (for what is clear or unfaltering in philosophy?) might be adduced in confirmation of what is here advanced as the proper and sole object of philosophy. But it will be time enough to call these witnesses into court when our statement is denied, or when it has been shown that philosophy has, or can have, any other end in view than the rectification of the inadvertencies of man’s spontaneous and ordinary thinking.

“This circumstance—namely, that philosophy exists only to put right the oversights of common thinking—renders her polemical, not by choice, but by necessity. She would gladly avoid all fault-finding; but she cannot help herself. She is controversial as the very tenure and vindication of her existence; for how can she correct the slips of common opinion, the oversights of natural thinking, except by controverting them?

“To obviate the charge of disrespect which might otherwise be brought against the philosopher for holding very cheap the spontaneous judgments of

mankind, it may be proper to mention that it is *his own* natural modes of thinking which he finds fault with, much more than it is *theirs*. He is dealing directly only with himself. He is directly correcting only his own customary oversights. It is only indirectly, and on the presumption that other people are implicated in the same transgressions,—faults, however, which he takes home more especially to himself, because he has no direct knowledge of them except within his own bosom,—that he challenges, and ventures to infer that is rectifying, their inadvertent thinking as well as his own. Let this be distinctly understood once for all. The philosopher labours just as much as other people do under all the infirmities incident to popular opinion. He is not one whit more exempt from the failings which he points out, and endeavours to put right, than any of his neighbours are. His quarrel is not with them; it is with himself—a subject which he is not only entitled, but which he is bound to reform and coerce as rigorously as he can.

“But further, it will be observed that this system is antagonistic, not only to natural thinking, but, moreover, to many a point of psychological doctrine. This, too, is inevitable. Psychology, or ‘the science of the human mind,’ instead of attempting to correct, does all in her power to ratify, the inadvertent deliverances of ordinary thought,—to prove them to be right. Hence psychology must, of necessity come in for a share of the castigation which is doled out and directed upon common and natural opinion. It would be well if this could be avoided; but it cannot. Philosophy must either forego her existence, or carry on her operations corrective of ordinary thinking, and subversive of psychological science. It is, indeed, only by accident that philosophy is inimical to psychology: it is because psychology is the abettor and accomplice of common opinion *after the act*; but in reference to natural thinking, she is essentially controversial. Philosophy, however, is bound to deal much more rigorously and sternly with the doctrines of psychology than with the spontaneous judgments of unthinking man, because while these in themselves are mere oversights or inadvertencies, psychology converts them into downright falsities by stamping them with the countersign or *imprimatur* of a specious, though spurious, science. In the occasional cases, moreover, in which psychology, instead of ratifying, endeavours to rectify the inadvertencies of popular thinking, it shall be shown, in the course of this work, that, so far from being successful, she only makes matters worse, by complicating the original error with a new contradiction, and sometimes with several new ones, of her own creation.

“These remarks may be sufficient to explain, and also to justify, the polemical character of this work. It carries on a warfare by compulsion, not assuredly by choice. So soon as man is *born* with true and correct notions about himself and all other things, philosophy will take her departure from the world, for she will no longer be needed.”

The work is divided into three great sections,—the first of which treats of the “THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE OR COGNITION,”—the second of the “THEORY OF IGNORANCE,”—and the third of the “THEORY OF BEING OR TRUTH,”—“absolute knowledge” being in his estimation synonymous with “absolute truth,” or “absolute existence.” This our author admits is not the plan which is usually adopted in such enquiries,—the ordinary and favourite mode of precedence with philosophers being to enquire,—first, as to what actually exists,—then as to what portions or kinds of existence we are ignorant of,—and lastly, as to what we actually know or are capable of knowing. But the plan adopted by our author was deliberately and judiciously chosen with reference to the

succession of views which it was his purpose to evolve,—and it must be kept in mind, that here, as well as in all the other parts of his treatise, his object was to produce “a reversal” of all the prevailing modes of thought on these momentous topics.

These, then, being the grand sections of his work,—each of these sections is pervaded by a series of propositions laid down and demonstrated, exactly according to the plan so beautifully and successfully exemplified by the cultivators of the pure mathematics. One leading proposition takes the first place in the arrangement. This fundamental proposition being self-evident,—or what is the same thing, its denial involving a contradiction or absurdity, that is to say, in the author’s plain-spoken style, being in fact absolute nonsense, needs no demonstration,—and all the other propositions are but evolutions of the meaning which this first postulate involves,—they are each of them accordingly, as in the *Elements of Euclid*, followed by their appropriate demonstration,—and to each proposition there are further appended explanatory or polemical observations, in the course of which all the “ordinary and counter modes” of thinking are subjected to a strict examination and refutation,—so that the reader has at once before him the successive steps of the author’s theory,—and the counter views which have been adopted either by the “inadvertencies” of popular opinion, or by the systematic psychology of professed cultivators of the “science of the human mind,”—the whole forming one of the most complete and powerfully managed specimens of scientific proof that has ever been constructed,—and at the same time, as the Author observes, leaving the reader the choice either of adopting the demonstrative proofs of the writer,—or, if he feels so inclined, of holding fast by what the author regards as the now exploded inadvertencies of the popular mind ; or by the abstract and unsatisfactory systems of the schoolmen and psychologists,—that is, the cultivators of what has been termed the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*. Whatever diversity of opinion there may be as to the correctness of the author’s plan, or the truth of his deductions, there can be but one opinion regarding the evidence which the work affords, as to the beauty of the system, taken by itself,—and as to the subtlety, and energy, and masterly command of his topics, which undoubtedly characterize the mind of the author.

There is no difficulty whatever,—at least to any reader who has the slightest aptitude for metaphysical thinking,—in following our author throughout the whole chain of his demonstrations. On the contrary, when you have once apprehended his first and fundamental position, all the subsequent propositions seem to flow from it by the simplest of possible deductions. As, however, the whole style of thought is professedly “the reverse” of that which is commonly adopted, it is proper that the reader should be aware of the sense in which the author uses certain expressions,—and of the value which he attaches to the views which these connected expressions are meant to unfold. There are in particular three topics of this kind, viz.,—the value and use of *ABSTRACTIONS* in philosophy,—the proper idea suggested by the terms *ISSUE* or *SUBSTANCE*,—and also the meaning which he attaches to the word *ABSOLUTE*. Without following the plan traced by our author, we shall endeavour to give our

readers some idea of the author's opinions on these subjects, by the help of some quotations or definitions from his work.

If any person were bluntly to put to us the question, "Pray tell me at once, and in a few words, what it is precisely in which the system of Mr Ferrier differs from that of all preceding thinkers or writers on metaphysical subjects?"—we should feel ourselves bound to say, as preliminary to the answer we should intend to give, that his system not merely *differs* in some respects from all preceding theories, at least of modern times,—but is so completely the *reverse* of them that it implies and demands a thorough change of the meaning of all the words which have hitherto been most in vogue with philosophers; and which have been regarded as most essential to the prosecution of these enquiries. Metaphysics, with all the terms which it uses, have thus been turned by our author upside down. His system differs from all preceding theories, *toto celo*, as the common expression is,—so that what was the recognised surface has now become the antipodes,—and what were the antipodes have been raised into the visible and apprehensible surface. This will be apparent from the change produced by the system of our author on each of the following terms and processes.

First, as to the term and faculty called ABSTRACTION,—without the use of which it had been supposed that philosophy or metaphysics could have no vocation, because no instruments to work with,—our author's opinion is that it would be more correct to say that the use of reason is to do away with abstractions, than to employ them as its instruments of investigation,—that the employment of them for eliciting truth, is like the attempt so happily ridiculed by the old Greek philosopher, of "milk-ing a he-goat with a sieve,"—or that the small progress made in modern times by the cultivators or sporters of speculative science, is owing to the fact that they have all along been "dragging for abstractions with a net of abstractions," and that hence "they have caught no fish,"—a sentence, it has been justly said, which should be written in letters of gold on the frieze of all metaphysical halls. But let us hear our author upon this point:—

"It is worthy of remark, in conclusion, that the errors of philosophy have continually deepened in proportion as its character and tendencies have waxed more and more psychological. The science of the human mind, as it is called, has done incalculable mischief to the cause of speculative truth. The doctrine of abstraction, in particular, one of its favourite themes, has been the parent of more aberrations than can be told. Our psychologists may guard and explain themselves as they please, but their attribution to man of a faculty called abstraction has been, from first to last, the most disconcerting and misleading hypothesis which either they or their readers could have entertained. We are supposed to have a power of forming abstract conceptions; but it is obvious from the foregoing observations that we have no such power, and that no abstract idea, either particular or general, can be attained by any intelligence. Such conceptions can only be approximated. When the mind attends more to the particular than to the universal element, or, conversely, more to the universal than to the particular element of any cognition, the abstract particular—that is, a thing by itself, or the abstract universal—that is, the genus by itself, is approached, but neither of them is ever reached. To reach either of them is impractic-

able, for this would require the entire suppression of one or other of the factors of all cognition, and such a suppression would not be equivalent to the attainment of the abstract, but to the extinction of knowledge and intelligence. Had our psychologists informed us that the main endowment of reason is a faculty which *prevents* abstractions from being formed, there would have been much truth in the remark; for intelligence cannot deal with abstractions. Abstract thinking is a contradiction, and has no place in the economy of the intellect. Such thinking is only apparent—never real. All knowledge and all thought are concrete, and deal only with concretions—the concretion of the particular and the universal. *What* the particular and the universal are, which constitute the concrete reality of cognition, is declared in the next proposition.”

Take next the term “*ESSENCE*,” as another instance of the complete reversal which the system of our author effects on the meaning of the ordinary terms of philosophical discussion. The essence of a thing is supposed to be something which no research or analysis can bring to light,—we being supposed to be cognizant not of essences, but of accidents, or attributes, or qualities,—so that, according to the modern use of the term, there are no *ESSENCES* to be found,—though they are still supposed to exist,—except in the phials of the perfumer’s shops. But according to our author, the essence of a thing is the best known of all its conditions,—and this too, it seems, was the original meaning of the term as used by the old Greek philosophers. The author’s account of the reversal effected in the meaning of this word is exceedingly worth attending to, and is as follows:—

“At this place it is proper to take some notice of those random skirmishes or stray shots—they can scarcely be called controversies or discussions—which occasionally show themselves in the history of speculation touching what is called the ‘essence’ of the mind. And, first of all, it is important to remark the change of meaning which this word has undergone in its transmission from the ancient to the modern schools of philosophy. Formerly the word ‘essence’ (*ousia*) meant that part or characteristic of anything which threw an intellectual illumination over all the rest of it. It was the point of light, the main peculiarity observable in whatever was presented to the mind. It signified the quality or feature of a thing which made it what it was, and enabled the thing or things in question to be distinguished from all other things. It was a synonym for the superlatively comprehensible, the superlatively cogitable. Nowadays it means exactly the reverse. It signifies that part of a thing which carries no light itself, and on which no light can be thrown. The ‘essence’ is the point of darkness, the assumed element in all things which is inaccessible to thought or observation. It is a synonym for the superlatively incomprehensible, the superlatively incogitable. Other words, as shall be shown hereafter, have been tampered with in the same way.

“No great mischief can ensue from the reversal of the meaning of a philosophical term, provided those who employ it in its modern signification are aware of the sense in which it was formerly used, and are careful to record the distinction between the two acceptations. No precaution of this kind has been observed in the case of the word ‘essence.’ The ancients are supposed by our psychologists to have understood the term in the sense in which they understand it; and hence the charge has gone forth against them that they prosecuted their inquiries into matters which are inaccessible to the faculties of man and hopelessly incomprehensible. Never was there a more

unfounded charge. They prosecuted their researches, we are told, into the essence of things; and this, we are assured by a wiser generation of thinkers, lies beyond the limits of human cognition. What *you* choose to call the essence of things may be of this character, but not what *they* called the essence of things. With the old philosophers the essence of things was precisely that part of them of which a clear conception could be formed: with you of the modern school it is precisely that part of them of which there can be no conception. Whether anything is gained by thus changing the meaning of words, is another question; but certainly it is rather hard treatment dealt out to the early speculators, first to have the meaning of their language reversed by modern psychology, and then to be knocked on the head for carrying on inquiries which are absurd under the new signification, but not at all absurd under the old one.

"Considered, however, even as a matter of nomenclature, the change is to be deprecated. The reversal has resulted in nothing but confusion, and the propagation of unsound metaphysical doctrine. The *essence* of the mind, and the mind *per se*, are nowadays held to be identical; and these terms are employed by psychology to express some occult basis or unknown condition of the mind. That the mind *per se* is absolutely inconceivable (although for a reason very different from that alleged by psychology) is undoubted. But the essence of the mind is, of all things the most comprehensible. The essence of the mind is simply the *knowledge which it has of itself*, along with all that it is cognisant of. Whatever makes a thing to be what it is, is properly called its essence. Self-consciousness, therefore, is the essence of the mind, because it is in virtue of self-consciousness that the mind is the mind—that a man is himself. Deprive him of this characteristic, this fundamental attribute, and he ceases to be an intelligence. He loses his essence. Restore this, and his intelligent character returns. Perhaps these remarks may assist in restoring to the word 'essence' its right signification, and in dissipating the psychological hallucination, that the essence of the mind is inconceivable."

Exactly the same sort of reversal has taken place with respect to the word SUBSTANCE and its correlative PHENOMENA. The substance of a theory has been conceived to be something,—solidity or whatever else it may be,—on which all the perceptible attributes merely rest as phenomena. The substance is said to be in all cases inscrutable by us,—and what we really know are but its sensible phenomena. Now in our author's system,—and according to him in the system of Plato and his disciples—all this was reversed. The phenomenal are the really substantive or essential parts of bodies,—and the substantive, as they are called, are but the phenomenal,—that is to say, what we really know of bodies is its essence or substance according to the new use of the term,—while its attributes and qualities and phenomena pass according to the system of our author, into a completely different category. The reader will find this reversal distinctly explained by our author,—but as we have no room for enlarged quotation, we only notice the distinction at present, as in keeping with that universal reversal of ordinary philosophical speech, which is avowedly the characteristic of our author's theory.

Lastly, then, on this head, with respect to the term "ABSOLUTE." According to the ordinary use of philosophical language we could have no knowledge of the absolute,—because, if we could, that would have been equivalent to saying that we could know things in their "essences"

or "substances," which essences or substances, however, are held to be inscrutable. But take now the reversal which has been made or suggested of the use of these terms,—and we can say distinctly and authoritatively that we can have, and actually have, an "absolute" knowledge of things,—that is of their essences or substances, which are the really knowable things about them. On this point also we refer the reader to the work itself. No person, however, can fully enter into the meaning of this treatise,—or follow out the demonstrations which it presents—who has not made himself familiar by careful mental study with the reversal of meanings in the terms now in use, which the system of our author was meant to effect. When that reversal is clearly apprehended and steadily retained in mind,—the whole series of the author's reasonings becomes simple in the extreme.

It has been with considerable reluctance that we have entered upon the preceding disquisitions,—because we are aware that many of our readers must be considered as unacquainted, from actual perusal, with the principles or details of our author's theory,—and it cannot be supposed that to such persons any satisfactory apprehension of the theory can have been given by our meagre and miscellaneous observations.

If then, we are asked, what is the great principle, the fundamental doctrine, the pervading idea, on which this bold and novel theory professes to rest,—our answer may be shortly given as follows:—

The whole thing rests upon one very simple, and as one would think at first sight, very futile proposition—namely, that in every instance of COGNITION, there must be along with the apprehension of "the object known," the apprehension also on the part of the knower of "his own self." In the fashionable language of the continent, there must be at once the object and the subject—the ego and the object which the ego recognises—and their apprehension of the ego, that is of a knowing mind, along with the object apprehended, is not merely a thing that may be, or that sometimes, or occasionally takes place—it is a necessary result—and is applicable to all cases, whether our own or otherwise, in which an object becomes known—these must, universally be conceived along with known objects, the existence or self-consciousness of minds to whom these objects are one of the factors of knowledge. If you take away one of these factors, the other drops into the category of "nonsense" or the contradictory—thus the verb to know, as every schoolboy is aware, requires a nominative for all its tenses and all their inflections, as well as some noun or pronoun which it governs. I know Peter—take away Peter, and "I know" means nothing—take away I and "know Peter," becomes equally without meaning;—it is by the intimate union of the whole sentence that consistency and intelligibility is given to the entire phrase.

Universally, therefore, it is true that objects cannot be conceived or known without the addition of minds to whom they are known—and this union is not a matter of choice or of accident—it is necessary and unavoidable—and the entire proposition amounts to a necessary truth—of which the universal and invariable part is the I or subject.

If any person asks, But besides the I and Peter there is also the verb "know" between them—in whose presence all the intelligibility of the

phrase depends—and how do you account for KNOWING, or for the fact involved in the word “know?” The answer is, that to account for any thing, you must know something else, by the help of which it is to be explained—but here again the same word KNOW comes in your way—and so on indefinitely—so that we can give no farther account of this word or the idea which it involves, than by saying that it is the fundamental fact of the whole enquiry, and cannot be explained by any thing prior, or more intelligible than itself.

So much for the fundamental proposition of the Theory of KNOWING or COGNITION—and next as to the theory of IGNORANCE, or not knowing—the very obvious consideration meets us at the outset, that we can only be said to be ignorant of things that are knowable—that is to say, of things which are the objects of cognition. But the only things that are knowable, are objects along with the minds that know them—that is to say, these two constituents in fusion or co-operative action—so that the same formula serves for the theory of ignorance, as for the theory of knowledge—namely, that we can only be ignorant of things implying objects + minds—or in other words, that wherever we apprehend ignorance, there must always and necessarily be something more unknown, than the “mere object” which we fix on as the unknown. There must be not only that object, but some mind that is capable of knowing it—and with whose cognisance its existence is inseparable. We cannot say that we are ignorant of the “absurd,” or “contradictory,” or “nonsensical”—but our real ignorance is boundless—because there may be endless varieties of minds conversant with things different from those which are familiar to us. But, universally, there can be no ignorance of things that subsist merely by themselves, or without the accompaniment of knowing minds—because objects of that kind are not the possible occasions of “cognition”—they are nonsensical or contradictory—and therefore we cannot be said to be ignorant of them.

Then, in the last place, it is established by our author, in the “ONTOLOGICAL” part of his treatise, that knowledge, and existence, and truth, are all of them convertible or identical expressions—nothing exists but in connection with some mind that knows its existence, and whatever exists or *Is*, in relation to the great volume of things is TRUTH—so that knowledge, and truth, and existence, are convertible terms. It is also true, as has been shown, that we can have an “absolute” knowledge of things, or a knowledge of their “substances” or “essences,”—when the words substance and essence are taken in their ancient and only appreciable signification—we can therefore have, in this sense, an absolute knowledge of existence and of truth—“and thus,” says our author, “it is conceived that the conclusion established by this proposition, (a conclusion which is equally infallible, whether absolute existence be that which we know, or that which we are ignorant of)—namely, that minds *together with what they apprehend*, are the only veritable existences, and that minds without any apprehensions, and apprehensions without any minds, are “mere absurdities,”—is so far from being an obnoxious or extravagant conclusion, that it is, on the contrary, “in the highest degree

consonant with the dictates of an enlightened common-sense, and gratifying to feelings at once sober and exalted."

The following is the pleasing and magnificent conclusion at which the author arrives, as the result of the whole:—

"All absolute existences except one are contingent. This is proved by the consideration that there was a time when the world was without man; and by the consideration that in other worlds there may be no intelligences at all. This is intelligible to reason. But in the judgment of reason there never can have been a time when the universe was without God. *That* is unintelligible to reason; because time is not time, but is nonsense, without a mind; space is not space, but is nonsense, without a mind; all objects are not objects; but are nonsense, without a mind; in short, the whole universe is neither anything nor nothing, but is the sheer contradictory, without a mind. And therefore, inasmuch as we cannot help thinking that there was a time before man existed, and that there was space before man existed, and that the universe was something or other before man existed; so neither can we not help thinking, that before man existed, a supreme and eternal intelligence existed, in synthesis with all things. In the estimation of natural thinking, the universe by itself is not the contradictory; in our ordinary moods we suppose it capable of subsisting by itself. Hence, in our ordinary moods, we see no *necessity* why a supreme intelligence should be postulated in connection with it. But speculation shows us that the universe, by itself, is the contradictory; that it is incapable of self-subsistency, that it can exist only *cum alio*, that all true and cogitable and non-contradictory existence is a synthesis of the subjective and the objective; and *then* we are compelled, by the most stringent necessity of thinking, to conceive a supreme intelligence as the ground and essence of the Universal Whole. Thus the postulation of the Deity is not only permissible, it is unavoidable. Every mind thinks, and *must* think of God (however little conscious it may be of the operation which it is performing), whenever it thinks of anything as lying beyond all human observation, or as subsisting in the absence or annihilation of all finite intelligences.

"To this conclusion, which is the crowning truth of the ontology, the research has been led, not by any purpose aforethought, but simply by the winding current of the speculative reason, to whose guidance it had implicitly surrendered itself. That current has carried the system, *volens volens*, to the issue which it has reached. It started with no intention of establishing this conclusion, or any conclusion which was not *forced* upon it by the insuperable necessities of thought. It has found what it did not seek; and it is conceived that this theistic conclusion is all the more to be depended upon on that very account, inasmuch as the desire or intention to reach a particular inference is almost sure to warp in favour of that inference the reasoning by which it is supported. Here metaphysics stop; here ontology is merged in Theology. Philosophy has accomplished her final work; she has reached by strict demonstration the central law of all reason (the necessity, namely, of thinking an infinite and eternal Ego in synthesis with all things); and that law she lays down as the basis of all religion."

After this very imperfect account of the different parts of this work, we cannot avoid again expressing our admiration of the varied, vigorous, and original talent on the part of the Author, by which the entire treatise is characterised. Its principles, so far as they go, seem to us quite harmless and just—and the results to which they lead, when these results are duly apprehended, seem to us to be such as may be profitably

accepted by any mind that is not hampered by bigotry, or enchained by faction, or haunted by party spirit.

But the work is one of a few which have a merit of a far higher and more enduring kind. It is not one of those which will *fall dead* from the press—and remain dead as if they had never been born. Some few works indeed, of great original power, and destined to produce extensive influence, have seemed at the time of their birth to have this unhappy fate—as for instance the *Treatise of Human Nature* by Hume. But there were obvious causes which, in that instance, were sufficient to account for this temporary result. The style of the author, and his manner of expounding his views, had not at that time obtained their perfect finish—and there was, besides, in the minds of the then existing generation, a notorious wish to strangle the babe in the moment of its birth, that it might not pollute the air with what was anticipated as its noxious and unphilosophical breath. Yet its innate vitality overcame all these disadvantages—and to its future influence may be traced the two great tracks which the entire philosophy of modern Europe is now pursuing, with a view, it is to be hoped, to their ultimate coincidence.

Of by far the greater number even of popular and highly applauded works on philosophy, it may be said that they are utterly destitute of the suggestive, vital, and revivifying power to which we are now alluding. They are often beautifully and even magnificently wrought—their style is charming—and the views which they exhibit are sometimes gorgeous and ennobling. The works themselves are thus highly popular, and applauded for a time—and their authors are the objects of high veneration, and sometimes gain substantial benefits from the temporary success of their labours. Yet the works themselves, even when most attractive in their outward adornments, or just in the views which they exhibit, so far as these views extend, have little or nothing of the suggestive and revivifying power which is the highest of all merits of a philosophic treatise,—and, accordingly, the popularity of such works is soon exhausted, and they give place at no distant time to a similar partiality, on the part of the public, for other equally gaudy but fugitive productions. Such, we may even affirm, has been the fate of most of the otherwise magnificent works on speculative science which, during our own times, have issued from the Scottish press.

On the other hand, there have been a few works which, even with great and obvious imperfections in the style of their workmanship, have been so impregnated with vital and enduring power, that their influence on succeeding times have been great, though sometimes unacknowledged,—and in them may be found the germs of theories which have subsequently seemed to the great mass of the reading world to have been brought forward for the first time in contemporary publications. Such, we venture to affirm, has been the case with the metaphysical and speculative treatise of Hutton, the better known author of the geological theory which bears his name. Of that treatise the author himself said, that he knew full well, that not perhaps more than a dozen of readers could be found who would peruse his work throughout, or who would feel themselves capable of exactly entering into the views he was unfolding,—and

that of that scanty number not one probably would feel the same delight in the perusal of the work, which the author himself felt in the composition of it. Yet the work has not been without productive power to a very great extent in the minds of other thinkers of a congenial spirit,—and in it will be found the seed of theories which have subsequently started up into attractive though but temporarily enduring crops.

But the work on which we have been now commenting has none of those drawbacks on its acceptability which we have noticed as affecting the popularity of the works of such writers as Hume or Hutton. The mere style of the work is very different in its character from the academic dignity and flow of that of Stewart—or the classical finish and simple analytical beauty of that of Brown—or the condensed energy and boundless literary wealth of that of Sir William Hamilton,—on the contrary it is plain, perspicuous, sometimes even apparently below the native grandeur of its topics—but always vigorous, manly, intrepid, and straightforward,—and every now and then breaking forth into bursts of beauty and natural elegance that are sure to be remembered, and convince the reader that the author can wield his pen as gracefully as plainly when it so pleases him—and that in using either of these styles he is more guided by the importance of his topics than by any wish to exhibit the mere artistic command of language with which he is gifted. The strictly vigorous nature of his demonstrations too will be felt by many readers to be supremely attractive,—but the paramount value of the work lies in the suggestive power which it assuredly possesses above most of the metaphysical treatises which have, as its predecessors, issued from the press of our country. We have no doubt that there are many minds already brooding over its principles, and endeavouring, with more or less success, to render them familiar and practical modes of thought. The work, it may be anticipated, will even meet with many stubborn and able combatants—for, as we have repeatedly said, it amounts to a complete reversal of all the ordinary modes of thought, both as these have a place in the minds of the multitude, and in the systems of professed psychologists,—but the contest is not one which should be deprecated but hailed—for great mental vigour will be displayed on both sides,—and the interests of speculative truth will be ultimately established and advanced.

We are not to be considered as pledging ourselves for the absolute correctness of this theory in all its parts,—but neither are we conscious of having any positive objection either to its principles or its deductions. The observations we are about to make—for we cannot call them, strictly speaking, objections—are rather directed against the mode of conducting his work which the author has adopted, and the consequent misinterpretation of his meaning which is apt to be produced in the minds of his readers, than against the principles or demonstrations of the work itself,—as we have also to state, that though we have no objection to the author's views, so far as they extend, we are yet inclined to think that he has not gone far enough,—and that a more luminous system, founded on a simpler view of things, might be found—by which the same leading

truths would be brought to light, and all the opposite errors displaced with equal facility and effect.

In the first place, there seems to us to be great danger that, on the part of the reader, the author's theory of cognition, as the result of the combined operation of two factors, will be completely misunderstood,—and that there is a certainty that during the perusal of the greater part of the treatise, the attempt to form a consistent conception of this combined operation will be the source of incessant uneasiness and dissatisfaction to the reader. Our author's fundamental and pervading principle is, that cognition and thought are the result of the combined or fused operation of two factors—neither of which can be dispensed with—but the want or supposed want of either of which reduces the other, we do not say merely to a state of inaction or inefficiency, but to the predicament and condition of absolute contradiction and nonsense. Of course the reader, during the perusal of by far the greater part of the work, is incessantly busied with an attempt to form to himself a distinct conception of the manner in which the supposed fusion or combination of two such discordant things as matter and mind takes place,—and how, moreover, it happens that thought or cognition, the great problem to be solved, should be the result of this heterogeneous fusion. No doubt this is all a mistake on the part of the reader as to the true nature and order of the process which takes place,—the result being the effect not of two factors which existed in a state of analysis previous to the fact of their supposed fusion,—but the synthesis being the original fact, and the contradictory elements being only discovered by the help of a posterior analysis. Meanwhile, and throughout the greater portion of the work, the reader feels himself as if called on to produce the constant operation of multiplication in arithmetic, when two factors are to produce the appropriate result—or it may be of constantly bringing together two chemical elements—say an acid and an alkali—that he may see the production of a combined result different from either. This, however, is not what the author wishes to be understood as the nature or order of operation to which his factors are so incessantly called,—and accordingly the author has found it necessary, towards the end of his work, to obviate this objection, and set the mind of the reader at ease from the laborious and unsatisfactory state in which, during the progress of the work, it has been so long kept, by the following explanatory remark :—

“ It must be borne in mind that although all cognition has been characterised by this system as a fusion or synthesis of two contradictories (the ego and non ego), that is, of two elements which, out of relation to each other, are necessarily unknowable,—this does not mean that the synthesis is brought about by the union of two elements, which existed in a state of analysis *previous* to the formation of the synthesis. The synthesis is the primary or original; the analysis is the secondary or posterior. The contradictory elements are found by an analysis of the synthesis, but the synthesis is not generated by putting together the parts obtained by the analysis, because these parts can be conceived only in relation to each other, or as *already* put together.”

The puzzle of the reader then, no doubt, results from a misapprehen-

sion of the author's own idea as to the process which in cognition actually takes place,—but still it may be suspected that there is some defect, or too great limitation, if not in the materials, at least in the structure of a system, which has an almost unavoidable tendency to lead the mind of the student to this misapprehension.

There is, in the second place, as it appears to us, another mistake as to the author's rank and position as a speculative philosopher, to which, on the part of a great mass of readers, he will be exposed,—that is to say, he will, we doubt not, be very generally designated and regarded as simply “a transcendental idealist.” Now, in order to understand how unfounded this imputation is, we must have recourse to the fourfold arrangement under which “THEORISTS,” with regard to the combined or separate operation of the two great factors, matter and mind, have been classified.

In the first place, there are persons who assume MATTER as the only existing or knowable substance—who build their theories entirely on it—and are known under the designation of “Materialists.”

In the second place, and opposed to these, there have been persons who assume that MIND is the only existing or knowable substance—who accordingly take it alone as the foundation of their theory—and who are known by the appellation of “Idealists.”

In the third place, there are the great multitudes of persons who neither take matter only, nor mind only, as the sole existing or knowable substance,—but who keep them separate in their consideration, yet regard both of them as in constant operation, or at least possible operation—and who are commonly designated as the adherents of “common sense.”

And in the fourth place, there are philosophers who, like our author, set the two factors to work, not separately, but in unison—who regard the joint operation as a kind of fusion or intimate combination—who consider these factors taken singly, or as it is termed *per se*, as mere nonsense or contradiction—who find that they are only intelligible when operating together—and can only be distinguished as separate elements by a mental analysis after the operation as synthetic ingredients have been left out of consideration.

Our author then is not a materialist—for by a very short process he reduces the theory of materialism to nonsense or contradiction. Neither is he a pure idealist—for by a similar process he reduces this theory also to the category of pure nonsense or absurdity. In ordinary conduct, that is to say,—when he gives over philosophizing for a time—we have no doubt that he acts upon the principles of the men of common sense—for it is his avowed maxim, that, “as on the one hand, there is the want of all pedantry in forcing our philosophic theories and language on the every day ongoings of the world around us,—so on the other there is a paltry submission to popular error or inadvertencies, when the vague language or fancies of the people are regarded as oracles of wisdom by him who is called ‘to minister at the altars of science.’” There can be no doubt, therefore, that in ordinary life Mr Ferrier acts and speaks exactly like any other person of approved common sense.

His position, then, as a theorist, is the fourth of the classes to which we have been alluding,—perhaps he stands as the dux or leader of that respectable and advanced form. But at any rate, as he is so far from being a materialist, that he considers matter without mind to be a mere absurdity or nonsense,—so, on the other hand, he is so far from being a mere idealist, that he considers mind also, without the other factor of thought—that is matter—as equally reduceable to the category of contradiction or nonsense. Matter and mind, therefore, are equally necessary for the construction of his system,—and he must be classed as either a **REALISTIC IDEALIST**, or an **IDEALISTIC REALIST**—as the reader or the public may choose.

But our chief and last objection to our author's method is, that, according to our taste, it does not go far enough. The four classes into which we have just arranged the various thinkers respecting mind and matter, do not exhaust the arrangement which it is possible to make of these classes, and which naturally suggests itself as a complete enumeration. It is not enough that there should be a class that takes one of the elements, or matter, as the sole requisite for the building of its wished-for superstructure,—that there should be another class which takes thought only as its necessary element or factor,—that there should be a great miscellaneous class which works with both matter and mind—though giving to each a separate and well defined sphere of operation,—and that there should be a fourth class which uses these factors in combined operation, yet still regarding them as “distinguishable” though inseparable. To complete the arrangement which almost unavoidably suggests itself, is, that there should also be a fifth class, which not only unites or combines the two elements, but identifies them,—which seeks for no difference, but rather for that one element or property by which they are equally characterized,—which, in a word, considers them not in any sense or degree as two things, but as “one,” manifesting itself with varied attributes and powers according to the sphere in which it operates, and the purposes which it has in view to restore,—and which thus gives birth from one principle to all the varied and magnificent, but universally harmonizing phenomena of concrete Nature—mental and physical. This class seems quite as necessary for a complete enumeration and arrangement of the varied conceivable forms as any or all of those which have been previously admitted into the arrangement,—and a philosopher, in the due and dignified discharge of the duties of his function, should ever be prepared to go to the utmost length which Nature and Truth seem to prescribe as the authorized range of his classifications or deductions.

The fact is, that the terms, *Matter and Mind*, as used in the current and authorized language of philosophers, are meant to express things or ideas, which are not merely unsubstantial and useless, but which have positively done much harm to the progress of human knowledge. The least that can be said of them is that they are abstractions—nothing concrete,—only the things signified, considered as stripped of all their sensible and perceptible attributes, and existing simply as *entia rationis*, creations simply of the faculty of abstraction. Even in this sense they

are of no value or use among the universally concrete, and substantial, and sense-gratifying things of this earth. Even in this view of them, they are, as our author expresses it, "more than nothing, but less than any thing." But this is not the worst that can be said of them. Imitating the outspoken language of our author, on similar topics, we say at once that they are notorious scamps; ragged, coatless, boneless, meagre, flibbertigibbets, whose delight is to fly about the world casting dust in the eyes of all they meet—playing all sorts of mischievous tricks—and especially gratified in making the subjects of their merriment those who give themselves out as "THE WISE MEN" of the world—which, to be sure, is the finest of the joke. We were going to say that such worthless vagabonds should be banished from the earth—but that can scarcely be—for they have got such hold of our globe, that there is no possibility of displacing them,—and more than this, the good fathers whom they mystify and mislead have become so accustomed to them, and fond of their tricks, that they have no desire to be deprived of their company. The most that can be said, then, is, that all sensible men, who wish to think, and act, and speak wisely and to purpose, should be on their guard against such tricksters. Nobody knows better than our author the utter worthlessness of these flimsy specimens of abstract creation,—and he "abuses" them most plentifully and unscrupulously—calling them every now and then, when taken *per se*, absurd, contradictory, nonsensical, humbugs, "more than nothing, but less than anything." Yet though thus inefficient and absurd when taken separately or *per se*, it seems, according to his idea, that they do most important work when they act together—when they are fused into each other—when the ego clasps the non ego—and the non ego flies into the embrace of the ego. And no doubt most important and beautiful work is performed somehow or other,—all the magnificent and every where harmonizing concretes of Nature and of life are the results of this operation,—for Nature throughout all her departments has nothing to do with abstractions but every where with concretes,—and therefore it is, as our author has previously said, that it is because philosophers "*drag for abstractions with nets of abstractions*", that their toil has so long been profitless, and *that they catch no fish.*"

In our author's system, the two factors, of which he speaks so much, though united, or combined, or fused in their joint operation,—cannot, however, as we conceive, be regarded as identified,—"*they are still distinguishable, though not separable,*"—but what we want is one factor, instead of the two, that shall do the whole work, more simply, more easily, and more in accordance with the pervading simplicity and harmony of nature herself. Get hold of such a principle,—give it a name, or adopt the name by which it is familiarly known,—take its existence and universal activity as your starting place, your point of view,—and then, we promise you that, under its guidance, a system will come forth far more luminous and attractive than that which the combined or fused operations of any two factors can produce,—requiring no use of mathematical demonstration,—which, however fine in its links, and perfect in its coherence, is always felt to be a chain or drag on the free excur-

sion of speculative thought,—establishing at the same time all the central principles of our author, so far as they go, and demolishing equally with his efforts all the counter-mining with which he has had to contend,—and finally, and as its great achievement and voucher for its truth,—giving birth to a system in which poetry, and philosophy, and religion meet in harmonious and combined manifestation, as they unquestionably do in all the productions of nature herself.

The principle of such a system will be found in the following pregnant sentence of Cuvier :—

“ Le monde est de la même étoffe qui nous, et la nature, est la sœur de l’homme, elle est active, vivante, anime comme lui, et son histoire est une drame tout aussi bien que la notre.”

Or in the pithy remark of another continental writer :—

“ Tout est anime dans la nature, puisque l’etre signifie exister.”

Of which sentences the following lines may be considered as an expansion :—

All then, is Life—I say not, Life endowed
With forms organic—far less life that wears
The glorious attributes of Thought and Will,—
I only say there is no utter death—
No absolute defect of power or force—
No fixed inertness—no blind residue—
No *CAPUT MORTUUM*, so by chemists named,
Either in products of their crucibles,
Or in that mighty Laboratory
Where Nature works, and shews her products rare,
The ever changing, ever grand results.

And thus—as ’twas of old in fables sung,
The Phoenix bird emerged in plumage bright,
And heavenly in its hues, from ashes spread
By the burnt members of its parent dead—
So, in fulfilment of the splendid type,
Rises creative from the chaos rude,
Inert supposed and dead, through ages past,
Into a glorious Life, that beams in light
Wherever Being’s varied forms extend.

Oh blessed change, that clothes creation’s face
With living lustre,—and o’er all her realms
Spreads the rich hues of poetry sublime,
Giving new impulse to the poet’s lay.
Raising philosophy from questions vain,
Perplexing, and incapable of light,
To trains of new and ever-rising thought
That feed the soul with truth divine, and wake
Holy emotion, suited to the theme,
Ay, more than this,—raising a sacred fane,
A temple of surpassing glory, where
The enraptured soul, with every new delight
May see the Godhead in his works revealed,
And walk with God from morn to falling eve.

Nought has a place, throughout the universe
But life, in endless, ever-varying kinds.

And space is nought but life immensely spread
And changeful in its range. And time is nought,
Duration nought, but the progressive play
Of Life still rising from a previous state,
To other forms that know no end or pause.

These last considerations, however, remind us, that philosophy or speculative thought, in its highest and most comprehensive range, will never be successfully cultivated, except by men who are as independent in their circumstances, and in their exception from all conventional trammels, as they are also in the turn of their minds, and in their competent command of all the other kinds of subsidiary accomplishment. Conventional trammels, however, are not without their use,—they act as drags upon the too rapid progress of speculation among the giddy heights, or hazardous steepes over which it has occasionally to range, and thus prevent the too hasty demolition of things which are better kept for a time at least in their accustomed condition.

As to the value of metaphysical or speculative thought and discipline, we do not condescend to argue with those who endeavour to throw contempt on such high, and alluring, and essential studies. These, indeed, may be, and sometimes have been, indulged in to too great and extreme a degree,—as it is also true that in the bygone times, there have been much metaphysical speculation which cannot be said to have resulted in any useful or agreeable end. But all these things say nothing to the purpose or to the value of the study when properly conducted and chastened by familiar observation of the actual and varied productions of concrete existence. Independent altogether of the fine discipline given by metaphysical study to the inventive and analyzing powers of the human mind, we cannot, even in our most familiar habits of study, altogether divest ourselves of metaphysical speculation in one form or another. Our poetry, our theology, even our common talk, especially when it assumes a serious and formal character, are ever indicative of the style of speculative thought which, at any era, prevails in the community. If speculation is wrong or unjustly limited, all of these subjects are more or less perverted, because more or less impregnated with it,—and, on the other hand, a pure and satisfactory style of speculative thought generally prevailing and admitted, would display itself,—in our poetry assuming a more profound and satisfactory character, as the exponent of the great symbols of nature,—in our pulpit ministrations bringing forth into more luminous and attractive forms the grand spiritual truths which are the characteristic glory and beauty of the Christian dispensation,—and even in our familiar talk becoming more absolved from vulgar inadvertencies, and throwing off at every turn some specimens of that rich and sweet fruit, that “*γλυκυν καπνον φρενος*” which the careful and judicious waterings of philosophy had caused to spring up over all the condition of social life.

So far, therefore, is metaphysical study, when of a right kind, and not too exclusively cultivated, from being of a useless or hurtful description, that it is really one of the most valuable, because most essential of all the varieties of discipline to which the human intellect can be subjected ;—

only, we repeat, its range must be in a right direction, and not permitted too exclusively to occupy the researches of the student.

We earnestly recommend the perusal of Professor Ferrier's book to all persons who take an interest in such sort of investigation. It is all right, we think, so far as it goes,—though we do not think that it will either be received as the authorised institute of all future metaphysical teaching,—or that it has exhausted the subject, at the explanation of which, it was its avowed object to arrive.

We may add, that the theory distinctly alluded to in some of the preceding paragraphs,—as supplementary of that of our author, is not only possible, but has been actually realized and wrought out. It is not wrought out, however, by the means of mathematical demonstrations; which on such subjects, we regard as rather a drag on the free speculative processes of thought,—but by the opening up of occasional glimpses, which lead the mind over beautiful and far-extending vistas,—and over which the eye and intellect of the student can easily range for himself. In the mean time, we leave it to the curious enquirer after such theories, to find out, if he can, and to pursue the subject for himself.

THE NECESSARY EXISTENCE OF GOD.¹

THE tendencies of our times are markedly metaphysical. This is evinced by the number of books of a speculative character which have issued from the press within the last twenty years, as well as by the novel and subtle spirit of enquiry which characterizes our higher periodical literature. The maximum of this tendency has not been reached. The intellectual tide has advanced to the upper ranks of our operatives, and we will not dare to predict when it shall begin to ebb. Reason is the most excellent of all gifts which God has bestowed upon man. It is, however, capable of being abused, and that too, like all good things, in the ratio of its excellence. For clear, cautious, and connected thinking, Mr Gillespie's book will sustain a favourable comparison with other recent works of an abstract complexion,—while, as a scientific treatise upon the highest object of human knowledge, it is unique. We do not think we are exaggerating its merits in recording our conviction, that it is the most valuable contribution to Natural Theology that has ever been penned.

After viewing, cursorily, the relations of the intellectual elements treated of by Mr Gillespie, we will give a short analysis of his treatise, and conclude with a few miscellaneous remarks. As Space and Time are the objects on which the argument is constructed, a short preliminary exposition of some of the laws of the concepts of these objects may not be unimportant. It may be stated, that the most satisfactory notion which man has of the Infinite is given in these concepts—a notion which is neither negative nor infinite, but positive and indefinite. Our intui-

¹ *The Necessary Existence of God.* By William Gillespie. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Longman and Co.

tions of space and time have been regarded as follows, viz.:—1. As arising in consciousness in relation to body and other objects of thought, and as being incapable of existing otherwise. Or, 2. As merely necessary conditions and regulative elements of thought, having no real counterpart or object. Or, 3. As co-relations of things or events existing, or supposed to exist. Appealing to consciousness for the truth of our observations, we will take up these opinions in their order. 1. Although space and time always accompany our perceptions of body, they are not relatives—as substance and attribute, power and change, object and subject. None of these objects can be apprehended mentally by itself. By themselves, they are unthinkable. Space and time, however, can be immediate objects of thought, exclusive of, and without suggesting, body. 2. This is the opinion of Kant. It is true that body is invariably conceived of as in space and time; but the necessity of these ideas does not imply that they have no corresponding objective reality. On this hypothesis, the universe, as contained in space and time, exists only in idea,—which is absurd. 3. Since the days of Leibnitz, this position has had many supporters. It is held by Sir William Hamilton. As our intuitions of space and time are, beyond question, the necessary accompaniments of our conception of one object or event, it is a contradiction to suppose them relations—two objects or events being included in every relation.

Infinite space or extension, and infinite time or duration, are conceived as objects, not only actually existing, but as having necessary existence; as indivisible, or one, and without parts, and, therefore, immoveable. It is as much beyond the power of the human mind to think of the non-existence, divisibility, and mobility of these objects, as it is to believe that two and two are not four. These truths are necessary; and a denial of them is downright contradiction. Space and time being regarded by consciousness as eternal realities, infinite, indivisible, or one, and without parts, and immoveable, they are, and must be viewed, not as different, but identical. For, as every part (part in a subjective application) of space must subsist in every part of time, and every part of time in every part of space, the whole of space must be in the whole of time, and the whole of time in the whole of space, and this being inconceivable, and a contradiction on the supposition of space and time being different realities, it is manifest they are one and the same. As infinite space or extension is indivisible, and, therefore, one, (not two or more), and as infinite time or duration is indivisible, and therefore, one, (not two or more,) and as space and time are one reality or being, (not two or more), it is evident, to a demonstration, that there is, and must be, only one Being of infinite extension and infinite duration. There being only one Being of infinite extension and duration, who is, and must be indivisible and immoveable, and the material universe being divisible and moveable, in logical sequence, it cannot be infinitely extended, or it must have limits in space, and cannot be of infinite duration, or it must have commenced to be. And as nothing can commence to be without a cause, and as the material universe, and every succession of being, finite in extension, did, and must have commenced to be, they must have been caused or created by the Being of infinite extension and duration; and as

cause or power exists not, and is unthinkable without a substance, infinite space and infinite time are, therefore, attributes or properties existing in one substance, and neither a substance nor substances. As there is but one Being eternal or infinite in duration, who created all things, that Being must be intelligent and all-knowing, for we cannot suppose that intelligence began to be without an intelligent cause without supposing that what is not of intelligence is the cause of intelligence—which is absurd; and as intelligence must be the attribute of a mind or spirit conscious of itself, the infinite and eternal Being must be a mind or spiritual substance. In a similar way, other attributes of the Deity are deduced;—Almighty power, because before creation He alone existed, and must have possessed all power, and as Creator He must be the Cause of finite power; entire freedom, because before creation there was no other being to influence Him; and as a Spirit creating the universe by volition, the continued existence of all things must be dependent on His will;—completely happy, and perfectly good, because He is a Spirit without imperfection; and both before and after creation, He cannot be conceived as having any cause of unhappiness or evil motives.

It will be observed, even from this analysis, that Mr Gillespie, to the utter confusion of speculative Atheists and Pantheists, has established, irrefragably, that our knowledge of the Eternal One is intuitive and presentative, like our knowledge of matter and self; and that the mind's eye rests immediately upon the Deity, realizing Him by natural revelation or insight as a Being, compared with whom, all other existences, though real, appear but as unsubstantial shadows, which have entered upon the theatre of existence at the fiat of His sovereign will, and exist only because He wills them to exist.

Two philosophical theories, very widely disseminated, may be glanced at from the point of view taken by Mr Gillespie in his treatise,—or even from that of our own analysis,—the erroneousness of which will be at once perceived. By the first of these, the causal judgment is not limited in its origin to perceptions of change, and is not fully expressed in the metaphysical or primary truth, that every thing which commences to be, must have a cause. Far more extensive, it is also an unquestionable truth of causation, metaphysical, or primary, say these speculators, that every object finite in space, must have been caused or created. With them, we believe in the universality and necessity of this judgment without any *a posteriori* perceptions or considerations of change or design. The peasant, if questioned in regard to the process by which he has arrived at the conviction of the Divine existence, will ask the interrogator, as Napoleon, pointing to the stars, asked his *savans*: “Who made all these?” But is this a truth of causation, metaphysical or primary? No. On the contrary, it must be regarded by the metaphysician as a logical deduction from the proposition, that there is, and can be only one uncreated Being, who must be the Cause or Creator of everything else which exists. The second theory is an emanation from Kant. It assumes that the Divine Being is revealed simultaneously with every phenomenon of moral consciousness—the intuitions of obligation and responsibility involving the existence of some other Being to whom man is responsible.

Be it so. Moral distinctions only postulate the existence of some unknown Being. The moral faculty and religious instincts, by stimulating the intellect, may lead to the conscious apprehension of God in the method developed by Mr Gillespie, which appears to us, after many years patient study and reflection, the only possible or conceivable transit to a presentative knowledge of the Deity,—the argument from design, adaptations, or final causes assuredly stopping short at some Being, that exists, or did exist, where and when being wholly unknown and unknowable.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

I.

The Autocrat sat on his throne,
The world's map he surveyed,
He thought of Heroes dead and gone,
Who his vast Empire made.
His heart was lifted up with pride,
And like the swelling sea,
It rose and fell in fullest tide
Of proud Supremacy.

II.

He spoke ! and from the frozen north,
Down to the Euxine Sea,
A hundred thousand issued forth,
To obey his high decree !
No counsel dared oppose his will,
His sovereign wish was law,
And nations 'neath his grasp lay still,
And looked on him with awe.

III.

He stamped his foot upon the earth,
And countless armies rose !
Sons of the soil they had their birth
Amid their native snows.
They knew no power,—they had no will,
Save what their monarch gave ;
They lived his projects to fulfil,—
The battle and the grave !

IV.

Ambition scorched his haughty soul,
And wild the passion burned,
His spirit never brooked control,
Nor from its purpose turned.
His Fortresses and granite Towers,
Laughed at all war's alarms,
Strong in his might and in his powers,
He dared the World in arms !

V.

"The Bosphorus shall bound my state,"
The haughty monarch said,

"Too long has Romanoff and Fate,
 My Empire's boundary made."
 But soft—a small cloud in the west,
 Engrossed the monarch's eye,
 "Ha! let them come, and do their best,
 They come but here to die!

VI.

"The angry Euxine soon shall toss
 Their proud ships on the shore,—
 England shall learn too late, the loss
 She ever shall deplore.
 Sebastopol stands on a rock,
 And proudly rules the sea;
 And she will stand the rudest shock
 Of her artillery.

VII.

"What! Alma theirs, and Inkermann,—
 And Balaclava,—sad to see
 What deeds these silk-clad English can
 Shew of their true nobility!
 But let them winter in the land
 Where Gallia's army died;
 And they shall yield to my demand,
 Or perish in their pride!

VIII.

"Arm all my serfs from South to North,—
 From mountain and from glen:
 Let Russia all her strength put forth;
 Call up a million men!
 And sweep these pirates from the land
 Back to their native sea!
 Nations! obey my high command,
 And this my firm decree!"

IX.

Amid his threats, amid his boasts,
 A MESSENGER arrived—dread name!
 A Courier from the LORD OF HOSTS,
 The God of Battles came!—
 THE CZAR IS DEAD!—let it go forth!
 ONE LIVES—who all sustains!—
 And o'er all kingdoms of the earth
 The Lord in heaven reigns!

ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,

2d March 1855.

Hark! a voice, like trumpet-blast,
 O'er our island home has passed;
 And like writing on the wall,
 Or like angels' warning call,
 Fell those words on every ear:

Monarchs heard with sudden fear,
As on lightning's wings they sped :—
" Nicholas, the Czar, is dead."

Storms had hushed the cannon's boom ;
Yet still thicker fell the gloom
O'er the European sky,
Auguring a tempest nigh :
By the watch-fire's redd'ning glare
Nations hastened to prepare ;
And from shore to shore there rang
Clash of steel, and armour clang,
Tramp of myriads on their way,
Joining battle's fierce array.

Hush !—amid the din of war,
Echoing from the East afar,
Heaven's high Will has interposed,
Not in thunder-burst disclosed ;
Nor does lightning's flaming sword
Tell the anger of the Lord ;
Nor in earthquake's hollow noise
Speaks the omnipresent voice.

But, upon the cause of all,
See a sudden vengeance fall ;—
Bursts a thread-like tube of life,
And the source of all this strife,—
He, whom neighbouring kingdoms feared,
He, whom million serfs revered,
Than his meanest serf more low,—
Sinks beneath man's stern last foe.

"Twere inhuman to upbraid
Or arraign the mighty dead ;
Let us need no prophet's ken,
To translate to guilty men,
In this sad momentous hour,
This, the act of Heaven's great Power.

By the blood our sons have shed,
By the ashes of the dead,
By the toil-worn warrior's tale,
By the weeping mother's wail,
By the orphan's piercing cry,
Widow's prayer gone up on high,
Tis the working of the Lord,—
Be his hely name adored.

Kneeling low, before Heaven's throne,
Let us all our errors own ;
Heav'nward bend the suppliant eye,
Seeking pardon from on High ;
And let prostrate millions raise
Loud the Anthem notes of praise,
Loud the universal strain :—
" God, the mighty Lord doth reign."

"VITA VITABILIS."

[It has been our pleasing duty as reviewers, on more than one occasion, to bring under the notice of our readers the name of Mr Patrick Scott, the accomplished author of "Lelio," "Thomas à Becket," and other poems;—to the various merits of which we have borne our humble but sincere testimony. Two fresh productions of his elegant pen have just reached us, both of which, while possessing intact all the graceful smoothness of rhythm, the wonderful ease and felicity of expression, and the unmistakeable polish of high cultivation, which we have claimed as distinguishing characteristics of Mr Scott's muse,—preserving a sustained power and vigour, which, until now, we have failed to discover in his writings. The subject of both poems is the all-absorbing topic of the war, and we have no hesitation in saying, that while few of the innumerable stanzas it has called into existence will be found to surpass the larger piece, entitled "The Battle of Inkermann," in deep feeling and thoughtful treatment, not one will bear any comparison with that called "Vita Vitabilis," for the marvellous union of strength and sweetness which it displays in the handling of a most difficult subject. We have great pleasure in transferring it to our pages for the delectation of our readers, who, we feel assured, will cordially join us in the hope that it will prove but one of many similar productions from the same source, on a subject so prolific in interest, and which he knows to treat so well.]

O! not for the blest whom battle slew
Do we sorrow with tears unholy—
Life shatter'd at once is a hero's due,
But a felon's to crumble slowly.

The brave who live—let us weep for those—
War's unacknowledged martyrs;
Far better to wrestle with open foes,
Than with famine in secret quarters.

They fought where the morning mist, which hung
Like a pall on those funeral places,
Turn'd red with the cannon-flames that flung
Their light on the strife of races.

They had charged along with the murder'd brave
In their sad but gallant error,
When they rode victorious o'er the grave—
For the strength of death is terror.

And they liv'd, to win yet a greater name,
As they lay in the trench together,
And bared the limbs, which had bled for fame,
To the lash of the wintry weather.

For still those sickly hands and lean,
Whose deeds through the earth are ringing,
With a weaken'd grasp—O shame!—were seen
To the hold of duty clinging.

Bitterly might they have feared, so loud
Was the joy of a triumphing nation,
That it drown'd the cry of that famishing crowd
On its cape of desolation.

But they heard—'twas enough for souls so true—
 Of their country's burning sorrow :
 "Bless England, God !" cried the sick, who knew
 That his voice would be hush'd on the morrow !

Then cheer we the hearts which are beating yet
 By the shores of that cruel water :
 No laurels grow where the soil is wet
 With the blood of a thankless slaughter.

But moisten'd by tears, they yet may bloom
 Mid the rest in our English story,
 Nor the land which was turn'd to an army's tomb
 Be the grave of a country's glory !

PATRICK SCOTT.

WAR OR PEACE.

SEVERAL of the events which we ventured to indicate in the Article for March have taken place. Lord Palmerston has given way to the pressure for Inquiry—the most influential of the Peelites have seceded from the Ministry—and a day of National Humiliation has been appointed and taken place. But further, a circumstance surpassing all these in importance and significance, has, in the special providence of God, happened—the death of the mighty despot who has been the main cause of the present war, Nicholas of Russia. The Congress at Vienna proceeds ; while the Inquiry, the motion for which overturned one Ministry and scattered another, is also being carried on. Let us take up these topics *seriatim*, and endeavour, if possible, to extract some indications of the prospect before us. The Inquiry, the death of Nicholas, and the Congress of Vienna will engage our attention.

1. *The Inquiry.* It seems a matter now beyond question, that Lord Palmerston had, in the first endeavour to form an Administration, yielded to the Aberdeen faction ; and, by this concession, gained their adhesion to his Ministry. Any one, who has at all studied the conduct of the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel, might have predicted either the speedy downfall of a Ministry, formed with so large a proportion of Peelites under a Whig leader, or the secession of that section from the Administration. Ten days did not elapse before the latter of these two most probable alternatives took place,—four of the most eminent Peelites, Gladstone, Graham, Sidney Herbert, and Cardwell having resigned. Their secession proved the motives with which they remained in office ; and having failed to persuade Lord Palmerston to resist the clamor for Inquiry, and to obtain the object for retaining place, they would not serve under him. The country still urges the demand for an Inquiry into the conduct of the war,—the House of Commons would not stultify itself by rescinding the vote which drove Lord Aberdeen from office ; and Lord Palmerston, rather than resign the reins of power which he had just assumed, succumbed. Were it not that the present Ministry is essentially weak, and is unquestionably, as it has been well styled by an able

weekly London Journal, a "Transition Ministry," there is much more prospect of harmonious action than in the late ill-assorted Coalition. There is in this state of transition great reason for hope that we are passing from that ever dangerous condition to our country's well-being—a Coalition Ministry—to the state under which alone it can with safety be ruled, a Government of party. The present Ministry is almost purely Whig, and better that, however weak, than a Coalition of any sort, however apparently strong; for union, wherein is strength, may exist in the former, whereas it can have no place in the latter. Under the auspices of the reformed Palmerston Ministry, the Committee of Inquiry has been inaugurated, and day after day most energetically pursues its investigation.

How goes on the Inquiry? Every day accumulates evidence of the gross negligence and want of preparation for the common exigencies of a state of war. The culpability—much greater than would bring any Railway official under the lash of the criminal law,—is increased by the most perverse, systematic continuance in the same line of conduct with which they commenced. The obstinate, erroneous, and imprudent calculation on the likelihood of peace, stands forth as the pre-eminent error—the ruling directory of the late Ministry's management of the war. It has already been proved that, instead of the reports regarding the mismanagement and the disastrous effects of the negligence, remissness, and incapacity of our rulers having been exaggerated, the one half of the horrible condition in which our forces were, regarding everything that was essential for their bare existence, has not been told. In these days of sanitary improvement, and among men who had been accustomed, all of them to the comforts, and many of them to the luxuries of a British home, the absence of everything which could conduce to common decency and cleanliness is quite appalling. These neglects, and the want of timely reinforcements, were the causes of the disease and pestilence which have swept away many more of our brave countrymen than the sword of the enemy. And when they became inmates of the hospitals by disease and from wounds, the mortality was immensely increased by the want of the ordinary means of accommodation, medicine, attendance, and remedies. But what is the result of the revelation of all these additional horrors of this war consequent on the most gross mismanagement which ever took place in any previous war; and all this in an age of the highest civilization, which possessed the means beyond any which have preceded it for ministering to the welfare and the comfort of those who were engaged in the defence of their country? Is no one to be arraigned before the tribunals of their country for this wholesale manslaughter?

In any railway accident which may have caused the death of any of our fellow-subjects, the individuals of the railway against whose department the charge of culpability lies are subjected to trial—and most justly so. Recently some of the directors of an English line were put on their trial; and in a recent trial in Edinburgh, the manager and locomotive superintendent were indicted along with those more immediately blameable, though they were justly acquitted. Let the same rule be applied here; and if the late Ministers cannot be made directly responsible for

the disasters which have happened, there are officials who must be culpable, and ought not to escape punishment. This is the only effectual way in which a repetition of such horrible calamities can be prevented.

2. Let us turn our attention to the death of Nicholas, and its probable effect on the contest in which we are engaged. No one—even the most inconsiderate—can help remarking the time at which this great disturber of the peace of Europe has been removed from the scene of his ambition. It is more than probable that the overworkings of his brain in contriving and directing the fondly cherished scheme of his hereditary desire of extensive dominion, was the proximate cause of his death. The suddenness of the occurrence, which, in a moment as it were, struck motionless this mighty despot, who, endowed with a manly form, a great mind, and a stern will, wielded at pleasure one of the largest territorial kingdoms of the earth, must have taken all by surprise. It is an instructive lesson of the words of the Prophet, that “this was to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men.” Whatever may be said of human agency in other occurrences of the war, this event at least was directly from the hand of God. Had Nicholas been summoned before the great Judge of all men some years ago, he would have received praise from nearly every nation save from that people whom he has so greatly oppressed. How changed his reputation within these two years! What is likely to be the effects of this change on the present war? That man, who seems gifted with more than ordinary ken in the affairs of the world, has been reported to have said regarding the death of Nicholas, “*Rien n’est changé.*” Whether this be so or not, time alone will prove. The course of events hitherto, however, seems to go on as if there was truth in this saying of Louis Napoleon. No alteration of policy is announced by the successor of the Czar Nicholas; but, on the contrary, the declaration of Alexander, said to have been concocted and approved of by Nicholas before his death, explicitly says, that he will tread in the steps of his father and his predecessors. There is no indication of the peaceful character which was attributed to this young man, nor of the hopeful expectations of a change of plan by the coming of the event which has just happened. Whether or not it be that his own predilections must give way to the circumstances in which he has found himself, we cannot pretend to say; but if the statement be true that he has for the last ten years gone along with his father in all which he has done, we are inclined to think that the peace which he desired was only such a peace as would enable him to accomplish the hereditary scheme of ambition. In this we believe that the late Czar concurred; and he never would have gone to war if he could have accomplished what he desired by diplomacy. Nay more, we are convinced that when he commenced the carrying out of his plan, he never anticipated that he would have been engaged in a war with Britain, and assuredly not with Britain and France united. This makes us doubt, what has been so often asserted, that Nicholas was goaded on to this war by the Russian people. He was drawn into it, and having taken up his position, he would not be driven from it even at the risk of war. The people of Russia may now have been inflamed to war, and

will support the present Emperor,—but this was brought about, not by the original differences which led to the contest, but by the inciting nature of the proclamations giving a holy character to the war, which were from time to time addressed to them by their sovereign, whom they regarded as the representative of God upon the earth. This double influence of his father's addresses and of the now inflamed zeal of the people, may act on the present Emperor. If there be no change, we can at least recognize no better prospect of peace under the new reign. We may be mistaken; but, judging from human nature generally, we are inclined to the belief that the tendencies towards a pacific solution of the matters under controversy are much narrowed.—Nicholas had ever a great partiality for Britain, and it was much against his feelings to go to war with us. He delayed it long, and the alliance with France may have had no little influence in exasperating him to engaging in the warfare. This predilection would make him desire a reconciliation. These feelings—these predilections—cannot have the same, if any influence, with Alexander; and, therefore, the motives to concession which might have tended to peace under the late Czar, will not operate under the present Emperor. And if it be the case that the Russian people, whether so animated from the first, or inflamed by religious zeal caused by the addresses of Nicholas, are desirous for the prosecution of the war—and if his brother Constantine have any ambitious designs on the throne, and be the head of the war party, the critical nature of Alexander's position demands that he should continue the contest. The preparations which are now going on in Russia give no indications of peace, but clearly intimate that war is what they expect. If any corroboration were wanted of the actual disposition of the present Czar, it will be found in his official language, wherein he declares that “he is firmly resolved to march in the way traced out by his father.” The determination manifested in the concluding words of his address to the deputation of nobility regarding the militia, leaves no dubiety as to the prolongation of the contest: “I solemnly declare that I will not give up a single inch of ground to our enemies. I will take good care to prevent their penetrating further on the soil of our country,—and never,—may my hand wither first!—will I affix my signature to a treaty which shall bring the slightest dishonor on the national honor.” It is added by the correspondent,—“these words were spoken with a tone and energy of vehemence which excited among all present the most rapturous applause.” After so distinct a declaration of the line of conduct intended to be pursued by the Emperor Alexander, all hope of any change of circumstances tending more to peace by the death of Nicholas is at once removed; and further, the Congress at Vienna may at once save themselves the trouble of continuing their meetings, unless they be desirous of affording to Russia and these two doubtful states, Austria and Prussia, more time for maturing their plans.

3. Our third topic is the Congress of Vienna. This Congress presents an anomaly without a parallel in the history of peace negotiations—a meeting between the belligerents while the war still progresses. Had it been a conference between the Powers on the one side of the contest,

and the neutral States, regarding the terms upon which peace should be made with the adversary of these belligerents, it would have been comprehensible ; but that the enemies, while fighting, should meet to determine the conditions of peace, which may at any moment be materially changed by the events of the war, is passing strange. It proves either the insincerity or the little hope of peace of the parties engaged in the conference. For if they have even the most slender hopes of effecting peace, or even if they are sincere in their desire for peace, why meanwhile prolong the contest to the great sacrifice of human life ; which, if peace be accomplished, may turn out to have been altogether vain ? No doubt these sacrifices often prove quite fruitless, seeing that the issue of the contest, is that the combatants return to the *status quo ante bellum*. This, however, is excusable and unavoidable. But in such a case not merely supposed, but as is now going on, the bloodshed is inexcusable, nay highly criminal. It is perhaps fortunate that there has been no armistice, as we do not believe that peace will be the result—but which ever way it should be, no conference should have taken place between the belligerents, save with a temporary cessation of hostilities. They are in truth both negotiating, in the hope that the chances of the war may decide for them the main points in dispute. Far better surely to continue the contest ; and then, when some result has taken place on either side, they would be in a better condition to deliberate on the terms of peace. It is indeed a farce.

It ought to be recollected, that the origin of this Congress is the Fifth Article of the Treaty of 2d December 1854 between Britain, Austria, and France, that, if peace was not concluded before the end of last year, "they will deliberate without delay, on effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance," viz., "the re-establishment of general peace on a solid basis." Thus has Austria accomplished her object by this treaty, which the late administration made so much parade about—the delay of active co-operation. As we remarked when discussing the Treaty in a former Article, "Austria will be, at the time named, no further advanced towards an active part in this contest." All that the Court of Vienna desired, was to quiet the Allies by showing a willingness to deliberate. The treaty ought to have provided for a defensive and offensive alliance, in the event of peace not being the result ; but Austria secures herself by binding France and Britain according to the Third Article, to conclude such an alliance with her, "in case hostilities should break out between her and Russia." It was entirely a one-sided agreement, without the least advance towards a more definite course of action on the part of Austria, and preserving an appearance of co-operation with the Western Powers, while she secured their aid if attacked by Russia. It was worthy of the diplomatic talent of the Court of Vienna. By the Sixth Article, "they were to communicate the treaty to the Court of Prussia, and will with satisfaction receive its accession thereto, in case it should promise its co-operation for the accomplishment of the common object." This has been done, but though the Court of Berlin would not have committed itself by adhesion to so valueless a treaty, Prussia has most strangely stood aloof. As the further foundation for holding the present congress, the Czar,

Nicholas of Russia, accepted as the basis of negotiations, what have been called the Four Points. Now, all that can be fairly implied in this acceptance, is a consent to deliberate on the interpretation of these Four Points; for, if the several Powers were agreed on the interpretation, nothing more required to be done than to sign a Treaty of Peace. However anxious Austria and Prussia may be for peace as their best security, and however sincere France and Britain may be in their desire for the re-establishment of peace, it is pretty evident that the late Czar of Russia used this profession as the means of better prosecuting his plans,—and it is apparent from Alexander's course of conduct since his accession, that he is determined to tread closely in his father's steps.

The "Four Points" are:—

"1. That the protectorate exercised hitherto by the Imperial Court of Russia over the Principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, shall cease in future, and that the privileges accorded by the Sultans to those dependent provinces of their empire should, in virtue of an arrangement concluded with the Sublime Porte, be placed under the collective guarantee of the powers.

"2. That the navigation of the mouths of the Danube should be free from all obstruction, and subject to the application of the principles consecrated by the acts of the Congress of Vienna.

"3. That the treaty of 13th July 1841, should be revised by agreement of the high contracting powers in an interest of European equilibrium, and in the sense of a limitation of the power of Russia in the Black Sea.

"4. That no power shall claim the right of exercising official protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, no matter to which rite they belong, but that France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia shall give their mutual concurrence to obtain from the initiative of the Ottoman Government the consecration and observance of the religious privileges of the different religious communities, and turn to account, in the reciprocal interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by his Majesty the Sultan, without any infringement upon the dignity and independence of his Crown resulting therefrom."

It is on the third point that the confiction will take place. Surely the Western Powers and Austria have already agreed on their interpretation of all the articles; and if they have come to the terms on this third article, on which alone,—according to the almost universal feeling,—a peace can be concluded, the Congress may possibly issue in the closer attachment of Austria, but certainly not in a peaceful termination of the war. The continuation of operations before Sebastopol by the Allies at once declares that the destruction of that fortress must form a *sine qua non* condition of peace; for if otherwise, an armistice would certainly have taken place. Assuming this then as the basis, which must be known both to the Allies and to Russia, each party must know pretty well their respective positions, and cannot but be aware of the impossibility of coming to terms at the present stage of the contest. Why then should the farce of a Peace Congress be prolonged? Why linger over the articles on which it is pretty certain there will be agreement? Let us at once *in medias res*—to the point,—and all this is the more pressing, from the anomalous state of a conference for peace while the war is continued. But we have no hesitation in stating our conviction that Britain

and France, in their anxiety for peace, have been weak enough to yield to the perpetual desire of Austria for delay, which they can best accomplish by conferences. Nor is Russia unwilling to shew an inclination to treat, well discerning the advantage which she thus gains in the diminution of the warlike activity of the Allies. Austria plays her game most adroitly, ever gaining time, and never more advanced towards action. In only one event is the active interference of Austria as yet secured, namely, in the not very probable one of a declaration of war against her by Russia. It is not Russia's object to embroil herself with more States, and she will not be willingly the aggressor in this. How long Austria's decision may hang in the balance it is impossible to say; but no diplomatic effort will be wanting on her part to maintain the same position which she has managed hitherto to preserve. We cannot agree with those parties who are so sanguine as to suppose that the issue of the present Congress at Vienna, if it do not bring about peace, will be the active alliance of Austria. Austria will not take part with Russia, nor break off her alliance with the Western Powers. Farther the Court of Vienna will not go. Any more active interference of that State in the great European contest will be brought about by some accidental circumstance not yet within the bounds of ordinary calculation. By the conduct of the late First Minister of the Crown, the vantage-ground was lost by Britain and France; and Austria assumed and retains the mediatorial power, which she has all along wielded to her own advantage; and we fear that this dangerous authority, which we have dreaded from the first, will be exercised for the accomplishment, at all hazards, of a peace at the Congress. Austria's part in the matter is distinctly declared in the message of the Emperor Joseph to the young Czar of Russia: "*That Austria seeks neither to diminish the limits of his empire, nor to inflict on his territory any dishonour.*" If the efforts of the diplomatic talent of Austria be successful in effecting a termination of the present war; or even if they fail, the Allies will be obliged in either case to acknowledge a humiliating defeat; for, even if the negotiations are broken off, and Russia refuses to accede to the terms proposed, Austria will not go to war. The same game was played before as now; and, when Russia declined to negotiate on the bases of peace which were then offered, Austria did not consider the refusal a *casus belli*. And so will this wily Court act to the end of the chapter, unless some unforeseen accident involves it in the contest. Let all hope, then, of the co-operation of Austria be at once dismissed, and let the actions of the Western Powers be, as far as possible, independent of her. Reliance on this broken reed has been one great cause of the anomalous position in which we are now placed. But it is very difficult, if not impossible, at this advanced stage of the struggle, for the Allies entirely to throw off Austria. Once it might have been done with safety. The opportunity has however been lost; and though mischief has been the consequence, we cannot easily get out of the awkward scrape.

If unfortunately such an uncertain and unsatisfactory peace as can only be expected for Russia to concede, should be the consequence of the Congress which is now assembled in that ill-omened Capital, and under the auspices of the diplomatists of the mediating State, that Power, which has

played this disgraceful part, will alone reap all the benefit. Let us see wherein the aggrandisement of Austria consists. The advantages are : that the Court of Vienna, unlike the less able Court of Berlin, has secured a more important position among the Courts of Europe, and will have been enabled to dictate terms to the belligerent States. By this war, carried on without cost of life or treasure to her government, she has crippled an overgrown monarchy, and obtained a share of the protectorate of the Principalities, and the opening up of the navigation of the Danube. To counterbalance these, what have the two Western Powers gained ? Nothing but increased honor to their united arms attended with great disasters and a vast expenditure of money, without being able to accomplish their object. While on the topic of money, it seems truly a glaring omission, that no compensation is demanded from Russia for the expenses of the war.

What of the Congress ? The first point, it is said, has been settled by the abandonment of the claim of Russia to the protectorate of the Danubian Principalities. This is truly making a virtue of a necessity, by surrendering what they have already lost. But even this question is not altogether at an end ; for the future *status* of these provinces has yet to be fixed, and may raise matter for discussion and disagreement.

With regard to the second point, or the free navigation of the Danube, there will be difficulty. This is of essential importance to Germany, and especially to the Austrian dominions, as it directly affects their trade. The Western Powers are doubtless more or less indirectly concerned in putting an end to restrictions on the traffic, which were unlawfully gained, and which are exercised without any plea of justification. If Russia yield this point, it will cost her a great effort. As the third point, which regards the reduction of the naval forces of Russia in the Black Sea, is likely to be that on which the question of peace or war will hang, we shall pass on to the fourth point. This Article gives up the official protectorate of the subjects of Turkey, and reserves to the Five Powers the power of demanding the exercise of the worship of their several religions. This, though involving the originating cause of the contest may be arranged.

We have postponed the discussion of the third point to the last, because it is the most important, and involves the main difficulties of the arrangement ; and we should not be surprised if we had anticipated the course which may be followed at the Congress. Austria at least will do all she can to prolong the deliberations ; and as disagreement is likely sooner to arise on this point than on any of the other three, it may be deferred to the last. We have been kept quite in the dark as to the exact interpretation of this article by the two Western Powers ; but, though rumor speaks differently, it can hardly be supposed that it includes less than the dismantling of the stronghold of Sebastopol, and the reduction of the naval forces of Russia to something very small. If both of these conditions are not exacted, the great object of the war has not been attained, and Britain and France will be obliged to maintain a constant watching force in the Euxine, as Russia will ever be on the *qui vive* to carry its hereditary purpose of obtaining the mastery of Constantinople. The result of a treaty concluded without these indispensable conditions would be, not peace either lasting or solid, but a mere hollow truce, a

suspension of hostilities, which would be resumed whenever opportunity offered. Nor can there be any safe compromise of this important question, as we regret to find that some of our cotemporaries suggest, and as is said to be in the contemplation of the diplomatists at Vienna. It is proposed that Sebastopol should become a commercial port, and that, as a compensation, Britain and France should have naval stations at Sinope and some other place, and that the number of the ships of war of Russia should be limited. This plan may appear very conciliatory in theory; but the practical result would be that the two Western Powers would have incurred a large expense without accomplishing their object. This implies still the maintenance of a large naval force. If the Governments of Britain and France consent to this, it will have been accomplished by the mediating influence of Austria; but it will be astonishing if Russia agree to this. We are just as likely to attain the whole measure as this absurd half mode of arrangement; and if so, how humiliating to us! On this point hangs the decision of war or peace. Unless our negotiators be cajoled by the superior diplomatic talent of Austria and Russia,—and that there is some understanding between them we doubt not,—there seems little chance that the issue of the Congress will be peace. If, however, peace should be the result, it may safely be affirmed that it will be a hollow truce which will not give satisfaction to the people of France and Britain, and will keep us in constant expectation of a renewal of hostilities; but above all, when war breaks out, we shall not be in so favorable circumstances as we are at present. Russia will never lose sight of the darling desire of her heart, handed down for several generations, and will use the interval in creating dissension among the several States, and will take care to make a better start than she did this time. The late Czar Nicholas was not altogether prepared for this war, but her sovereign will now provide against the occurrence of any surprise in the future. The advantages now presented of crippling the power of Russia and arresting her aggression may never again return.

In the incertitude which hangs over the question of peace or war, it would be premature to hazard any further conjectures as to our future policy in the event of the failure of the present attempt at peace. This, however, seems plain, that, if peace is not now concluded, the war will be much more vigorously prosecuted, and may be lasting and more extended in its operations.

Again, should peace come now, Britain may retire from the field; but there seems looming in the future another contest, in which France may have something to settle with Prussia. Poland's opportunity may then arrive, as France will likely prove her friend.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. William Montgomery Walker to the church and parish of Daily, in the Presbytery and County of Ayr, vacant by the death of the Rev. David Strong.

Presentation.—The Queen has presented the Rev. Neil M'Intyre to the parish of Rothiemurchus, in the Presbytery of Abernethy.

Presentation.—The Queen has presented the Rev. George Stewart Burns

to the parish of Urr, in the Presbytery of Dumfries.

Presentation.—The Duke of Buccleuch has presented the Rev. Alexander Young, B.A., Assistant to the Rev. R. H. Stevenson, of St George's Church, Edinburgh, to the church and parish of Wester Kirk, in the Presbytery of Langholm, vacant by the translation of the Rev. W. B. Dunbar to the parish of Glencairn.

Presentation.—The Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry has presented the Rev. Henry Wallis Smith to the parish of Durrisdeer, in the Presbytery of Penpont and County of Dumfries.

Presentations.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield has issued a presentation in favour of the Rev. John Clarke, of Grantown, to the church and parish of Knockando, vacant by the death of the Rev. F. W. Grant. The noble Earl has at the same time intimated his intention of appointing the Rev. Alex. Milne, Drainie, to the church of Grantown.

Presentation.—The Earl of Selkirk, through his Commissioner Mr D. Welsh, of Collin, has presented the Rev. John Milligan, A.M., Missionary at Corsock, to the church and parish of Twynholm, in the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Gordon.

Presentation.—The Town-Council of Stirling have presented the Rev. William Findlay, Minister of the third charge of that town, to be Minister of the West Church there, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Watson.

Ordination.—The Presbytery of Lochmaben met, according to appointment, at Johnstone, on Tuesday last, for the ordination of the Rev. William Williamson, presentee to that church and parish. The services of the day were ably conducted by the Rev. George Wright, minister of Wamphray; and Mr Williamson received a cordial welcome from the parishioners, in retiring from the church. Thereafter the Presbytery were kindly entertained at Raebills by Mr Hope Johnstone, the patron of the parish. This settlement is, in all respects, a very harmonious and happy one. Mr Williamson was introduced to his charge on Sabbath by the Rev. Mr Watson, minister of Leuchars, under whom he has officiated for some time with great acceptance.

Call.—An ordinary meeting of the Presbytery of Penpont, was held at Durrisdeer, on the 16th instant, for the

purpose, *inter alia*, of moderating in a call in favour of the Rev. James Boe, minister of the church and parish of Dunblane, and presented to the church and parish of Durrisdeer. The Rev. James Graham of Penpont, by a former appointment, conducted with his usual ability the religious services of the day; and at the close, the call to Mr Boe was produced by the Clerk and read, and subscribed by and for heritors, elders, and members of the congregation of Durrisdeer having a right to do so. The call was ordered to lie in the hands of Mr Davidson, Session-Clerk, for additional signatures, and to be returned to the Moderator with as little delay as possible.

The Presbytery then appointed Messrs Murray, Wilson, and Dr Bennet, their commissioners for prosecuting Mr Boe's translation before the Presbytery of Dunblane or any other competent judicatories of the Church.

Induction.—The Presbytery of Inverness met at Kiltarlity Church on 22d ult., for the purpose of inducting the Rev. David Ross of Tobermory to the pastoral charge of the parish of Kiltarlity—the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, of the West Church of Inverness, moderator. The service in Gaelic was conducted by the moderator; and in English by the Rev. Hugh Mackenzie of Inverness. After which, the Rev. Dr Macdonald of Inverness put the usual questions to Mr Ross, and having received satisfactory replies, Mr Ross was appointed minister of that parish by receiving the right hand of fellowship from all the brethren present. Very eloquent addresses were then delivered by Dr Macdonald to both minister and people, after which, and at the conclusion of the services, Mr Ross was cordially welcomed at the church door by the members of his new flock then present. After a protracted vacancy, Mr Ross was made choice of by the people, and presented *jure devoluto* by the Presbytery, so that his settlement promises to be one of much usefulness.

Died, at Edinburgh, in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Wright, late of Borthwick.

Died, at Meikle, on the 5th ult., the Rev. James Mitchell, D.D., minister of the parish of Meikle, in his 87th year.

Died, at Livingston, the Rev. James Maitland Robertson, minister of the parish.

Died, at the Manse of Urr, on the 29th of January, the Rev. George M. Burnside, minister of that parish.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXII.

MAY 1855.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

ONE of the most striking evidences of the fruit of Missions in India, presented to me in Calcutta, was in the person of a young Hindoo gentleman, who had recently professed Christianity. It was on a Sabbath evening, in Mr B.'s verandah, that I was first introduced to him. I had been preaching the same day in Union Chapel, without knowing that this youth and some other Hindoo friends and acquaintances of his were present. The aspect of this gracious young gentleman drew my heart towards him. A certain air of nobleness contended for the mastery over an evident modesty of demeanour. Imagining that he could not speak to me in my own language, I addressed to him at first a few broken words in English. But what was my surprise when I found he could speak English well and fluently. When I saw him afterwards in his study at Bhowanipore Institution, he was reading the Greek New Testament. Better than all this, however, I found that he could speak the language of Canaan. I was charmed to hear him respond to me, as he did most feelingly, on the great love and mercy of our God and Saviour, and on the power of the Gospel in constraining all that loved the Lord Jesus to make sacrifices in his service, and to spread abroad his name on earth. Altogether, it was one of the most delightful evenings that I spent in Calcutta.

No wonder than Kali Prosunno Mookerjee—for that is his name—spoke feelingly and from the heart on such a topic. I afterwards learned that he had made very great sacrifices in becoming a Christian, probably as great as have been made by any convert in any age of the Church.

VOL XIX.

He was by birth a Kulein Brahmin, of the very highest caste, by his mother's side a Holdar Brahmin, and an hereditary priest and part proprietor of one of the richest temples in Calcutta. He was not only heir to all his mother's property as her only son, but also heir to an uncle who was a Zemindar and proprietor of the temple of Kalee. Besides all this, he was sole heir also to his father-in-law's property. He was thus the only male representative of three respectable families. His fortune consisted of two lacs of Rupees, or £20,000. He knew that if he became a Christian, he should, as the law of the country then stood, lose all this splendid property to which he was by inheritance entitled, and should, moreover, become an outcast. Long did he contend with his convictions. And yet it was none of these things that moved him, or caused him to stagger in his resolution. The severest trial that awaited him was the anguish and distress which his decision, he knew, would cause to his mother, by whom he was tenderly beloved. He long thought of waiting till after her death. At last, after having been inveigled by his friends into the commission of an overt act of idolatry, which caused him great compunction, he resolved by one act to break off every idolatrous connexion, and to leave all for Christ's sake and the Gospel. At his baptism in 1844, his mother and aunt, who were present, wept, tore their hair, and beat their breasts. They saw him pluck off the sacred thread from his bosom, and then they resigned themselves to their fate, and mourned for him as for one dead. He has since endured persecution and many trials, but has remained firm. On parting from him, to proceed on my way to China, we bade each other the tenderest adieus, commending each other to God in prayer. He assured me that there were now very many individuals of the order of Brahmins, who were equally convinced with himself, that the Christian religion was the only true religion, but that "although their heads were convinced, their hearts were not persuaded." The decision which this young man made, deeply affected the other youths in the London Society's Seminary, in Calcutta. They met for serious inquiry and prayer on the subject, and considered what they ought to do. These conferences issued in the conversion and baptism of several other young Brahmins of very high caste, with whom also I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted.

It was a great treat to me to visit one day the Free Church School in this city. It is an immense building, more like a College than an ordinary seminary. The building was formerly the palace of an Indian Begum. After entering the gates, you are ushered into a spacious quadrangle, round the four sides of which are the class-rooms. One thousand and fifty youths were here assembled before me. Here I saw all the missionaries of the Free Church diligently employed. The pupils were instructed not only through the medium of their own language, but also and chiefly in English. The services of a goodly number of native pundits were required in bringing forward the junior classes. Dr Duff kindly put the highest class through their exercises before me. It was a most pleasing sight to behold nearly a hundred Hindoo young men answering fluently, in English, questions on all sorts of subjects. The education communicated to them appeared to be of the most thorough

and substantial kind. These lads seemed quite at home on the subject of the Evidences of Christianity, for example. They astonished me by answering with ease and with success all the sophisms and objections of Hume, Gibbon, and other infidels. The passion for abstract speculation, which has already been noticed as a characteristic of the Hindoos, was remarkably brought out on this occasion in the intense eagerness, with which one, and another, and a third, rose in different parts of the class-room, each claiming to be heard, and in the subtlety and volubility with which they pursued the point to a successful conclusion, and a triumphant refutation. It may be doubted, however, whether it is wise, in the education of Hindoo youths, to encourage too much their predilection for metaphysical studies, seeing that they are already so passionately devoted to them, to the neglect of scientific pursuit, and useful practical knowledge. A visitor who was one day addressing a number of youths in a church missionary school, on a practical subject, was interrupted by the query: "What becomes of the soul between death and the resurrection?"

It has long been understood that the only successful way of enlightening the minds of the rising Hindoo youth in the principles of true knowledge, is to instruct them through the medium of the English language and literature. The experiment has been extensively tried, and is at the present moment succeeding marvellously. The avidity with which Hindoo young men pursue their studies in the schools and colleges of Calcutta, is really astonishing. It forms a very marked contrast to the indifference and even hatred with which the large Mohammedan part of the population regard the study of the English literature. The Mohammedans being the last conquerors of India before the British obtained the dominion, imposed their own language upon the Hindoos. Times are now, however, changed with them, but they refuse to change with the times. Besides having an overweening conceit for the learning contained in their own books, and a sovereign contempt for even the most magnificent discoveries of infidels, as they account us, the Mussulmans in India cannot but regard the study of the language of that dynasty which has displaced themselves as carrying with it the appearance of degradation. With the Hindoos, however, it is altogether different. They have been for ages accustomed to be conquered. They have therefore no false pride to maintain. Under Mohammedan rule they applied themselves to the study of Persian, as the road to wealth and distinction. So now, under British rule, they have transferred their ardour to the study of English, as the passport to office and promotion. At the present hour it is not ardour simply, but literally devotion, that characterizes the Hindoos in the acquisition of European knowledge.

The truth of this may be perceived at a glance, by simply looking at the numbers who crowd in their attendance at the English seminaries. Within four days of the opening of the Hooghly College at Chinsurah, fifteen hundred students were enrolled. The Free Church Institution has upwards of a thousand pupils. The London Missionary Society's Institution has nearly a thousand. Then there is the General Assembly's Institution, largely attended. At the Hindoo

College there are five hundred students who pay for their education. Numerous branch schools have been established in the suburbs and villages around Calcutta. A great many large proprietary schools have been set up by the natives themselves, in which the higher branches of learning are taught in the English language by students of our own colleges. The total number of pupils who are at this moment receiving a good English education, is upwards of six thousand. "Calcutta," says the *Friend of India*, "may be considered as one vast English Academy. It is impossible to pass through the most plebeian lanes and alleys of the city without meeting with the most unequivocal proofs of the extent to which English has been domesticated within it. In one courtyard, we meet at early dawn with a group of urchins spelling monosyllables; in another, with a lad repeating a demonstration of Euclid; in a third, with a student reading Bacon, Shakespeare, or Milton. One common spirit of ardour and emulation seems to animate the whole mass of native youth in the metropolis. If we go into native society, we find our tongue enjoying the same astonishing predominance. There are hundreds of natives, who never speak or write to each other but in English; it is the language alike of the counting-house and the office, and even of the social evening circle. In many families, Bengalee is never used but in speaking to wives or servants. We have been assured by many of our native friends that they have acquired the habit of thinking in English, and one Baboo maintains that he never dreams but in our tongue."

In addition to these facts, I may also mention that there are now in Calcutta several well educated Hindoos, who are ordained clergymen in connexion with different missionary denominations. One reverend Hindoo, an Episcopalian, is the author of several eloquent and well written articles in the Calcutta Quarterly Review. To this Review, other well educated native gentlemen have also largely contributed. This periodical is under the management of Europeans, and is, in many respects, worthy of taking rank with any of the Quarterlies at home. The vast benefits attending such a wide spread diffusion of the English language and literature, it is impossible to calculate. One of the first results which a correct knowledge of astronomy, for example, effects on the mind of a Hindoo, is the utter overthrow of all belief in his own religious system, seeing that in the sacred books of the Hindoos their religion is indissolubly connected and interwoven with a false and absurd astronomical system. Both must stand or fall together. A comparison of the Greek and Roman mythologies with the lying legends of their own faith, has also, in many instances, issued in the inevitable conviction, that their religion is, equally with those, destitute of Divine authority and real truth.

Educational effort, however, is but one of several methods by which the Hindoo mind may be reached, and the principles of Christianity disseminated. Preaching to the people in their own language is, in India, as every where else, the grand and chosen instrumentality by which the Gospel must be made known. And here we are met by the pleasing fact, that the parables of our Lord are wonderfully popular in India. The customs of the Hindoos, as we have already pointed out, are in many

respects identical with those of the people of Judea. However much we, in occidental climes, may love the oriental dress in which our Saviour's parables are clothed, it is an acquired liking with us. The wisdom of Christ is seen, therefore, in the universal welcome which his beautiful, thrilling, and instructive stories receive in all nations. But to none are they so specially adapted as to an oriental and imaginative people. Missionaries in India have frequently and largely expressed their delight at the amazing eagerness of the people to listen to Scriptural and other parables, their readiness in interpreting their meaning, and the accuracy with which they firmly retain them in their memories.

To illustrate this, and also another peculiarity frequently found to attend the preaching of the Gospel in India, namely, its conversational, and still more frequently, its controversial character, the following pleasing narrative from the journal of Mr Leupolt, of the Church Missionary Society at Benares, may be here quoted:—"I preached on Luke xiii. 14: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.' After having described the strait gate, and the character of those who had never any desire to enter in, I then came to those who wished to enter, but could not. The first were those who loved the lust of the flesh. They wished to enter, but desired to take the world with them. Some wished to travel on elephants, or camels, with servants and every convenience of life. 'This will never do!' exclaimed one of the hearers; 'He will never get through the gate in that way, for the gate is too narrow for that; these things must be left behind.' When describing the second class, those who wished to serve two masters, God and Mammon, and to take their riches with them, and therefore loaded themselves with the many cares of this life, another exclaimed, 'They will not get in! The bundle must be left behind, for the narrow gate is too strait for that.' Describing another class of people, those who wished to follow the glorified Jesus, but not the crucified Saviour, who thought themselves pundits, wise men, men of honour, and in their pride walked in an erect posture with haughty looks, to the narrow gate, picturing thus a proud Brahmin and a proud Mussulman, without naming either, when I said, 'Now such a man comes to the strait gate,' one called out, 'he will knock out his brains unless he stoops? he will never get in.'

Other and more direct testimonies might be given. Mr Wenger, of the Baptist Missionary Society, remarks upon the singular adaptation of the Scriptures to the people of India, with reference more particularly to Old Testament narrative: "Historical subjects interest the people and abide in their memories better than systematic discourses: besides which, the oriental dress of the Bible narrative, somewhat different from the costume of Bengal, and yet akin to it, gives to the Old Testament a peculiar charm, and affords numerous occasions for introducing subjects suggested by the circumstances of the people." Mr Lacey, another Baptist Missionary, says: "I began to practise the parabolic mode of instruction. I hope to search my library, and especially my Bible, for suitable similes. I have already about twenty. I began yesterday with the parable of the king making a marriage feast for his son." He goes on

to mention a parable which he had made against the vain repetitions used in the Hindoo worship. "Two beggars went to a gentleman for relief, and one of them with his hands joined, said, 'I am a poor, destitute hungry creature; pray, sir, be so kind as to relieve me.' But the other, with a string of beads in his hand, said nothing but, 'Sahib, Sahib, Sahib, Sahib, &c.' moving a bead every time he spoke. The people readily made the application. . . . I also several times showed them the folly of idolatry, by representing two men having fallen into a well. One of them was preserved, and he requested a friend at the top to let down a cord. But the other refused the cord, and called for help to a post cut in the form of a man, without obtaining it. . . . When I got to Midnapore, I gave the people the substance of Fuller's simile of the army saved by the sufferings of the king's son, contained in his 'Gospel its own Witness,' and it produced considerable effect."

Some of this gentleman's own parables seem to have been very ingenious, and admirably adapted for the people to whom they were addressed. "A certain man committed a murder, and, immediately absconding, escaped justice for ten years. At the expiration of that time he was apprehended, tried, and found guilty. During the ten years which elapsed between his crime and the trial, he had committed no murders and no robberies. He had been just in his dealings, and charitable to the poor, and he pleaded this in his defence. But the judge could not regard his plea. Sentence was passed on the murderer, and he was executed, and all this was quite right. I then proceeded to say that some people thought of being saved by works, but this might show them the folly of their expectations, and proceeded of course to show them the right way. On another occasion, an old Brahmin did what he could against me, and I argued it out with him, and afterwards gave him a rub by saying:—A certain gentleman had an hundred servants, and they all justly incurred his displeasure by very bad behaviour; on which he threatened to punish them, but afterwards promised to forgive as many as would humbly ask his pardon. Some of the servants, however, persuaded a number of the others that it was not necessary to ask the master's pardon, for all would be well if they would give *them* food and raiment and money. A number of the offenders did so, and hoped that all would be well. But the master viewed the matter in its true light, and the transaction was of no use to those who engaged in it. I afterwards made the application, but the Brahmin would not stop to hear it, for I believe he perceived that I had spoken this parable against him. It is right to add, that, to prevent the people from being misled, I tell them that these are similes. I use them on almost every topic, and they excite a good deal of attention."

It is well known that no where do the claims of Christianity meet with a more sifting examination, and no where are more subtle objections brought against its reception as a new faith, than in India. One of the most frightful and, in the opinion of the Hindoos, one of the most formidable objections urged by them to the arguments brought to bear upon them, is that God himself is the author of sin, seeing that every man is part of God, and that therefore men are not accountable nor punishable for their actions. It is astonishing with what tenacity they cling to this

dreadful tenet of their faith, and, though it admits of the clearest refutation, yet they continually fall back upon it, and retrench themselves behind it with unconquerable obstinacy. It may prove interesting to examine the manner in which missionaries are in the habit of disposing of this pantheistic position. An excellent exposure of its absurdity and falseness, is furnished in a communication from Mr Lacroix, of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta. But, to understand clearly the manner in which the point is commonly advanced by the Hindoos, let me here quote, first of all, the following, from the memoirs of Mrs Wilson of Bombay:—" 'All religions' said he, (that is, her pundit) are the same, and mine is better for me than any other; were I to become a Christian, I should break the chain that binds me to God.' I inquired if he really believed himself to be a part of God. He was ashamed of the question, and replied, 'every thing is a part of God; must not I therefore be a part of the divinity?' I said, 'then you must either believe God to be a sinner, or yourself to be holy.' He refused to answer, and repeated a Sanscrit sloka,"—an *aurea sententia* of thousands of Brahmins, Dr Wilson adds in a note,—the import of which is, "one's own religion, though worthless, is better than the religion of another, however well instituted; one's own religion is profitable at death, whilst that of another bears fear."

The mode in which Mr Lacroix went to work one day, in the audience of the people, to disprove the dogma that God is the author of sin, was, with some compression, as follows:—"Pray, Brahmin, is God the master of his creatures, and has he given us laws to keep?" "Certainly," said the Brahmin, "he is their master, and has not only given them laws to keep, but prepared a place of bliss for those who keep them." "Very well; is God possessed of supreme wisdom or not?" "Oh yes, God is supremely wise; who ever doubted that?" "There is a man here present who not only doubts whether God be wise, but who positively asserts that he is not. Who that man is, you will soon ascertain. Tell me, what would you think of an individual who went to great expence and trouble in building a residence for himself and his family, and who, the moment the house was finished, himself put fire to it and destroyed it?" "I have never heard of such a man; he must have been a mad-man to do such a foolish deed." "Well sir, consider whether you do not ascribe to God an equal want of understanding, when you say that he has given laws to men to keep, and has prepared a heaven for those who keep them; but after he has done this, himself prompts them to break these very laws, and thereby renders them liable to be consigned to the fires of hell?" "You may say so, to a certain degree."

"I have not done yet, for I wish, before all these people, to sift the subject to the bottom. Pray, Brahmin, do you hold that God is pure and holy?" "Certainly I do." Here the Brahmin quoted a Sanscrit passage from the Shasters, showing that God is pure and holy. "Now, if God be pure, and loves holiness and hates sin, how is it possible that he would himself prompt men to do that which he hates. Would you, Brahmin, for instance, instigate a robber to plunder your house and to kill your wife and children?" "Not I! how could I instigate a man

to do things which I so utterly abhor?" "Tell me, Brahmin, is God just; that is, does he reward men according to their merits or demerits?" "God is just; all pundits will say so." "What would you say of me, if, in your presence, I ordered my boatman to go to the boat and fetch my umbrella, and if, on his bringing that article to me, I beat him unmercifully, saying, 'O you wicked man, why did you bring this umbrella to me?'" "I would say you were very unjust." "Now apply this to God punishing sinners. If they sin because God, as you say, prompts them to it, is it not very unjust in him to punish them for that which they only did because he caused them to do so. Finally, is God merciful, or is he cruel?" "God is full of love and mercy, for he feeds men and beasts and supports all." "Now, let me tell you that when you say God is the author of sin, you make him the most unmerciful of all beings. What would you think of a man who secretly put poison in your food, and thus caused you to die in intense torture?" "How can you ask such a question? That man would be most cruel to me, and to tell you the truth, I do not believe I have an enemy who would do such a thing to me as you have mentioned." "Well, sin is that poison, and when you say that God is the author of it, you make him most cruel, and more unmerciful than even your worst foe. If you still maintain that he is the author of sin, then you have no alternative but at once to acknowledge that the God in whom you believe, is an unwise, an impure, an unjust, and an unmerciful God. Are you prepared to acknowledge this?" "I am not prepared to assert it, and yet I am not convinced; for when I am sinning I am doing it with my mind, with my speech, or with the members of my body. Now as God has given me all these instruments of sinning, it appears to me still, notwithstanding all you have said, that he is the author of sin."

"Suppose, Brahmin, that you had given a rupee this morning to your servant, for the purpose of purchasing for your family some necessary articles of food in the bazaar, and that, on returning to your house, you found, that instead of having fulfilled your orders with that rupee, he had spent it in drinking and other evil practices, would you not hold him to be very guilty?" "Certainly, and I should punish him." "But if your servant tell you, 'master, I am not to be blamed; it is you who are in the fault, for it was you who gave me the rupee which I spent in bad practices.' Would you not then at once declare your servant quite innocent?" "Innocent indeed! no, I would tell him, 'you good-for-nothing fellow, was it to get drunk with that I gave you the rupee? was it not to buy provisions?' But I see, sir, what you are going to tell me. You will say that in the same manner God has given me my soul, my speech, and the members of my body, in order to use them for that which is good, and if I use them for evil purposes the guilt will be mine and not God's; and I must say this is rather true, but yet I am not wholly satisfied, and if you will not be quite angry, I wish to ask you one question more—why does God not prevent men from sinning? He could easily do it, as he is omnipotent." "Tell me, Brahmin, would you like to be a stone, or a tree, or a horse, rather than a man?" "No, not I! I prefer being a man, for the Shasters say that the state of man

is the highest to which any being can attain on earth." "Very well ; but why is man superior to the brutes, or to inanimate objects ? Is it not because he has a rational soul and a free will ? If God, therefore, by force and compulsion prevented you from sinning, it would be tantamount to making you like a stone, a tree, or a horse, which have no will of their own, but act only as they are moved." "This will do, sir ; I beg to take leave, for I see it is time to go to my dinner."

This discussion, though long, is deeply interesting, and conveys important instruction to ourselves. On the same subject, a very happy and convincing reply is mentioned by Messrs Beynon and Taylor, also of the London Missionary Society, as having been given by a native teacher to the inquiry of a priest of the Siva sect. " ' Is not our soul God,' he next asked. ' No,' I said, ' it is foolishness to think that our soul is God ; if so, it must be the same in every person, but we find that this is not the case : for instance, suppose you intend to commit some great crime, and call your friends and relations to assist you, will they do so ? and if they are respectable persons, will they not try and prevent you from falling into danger, and advise you accordingly ? and, should you refuse their advice, will they not count you a foolish and imprudent man ? Nay, if the soul of every man was God, it is certain that every man would do as all the others do ; but this is not the case. It follows, therefore, that each soul is separate from every other, that it is only the gift of God, and not God himself.' ' What you say is true,' said he."

In Sutton's narrative of the Orissa Mission, a book but too little known, some most interesting accounts are given of the manner in which popular objections are met and answered. Besides admitting us into the *arcana* of the Hindoo mind, and showing us the powerfully mischievous effects of the Hindoo religion, they communicate also much valuable information respecting the manner in which the warfare is maintained between truth and error in India. " Another Hindoo objected, and said they worshipped but one in all, for Brahm inhabited all, and by him we saw, spoke, walked, &c. I said, ' brother, see here is my watch. You hear it goes, and it informs one of the time, and there are some watches made to strike and play tunes, and yet they fail of animation. The watchmaker is not within. Thus the powers of our own body are so constructed that by eating and drinking they are kept in action, as my watch is by winding up. But do you not see that it is not necessary that Brahm should be in us, any more than the watchmaker is in the watch.' "

" A Brahmin agreed with me that there was but one God, but maintained that there were different ways of serving him, and that all the Shasters were alike his gift. ' Brother, can dirty water flow from a pure fountain ? or, can God, being holy, produce unholy things ? ' ' No.' ' Brother, your Shasters are certainly not holy, as I can prove to you, and therefore cannot be God's gift, though I do not wish to hurt your feelings. If your Shasters were holy, they would have a holy tendency, but this is not the case. The contrary is true of this book. It does produce a visibly holy effect. It enlightens the mind, and destroys sin. And hence I contend that my book is God's gift, and, if so, yours is not. Brother, you have judgment, judge what I say.' ' Sir, your Shasters are

undoubtedly true, and I believe mine are also. Our fathers, who were wiser than we, believed in these Shasters, and they obtained salvation, and why should I doubt their truth. Sir, do not blaspheme the Shasters.' 'My fathers worshipped idols, and offered human sacrifices. Their sons obtained light and left their bloody customs. And, as you must bear your own sins, examine for yourself the truth of the Shasters, and so proceed. . . . If you apply your salt to fish, will it not keep the fish good?' 'Yes.' 'If it would not preserve the fish, it would be good for nothing?' 'Yes.' 'Now,' said I, 'religion is like salt. If it do not make men better, it is good for nothing, and I am desirous of putting both your religion and mine to that test.'

"I further inquired of the gooroo, how salvation was to be obtained? and I think his first reply was 'by abstaining from sin.' I then said that our hearts were so bad that we could not abstain from sin, and wished to know what a man must do who had already sinned. He then said that such a man must be saved by meditating on the name of God. My answer was, that if my servants disobeyed my orders and neglected my business, I should by no means be satisfied with their meditating on my name. . . . 'Now,' said I, 'will you admit that one prisoner cannot liberate another?' To which he said, 'yes.' 'Then,' said I, 'will you admit that one sinner cannot save another?' and he admitted that too. I then added, 'I shall now proceed to prove your gods sinners. You comprehend them in these three, Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahaiswur. Then first, as to Brahma, he is charged with lewdness.' This was admitted. 'Then,' said I, 'his business is done.' 'Well then,' said a bystander, 'you now go on to Vishnu.' 'Then,' said I, 'Krishna was one of his incarnations, and he took another man's wife; so he is finished.' 'The next,' said the before-mentioned person, 'is Mahaiswur.' 'And as for him,' said I, 'all the pictures of him show that he intoxicated himself.' The Brahmin was sitting in a hole in the wall, but he went through it, and disappeared."

One very common apology advanced by the Hindoos for the worship of their numerous gods is, that they are in reality worshipping only one God, and that although they do not and cannot possibly know the names of all their gods, yet that in serving some they serve all. In urging this excuse, they are forgetful of the fact that the gods are not represented as being thus united, seeing that they have been at war with each other, and have quarrelled and fought, and cut off each other's heads. Mr Geidt, of the Church Missionary Society, at Burdwan, refers to this argument. "A second said, 'Our idols are not separated from God; they are parts of him, and therefore we worship not many gods, but one God.' 'How can this be?' I replied: 'all your gods quarrelled together; they committed adultery; they defrauded each other of wife and children; they deceived each other, cursed each other, and punished each other. Would you say that cats, rats, and jackalls, and you, are one and the same creature?' 'No,' they said laughing; and I could not go on again without interruption."

As for the employment of idols in their worship, their apologies are numerous and ingenious. One of them is thus stated and met by Mr

Geidt :—" On a certain occasion, one of these men said to me, ' As your Company in Calcutta send their ambassadors over all India, so does God send his : all these idols are employed under him ; they are in his service, and are therefore to be honoured.' I answered, ' we will examine this. You say the Queen's ambassadors speak and act ; they administer justice, punish the wicked, and reward the good. But what do your idols ? In the corner you have placed them, there they stand, without motion and speech. Beside this, God is almighty, and everywhere present. He needs no assistance, as the Company does, who are but men. And as regards Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, and Doorga, they were as far from administering justice as heaven is from the earth ; on the contrary, they encouraged every vice. Where is a sin which has not been committed by them ? And can one who is sunk in deep mire up to his neck save another who is in the same dangerous position ?' They answered, ' no.' ' Neither,' I replied, ' can one sinner save the other.' "

Another excuse for the use of images is, that it is necessary to have some visible object of worship, by means of which they may be enabled to fix their thoughts on God. Mr Schurmann, of the London Missionary Society, makes mention of this argument, and his reply to it is admirably effective. " You say that you do not worship the wood and stone, but the deity who pervades them since the Brahmin's consecration. But you know that the Great Spirit is all-pervading. He pervaded, therefore, the stone before it was cut and consecrated. . . . But see what deformed and disproportioned figures those images of Doorga, and Krishna, and Siwaling are. Must you not be ashamed of saying that they are like the Deity ? What would the Rajah of Benares say, if he heard that a man in a village had heard of his fame, and become anxious to think on his greatness, and put for this purpose a monkey in the corner of his room, saying, ' In looking upon this monkey I will remember the great Rajah, contemplate his virtues, and cheer up my mind by the consideration of his greatness ?' What would the Rajah say of such a man ? What will you say ? "

The ingenuity with which the Hindoo system has been adapted, by those who framed it, to the varied tastes of its worshippers, is something wonderful. The only parallel to it in this respect is Popery. In both, the demands of corrupt human nature are astutely consulted and fully satisfied. Both contain much that is most attractive to the learned, the speculative, and the mystic, as well as to the rude, the superstitious, and the ignorant. The contemplative Hindoo devotee delights in abstracting his mind from all that exists, and in fixing his thoughts on a Supreme Being devoid of every quality and attribute. The mystically inclined are captivated by one of the most refined and abstruse of speculative systems. The wealthy sensualist is freely permitted the gratification of every passion, if he is only liberal in his presents to the gods. The superstitious find their time fully engaged with an endless round of ceremonies. The vulgar and unthinking are amused with noisy processions and splendid shows. Pilgrimages are provided for the active and the roving, penances for the anxious and devout ; a heap of ashes for the religiously morbid and insane ; the wilderness, the funeral pile,

and erst the bloody wheel of Juggernaut's car for those who are tired of life and disgusted with the world ; festivals, music, and depraved dances for the young and giddy ; the waters of the sacred river for the aged and the dying. Hindooism comes before the people in a hundred Protean forms and seducing aspects. It is at once a refined atheism, a subtle pantheism, and a captivating polytheism. In the eyes of the common people, it is venerable in its antiquity, and amusing in its legends. It fascinates their senses, dazzles their imaginations, and is associated with a thousand bewitching pleasures. With the higher ranks, it is intimately connected with the institution of caste, with the usages of society, with the sanctions of law, custom, and authority, and with the amenities and endearments of domestic life. High Hindooism teaches its votaries that they are not the performers of their own actions, and exhorts them fearlessly to throw the blame and the responsibility of every thing they do upon the gods. Low Hindooism teaches the rabble to admire, to worship, and to imitate such detestable, impure, and bloody divinities as Brahma, Siva, and Indra.

How powerful then are the obstacles to the progress of Christian truth in such a land ! How gigantic the difficulties ! If even European thinkers and scholars have been dazzled and led away by the philosophical speculations of India, how much less wonderful is it that Hindoos themselves should be wholly enslaved ? If even the Professor of Oriental Languages at Oxford, Dr Wilson, in the preface to his translation of the Vishnu Purana, talks of the performance as likely to be of service to " the few who in these times of utilitarian selfishness, conflicting opinion, party virulence, and political agitation, find a resting-place for their thoughts in the tranquil contemplation of these yet living pictures of the ancient world, which are exhibited by the literature and mythology of the Hindoos," can we wonder at the idolatrous attachment of the Hindoos themselves to the outrageous absurdities and legendary impurities contained in their sacred books ? And if the shrewd and subtle infidel Hume, while he rejected that which was true in religion, could bring himself to declare it as his opinion of the Greek mythology, that, as a whole, it was " so natural, that in the variety of planets and worlds contained in this universe, it seems more than probable that somewhere or other it is really carried into execution"—a much wilder opinion than any that the most jolter-headed schoolboy, bewildered by the grave audacity of Greek and Roman fabulists, ever conceived, when marvelling about the *locale* of Olympus, and in what part of the known world or upper regions these stately and tricky gods and goddesses of old Greece may now be roaming about—need we wonder if it is hard for a Hindoo idolater, brought up from infancy under the eye of his country's divinities, to divest himself of the belief that they are somewhere or other to be found enjoying a real existence ?¹

But while Hindooism thus appears to be the grandest living system of idolatry and error in the world, it is, at the same time, singularly rich in ideas whereby Christianity may be fully expounded and made

¹ Vide *Exposure of Hindooism*, by Dr Wilson of Bombay, who vouches for the facts here alluded to.

known to the people of India. The facilities afforded by its doctrines, its mysteries, and its ceremonies, for conveying with ease and accuracy an intelligible knowledge of all the peculiarities of the Christian faith, are remarkably rich. And, therefore, the capacity of the Hindoos for receiving and entertaining religious ideas, is far greater than that of other heathen nations. Dr Wilson, in his memoirs of Mrs Wilson, adverts to this topic :—

“ The people of India have more copious elements of religious thought and language, though in a sadly disordered state, than those of most nations ; and they can learn more from a single discourse than can be imagined by those who have not witnessed them eagerly pressing around, or breathlessly hanging on the lips of the Christian preacher. The very opposition of the tenets of our true and holy faith to their monstrous and polluting superstitions, secures the remembrance of them when they are propounded, to a degree seldom exhibited among partially educated Christians, who give little attention to doctrines to which they have been long accustomed to give an indolent assent. The polytheist understands the proposition, that there is only one God ; his reason is compelled to assent to the arguments by which this essential truth is so clearly established ; and his conscience, feeble though it be in its utterance, declares his own condemnation. The pantheist understands the declaration, that God is distinct from his work ; and the appeals which are made to his own ignorance, sin, and suffering, compel him to doubt the identity of his own soul with the Supreme Mind, and arouse his fears of that coming day when his soul will be exposed before its Maker, in all its nakedness, and with all its responsibilities, its guilt, and impurity. The idolater can be made to understand the vanity of his stocks and stones ; and seldom, after hearing it proclaimed, can he kneel before them with his former confidence and veneration. The legends of the Hindoos respecting various incarnations, though surpassing in every particular the boundaries of sober belief, nay, of ordinarily excited fancy, enable them to comprehend the terms which are employed when the “ great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh,” is the subject of discourse. Their penances, while they suppose the existence of guilt, can be shown to be unsuited to the end which they profess to have in view. Their ablutions, indicating the existence of moral impurity, can easily be demonstrated to be inefficacious for the removal of the defilement of the soul. Their belief in births and transmigrations prepares the way for the doctrine of regeneration by the Divine Spirit. No laborious processes are required to make them understand the letter both of the law and the Gospel.”

The clearest evidence of the actual progress of Christianity in India is to be learned, not from the missionaries, but from the natives themselves. That a deep impression has been made on the Hindoo mind by the vigorous assaults of Protestant missions, may be seen in the strong opposition that has been aroused, and in the zealous efforts that have been made to counteract the effect of missionary teaching. Indian newspapers, printed in the native languages, and conducted by native editors, talk of “ the fearful progress of Christianity.” They speak in the most discouraging and despairing terms of the fate which seems inevitably to await Hin-

dooism. In a memorial addressed to Government, the natives of Madras "earnestly request that their religion may be rescued from the fangs of the missionaries." A native newspaper at Calcutta, whose title, when translated, is "The Rise of the Full Moon," says: "The success of the missionaries among the Mussulmans has been trifling; among us Hindoos it has been frightfully great." Another Bengalee newspaper says: "If it be decreed that Hindooism shall cease to exist, there is no one to prevent this calamity." In the *Prabhakar*, the conversions that are taking place are spoken of as a "pestilence" that is rapidly spreading. Dr Duff is, in this paper, attacked with especial virulence. His "sorceries" are denounced, and he is described as "the greatest alligator (devourer) among the padres," or missionaries. Two large educational establishments have been founded in Calcutta by wealthy natives, in opposition to the missionaries. The object of both is to communicate as good a general and also English education as the missionary institutions, without the danger of the pupils being converted to Christianity. One of these is Baboo Muttee Lal Seal's College, and the other is The Hindoo Charitable Institution. Another remarkable indication of the progress of opinion is to be found in the recent formation of several Unitarian or theophilanthropic societies among intelligent natives, who have become disgusted with low Hindooism, and who are yet averse to the reception of Christianity. The celebrated Rammohun Roy was one of the first of these reforming deists. They have built a place of worship in Calcutta, in which discourses are delivered, and in which no images or any idolatrous symbols are permitted. These Vedantists, as they call themselves, reject the fictions of the Puranas, and base their faith in one Supreme Being on the more ancient Vedas.

A native newspaper, called the *Bhaskar*, alluding to the efforts that are now made by bigoted Hindoos to stem the progress of Christianity, speaks in a most desponding tone of their resources and prospects of success, as compared with those of the missionaries. "At present, not less than twenty lacs of people (two millions) are united in supporting missionaries; and it is impossible to say what is the amount of missionary capital. Missionaries have established themselves almost in every country in the world. In fact, in all quarters of the world, the strong roots of the missionary tree extend to the regions below, and the small roots are expanded over all parts of the earth. At present, without entirely uprooting the earth itself, they cannot eradicate the missionary tree." Another paper, speaking of the fear of the *warnashunkur*, or amalgamation of all castes into one, which at the present time pervades Hindoo society, admonishes its readers not to send their children to the missionary schools, if they have any value for their caste, and concludes by saying: "Those who care not whether their children become Christians or not, may very properly send them there, but those who fear such an event will not do so, otherwise they may well be called fools. We hope that the missionaries will not be angry with us for making these suggestions to our people; for we wish, equally with them, that all should study English, and become learned, and moral, and well acquainted with Christianity. If any believes the Christian religion to be true, and em-

braces it, let not his friends quarrel with him on this account. On this point also, our views agree entirely with those of the missionaries."

The general impression throughout India, at the present time, is, that Hindooism has already received a blow from which it cannot recover. Idolatry is rapidly on the wane. Caste is manifestly fast losing its hold on the minds of the people. The days of female ignorance and depression are numbered. These things are felt and avowed by all intelligent and candid Hindoos, and are even acknowledged and lamented with anguish by the bigoted adherents of idolatry. Hopeless dread and dismay have fallen upon them. Since the enemy has become thus disheartened, we may consider the victory as more than half gained. These well founded fears of the Hindoos for their tottering idolatry are strengthened by the existence of some well known prophetic sayings in some of their ancient books, to the effect that in the present age the people will all become of one sect, that a new incarnation will take place, that strangers will come from the west and expound the way of God, that the Hindoo Triad shall cease to be revered, that the Puranas shall be convicted of falsehood, that the religion of their forefathers will be abandoned, and a new system of faith and practice established on its ruins.

There is one point in connection with Indian Missions to which we feel constrained to allude, namely, the countenance given to idolatry by the British Government. It is painful to think that for very many years, direct support was given by the authorities to several famous temples, for the maintenance of the priests and the harlots—the wives of the gods—who inhabit these temples. Although the connection between our Government and the temples has been considerably modified and diminished of late years, yet it still exists to a dishonouring extent. Much has been done by Government for the good of India. Slavery has been abolished. Suttee, or the burning of widows, has been declared illegal, and is now unknown throughout British India. Schools are now being extensively established. And, for the advancement of the material prosperity of the country, bridges have been built, roads, aqueducts, tanks, canals, and railways have been made, and the electric telegraph has been recently established. But much yet remains to be done. Female infanticide is said to be very common in certain districts. Ghaut murders, or the exposure of the sick, the aged, and the dying on the banks of the Ganges, are matters of every day occurrence. Intelligent natives loudly cry out for the suppression of Churruk-Poojah, or the Swinging Festival, with all its attendant abominations. But it is not only of what Government has not done, but of what it has too long done and is still doing, that British Christians have a right to complain. It is well known that some conscientious Government servants have felt themselves compelled to throw up their appointments rather than assist in idolatrous ceremonies, processions, and salutes in honour of the Hindoo gods, in which British soldiers and civilians, from their offices, have been called on to engage. The people take notice of these things. The *Overland Christian Spectator* says: "The great bulk of the natives believe that we have a religious regard to their gods. The Mussulmans and the Portuguese, they say, had none, and therefore they lost their dominion. The English have

much, and therefore they prosper and prevail. Our direct support of idol temples long fostered this belief, and even our indirect maintenance of them receives the same construction."

The following curious letter from a native, addressed to the *Madras Courier*, is highly instructive on this subject:—"Mr Editor, Sir, On Wednesday last, according to the annual custom of this town, the goddess Yegatta visited the Fort, on which occasion a very interesting spectacle was presented, of which I think it good to write to you, because I think many of your readers, from not knowing about it, do miss beholding it. This is now the festival time of the goddess, and it is at this time that it is kept, in memory of the great act of protection which she favoured the Honourable British Government with, and which I wish to inform your readers of as follows. Many years ago, when the British Government had only a beginning of power, this Fort of St George was attacked by the Pondicherry French nation, and the Fort was in great distress and nigh to being taken—but the soldiers were very brave and the governor was very wise. According to the advice of some wise native people, he sent them to beg the help from the renowned goddess Yegatta, and promised in return that a proper annual offering should be kept up to her for ever. Then the goddess thereupon put fear into the heart of the French, and they retreated away, and the Fort was saved. From that time the faithful Government have continued annually to present a yearly offering of cloth, &c. &c.,—and on Wednesday last the goddess proceeded to the north gate where the Cutcherry servants, by the collector's order, presented the cloth from the Honourable Government. Great numbers of spectators were present, and praised both the power and goodness of the goddess by which this famous Fort stands to this day, and the liberality and good faith of the Government by which the vow made in the time of distress is so punctually fulfilled in the time of prosperity. It is very true, Mr Editor, undoubtedly, that wisdom is stronger than valour; and so we here see the proof in this. Because that governor listened to the words of the wise men and beseeched the assistance of the Yegatta, therefore he succeeded to keep his power. Do not doubt this history, because it is certainly true. Very respectable Brahmins have told me of it, and moreover it is plain that the Honourable Government would not give the offering without a just reason. An English Padre gentleman says to me that to join so with our religion and to give offerings to an image is an exceeding great sin against the will and Commandments of the Christians' God, and moreover also, he says that this history is all nonsense because Yegatta is only an idol, and has no power, and has no sense; but I do not believe this, because if it be not true, why does the Honourable Government do so? Therefore as you are a very liberal and highly enlightened gentleman, you will be pleased to insert this history in your paper. I have the honour to be, your obedient and humble servant, T. BASHKARLOO."

Thus have we endeavoured to bring before the reader, whatever, within the range of our knowledge, is most interesting in Hindooism, and in the working of Protestant missions in India. And yet we have drawn but a slight sketch of the vastness and strength of Hindoo idolatry, of

the host arrayed in India on the side of error, and of the efforts put forth in the cause of truth. Much information of the deepest interest might yet be given, of the deplorable and dreadful effects of Hindooism, and of the fierce conflict now going on between it and Christianity. Still, however, we are now in a position to understand the formidable nature of the obstacles which the gospel has to contend against. We now perceive the disposition of the forces. The principal points of assault have been indicated, together with the modes of defence adopted by the assailed. In the exposition of these points we have largely allowed those engaged in the conflict to tell their own tale. The strife is deeply interesting, the combat is thickening, and the forces are now being marshalled on both sides for what, it is clearly understood, will be a decisive engagement. If these sketches be productive of no other result than to extend our knowledge of the most astonishing and gigantic system of idolatry now existing in the world, to excite our pity and compassion for those who are its victims, and to engage our sympathies in behalf of those heralds of the cross, who are now labouring for the overthrow of a God-dishonouring and soul-destroying religion and the extension of a pure Christian faith in India, we shall not have written in vain.

Did space permit, we could bring forward many most encouraging facts, showing the actual progress of the Gospel in India, in the large and well ordered Christian villages and communities, for example, that have been established in Travancore and Tinnevely; in the remarkable and astonishing effects produced by Christian books and tracts, among which we notice "the confessions of Leang-Afah," the Chinese Evangelist, translated into one at least of the Indian languages; and in the beautiful and striking sayings of Hindoo converts respecting the gospel. One of the latter, from Mr Sutton's Narrative, may be introduced, as illustrative of the highly imaginative character of the Hindoos, to which we formerly alluded, and as an instance of imagination sanctified by Divine grace. "The wife of Krupa Sindoo was fast dying of consumption. Mr Lacey asked her what she thought of Jesus, to which she replied with exquisite simplicity and feeling, 'Oh, Sir, his name yields to me a sweet perfume like the opening of a delicious fruit.' She has long since finished her short but faithful course. Thus the degraded votary of Juggernaut, when enlightened by the Gospel, unites with Solomon, the subject of inspired wisdom and of poetic genius, in declaring that the name of Jesus is 'as ointment poured forth.'"

The time at length came when I should leave Calcutta. My stay there, though short, had been most agreeable. And the information which I acquired, and which I have since endeavoured to perfect, respecting the various subjects touched upon in this and in preceding chapters, I could not but regard as exceedingly valuable. I had associated with honoured and distinguished missionaries, men whose names are revered by Christian people at home, and with others also in different walks of life, who, from their position, could afford me much useful information respecting what was most worth knowing.

A few days before leaving the city, I had the gratification of being present at one of the monthly conferences of the missionary body in Cal-

cutta. All the Protestant missionaries, representing different European and American Societies at that time in the city, were present. There were about thirty in all. One of the most remarkable of these men, though little known, was Mr Aratoon, a Baptist missionary, an Armenian by birth, and a man of extraordinary lingualistical attainments. He has performed some wonderful feats in public preaching and controversy, in the streets and "openings of the gates." He has been known to contend alone with adversaries of the Christian faith, and reply to them successively, one after the other, in five or six different languages. He was first assailed in the Armenian and Persian languages; next came a Mussulman speaking Hindostani, a Hindoo Bengalee, and others Guzerati and Arabic. He had all these languages at his command, and the objections and questions of his opponents were on all subjects and of all sorts.

At the conference to which I have alluded, a curious discussion arose on the subject of apostolical succession. It originated in a very sensible proposal to meet, and in some way or other to counteract the efforts of the Popish priests, who were at that time very active in trying to recommend Popery to the natives. The Scottish missionaries present, staunchly Protestant of course, maintained that Rome was the mystical Babylon and mother of harlots mentioned in Revelation, and that she ought to receive no quarter, nor be recognized in any way as a Church of Christ, or even as a branch of the true Church. The Church of England missionaries, on the other hand, were inclined to be more tender and charitable. They could not go this length, and insisted that Rome must be recognized as a Church of Christ, seeing that they derived their succession from her. The doctrine of apostolic grace transmitted through such an impure channel, being, however, generally scouted by the meeting, one of its advocates stood up for at least a modification of the dogma. "I believe," he said, "not in apostolical succession, but in what I call a historical succession of ordained ministers through the Church of Rome." Whereupon, Dr Duff, the Coryphæus of missionaries in India, arose and quickly demolished this redoubtable position, by affirming somewhat quaintly, that "he believed in the historical succession of cabbages."

I was now introduced, before departing, to a gentleman, Captain Boothby, who had long commanded a country ship, but had now retired. Through him, I negotiated a passage to China. He entertained me, over a cigar in the verandah one evening, with a graphic account of the difficulties which Dr Judson had to contend with at first, at Maulmein, in Burmah. The Doctor, it appears, had been greatly annoyed by certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who assembled in noisy crowds in the market-place, upset his books, and created riots, whenever he presented himself there to preach, and to converse with the people. Without saying any thing to any one, Captain Boothby went to a carpenter, and ordered him to build a commodious wooden house on moveable wheels. After it was painted and finished, he took the Doctor with him one day to see it. "What do you think of this, Dr Judson?" "It is a very neat and beautiful structure, but what is the use of it?" "Would you like such a thing as this, Doctor, for your operations in the market-

place?" "Eh? What! It would be the very thing, if I had such a one." "Very well, Doctor, it's yours." And ever after that, the good Doctor enjoyed peace, sat in his wooden locomotive in the market-place, preached to the people, and distributed his books and tracts, and thus pursued those labours which, as Christians know, were afterwards rewarded with such signal success in the formation of numerous churches of Burmese converts.

(To be continued.)

LORD LUCAN AND THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

CENTURIES back it was said by the eminent Dr South in one of his sermons, that our Generals had a lottery in their work, and a lottery in their reward. One eminent military chief, the Earl of Lucan to wit, has had cause to feel the truth of this observation of a shrewd observer of events in his day. We are most of us now conversant with the case of the nobleman before named—it will form a feature in the history of the age, and while it presents points worthy of being discussed by the ethical philosopher, it appeals strongly to the plain homely common sense of the public.

All conversant with the details of the present campaign—so rife in bloodshed and suffering—will recollect something of the battle of Balaklava. It went in favour of the Allies—but was dearly won in one of the struggles of our brave men against the Muscovite foe. Cavalry were directed to a particular point in inadequate numbers, and made to act without proper support against hosts of the Russians, and batteries in full operation, and hundreds of brave devoted men fell a sacrifice to the gloomy Nemesis of the hour. There was a terrible—what is more sad—dening,—an unnecessary waste of useful valuable lives on the occasion.

Some held that this grand charge, if it did no more, demonstrated at least the bravery and heroism of the British army, and conveyed to the enemy salutary impressions of their resolute daring and fitness to cope with great undertakings. But this is a partial and wrong view of the case. We have no right certainly to illustrate and enforce the prowess of our soldiers in such a way—and although a sergeant's command sent against a thousand Russians would behave with prodigious pluck, and no doubt cut down a good many of the enemy before surrendering or being put to the sword, it would be a monstrous act of madness to order an attack so utterly disproportionate in respect to numbers. Substantially Lord Lucan felt in this way—and deplored the terrible results of that event in which from a sense of duty he was forced to become an agent. Bitterly would the gallant general have looked upon the scene of carnage. Naturally under the circumstances he was impelled to self-defence—the law of God allowed of such conduct—the law of man would be inequitable did it hinder it. However, matters were brought to an issue by certain words in a despatch written by Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-chief, in which that nobleman alleged "*that from some misconception*

of the instructions to advance, the Lieutenant General considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Lord Cardigan to advance with the light brigade." These words are to be kept specially in view, as they become a key to the ulterior proceedings of Lord Lucan—and supply an explanation of his conduct in what may be held as a great case of justice and honour, as well as intense personal feeling. It is necessary therefore to go back to proceedings before the charge in order to appreciate aright the situation of the noble general. The battle of Balaklava was fought on the 25th October, and was a most terrible event, bringing out in its progress and results the deathless bravery of the British soldier, and the ability as well as courage of the officers. It was in this field, or rather as a grievous incident of the battle, that the fatal charge was made. Great deeds were done in one encounter, as Lord Lucan had occasion to state in a speech delivered before his peers. The Russians, amounting to five times the number of the British, were repulsed and routed. But amidst the thick of events the noble general received an order in the following words :—

"The cavalry to advance, and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by infantry, which have been ordered to advance on two points."

Now it has been said in this connection that this order does not appear to have been attended to. But in his last speech in the House of Lords, the noble general explains :—

"I immediately took up with the cavalry the position which you will see marked on the plan. You will perceive, looking to the eastward in the central valley, 10 squadrons, and you will observe the heavy cavalry in the rear of No. 5 fort, as it is called, although it was only a sort of breastwork. We were standing there for about 35 minutes. I was anxiously waiting for the arrival of the infantry which I was told was to support me in the endeavour to recover the heights."

This was the prelude to the terrible event—and we need not do better than explain what ensued in the words of the general contained in the same speech :—

"Captain Nolan galloped up to me with what I considered, and what I think your lordships will consider before I have done, a new order and one entirely independent of those that preceded. The order was as follows :—

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.

(Signed) 'R. AIREY.'

"Your lordships will observe that Lord Raglan, when he issued this order, stood on very high ground to my rear, and about a quarter of a mile on my left. From that position he could see every Russian soldier, he could see the batteries of the Russians to the northwards and the eastwards, and the infantry on the other side of No. 3 fort. He fancied that he saw, although he really did not see, the enemy taking away our guns out of forts 1, 2, and 3. That was an error on his part, in which many other persons shared. I could only say to Capt. Nolan that I disapproved of the proposed movement, and that it would be attended with great danger. I certainly understood the order of Lord Raglan to be as imperative an order, as

positive an order, taken *per se*, and without any declaration on the part of Captain Nolan, as could well be conceived. And when I began to hesitate and demur, he told me more distinctly that the cavalry should attack immediately. Perhaps it will be right that I should take this opportunity of reading from the 'general orders' what is the position of an aide-de-camp, the office which Captain Nolan then filled. It is stated in the 'general orders' that 'all orders sent by an aide-de-camp are to be delivered in plain terms, and are to be obeyed with the same readiness as if they were delivered personally by the general officer from whom the aide-de-camp comes.' The order stated distinctly that the cavalry was to attack immediately. I asked 'where? And for what purpose?' When Capt. Nolan replied in the most disrespectful manner, 'There, my lord, is your enemy, and there are your guns.'

The order was obeyed, and let Lord Cardigan be repeated here in his account of the affair given at the Lord Mayor's entertainment a few weeks back :—

"It was late in the afternoon when I received an order to attack the Russian forces posted in the valley, which consisted of a long line of guns drawn up in the form of batteries. I received that order, my Lord Mayor, and I obeyed it. I delivered that order to the brigade under my command. I ordered them to march. I ordered them to advance. I ordered them to attack the Russians in the valley; but, my Lord, I must say this, that on that occasion, it being my duty to give the order to my men, I did give it, though I deeply regretted it at the time, and I am sure I should have much more deeply regretted it afterwards if anything had prevented my performing the rest of my duty, which was to share the dangers that those brave men so boldly faced. My Lord, whatever danger those men incurred I shared it with them. We advanced down a gradual descent of more than three-quarters of a mile with the batteries vomiting forth upon us shells and shot, round and grape; with one battery on our right flank and another on the left; and all the intermediate ground covered with the Russian riflemen; so that when we came to within a distance of fifty yards from the mouths of the artillery which had been hurling destruction upon us, we were, in fact, surrounded and encircled by a blaze of fire, in addition to the fire of the riflemen upon our flanks. As we ascended the hill the oblique fire of the artillery poured upon our rear; so that we had thus a strong fire upon our front, our flank, and our rear. We entered the battery—we went through the battery—the two leading regiments cutting down a great number of the Russian gunners in their onset. In the two regiments which I had the honour to lead, every officer, with one exception, was either killed or wounded, or had his horse shot under him, or injured. Those regiments proceeded, followed by the second line, consisting of two more regiments of cavalry, which continued to perform the duty of cutting down the Russian gunners. Then came the third line, formed of another regiment, which endeavoured to complete the duty assigned to our brigade. I believe that this was achieved with great success, and the result was that this body, composed of only about 670 men, succeeded in passing through that mass of Russian cavalry of (as we have since learned) 5200 strong; and having broken through that mass, they went, according to our technical military expression, 'threes about,' and retired in the same manner, doing as much execution in their course as they possibly could. Upon our returning up the hill, which we had descended in the attack, we had to run the same gauntlet, and to incur the same risk from the flank fire of the *Tirailleurs* as we had encountered before. Numbers of our men were shot down—men and horses were killed—and many of the soldiers who had lost their horses

were also shot down while endeavouring to escape. But what, my Lord, was the feeling and what the bearing of those brave men who returned to the position? (Here the noble and gallant officer's voice faltered, and he spoke with very evident emotion.) Of each of these regiments (he continued) there returned but a small detachment, two-thirds of the men engaged having been destroyed; and those who survived having arrived at the summit of the hill, whence they had commenced the attack but a short time before, could not refrain from giving three ringing cheers of triumph and rejoicing at the exploit which they themselves had performed—for they had ridden over a formidable Russian battery and attacked a countless body of Russian cavalry in the rear."

As is well known, many privates of the army, and non-commissioned officers, have written excellent letters from the seat of war—and these are often printed. You will see a decent woman call at a newspaper office with a letter in her hand. It is from her son—and she expects that the "plain unvarnished tale" will be printed—and it is worth giving to the public, as fresh and frank, and manly in its narrative. We have just before us a letter which appeared in the *Kelso Mail* journal, from a young soldier who was wounded in the action and is since dead. The writing is really graphic. After a good deal in the same strain the poor young fellow says:—

"I believed Captain Nolan was sent to reconnoitre the hills on each side. Whatever report he took to Lord Raglan we know not, but I expect he reported they were all clear, as he came back with an order to Lord Lucan for the Light Brigade to charge and take the field guns, and the ammunition and guns taken from the Turks. Lord Lucan asked if Lord Raglan was aware of the enemy's position? 'There is the order, and there is the enemy,' Nolan is reported to have said. Lord Cardigan then got the order as given, and gave the order for the brigade to advance in two lines—first the 17th, 18th, and 13th, second the 11th and 4th. Off we went tearing towards destruction. The round shot came first, killing many a poor fellow. One most wonderfully came past my shoulder, striking my rear-rank man right in the chest. Onward we went. I could see the shell bursting over our heads, and hear the grape and canister hissing through us. The cross fire was murderous—a square of infantry and guns, with grape and canister pelting through us, and shelling from the opposite heights. But I felt or feared nothing—a sort of wildness came over me, and I seemed to care not where I went or what I did. Onward still! The first line had retired, the guns were silenced, and, retiring behind a large horde of Cossacks, they formed a front, but would not stand our charge, but galloped through guns and everything. We cut down the gunners and literally took the whole lot. The Cossacks came out by twos and threes, and kept firing away at us from their long pieces, annoying us dreadfully. We looked anxiously round for a support, when we perceived what we considered the 17th Lancers a good distance in the rear of us. 'Hurra, my boys,' sang out our brave Colonel Douglas, 'let's give them another charge; the 17th will be up then, and we'll take guns home with us.' 'Come on lads,' said Lord George Paget, his gallant brother-in-law, Colonel of the 4th Lights. I found myself as excited as possible, sing out, 'Come on, boys; anything is preferable to sitting quietly and being shot at. At last some one gave the alarm that it was a large body of Russian Lancers, formed up to cut off our retreat. 'There's no help for it,' said Lord George Paget, 'we must retire, and cut our way through them as well as we can.' We went threes about, and went calmly to the rear. They did not attempt to cross our front, but

attacked our right flank and rear. I was pretty near the right flank, and, of course, retiring in the rear rank ; I had allowed my horse to flag a little, when one of the gentlemen came on to attack me with his lance at a slanting position, and was making a poke for my back ; I wheeled round in the saddle, parried his lance, and gave him a second rear point to the left of his right shoulder, which I expect will spoil his lancing for some time. I was quite chuckling to myself over this affair, when we came to the horrid cross fire again. I had not gone far through till I got a rap in the leg as if from a sledge hammer. I looked down and saw the blood gushing from a good-sized hole. 'Now then, old horse—he had carried me well through the campaign—'save my life now!' (I had seen all over the field four or five Cossacks spiking any poor fellow who was down.) I kept the right spur at work, and galloped a mile or more, when I began to get quite blind and faint ; I saw dimly a tent chum, I hailed to lend a hand, he heard me and came galloping ; he stopped me the first thing, and gave me a good drink out of his water-bottle ; that revived me, and I just got to where the regiment was forming, and old Cardigan was sitting, with the tears almost in his eyes when he saw his smart brigade so cut up ; our fellows cheered him, when he said, 'You must not think, men, this is one of my mad-brained actions ; I would have given almost anything rather than it had happened.' I moved forward and asked to be taken to the rear ; I was hurried off to the doctor (the assistant), who had a lot of our officers and men in the nice green ditch of a vineyard, where we could lie up the slope ; I had lost a tremendous deal of blood, and one of the officers gave me a good swig at brandy out of his flask. The doctor stopped the bleeding, and we had to wait some time for the ambulance, which came at last and took us off to the hospital, and you know the rest."

All this reads thrilling, and imagination is set to work to conjure up the details of a scene of fire, carnage, and slaughter, which it is fearful to contemplate. Lord Cardigan's narrative has already anticipated any formal account of the issues of this terrible struggle. Lord Lucan felt keenly, and how he felt will be inferred from an incident which occurred afterwards, and is thus described in his lordship's speech :—

"Upon the second day after the battle of Balaklava, General Airey called upon me in my tent. The moment he came in, I said, 'This is a most serious affair which has just happened ; you may depend upon it it will create a great deal of dissatisfaction.' Gen. Airey replied, 'Oh, that sort of thing will happen in war. It is nothing to Chillianwallah.' I said, 'I know nothing about Chillianwallah ; but I tell you it is a most serious matter, and what is more, I do not intend to bear, in connection with it, the smallest particle of responsibility. I have acted as I have done under the pressure of an imperious necessity.' He then tried to convince me that the order was not imperative, and in the course of conversation added, 'You may rest quite satisfied that you will be pleased with Lord Raglan's report.'"

There is a proverb in Scotland which is made to administer a sort of equivocal consolation under circumstances of disaster—"there was more loss at Sherramuir." This wise saw was not in the mouth of General Airey, but he had his own way of giving comfort, and he averred that what had occurred was "*nothing to Chillianwallah!*" The old rough Earl in the "*Fortunes of Nigel*," could neither take relief to his wounded spirit from the classic moralists nor the Hebrew Scriptures, although both expedients were pointed out to him by the pedantic monarch James VI.

Lord Lucan could not see how two blacks made a white ; and that there was an unhappy attack somewhere before was no sort of compensation for what had occurred at the time, and with which he was mixed up. However, we do not intend to write a history of this part of the war, but rather choose to deal with the case of Lord Lucan, the injured party, as we think, throughout the transaction.

As already stated, the despatch of Lord Raglan bore that Lord Lucan had misinterpreted his order, and that he had held that to be absolute, imperative, and unconditional, which was contingent on circumstances, and discretionary. Lord Lucan, on finding such an account given of his conduct, and that in connection with a bloody struggle and fearful loss of life, unnecessary too, as was the construction to be put on the statement of the Commander-in-Chief, naturally wrote to Lord Raglan a letter of remonstrance. The noble Lord is a Lieutenant-General in the British service, but had he been but a subaltern in command of a detachment, this was certainly his right. In this letter, with much modesty and gracefulness of deportment, he says :—

“ I considered at the time—I am still of the same opinion—that I followed the only course open to me. As a Lieutenant-General, doubtless, I have discretionary power ; but to take upon myself to disobey an order written by my Commander-in-Chief within a few minutes of its delivery, and given from an elevated position commanding an entire view of all the batteries and the position of the enemy, would have been nothing less than direct disobedience of orders, without any other reason than that I preferred my own opinion to that of my General, and, in this instance, must have exposed me and the cavalry to aspersions against which it might have been difficult to defend ourselves.”

The Commander-in-Chief did not receive the remonstrance well, and wrote off a complaint to the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary-at-war. In this paper, Lord Raglan used these words :—

“ He has referred to my dispatch, and, far from being willing to alter one word of it, I am prepared to declare that not only did the Lieutenant-General misconceive the written instruction that was sent him, but that there was nothing in that instruction which called on him to attack at all hazards, or to undertake the operation which led to such a brilliant display of gallantry on the part of the light brigade, and, unhappily at the same time, occasioned such lamentable casualties in every regiment composing it. In his lordship's letter he is wholly silent with respect to a previous order which had been sent him.”

The way this order was understood has been already explained, and will be further noticed immediately. But it is evident at this point, that Lord Raglan still adhered to the view put forth originally, that Lord Lucan had misconceived his order, and that to this error the fearful results which ensued were attributable. The Commander-in-Chief however, is careful to say in conclusion :—

“ I am much concerned, my lord duke, to have to submit these observations to your grace. I entertain no wish to disparage the Earl of Lucan in your opinion, or to cast a slur upon his professional reputation, but having been accused by his lordship of having stated of him what was unmerited in

my dispatch, I have felt obliged to enter into the subject, and trouble your grace at more length than I could have wished in vindication of a report to your grace, in which I had strictly confined myself to that which I knew to be true. I had indulged in no observations whatever, or in any expressions which could be viewed either as harsh or in any way grating to the feelings of his lordship."

It may be observed here, and in the face of these declarations, that moral sincerity and relative justice are different matters, and that perhaps injustice is never more grating on an honourable mind, than when it is sheathed in praise. There is a danger that the seeming candour and impartiality of our accuser, will withdraw the mind from the proper contemplation of what is the real point at issue.

Give me the erect, the bold, the manly foe!
I may ward off—perhaps return the blow,
But of all plagues that Heaven in wrath can send,
Save me! O! save me from a candid friend.

We do not say but that Lord Raglan thinks well of Lord Lucan, still the noble lord is the guardian of his own honour, and does not require to run away pleased and exulting with the compliments of his coadjutor. Lord Raglan is no doubt a brave and highly respectable gentleman—but brave and respectable men will fall into errors, and his own mind may be imposed on by the circumstances in which he is placed. We need not say that this disagreement was held to necessitate the withdrawal of Lord Lucan from the army. This alone precipitated the step so much to be regretted—but the noble lord would not rest satisfied with admissions honourable to his professional character. It is idle to allege that there was no reflection cast upon the noble lieutenant-general. To his error it was imputed that a false step had been taken in the war—and that many brave men had been sacrificed. Nay, it seems by some to be thought that his lordship is to console himself with the old and hack-nied phrase, which in the vernacular reads, "*to err is human!*" The London Standard for example, in an article quite friendly, in a "*candid*" way thus unfolds the philosophy of the case:—

"The supposed slight conveyed in Lord Raglan's explanation of the famous cavalry charge, that it was occasioned by the misconstruction of a written order, was in truth no slight at all. There are few officers of much experience who must not plead guilty to more serious mistakes than the misconstruction of a written order. Napoleon's definition of the greatest general was 'he who has committed the fewest blunders.' It is to be regretted, therefore, that the Earl of Lucan should have thought it necessary to question the accuracy of the wording of Lord Raglan's dispatch. If it be said that the Commander-in-Chief need not to have referred to the affair at all, the answer is, that he was compelled to furnish an explanation or remain exposed to the charge of having issued a peremptory order to do what all parties now admit was the extreme of rashness. Surely no one can justly complain of Lord Raglan exculpating himself from such a suspicion. Beyond this he did not go. He 'indulged in no observations whatever,' to quote his own words, 'or in any expression which could be viewed either as harsh or in any way grating to the feelings of the noble earl.'"

This is very plausible indeed, but leaves the case as it stood. We

may have good cause for believing a man to be unreasonable and obstinate in urging certain pretensions, but we cannot say that the perversity is realised in the present instance,—and, after all, deference is due to the honourable sensibility of Lord Lucan. The consolation suggested too is very suspicious—others have erred, so did the noble general. But do virtuous people allow unjust charges to be brought against them and refrain from vindication, because what is laid to their charge, or something else that is wrong or foolish, is true of others. Would a plea like this answer in a libel action? We are all liable to errors; this impeachment cannot be denied, and yet it would be wrong and foolish to confess to errors not committed,—to lie under imputations quite unmerited. Enough to bear what is deserved,—we may well claim impunity from censure where innocent. Soult and Bernadotte were no doubt liable to errors, but neither would have suffered even a Napoleon le grande to have charged him with a breach of duty of which he was guiltless. A good general makes the fewest mistakes; but reduce the number of mistakes in a given case, and by a parity of reasoning you have the better general—the more reliable and more acceptable military leader. In this way we venture to assume Lord Lucan feels, and he has shewn that he is so impressed. The defence of the noble lord may be said to rest on the terms of the second order—that delivered by Captain Nolan and explained by that officer. And we put it to our readers—the man of plain good sense, and the able student of old in the logic and moral philosophy schools of our universities,—if any thing can be more absolute as a direction to a subordinate how to proceed in the way of duty. In ordinary affairs a man so influenced might say, “I will not act as directed, it would be injurious and wrong to do so. I will see the party and remonstrate with him.” Perhaps, indeed, a case like that supposed might involve legal penalties and responsibilities. Lord Brougham, we believe, has held that an officer of the law is not bound to obey the mandate of a superior if what is required be manifestly wrong. But all know how strict and peremptory are orders on the field, and that usually obedience is mechanical, instinctive, unreasoning, unquestioning. Perhaps there is a cause for this, any how so the case stands in war. Nor certainly is the peremptoriness of a mandate lessened when an intelligent man of rank, the confidential messenger of the commander, explains that the order he carries demands instant obedience by the only step which carries out its palpable and grammatical meaning. As a lieutenant-general Lord Lucan had discretion, but not discretion in disobeying the order of his commander-in-chief, who, as such, orders and exacts obedience, and is to be implicitly obeyed as commander-in-chief and the superior of all other commanders present. Obedience is the soul of the army, and Lord Lucan obeyed not certainly without perceiving the impropriety of the step, but as bound to disregard consequences in fulfilling his duty as a soldier. We repeat it, the order was peremptory. Had the previous *dictum* of Lord Raglan been so, the succeeding order would have corroborated it, if contingent and discretionary—all free will—choice calculation—all exercise of thought and reasoning as to results was superseded by what followed. “You may go if you see fit,” says

one man to another he can command in a special service. Next he imperiously tells the other, "*Go now, and at once.*" Would the previous reservation be suffered to explain and modify the absolute order? Nor is the field of battle exactly the place for a hair-splitting casuistry. In the fatal valley were a powerful body of Russians,—but what mattered that,—to attack the Muscovite host was matter of obligation. This was ordered imperatively. The aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan, by voice and motion signified that obedience was necessary, and even added disrespect to his explication of the paper he carried,—"*There my lord,*" said he, "*is your enemy—there are your guns,*" and, joining in the ranks, testified in a way the most tangible and practical to his impressions as to the mind of his authority. The imperative word "*IMMEDIATE*" was even written under the short statement of the order of Lord Raglan, to which the name of General Airey was subscribed. We do not impute blame to Lord Raglan for issuing such a command, but we feel astonished that he should misinterpret its meaning, and leave the brave man who carried it out in its literal meaning and under a sense of military duty, to bear the responsibility. The thoughts of the field-marshal are not the question here, but his words. No doubt at times the author of an act of parliament will tell you that he did not mean any thing so severe, or foolish, or contradictory as is imputed to him,—but we have to look at the text of his bill, and to this the judges will look, disregarding altogether the private views of its originator, though paraded in every journal of the empire, and made matter of protest and reclamation on every opportunity. We may innocently mislead others certainly,—they may misunderstand us completely,—but this result is most unsatisfactory, it may be grievous and irritating and injurious besides. In important cases words should be well weighed, and every care taken that they are devoid of ambiguity.

At this point we may be allowed to gather up the facts of the case as far as they affect Lord Lucan. A man of nice honour, of high professional rank, and still higher professional feeling, is blamed constructively for a perversion of orders, and for being, innocently indeed, the occasion of a terrible loss of brave lives. When he remonstrates with the party who imputes the blame, that party complains at head-quarters, and the result is the removal of the noble lord from the command which he so bravely filled. The "*Standard*" endeavours to dilute away the ground of offence in the character of a "*candid friend.*" Lord Raglan, some may say, need not have referred to the subject at all—so it is assumed by Dr Gifford. How, we ask? if so he had an independence of position not assigned to the prime minister,—and which we add the field-marshal could not have had in this case. We should have deprecated a position of the kind had a mere subaltern been concerned. Lord Raglan exculpated himself, it is held by the doctor, from the very suspicion of ordering the charge. And it is added, "*Beyond this he did not go.*" But what was the point he did not pass? This is the question. A man may make a serious charge against an innocent party and not go further. Come to the homely case of a railway manager, and supposing the chairman to allege a gross blunder against the subordinate official, would it

console a man of honour as to the specific charge, that there was no intention to accuse him with moral wrong, or with other offences or mistakes. The accusation paraded might have been bad enough, though it was not in the power of him who made it to go further in blame and crimination. This is in effect an evasion of the point at issue, and virtually denies justice to Lord Lucan. The noble general has not alleged that Lord Raglan went further, and there is no use in such superfluous positions negative. The question is what the commander-in-chief did say; what he did not say, could not say, would not say, and should not say—to make use of the auxiliary verbs—is not the question in this discussion.

Enough was said to impel Lord Lucan to defend himself, and this he has done most manfully. It happens that the general has a place in the House of Lords, and he has there repeatedly explained the true state of the case. But he has done more, he has sought a soldier's trial—the trial of a private before a court-martial. It will be evident on reflection that the misconstruction of the order is the question which he wishes to have resolved. Now a just thinker might conclude that to this investigation he is entitled, and that nothing should prevent the expedient being resorted to, so that all parties may have justice done them. If Lord Raglan be not blamed, the defendant might be held as innocent, but the latter is willing to stand the "hazard of the die." Common sense, "worth a pound of clergy," would say, why not? let the matter be probed to the bottom, and the blame, if any, have its equitable incidence. But then although common sense be described as "fairly worth the seven" sciences, it has not the force of precedents, and technicalities, and official rules. Substantial justice is sure to suffer when placed in opposition to technicalities and forms. But recently a party in Scotland charged with murder escaped because there was an error about making up the jury; but a barrister-at-law who complained to the Court of Queen's Bench on a county judge, was denied redress in that quarter, because he had first applied to the Lord Chancellor, as if a mistake in seeking redress barred the remedy; and with us a presbytery loses its powers, if, by an accident, a quorum of members is not present at the meeting. We need not point to rules of law viciously operative in particular cases. Lord Raglan demands to be tried by his peers; and what says Lord Panmure, the Secretary at War? Why, this, that Lord Raglan has *condoned* every complaint on his part, by giving the noble earl, Lord Lucan, further employment. This is really trifling. Condonation may be held to mean the acting towards an individual as if not guilty of a particular offence. But does this necessarily nullify the charge, or exculpate the individual? Quite the reverse,—it may only prove the good nature or carelessness,—or bad administrative practice of the condoner. But would it hold that this weakness, or fault, or even consciousness of injustice, or conviction that what was alleged was trivial, should bar inquiry. Supposing it reported generally, and believed, and made matter of complaint, that such a judge as Lord Lyndhurst, or Lord Brougham, or the contemporary Lord Chancellor, had decided a case on a false and partial view of facts, or from improper

bias towards a party,—would the fact that the official had been retained on the bench prevent him from defending himself, or from craving a competent and constitutional inquiry. To have superseded a brave man in the camp, who had fought heroically in a death charge,—goaded to that fearful step by the apparent wishes of his commander, would have been too strong a measure. The Earl of Lucan had shared in the perils of the attack, and his life is wonderful. Wounded he was, and narrowly indeed he escaped a bloody grave in the trenches. To have inflicted ignominy on a brave veteran, bleeding from his wounds, would not have been quite the thing. If this be condonation, it is very little to boast of,—a poor sort of justice,—and certainly, as the event shews, it is not sufficient to do away with the charge, in spite of which the leniency was exemplified. This came afterwards,—Lord Lucan read it in the journals, as embodied in the despatch which gave the government an account of the battle of which the charge was an incident. We know that a court-martial may be refused. We believe the Duke of York was on one occasion refused such a means of vindicating himself. But on the present occasion the whole justice and reasonableness of the affair is with Lord Lucan. A charge is preferred by a superior,—a charge which implies fearful consequences, and the noble lord says, pray deign to accord me the fullest inquiry,—tax every act of mine connected with the event,—place the whole details in the broadest, fullest light,—I abide the issue. Can any thing be more fair, open, candid, manly. Others shelter themselves under quibbles and vicious pleas of law,—the noble lord would dash aside such cobwebs, and only asks a fair and impartial trial. In the House of Commons, a few weeks back, a motion was made for an address to her Majesty, praying the sovereign to order an inquiry by court-martial as to the charge at Balaklava. Our countryman, Lord Elcho, seconded the motion, and it is with pleasure we notice that his lordship did this as a measure of justice towards Lord Lucan. The judge-advocate, a Mr Villiers, alleged that no offence had been charged, and there was no prosecutor. But there was misconception of orders charged by the commander-in-chief,—and that in connection with issues the most deplorable. There was a serious difference betwixt that official and a lieutenant-general, and a court of inquiry would have brought out the real state of the case. Courts-martial should not be, and we should think, need not be, of the narrow, stunted character of a criminal court, where, when the accused is produced, the judge looks round and demands, "*who prosecutes?*"—but should be tribunals for enquiry in doubtful cases, whether military honour, or even military routine has been fulfilled. In this quarter the complaints of military men should be heard, and redress, if only in words, afforded. The objection here is technical altogether,—for Lord Raglan charges Lord Lucan with misconstruing his orders, and Lord Lucan charges his commander with doing him injustice. This cross charge might not form the ground of an action in an ordinary court of law,—but we consider it as falling completely under the review and decision of a military tribunal—which, of all other inquests, should be least dominated by technicalities and forms, and allegations of the kind shewing more

subtlety than sense. Mr Disraeli, on this occasion, professed sympathy with Lord Lucan,—the right hon. gentleman allowed that the noble lord had placed his character right before the country, but he thought the House could not possibly entertain the motion. Why so? The House, as Lord John Russell some time back observed, could advise the crown in the exercise of every part of the royal prerogative. If the Commons could not urge Her Majesty to nominate a court to try the case of Lord Lucan,—how could it, *ex proprio motu*, and in the exercise of an inherent right, appoint a committee of its own to inquire into the way all parties—ministers of state—soldiers—physicians—and everybody concerned—have acted in conducting the war against Russia in the Crimea. In certain cases very nice distinctions are allowed to affect results,—and sometimes with but small or no reason.

It is a mighty thing to deserve success,—to have done one's duty,—to have the consciousness of "integrity to heaven." We believe that Lord Lucan is able to console himself with the satisfaction of a good conscience—with the assurance that he did his duty by his Queen and country,—and so far as he was able, by those entrusted to his command. The historian of the day,—the historian of the future,—will, we trust, do ample justice to this brave commander. Trials such as his have been common in the history of the world,—

"Where living merit is with envy curst,
And the best men are treated like the worst."

In military life they abound. In days not long since run their course, both Nelson and Wellington had their experience of grievances. To these, the best of public servants are more subject than others of inferior capacity and merit. Lord Lucan has acted an honourable part throughout. He obeyed where he could not be recusant,—where he regarded himself as subordinate to the more immediate and higher commander of the army, who is to be obeyed by the general, the colonel, the sergeant, and private sentinel, purveyor, and surgeon. He and those under him did all in the power of man to achieve in the circumstances. But enduring blame for an act which exposed his own life, as well as the lives of others, to peril, the noble lord asks redress at the hands of his country. This may be denied,—so far as the government is concerned has been denied already. But there is another tribunal to appeal to,—that of just public opinion. It has been said that the "great soul of the world is just." Perhaps this is true,—it will often hold true in the long-run. Lord Lucan's case is perhaps too delicate, and its justice reached by too meditative a process to appeal at once to the popular understanding. But we expect that with those who can appreciate aright the merits of the controversy, the noble and gallant general will have his due meed of sympathy and of honour.

P.S. Since this article was written, the sentiment expressed in the last paragraph has come to be realised. A deputation has waited on Lord Lucan at his house in Ireland, to tender to the noble lord their

need of sympathy and respect. We are gratified that this has been the case. The "great man struggling in the storms of fate" may make much of the approval of his own conscience—the verdict of the "man within the breast;" but such an one will usually feel gratified with having in his favour the suffrages of those who can think and judge for themselves—and it is ever pleasant and refreshing to find our citizens uniting together to support the cause of righteousness—and the interests of the meritorious when beset by the wrongs to which the best are exposed in this mortal state.

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.¹

WHEN we survey the history of science or philosophy, of art or of civilization itself, we cannot fail to observe, that each and all are equally characterised by what may be correctly designated, a periodic evolution and progress. Peruse e. g. *The History of the Inductive Sciences* by Whewell, *The History of Philosophy* by Morell, and the *Theory of Human Progression* by Dove, and we are persuaded that our general affirmation will be crowned with sufficient confirmation. As it does not, however, comport with our present design, to illustrate the theory of progress, except in so far as it bears upon the subject we have selected for discussion, we shall therefore confine our preliminary observations to the science of astronomy,—a science, the history of which, as our readers must be aware, records a series of conflicts and controversies waged between the disciples of science and theology, bearing a striking correspondence to those carried on by their successors in the present day. Well then; what is the history of opinions that have prevailed during the consecutive periods of scientific evolution regarding the heavenly bodies? Do we not discover that the history of astronomical revelation is characterised by the tedious tardiness of progressive development exhibited alike by physical and sacred revelation? Is it not a fact that the primitive forefathers of humanity ignorantly regarded the heavens as the curtain of a tent bespangled with stars, spread over the horizontal surface of the earth, and superstitiously invested the heavenly bodies with Divine honours and authority? that the Persian prostrated himself in prayer before the glorious ruler of the heavens, on the summit of his pyramidal fire-tower, and that the Chaldean, aye even the European astrologers prognosticated the destinies of nations and individuals from the aspects and portents of the stars? that the light of science, however, projected by the telescopes of a Copernicus and a Galileo, at length penetrated the atmospheric veil of earth and ignorance, and revealed to a wondering world the sublime knowledge of planets, satellites, suns and systems, revolving in harmonious order and undeviating regularity, in the realms of space?

¹ *Geology.* A Lecture by Hugh Miller, Esq. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21 Berners Street. 1854.

The Mosaic Record in Harmony with the Geological. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1854.

Need we remind any one that Galileo was summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunals of his age, charged with the high crimes of publishing and disseminating the heretical doctrine, that the earth performed her revolutions round the sun? that his accusers fortified their position by adducing the testimony of the sacred oracles, to the effect that the earth was laid upon foundations that it should not be removed for ever? or finally, that though the sun and moon are recorded to have stood still at the bidding of the Hebrew warrior, Christendom does not hesitate to accept the Heliocentric in lieu of the Geocentric Theory of the earth?

But have we therefore deemed it incumbent upon ourselves to exclude either sacred or astronomical revelation from our scientific and theological creeds? Undoubtedly not. And on what ground do we base our justification of the acceptance of a paradox, the original assertion of which drew down the anathemas of ecclesiasticism and philosophy, but on the principle of periodic evolution and progress,—a principle in accordance with which the popular statement of sensational, synonymous with phenomenal or apparent observation, are harmonised with the rigid precision of the conclusions of scientific demonstration?

Had astronomers not ignored the principle of periodic evolution and progress, they would not have laid themselves open to the charges that have been urged against the unwarrantable speculations with which they attempt to saddle Christianity. Why else, as we elsewhere asked, should they have deemed themselves called upon to wrest the Scriptures, and warp them into conformity with their cosmological conjectures? Why else should they have palmed their theory of the solar system upon David and the Hebrew people? and why else,—a question which introduces us to the discussion on hand,—should geologists or theologians have framed cosmogonies, harmonies, and theories of the earth, which science blushes to recognise as the fabrication of sciolists, and theology repudiates as “the baseless fabric of a vision?”

Astronomy traces her genealogy to the oriental cradle of humanity,—to the contemplations and speculations of the patriarchs in Chaldea and Idumea; geology dates her strictly scientific origin no farther back than the commencement of the 19th century,—in fact, to the period of the establishment of the Geological Society of London in 1807. We do not deny that geognostic speculations were indulged by Hindu, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and European philosophers; we rather feel induced to bring prominently forward the facts sedulously registered by Lyell, viz., that each and all record, in their cosmogonies, “a succession of revolutions and catastrophes, interrupted by long periods of tranquillity;”—definite *talpas* or periods, the duration assigned to which, extend, in some instances, to 360,000 years. Account for them as we may; call them traditionary legends, or the generalisations and conclusions derived from the observation of geologic *data*, there they are, and we are fully entitled to regard them as presumptive arguments in favour of the credibility of the antiquity claimed for the earth by modern geologists. The problem, it must be acknowledged, is surrounded with all the difficulties that envelope the origin of the mythology of heathendom, and by the adoption of similar hypotheses framed to account for the existence of these geolo-

logic epochs mentioned in Oriental cosmogonies, it may be enquired,—Have they originated from traditionary sources? from the interpretation put upon the Mosaic record? or from generalisations deduced from the observation of geological phenomena themselves?

We do not presume to offer any solution of this problem at the present stage of enquiry; but if there be any truth in the theory of the evolution of the sciences, indeed of human progression itself, should the geological discoveries of the 19th century after, be ascribed to the 19th century before the Christian era? And may we not affirm that there is an antecedent probability in favour of the hypothesis, which imputes the definite knowledge of the geologic epochas of Orientalists to the interpretation put upon the Preface of the Hebrew Sacred Records?

Be this as it may, modern geology proclaims the incontestable fact—whether conjectured, suggested, anticipated, or believed by ancient philosophers—that the physical structure of the earth has undergone a succession of periodic revolutions, previous and preparatory to the Historic Epoch, which dates from the creation of humanity, 4000 years before the Christian era. It is true they have not as yet succeeded in calculating the duration of these geologic epochas, and have accordingly exhibited the modesty of true science, by designating them “indefinite periods;” but we must impress upon the minds of those who take advantage of this admission, in the course of discussion, the fact that though they are in ignorance styled “indefinite” by finite intelligences, they are yet incontestably regarded as “definite” by the infinite Artificer of the universe, who “sees the end from the beginning,” and is “a God of *order* and not of confusion.” Could we have condensed the geologic history of our planet—or better, could we have transported our readers backwards in the course of time to the birth of the universe,—watched the “confusion worse confounded” of elemental war, when our puny ball spun, a fused and fiery mass, through the realms of space,—carried you along the course of the successive periods,—the Primary, the Secondary, and the Tertiary,—pointed out the successive vegetable and animal creations,—the gorgeous Flora that waved their umbrageous arms across the platitudes of space,—the gigantic reptiles and mammalia that roamed through the not less gigantic forests of earth—creations by which it was adorned and adapted for the home of Humanity—Humanity, the climax and crown of creation, kings by right of birth, wielding dominion over the subordinate provinces in the kingdom of earth;—could we have thus exhibited “a scale of *time* for geologic succession corresponding in magnitude to the scale of *distances* which astronomy teaches us as those which measure the relation of the universe to the earth;”—and could we have thus travelled down the course of time carefully observing the tedious tardiness of development from hour to hour and from period to period, we should have registered the age of our globe in cycles of myriads of millions of years,—if we may be permitted to assume, which without presumption we may, that the physical laws of the universe are as unchanging as the Supreme Lawgiver himself, who is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” We say, myriads of millions of years, for if the processes we behold operating in the disintegration of rocks, &c., result

in the stratification of sedimentary depositions to the depth of only a few inches annually, who will calculate the cycles during which those miles of stratified and unstratified rocks have been accumulated into their successive series of formations? Nor must it be forgotten that geologists have but pierced the crust of the earth to the extent of only a few miles of the 8000 comprising its diameter; so that in fact they can but profess to have made discoveries corresponding to those of an anatomist or physiologist peering into the orifice left in the hide of an animal by plucking out its hairs.

It was the discriminating eye of Chalmers, so far as we are aware, that first discerned the apparent discrepancy between the facts which the incipient science of geology revealed, and the Mosaic record of the creation, or we should rather say, the interpretation which had gradually been put upon that portion of Sacred Revelation, and initiated the controversy (in a review of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth) which has ever since been waged.

Jamieson, Smith, Miller, and a host of other divines and minute philosophers have elaborated theories professing to harmonize the two records, viz., Science and Revelation. We have no intention of imposing upon ourselves the task of expounding either the peculiarities or eccentricities of these thousand and one conflicting hypotheses, and must therefore content ourselves with the general statement, that they may fairly enough be classified under two divisions, according as they maintain that the creation was accomplished in six literal days, or in six "indefinite periods."

Chalmers, who laboured, like most Scotchmen trained under the present university system dominant in Scotland, under the disadvantage of a defective knowledge both of geology and philology, simply intrenched himself behind the proposition, that "the first creation of the earth and the heavens may have formed no part" of the work of the six days mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis. In other words, that the record contained in the first verse is a revelation of the original creation of the universe, inclusive of our planet, whereas the following verses narrate the *facts* of omnipotence issued on the creation of plants, animals, and humanity on six successive days, each of 24 hours duration. Dr Pye Smith and many others have adopted his general theory, not however without considerable modifications. Cuvier, Jamieson, and more recently Hugh Miller, have unhesitatingly accepted the revelations of geology—revelations inscribed upon the stony pages of the volume of nature, and which they therefore urge are stamped with all the authenticity claimed for the volume of Sacred Revelation,—and boldly announced that the six days of Genesis form the record of the six successive epochs in the early history of the earth, as an additional article of faith in the creed of the physical philosopher of the 19th century.

We are quite well aware that we should encounter the charge of precipitancy from some who have been accustomed to yield submissive deference to the plausible expositions which have been offered of the former hypothesis, did we presume to affirm that it was regarded as altogether obsolete by the disciples of theology. Ought not the fact,

however, that there is scarcely, if any, geologist of note, who does not subscribe to the latter and *par excellence* modern theory upon this subject, induce us to start upon the track of enquiry suggested by science; and therefore pointed out by the finger of the Creator himself?

It is almost unnecessary to state that the former hypothesis has not been regarded as a satisfactory solution of this *questio vexata*,—that public opinion has not stamped it with that sanction accorded *e.g.* to the heliocentric theory in astronomy. True, it may at the same time be retorted that even the latter theory has not yet gained that ascendancy over the public mind, adduced as the test of the reception or non-reception of a dogma, by the community at large; but do not the scales of opinion preponderate in its favour? Has it not been advocated before the young men's association, in the lecture of no ordinary merit, at the head of our article, and met with a favourable reception? and do not the "Harmonies" which ever and anon issue from the press base their themes upon the axiomatic assumption that the six days of the Mosaic Record bear without straining the modern interpretation of six geologico-historical epochs. We require but to direct attention to the second work which we have placed at the head of this article, in evidence of our last affirmation,—an anonymous production, introduced,—though it supercedes his own theory—to the favourable notice of the Republic of letters, under the auspices of Hugh Miller himself. It was therefore with considerable eagerness, we confess, that we perused the little book; but assuredly it has excited in us no slight surprise that a theory based upon a principle of interpretation of the most arbitrary and dangerous nature, destructive indeed to the authenticity and authority of Divine revelation, should have been so precipitately stamped with the *imprimatur* of such a pre-eminently sagacious and sharp-sighted philosopher as the author of the "Footprints of the Creator."

We should not perhaps in other circumstances have deemed this *brochure* worthy of more than a passing critical notice, but sanctioned as it comes, by the name of Miller, we feel constrained to protest against the introduction of a principle of interpretation, into the much neglected, though we are now glad to be able to say, incipient science of Hermeneutics, and must accordingly trespass upon the patience of our readers, in attempting to vindicate Revelation against the injudicious arguments of her *soi-disant* defenders and friends.

Talk of Rationalism! why, our anonymous author, whose production "smacks too much of the young graduate,"—outrationalises rationalism! not only do his sentiments appear to be pervaded, but completely saturated with Germanism; not only is his work characterised by the grossest assumptions,—philological as well as theological,—but Genesis is degraded to the low level of an oriental apologue or dramatical representation: to speak plainly, what the common sense of Christendom has been accustomed to recognise as a historic verity, is, without compunction resolved into a series of panoramic scenes or dissolving views. Novel and startling as these views may appear,—like the phases which the Proteus of infidelity finds it indispensable to assume in a new age—they are not essentially new. "He considers it incumbent upon him," says

Dr P. Smith, of Powell, author of the "Connection of Natural and Divine Truth," to maintain that in both cases, the statement "*was not intended for an HISTORICAL narrative* ; and if the representation cannot have been designed for *literal history*, it only remains to regard it as having been intended for the better enforcement of its objects in the language of *figure and poetry* ; and to allow that the manner in which the Deity was pleased to reveal himself to the Jews as accomplishing the work of creation, was (like so many other points of their dispensation) veiled in the guise of apologue and parable ; and that only a more striking representation of the greatness and majesty of the Divine power and creative wisdom was intended, by embodying the expression of them in the language of *dramatic action*." (The *italics* are Dr P. Smith's.)

We do not of course charge our author with plagiarism. He may not have stumbled upon this passage in a work, the theory of which he treats so contemptuously ; or perhaps the perusal merely suggested the hypothesis which he has fabricated, and did not therefore find it either convenient or necessary to make an acknowledgment that has almost fallen into desuetude, by a host of writers indebted for their sentiments, as well as not unfrequently, for their very language and style, to foreign and domestic authors. Charity, to be sure, might induce us to conclude that just as an Adams and a Leverrier on different continents discover a star at the same moment of time, our author may be the original discoverer of the dissolving views of Genesis. However—lest it be supposed that we are treating him with injustice,—we shall suffer him to speak for himself, and at length.

"We shall first state the view that we have adopted and then prove it from Scripture.

"Were the words that Moses wrote merely impressed upon his mind by the Spirit of God ? Did he hold the pen, and another dictate words which the writer did not understand ? We hardly think any one will be bold enough to maintain this view of the inspiration enjoyed by Moses, and, provided a better can be found, it would be waste of time to argue it down. Did he then see in vision the scenes he describes ? the freshness and point of the narrative, the freedom of the description, and the unlikelihood that Moses was an unthinking machine in the composition, all indicate that he saw in vision, what he has here given us in writing. He is describing from actual observation, and this was one way in which prophecies were communicated to men. Who has not felt that in Isaiah liii., the prophet is painting from life ; that his thoughts are moving round some central object, and that both mind and eye are fastened on some visible being ? and does not even Balaam exclaim,—'He hath said, which hath heard the works of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, *falling into a trance, but having his eyes open* ?' (Numb. xxiv. 16.) Was not this the nature of the trance into which Peter also fell ? (Acts x. 10.) and is there not the case of John, to which we shall afterwards advert ? If then God can call up the future before the mind of man, certainly he can also call up the past, for man can do this himself. But when man surveys the past, the events connected with the object of thought are all compressed into one picture, arranged in due order of time, no doubt, but without those breaks in the succession which occur in the reality. Imagination crowds the events of years into seconds ; and God, who always avails himself of natural laws, thus made the events of ages pass in a brief space of time, before the minds

of his prophets. Why should this not also have been the case with Moses in the composition of a narrative which details a history that no mortal man then knew? He is merely describing what the spirit of inspiration made to pass in review before his own mind. He fell into a trance, like the apostle Peter, but his eyes were open; he could mark what took place in the vision that floated before his divinely enlightened imagination, and the darkness which stole over the scene, when the vision began to fade, seemed to him to be caused by the approach of night. In other words each 'day' or יום, contains the description of what he beheld in a single vision, and when that faded it was twilight. There is nothing forced in supposing that after the vision had for a time illumined the fancy of the seer, it was withdrawn from his eyes, in the same way that the landscape becomes dim on the approach of evening. Did not the sheet in Peter's trance *seem* to be let down from heaven and drawn up again? and why may not night in Moses' vision have seemed to cover the landscape imprinted on his fancy? Most truly therefore could he describe the dawn and twilight as bounding the day. From this point of view a 'day' can only mean the period during which the divinely enlightened fancy of the seer was active. While all continued bright and manifest before his entranced, but still conscious soul, it was 'day' or 'light.' When the dimness of departing enlightenment fell on the scene, it was ערב, the evening twilight. Hence we can understand why the seer speaks of *seven* days but of only *six* evenings, for seven different scenes passed before his enlightened imagination, but only *six* times did the curtain fall before his fancy. The seventh scene was continued onward to the giving of the law, and is proceeding still; but the corresponding evening has not yet come. In these alternations of light and darkness in the fancy of Moses, we find the meaning of 'day' and 'evening.' The visions dawn (בקר) upon the mind of the seer, who, full of the deepest interest, watches the rising glory, and marks its progress until the dimness of deepening twilight (ערב) shuts it from his eyes. Of course it is not maintained here that each vision occupied a whole natural day, or that when the darkness fell on the fancy of the seer, he awoke from his trance. For anything that we know to the contrary (!) these visions may all have been comprised in one period of inspiration; only the darkness, which shut the scene out from the eye of Moses, was as much an effect of the divine agency as the scene itself."—(Pp. 40, 44.)

"On our theory, *time* is not involved in the Mosaic narrative at all. The seer describes successive events as they were painted on his fancy, but of the time required for their development he had no knowledge."—(P. 85.)

Now it will be at once observed, as our author admits, that in this theory, "*time* is not involved in the Mosaic narrative at all." It is by thus annihilating time, and maintaining that the revelation of the history of the six days of creation was imparted in vision to the mind's eye of Moses, he imagines he has rid himself of what he is pleased to call, the "arbitrary and perhaps dangerous use of a word," viz. יום, day,—to the interpretation of which as an "indefinite period of time" he objects,—and can yet at the same time consistently adhibit his subscription to the modern creed of geology.

"But is it not quite plain," to adopt the language of Hävernicks in his Introduction to the Pentateuch, "that the history of the creation claims to be regarded as a *history*, and not either as poetry or as philosophy? that it is characterised by this peculiar distinction, that it handles its theme neither in an abstract form, or from a subjective point of view, but in the method of concrete historical treatment? and does not the fact

that time receives its existence through the creation, determine the creation as being in time, which thus obtains its reality; and the *real existence of time* is therefore precisely that which our record, according to its given fundamental idea, must take for granted and carry out?"

Mark, we do not deny the *possibility* of a Divine revelation of the *past* history of the world in the mode described; but is it not a gratuitous assumption to affirm the fact of such a visionary method of communication in the face of distinct historical statements? Will our author point out to us a single instance within the limits of the Sacred Scriptures, in which Divine intelligence has been conveyed, either in a dream or vision, to an inspired penman, without his at the same time honestly acknowledging the source of his information? We trow not.

Why then, it may be asked, had he recourse to such an unwarrantable assumption? Let the truth be told; he wedded himself to a favourite hypothesis, which, like Bunyan's Flatterer, warps the mind in a web of sophistry, from which it can only be disentangled by the man and the whip. Hence it is that he starts from the false premises that the Hebrew word "יום," translated "day" in our version of the Scriptures, "*never means a period of indefinite length*,"—a philological error, which of course vitiates his whole succeeding course of argumentation.

As he could not of course rely upon the utter credulity of the public mind, an attempt is, as usual, made to fortify his position by Scriptural evidence in favour of his vision theory. Sorry we are indeed to publicly acknowledge that an aspirant to the high office of expounder of Holy Scripture,—(as our anonymous author would appear to be, from the encomiums heaped upon him by Hugh Miller, as the future hope of his church),—should have dared to resolve the sublime simplicity of diction in which the creative *facts* ("God said,") of omnipotence have been conveyed to the finite intelligence of humanity, into a barren "formula," such as, "I heard the voice of one saying," or "calling!" He finds the prophetic formula, "God said," employed on various occasions throughout the volume of inspiration, when the sacred penmen are favoured with Divine communications, and though he was familiar with the fact, that on every occasion in which it is used in the first chapter of Genesis, reference was made to pre-historic epochs,—epochs therefore long anterior to the appearance of humanity upon the stage of time,—he yet presumes to affirm that the language of Divinity fell upon the ear of Moses himself;—no, we mistake, only "on the *fancy* of Moses." Test this evidence of our modern theologian, certainly not "brought up at the feet" of Chalmers, by its application to the very passage in question, and what is the result? "And God said, Let us make man in our image," &c. Is he not at once involved in blasphemy if he maintains—as consistency demands,—that "God said" to Moses, "Let *us*," &c.

Turn now to the only other evidence adduced in favour of this visionary theory, viz., to Numbers xii. 6, 8, and what explanation is derivable from it regarding the nature or mode of inspiration enjoyed by Moses? Does any one who takes the trouble to peruse the context, in which he will find recorded the insubordination of Miriam and Aaron to Moses, doubt that the ground on which submission to their brother

is claimed for him by the Almighty, is any other than the simple fact of his *direct and immediate* intercourse with Him? Not that we deny all allusion to the striking contrast between the "dark speeches" or ambiguous oracles of Heathendom, and the distinct "face to face" announcements of the "one only living and true God."

So evident must this appear to every unbiassed mind, that without dwelling at length upon the topic, we shall merely quote a single sentence which dissipates the visionary theory, so ingeniously and plausibly defended, to the four winds, from the narrative of Moses himself, which is as follows:—"And the Lord spake unto Moses face unto face, as a man speaketh to his friend."—(Exod. xxxiii. 11.)

We have thus deprived our author of the Scriptural evidence which he misappropriated in support of his evanescent hypothesis; and shall now briefly address ourselves to the task of rescuing the word "יֹמִים," "day" from his preposterous misapplications.

"The turning point in the dispute between the theologian and the geologist," he observes, "respecting the explanation of this passage, is the meaning of the word *yōm*, 'day,' (יֹמִים)" As we shall recur to this remark, let it suffice at present, to state that we receive it with explanation. Now, what is the definition that our author, who vindicates the title of philology to her rightful position in the classification of the modern sciences, publishes as the result of his patient and persevering researches in Hebrew literature and modern theology? "It appears," says he, "that by (יֹמִים) 'day,' is meant the period during which light prevails over the surface of the globe,"—a sense in which it can be appropriated in support of the fabric of his vision. Why the veriest tyro either in philology or theology would expose the falsity of such a limited definition of the word. What Sabbath-school boy does not know that the Jewish day is synonymous to "the time between two sunsets?" a fact in confirmation of which we shall simply require our author to observe the hours at which the manager of any Jewish "cosmocapeleion" regulates his "closing" and "opening" on the Friday and Saturday evenings. No one, indeed, who possesses even a tolerable acquaintance with Hebrew idioms, can be at a loss to discover the *usus loquendi*, regarding the *literal* signification attached to the word, which may be found by referring to Dan. viii. 14, where "days" are rendered in the margin "evening,—morning,"—an idiom undoubtedly founded upon the Scriptural definition of a day in the first chapter of Genesis.

But though we have overthrown his definition of the *literal* signification of the word יֹמִים "day," we are still encountered by the bold assertion that it "never means a period of indefinite length." Could it but be established, that it was employed by the original recipient of the history of the Creation from its Divine Author to designate an historical period or epoch, controversialists might lay down their pens, and shake hands over the burial of the "knotty point," in oblivion; and we are ready to admit, that when this consideration is urged, our author is justified in characterising this question as the "turning point" of the controversy. We do not altogether despair, as will immediately be apparent, even of arriving at a partial solution in this direction.

It is acknowledged by our author, that **ד** "day," bears the symbolic signification of "a year" in the passage, (Gen. viii. 14), to which reference has already been made; now, we found that the marginal or literal translation is correctly rendered by "evening—morning." By what rule then, we ask, do you restrict its signification in Genesis to a literal "day," more especially when we add that the "*day of prosperity*," "*the day of the Lord*," &c., are admitted by almost all expositors of Scripture to denote an extended or indefinite period of time? But further:—taking for granted that the record of Genesis forms part and parcel of an authentic and genuine history, and "that Moses," to adopt our author's language in reference to the successive portions of Genesis, "was using the family records of Abraham and his descendants," is it competent for us to declare that Adam, who most probably received the history of the creation of the universe from the mouth of the Divine "Word," was left in ignorance of the epochal biography and age of the planet assigned to him as his kingdom? or that Moses himself—Moses who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," in whose cosmogonics, as we noticed, reference is made to the cycles in question,—did not attach the signification of a historic epoch to the "**ד**" of Genesis? Assuredly not. Otherwise, will any one demonstrate that **ד** is not the term which could naturally be employed to designate a "day" of the life-time of the earth? "It is simply impossible," Dr Samuel Brown maintains, "that a nobler or a homelier (nay or another) symbolical expression for the idea intended could have been found or invented. . . . This is the only symbol in the world for the idea;" and he concludes by affirming that when all men have been made familiar with the rich results of science, "the whole world shall easily comprehend how a genetic day is only the Mosaic symbol for a geognostic time." For our part, we do not profess to have discovered any passage in which **ד** is employed as a synonyme for a definite historic period; but is it not a stubborn fact,—a fact which lies indeed at the basis of language, in attestation of which we appeal to comparative philology,—that the word "day," in all languages, is invested not only with a primary or literal, but also with a secondary, metaphorical, or symbolical signification?

Be that as it may, it will not now be denied that **ד** has more than "one meaning" attached to it in Scripture. Not only is it found rendered a literal day of 24 hours, but may also be correctly regarded as synonymous to a "season" or "period of time."

We press these questions upon our readers, for the purpose of suggesting the possibility of one mode of solving this problem, altogether independent of our author's hypothesis.

We must not overlook at this stage an objection urged against the theory which maintains that the six days form six historic epochs, viz., the "reason" of the Fourth Commandment. How, it is triumphantly asked, can the six days of creation be regarded as historic periods, since the reason assigned by the Creator for the appointment of the Sabbath runs as follows:—"For in *six days* the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it?" (Exod. xx. 11.)

Had the "fundamental notion" of the law of the Sabbath been recognised, we are convinced that neither the controversy which has been waged regarding the change from the Jewish to the Christian Sabbath, nor the objection in question, would have disturbed the equanimity of Christendom. And what, by the universal consent of all divines, ancient and modern, fathers, schoolmen, and casuists, as is shewn by Dr Owen in his *Exercitations on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, constitutes the "fundamental notion" of the law of the Sabbath, but that "one day in seven,"—or in other words, the *seventh* portion of our time,—should be consecrated to "sacred uses and the solemn honour of God?" Now, is not "*the proportion of time*" enforced, on the supposition that the six days form historic periods? It gives us great pleasure to quote the language of Mr Miller in favour of the solution we offer, as follows:—

"I have failed to see any force in the objection. God the Creator, who wrought during six periods, rested during the seventh period; and as we have no evidence whatever that he recommenced his work of creation—as on the contrary man seems to be the last formed of creatures,—God may be resting still. The presumption is strong that his Sabbath is an extended period, not a natural day, and that the work of Redemption is his Sabbath-day's work. And so I cannot see that it in the least interferes with the integrity of the reason rendered, to read it as follows:—Work during six periods, and rest on the seventh; for in six periods the Lord created the heavens and the earth, and on the seventh period, *he* rested. The Divine period may have been very great, the human periods very small; just as a vast continent or the huge earth itself is very great, and a map or geographical globe very small; but if in the map or globe the proportions be faithfully maintained, and the scale, though a minute one, be true in all its parts and applications, we pronounce the map or globe, notwithstanding the smallness of its size, a faithful copy. Were man's Sabbaths to be kept as enjoined, and in the divine proportions, it would scarcely interfere with the logic of the 'reason annexed to the fourth commandment,' though in this matter, as in all others in which man can be an imitator of God, the imitation should be a miniature one."—(Pp. 30, 31.)

But we said that we received our author's remark, that "the turning point in the dispute between the theologian and the geologist respecting the explanation of this passage, is the meaning of the word *Yōm* 'day' (יֹמ), with explanation. We have already admitted that if the requisite number of witnesses could be summoned to bear evidence in support of the primitive *usus loquendi* of יֹמ, the dispute would, of course, be amicably terminated. It can be predicated indeed, from Scriptural usage, that a "season or period of time" is a warrantable rendering of the word, but if we would not trespass the rules either of philology or of the Baconian philosophy, we must honestly acknowledge our incapacity to determine the signification attached to יֹמ by the original recipient of Divine revelation, and consequently, we presume, have recourse to some other method of solving or cutting this gordian knot. Accordingly we make bold to hazard the prediction that if ever the harmony of the two Records is acknowledged by public opinion, it must be established by the recognition, to adopt a Leibnitzian formula, of the pre-established harmony of the Universe;—or in other words, by the application of the

principle to which we referred at the outset of this article, *vis.*, the principle of periodic evolution and progress. Let us explain.

We have no intention of perpetrating the manufacture of a "theory of the earth," and shall therefore restrict ourselves to throwing out a few queries, by way of approximating a consummation so devoutly to be wished as the satisfactory solution of this long pending problem, on principles, in our opinion, more accordant with the requirements of modern science, whether geological, philological, or theological. We only premise, on the authority of the most recent expositors of geological science,—a fact however of the utmost importance,—that "the narrative of Genesis, though making many exquisite distinctions, does not violate the ideas of causation, of classification, and of geological series, brought out by the very latest science, in a single instance."

Is not the physical constitution of man the analogue of the physical structure of the earth, both having been fearfully fashioned through a succession of periodic revolutions, until they arrived at their harmonious proportions and symmetries—their characteristic order, beauty, and activity—the one "*Cosmos*," the other "*Microcosmos*?" and may not their respective physical histories be classified into seven or ten epochs, according as we choose to divide them into seven decads or ten septennads? "According to the popular thought, finding its voice in poetry," is the language of Dr S. Brown,¹ "the life of man has seven ages. It is certain that his average aeon, or proper period, is now threescore years and ten, being ten times seven years; and the climacteric periods of his length of days in any case, according to broad and general observation, are so many multiples of the same number. In the language of science, though not that of the nursery, the time of infancy lasts seven years. . . . The boy or girl ceases, and the man or woman begins to appear, upon the close of the fourteenth or second seventh year. Adolescence is done by the end of twenty-one, the third seventh; manhood and womanhood are brought to perfection (as such) by the twenty-eighth or fourth seventh year."

Does any one imagine that it militates against the authenticity and Divine authority of Scripture, because not the slightest allusion is made to the science of physiology in the narrative of the original creation of the physical constitution of Adam, that his mind was a *tabula rasa*, so far as the knowledge of the fact—that at the termination of every septenniad of his existence, the particles which formed the *materiel* of his physical system had given place to a similar, yet a new *physique*,—is concerned, or that the narrative is conveyed in un-scientific language? No doubt the reply to this question depends upon the nature of the sentiments entertained in reference to the inspiration of the Word of God, as is illustrated by the following quotations from Morell's *Philosophy of Religion*. "The account of the creation, for example, as given in the book of Genesis, is by no means easily reconcilable (viewed as a scientific account) with the most palpable facts of Geology. We do not doubt but that ingenuity may smooth down one expression, and give a broad meaning to another, and after all may bring out a tolerable case of con-

¹ North British Review, Vol. 18. (Sunday in the nineteenth century.)

sistency ; but still it is impossible to say that as a scientific view of the creation of the world, the book of Genesis would convey at all the same impressions to the mind of any ordinary reader as do the results of geological research." "Admit that scientific explanations, in order to be at all intelligible to the early ages, must have been couched in the language of the times ; yet it is not very reverent to suppose the Spirit of God to dictate explanations of natural phenomena, which must be positively worthless as scientific statements until they are expounded over again by human research."

Had Morell not ignored the fundamental principle of his philosophy and psychology, viz., the evolution of the sciences and the progressive development of the mind of the individual as well as of Humanity, he never would have penned a passage calculated to detract from the authority of the inspired record.

If it be true that "God works by geometry," and has, as the earliest sages of antiquity conjectured, "ordered all things in measure, number, and weight,"

"παντα μετρω καὶ αριθμω καὶ σταθμω διατεξαν,"

that all elementary bodies are exact multiples of hydrogen, to the realization of which idea we seem to be brought nearer by every year's additional experience ;¹ and that strictly correspondent Homologies² pervade the vegetable and animal kingdoms, may not the "sevensomeness of the microcosm" find its counterpart in the sevensomeness, if we may be allowed the expression, of the cosmos or macro-cosmos ? Are they not equally characterised by a corresponding series of successive periods of progressive development ? "What I ask, viewed as a whole," is the interrogation of Mr Miller, "is the prominent characteristic of geologic history, or of that corresponding history of creation which forms the grandly fashioned vestibule of the Sacred Volume ? Of both alike the leading characteristic is progress. In both alike do we find an upward progress from dead matter to the humbler forms of vitality, and from thence to the higher. And after great cattle and beasts of the earth had, in due order, succeeded inanimate plants, sea monsters, and moving creatures that had life, the moral agent, man, enters upon the scene. Previous to his appearance on earth, each succeeding elevation in the long upward march had been a result of creation. The creative fiat went forth, and dead matter came into existence. The creative fiat went forth, and plants with the lower animal forms, came into existence. The creative fiat went forth and the oviparous animals, birds and reptiles, came into existence. The creative fiat went forth and the mammiferous animals, cattle and beasts of the earth, came into existence. And, finally, last in the series, the creative fiat went forth, and responsible, immortal man, came into existence."

If so,—if we may be allowed to assume that man is the measure of the universe, will not the "climacteric periods" in the microcosm tally with the "catastrophic periods," which geologists maintain occurred at the termination of the successive epochs of the macrocosm ? Can we not

¹ Prof. M'Cosh, North British Review, No 30. (On Typical forms.)

² Lectures on Education. (Daubeny on Chemistry.)

in this manner ascend to the belief of the extreme probability that the six days of the Mosaic Record form six historic epochs? nay more, are we not even furnished with a calculus by which we may at least approximate their duration?

Our limits, however, bid us pause in the pursuit of a course of inquiry, destined, we doubt not, to illuminate not only the subject which engages our present attention, but the Divine scheme of the universe itself.

Now suppose,—“O fortunate senex!”—that you were resident within the walls of the “eternal city,” and particularly anxious to dissuade your beloved son from the dire apostasy of adoring the sun of the Popish system,—a title by which his Holiness the Pope delights to be recognised,—would you think it necessary to divert his mind from the purpose of your heart, by acquainting him with the anatomy, physiology, and natural history of the unwieldy *physique* of Pio Nono, or deem it sufficient to convince him that he was “a man of like passions with ourselves?” Undoubtedly you would follow the latter course, unless you desired to be regarded as “a man of words and not of deeds.” “*Mutatis mutandis, fabula narratur de te.*”

When we consider that notwithstanding the unmistakeable revelation of the creation, man, though invested by divine right with the lordship of this fair universe, has degraded himself by wallowing in the mire-worship of even the mineral and vegetable, as well as the animal and celestial kingdoms of nature,—that the Persian prostrated himself before the lord of day,—the Hindu and Egyptian before an onion or a goose,—the Mahommedan before a black stone,—and the Jew, yes even the Jew, with the divine title of universal dominion encircling his brow, eat the dust beneath the feet of universal nature,—tell us, had our modern philosophers and disciples of science published the Genesis of the universe, (which by the way transcends their capacity) in the technicalities of scientific phraseology, would not the history have fallen, like the inexplicable jargon of “unknown tongues,” upon the ear of the childhood of humanity, deepened their ignorance, and strengthened their superstition? Why, had they found it recorded in Divine revelation, that the earth spun like a star, in the infinity of space, would they not have lived in perpetual terror of being hurled from its surface? or that an eccentric comet might shiver their kingdom into fragments? Had they been taught that our planet unceasingly revolved as an obedient satellite round the central sun of our system, would they not more readily have made their salaam before the king or “queen of heaven?” Or in fine, had they been taught that the Flora and Fauna of preceding epochs were imbedded in the floor of the earth beneath their feet, would they not have supplanted their idol,—“calves,” with disinterred mammoths and mastodons,—ichthyosaurs, megalosaurs, and colossal megatheriums? But more, and let us quote a sentence, from the only portion (“On the Design of the Revelation,”) of our author’s production deserving of commendation:—

“If the monstrous birds and reptiles,” says he, “and the enormous mammals of past ages, had been described in the Book of Genesis, and if the

vast periods of modern science had been laid down there in order, no one can doubt that the truth would have sounded more strange to Celsus, Julian, Bolingbroke, or Voltaire, than the most absurd fables of Greece, India, or Egypt. Literal truth in these matters would have furnished infidels, during former ages, with the severest sarcasms at Scripture, and puzzled its friends with vain attempts at a reconciliation. The word of God is an aid to piety, not a substitute for science."—(P. 83.)

O ye blind leaders of the blind ! say now, has not the all-wise Father of Humanity adopted the very course, in the fulfilment of his grand and gracious purpose,—his purpose, viz., to furnish his children with an antidote against idolatry, which you so ignorantly and recklessly reprobate ? Did not, moreover, the sun of sacred revelation itself,—employing that term in its most extensive signification, in the revelation of the complete scheme of redemption,—shed first the dimness of dawn, afterwards a crescent twilight, and lastly a brilliant noon, across the firmament of the mind of humanity ? And yet were not the dim rays that daguerrotyped the faint outlines of the Divine Deliverer in the “*προτευαγγελιον*,” projected from the same “sun of righteousness,” as those bright beams which radiate his head with a divine halo, in the last evangel ?

To conclude : we trust we have produced evidence from this *brochure* amply sufficient to justify the severity of the language in which we have characterised it at the outset. Our author's theory, as we have seen, is based on the veriest assumption, viz., that the history of the past is imparted in vision to mankind,—an assumption contradictory to all the analogies, as well as to the express averments of Scripture,—pervaded by a supreme contempt for the results of philological science, and introducing, as it does, an arbitrary principle of interpretation into the incipient science of hermeneutics,—fraught therefore with the most dangerous consequences to the interests of Christianity.

We took the liberty of comparing this theory to a series of dissolving views. The author, we do not once hesitate to believe, is a friend of revelation ; but has he formed any imagination of the “dissolving” power of the instrument he has forged for the employment of the adversaries of divine revelation ? “Whether any part of the narrative,” says he, “from Gen. iii. to Gen. x. be a vision or not, is of little consequence.”—(P. 46.) Is it so indeed ? Apply it to the successive chapters of the Pentateuch,—for where will you stop, since no distinction is made between its introductory and latter portions ? And must we seriously entertain the extravagant idea that God presented the antediluvian history in a series of “dramatic representations” to the “fancy” of Moses ? that he had “no idea of *time*,” and yet distinctly relates the lives, deaths, and ages of the patriarchs ? and that in the instance of the dispersion from the Tower of Babel, he is addressed by God in these terms,—“let *us* go down, and there confound their language ?” Yet again,—if *deception*,—for “Moses had no idea of time,”—is involved in the very necessity of the existence of this hypothesis, what guarantee do we possess that his narrative is founded on *fact* ? Can we confidently accept the incidents recorded,—*e. g.*, in the third chapter of Genesis, as literal transactions ?

It is needless to extend similar questions, occurring as they will, to

any one who has followed this course of argument. Why, moreover, should not the sacred penmen of the Old as well as of the New Testament Scriptures, have been suffered to glean their information regarding the past, in the same manner and from similar sources as civil historians? And accordingly, one reason generally assigned for the extraordinary length of the lives of the antediluvian patriarchs has been, that the knowledge of divine revelation might be transmitted from Adam to Moses,—i. e. from the traditionary to the documentary period,—through as few channels as possible. It is on this ground that we charge this theory with contradicting the analogy of the Divine policy and procedure, and infringing that economy of means, ascribed not less by philosophers than by divines, to the Governor of the universe.

We cannot forbear, on casting a retrospective glance at the theories of the earth, whose wrecks strew the field of discussion we have traversed, expressing our cordial concurrence with the sentiments embodied in the "Lectures on Education" lately delivered in the Royal Institution, and urging the perusal upon our anonymous author, as well as upon more distinguished disciples of science, who have lately "debated and dogmatised with all the pride of a most intolerable assurance." Had instruction even in the elements of the physical sciences, been imparted in the stereotyped course of education hereditarily pursued since the reformation in our universities and scholastic institutions, should ever Professor Faraday have imposed upon himself the invidious task of inculcating "*suspension of judgment*" on all subjects of investigation upon the public mind of the 19th century of the Christian era, as he does in the following extract:—"I will simply express my strong belief that that point of self-education which consists in teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations, *until they are proved to be right*, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy but in every department of daily life." Or should we and such as we, ever and anon feel ourselves called upon to sweep another and another of the baseless fabrics of a vision into the limbo of utter annihilation? It is with regret, however, that we observe the omission of Lectures upon History and Psychology. "It is a most important truth," we find Dr Arnold urging in his History of the Commonwealth of Rome, "and one which requires at this day to be most earnestly enforced, that the study of *facts, whether relating to nature or to man*, and not by any pretended cultivation of the mind by poetry, oratory, and moral or critical dissertations, that the understandings of mankind in general, will be most improved, and their views of things rendered most accurate." If the micro-cosmos finds its counterpart in the macro-cosmos,—the individual in humanity,—it is only by the observation and investigation of those laws operating in their respective histories that we can ever be expected to approximate the solution not only of the minor question of the harmony of Genesis and Geology, but of the problem of life,—of history,—of humanity—and of Providence. Let it suffice, however, to have suggested this course of investigation, and leave it to the judgment of our intelligent readers, to accept or reject it, according as they find it consonant to reason and revelation.

THE SORTIE.

The setting sun's reflected ray
No longer gilds the Euxine main ;
And darkness steals through twilight gray,
Alike on hill, and war-worn plain.
No sound is heard from yonder camp,
Where toils enhance our soldiers' rest,
Save the lone sentry's weary tramp,
Or picket's time-beguiling jest.

There, like some mighty giant form,
Sleeping his battle-fears away,
Dreaming, perchance, of coming storm,
The fortress city asleep-bound lay.
And where th' embattled turrets raise
In midnight air their leaguered wall,
Where beacons gleam with flickering blaze,
Even there no softer calm could fall.

Hail, noon of night !—serenest hour !—
By angels earth-brought to restore
To nature's languid frame new power,
New strength to weary man once more. —

Hush !—'mid this silence still and deep,
Hears yonder sentinel some sound ?
He stops,—and listening down the steep,
Marks stealthy tread on distant ground.
Again he turns—again his ear
Recalls the yet increasing hum ;
Ah ! louder still, and still more near,
The Russian Host—they come, they come.

Like sudden swoop of eagle's wing,
Like bound of panther from his lair,
On,—on,—the savage foemen spring,
While war-shouts rend the midnight air.
Ha !—fierce and wild may be the might
Of that proud host ; to their dismay
They'll find the British arm by night
No less heroic than by day.

Now fiercely swells, like foaming tide,
The furious din of martial strife ;
As to and fro on that hill-side,
Is tossed the dubious tug for life ;
Until the British Might once more,
With one fell tremendous sweep,
O'er wreck, and death, and reeking gore,
Back, hurled the dastards down the steep.

Oh ! dream not, Russ, attacks like these
Can 'gainst a *British* foe prevail ;
As soon shall fall before Spring's breeze,
The oak that's weathered Winter's gale ;

As shall thy craven legions quell,—
 Howe'er well-formed their midnight plan,—
 The Might that struck thy Despot's knell,
 On blood-stained heights of *INKERMANN*.

LEITH, *April 1855*.

R. H.

RAISE THE SEIGE?

I.

Our gallant sons lie in the mould
 Where the Euxine waters roll;
 The bravest of the brave lie cold
 Around Sebastopol.

II.

They fought to lay that Fortress low
 Which yet our army braves:
 O! Britain, shall it ever throw
 Its shadow o'er their graves?

III.

And shall their dust be trod upon,
 And shall the cannon boom
 Defiant o'er the field whereon
 Our army found a tomb?

IV.

Then Britain mourn your greatness past,
 Your glory on the wane,
 Your Honour on this die is cast—
 You cannot throw again!

V.

Raise the seige! and sink your glory,—
 Raise the seige! and sink your name,—
 Blot it from our English story,
 Let it not our annals shame!

VI.

Our gallant sons lie in the mould
 Where the Euxine waters roll;
 The bravest of the brave lie cold
 Around Sebastopol.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.¹

ABOUT a twelvemonth ago, James Montgomery, one of the few last lingerers of a worn out generation, closed his long career in peace. Unlike many of his brethren, contemporaries forty years ago, who dropped

¹ *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery.* By John Holland, and James Everett.

sadly and wearily into the grave from lives of wearing labour, he appears, after the trials of his early youth, to have passed through life almost without scathe, and, finally, departed as tranquilly as he had lived. Without professing to survey his merits from the high point of view of some of his admirers, we regard him as one who, both as a man and a poet, has exercised no small degree of influence for good; and as the two first volumes of a Memoir have recently been published, we propose from these and other sources to give a slight sketch of his life and writings.

He was born at Irvine, November 4, 1771, his father being a Moravian missionary, then stationed there, but who afterwards proceeded to Barbadoes, where he died. Though thus a Scotsman by birth, Montgomery can scarcely be said to have been so in any thing else, for at the age of five he was removed to Ireland, where, in the Moravian school at Fulneck, he received his education. Intended at first for the Church, he was early imbued with liberal studies, but circumstances interfering he was finally apprenticed in a retail shop. Naturally enough this situation became very distasteful to him, and being already a poet, or at least a rhymster, he took the romantic step of absconding, and after some migrations made his way to London, with, like Crabbe, a volume of verse, instead of letters of introduction, for his credentials. As might have been expected, the adventure was unsuccessful. He did not suffer the extremities of poverty, it is true, like Crabbe, but neither did he find the munificent patron to reimburse him. However, Mr Harrison the bookseller, to whom he applied, took a more practical way of serving him, and instead of publishing his poems, received him into his house of business. The young poet, who, to say the truth, does not appear to great advantage in these early struggles for a name, was little more successful in selling books than in making them, and owing to a misunderstanding with Mr Harrison, he quitted the metropolis after a stay of eight months, and betook himself to his old grocery engagements at Wath, near Rotherham. There he remained till successful in procuring a situation more in accordance with his inclinations, with Mr Gale, proprietor and editor of the *Sheffield Register*. After being two years with him in a subordinate position, (as a "sub" we presume) writing light articles and sketches merely, for the newspaper, he was suddenly called to a more responsible and dangerous post by the departure of Mr Gale for America, to avoid the penalties of "disaffection." Montgomery assumed his place, first in connection with a partner, and ultimately by himself, altering the title to the "*Sheffield Iris*." He had only undertaken this for a short time, when, on pretence of the "seditious and libellous" publication of a somewhat silly "Song by a clergyman of Belfast,"—the fact being that he had struck off some copies from types that happened to remain standing of Mr Gale's, as an act of charity to a poor ballad-singer,—he was sentenced to three months imprisonment with a fine of twenty pounds. Scarcely was he relieved from this, when, for some reflections on a certain Colonel Athorpe's conduct in quelling a mob, he was a second time tried and sentenced to double imprisonment with a fine of thirty pounds. However, Montgomery does not appear to have been at all harshly treated during his confinement, and found refuge in

describing his misfortunes in verse, some of which he afterwards published under the title of "Prison Amusements." After these severe trials his life appears to have passed in tranquillity ;—as he says himself, "at the close of 1805 ended the romance of my life."

His literary experiences, however, were yet to come. "What shall I do to be for ever known," was the ardent breathing of his soul, he tells us, and we have seen him with boyish impatience make his first abortive attempt to find a publisher. Ten years afterwards he renewed it under more favourable auspices as his own printer,—the familiarity with type which his editorial engagements had given him, perhaps enabling him to proceed with so much deliberation and patience. In 1806 he published his "Wanderer of Switzerland," and other poems, which laid the foundation of his future reputation. We do not, however, consider this production as of any great or even moderate merit, and perhaps the severe critic of the *Edinburgh Review* did more than anything else to bring it into, or at least keep it in notice. Of course, as in the case of "Hours of Idleness," a great deal of abuse has been heaped on the critic—with injustice we think. This "most flagrantly unjust article that ever disgraced the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*," we have never been at the trouble of raking up, but judging from the quotation so triumphantly given by Montgomery himself, when dwelling with what we cannot help feeling to be too great a sense of consequence on his fame present and future, the reviewer's disgust struck us as very natural. The poem is altogether about a level, and the two first stanzas give a pretty correct idea of the whole :—

"Wanderer whether dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer old and grey,
Wherefore hast thou left thine home,
In the sunset of thy day?

"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger, I have lost my home,
Weary, wandering, old, and grey,
Therefore, therefore, do I roam."

Such poetry as this may be very well in its way, but hardly worthy surely of any especial notice either in the way of praise or blame. Had the *Edinburgh Review* passed it by in silence, it is very probable that the prediction of its being "unknown in three years" would have been fulfilled. Now-a-days critics have grown wiser, and volume after volume of "tastefully got up verse comes forth to be read and admired by the poet's friends, undisturbed by public censors of any kind.

In 1807 the poet made a more successful debut in his poem of the "West Indies," which was published along with those on the same subject (slavery) by James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," and Miss Benger, now alas, we fear, a Miss Benger, to this forgetful generation. Perhaps the most smooth and polished of Montgomery's heroic lines are to be found in this poem,—certainly a vast stride in advance of the "Wanderer," and one of the best sustained of his larger works—rich also in many beautiful isolated passages, which gleam like warm oases

amid the somewhat cold sterile glitter of the perfectly marshaled couplets-in-ordinary.

In 1813, his poem with the imposing title of "The World before the Flood" appeared. We are left to suppose that it was not particularly successful, as the author, who almost rivals Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in self-contented appreciation, says little or nothing on that topic, though we have abundance of dissertation about the circumstances attendant on its composition. How after writing it and thinking it perfect, he sent it to a friend previous to publication, whose strictures threw him into a fever of heart-sickness with impatience and disappointment,—how he called in four other critics, and finally resolutely set himself to the task of remodelling, till a "new plant of renown," as he chooses to style it, shot forth from the root of the old. Our own experience of it is that when we read it in the hours stolen from play or lesson conning—probably the latter—in bygone days, we thought it perfection, almost equal to the book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the invention and destructive powers of gunpowder are described, and that when the other day we attempted to renew acquaintance with it, the attempt proved as futile as the re-reading of "The Scottish Chiefs" would be now to the sober matron among her girls, who once devoured it in secret with fearful joy.

We must not, however, dwell too much on the heavy side of his works. Passing over "Greenland," which follows the adventures of the early Moravian Missionaries, we come to his last and greatest, "The Pelican Island," published in 1827. It is in blank verse, a happy relief from what Southey calls the "Jew's harp twing twang" of heroic measure, as it is erroneously styled, and which loses little of its Popean sameness with Montgomery. Reading *The Pelican Island*, last of his works, we could not help being taken by surprise at the power displayed both in its conception and execution, so different from the strain of his other narrative poems. It is not "struck off in a heat" like some of them, but is evidently the result of long meditation, gradually evoked into shape and consistency from the indistinct yearnings of the heart after the unseen world. We could have pardoned the poet for dwelling with complacency on it, but such is the perversity of human nature that he scarcely alludes to it, while the "Wanderer" is caressed to a degree about as painful to a bystander as the praises heaped on some dawdling, gaping, predestined blockhead, supposed by parental fondness to be a new genius brought into the world. We give one quotation taken almost at random, as it is difficult to dis sever its beauties from each other:—

"Lost in infinitude, my atom life
Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star
Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand
Twinkling incessantly; no age returning
To shine a second moment where it shone
Once, and no more for ever:—So I pass.
The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent
As I go down into the vale of years;
For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,

Till I forget existence in the thought
 Of now existence buried for a while
 In the still sepulchre of my own mind,
 Itself imperishable.—Ah ! that word,
 Like the archangel's trumpet, wakes me up
 To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth
 Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me
 Must think for ever ; that which feels must feel ;
 —I am, and I can never cease to be."

Montgomery's minor poems have been popular beyond those of almost any other poet, with the exception of Burns, Moore, or Mrs Hemans. In many instances, no doubt, they tend to weakness, and smack of the prettinesses so much in vogue last century ; but "The Grave," or "The Alps," are sufficient to buoy up almost any quantity of inferior matter. The latter we consider one of his highest efforts, worthy of any poet. It stands unique and aloof from the rest in his own works, the trance of poesy which inspired it seeming to have dissolved and flitted away with the conclusion of his reverie.

"THE ALPS,—A REVERIE.

PART SECOND. NIGHT.

"Come golden evening, in the west
 Enthroned the storm dispelling sun,
 And let the triple rainbow rest
 O'er all the mountain tops :—'tis done ;
 The deluge ceases ; bold and bright
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill ;
 Down sinks the sun ; on presses night ;
 Mont Blanc is lovely still.

"There take thy stand my spirit ; spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet ;
 And mark how calmly overhead
 The stars like saints in glory meet ;
 While hid in solitude sublime,
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
 And hear the passing foot of Time
 Step through the gloom.

"All in a moment, crash on crash,
 From precipice to precipice,
 An avalanche's ruins dash
 Down to the nethermost abyss ;
 Invisible ; the ear alone
 Follows the uproar till it dies,
 Echo on echo, groan for groan
 From deep to deep replies.

"Silence again the darkness seals—
 Darkness that may be felt ;—but soon
 The silver clouded east reveals
 The midnight spectre of the moon ;
 In half eclipse she lifts her horn,
 Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
 With her awakening beam.

"Ha! at her touch those Alpine heights
 Unreal mockeries appear;
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
 Enlarging as she climbs the sphere;
 A crowd of apparitions pale!
 I hold my breath in chill suspense,
 They seem so exquisitely frail—
 Lest they should vanish hence."

Well might Longfellow quote this in his *Hyperion*, as emanating from a noble soul,—scarcely surpassed in the whole range of Alpine effusions. It is seldom, it is true, that he rises into such ecstasy, or dwells with the ideal, yet we have more than once been startled to come upon lines and phrases almost Tennysonian. For instance the "*Lines to a Sun-flower*:"—

"Eagle of flowers, I see thee stand,
 And on the sun's noon glory gaze,
 With eye like his thy lids expand,
 And fringe their disk with golden rays."

Could the exquisite passing touch in one of the beautiful sonnets of "*In Memoriam*,"

"Unloved the sun-flower shining fair,
 Ray round with flames her disk of seed,"

be unconsciously suggested by this?

The "*Songs of Zion*" are dwelt on by himself with his customary self-complacency, but we cannot say that we admire them much. Our own version of the Psalms, of which most of these are paraphrases, in spite of their occasional harshness, are terse and condensed, adhere much more closely to the spirit of the original than Montgomery's, which are too often diluted to weakness. The bare simple majesty of the twenty-ninth Psalm, for instance, is to a great extent lost in the noisy blaze of the following:—

"At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bowed,
 And towers from their base into ruin are hurled,
 The voice of the Lord from the dark bosomed cloud
 Disperses the lightning in flames o'er the world."

"See Lebanon bound like the kid on his rocks,
 And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear,
 The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks;
 The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear."

It would be hard to say just now what is likely to be Montgomery's position in the poetical firmament at a future day, that inexorable day when fame shall be meted out in exact proportion to merit. We must take warning from the failure of the *Edinburgh Review*'s prediction, and insinuate with proper indefiniteness our belief that he will have shifted his place a little by that time of final reckoning. While acknowledging his skill and aptitude in the construction of "*smooth and flowing verses*," and what is much more, the genuine spirit of poetry pervading all, we cannot consider him as a *great poet*. He has often been compared with Cowper, but it is only his minor poems and religious effusions that possess

any close features of resemblance,—the Task, the keystone of Cowper's glory, being in a wholly different strain from his larger works. He has been styled superior to Cowper in imagination,—but if by such is meant the faculty which inspired him in composing his long heroic rhymed narrative poems, we do not think it is an attribute much to be envied. It is much easier to turn into rhyme a theme, the raw materials for which have previously been dug from books and brought into workable condition, than to draw direct from the ever varying and irregular moods of the mind, lofty arguments and meditations leaning on themselves for effect. We have no doubt that "Alton Locke, tailor and poet," when he plunged *in medias res* in his projected poem on the Cannibal islands,

"Twas sunset in the lone Pacific world,
The rich gleams fading o'er the western sky,"

was in a fair way of producing something of a high standard of merit indeed in the "imaginative" line, when his meddling old monitor diverted him to scenes and themes of a very different nature. Of course we do not include in this category such poems as *Paradise Lost*, the *Castle of Indolence*, nor his own *Pelican Island*, which is indeed worthy of being considered imaginative, and displaying powers of which Cowper has given no evidence. But comparisons of this kind need not be made. Cowper stands alone in his peculiar walk as a *great* poet. The senseless spirit of depreciation which at one time prevailed, especially among those who strove unsuccessfully to imitate him, has passed away, and with it the fame of some whose pretensions were of a more imposing kind. Worthy Mr Bowles for instance, with his jest at Cowper's regard for Mrs Unwin, after rhyming and writing blank verse for sixty years, where is he now? But Cowper, with all the faults so unsparingly suggested by adverse and patronising critics—harshness, tameness, unimaginativeness—has renewed his youth, and with a generation who are beginning to recognise the long neglected claims of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and to forget those of Moore and Mrs Hemans, is perhaps better appreciated and valued than ever.

Montgomery's trial is yet to come, and if after a quarter of a century's neglect, his works resume their popularity, an augury sufficiently conclusive might be drawn. But with all his merits we suspect posterity will not trouble itself much about him. His general appearance in the world's eyes savours too much of that *respectability* so fatal to permanent remembrance of any kind. We happened to look at his portrait just now—a thin shadowy looking form with a somewhat timid, uncertain sort of face, almost making one wonder if it will not some day retire into the sheet. So we conceive it will be with his fame, waxing dimmer and dimmer. It is not that he will be forgotten altogether, or even to any great extent, but though his name may still circulate as the "amiable Christian poet Montgomery," the bulk of his works stand a sad chance of slumbering on the shelves.

THE EDUCATIONAL MEASURES OF MR STIRLING, AND THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Two measures with the object of advancing education in Scotland are now before the Imperial Legislature—the one, drawn by Lord Kinnaid, but now passing under Mr Stirling's name; and the other, a repetition of the rejected bill of the Lord Advocate, with a few alterations. The scope and principle of these two measures are very different: the first, seeking to make more efficient the valuable system which has existed with marked, nay, unexampled success for three centuries; the second, under the guise of extending the basis of this remarkable scheme of education, and of thus better promoting the cause of general instruction, gradually sapping its very foundation, and jeopardizing the great element of its excellence. It is not our purpose at this time to traverse the wide field of the educational controversy which has already been so largely discussed, nor even to enlarge on the distinguishing characteristics of the Scotch system, so intimately known as it must be to our readers. Our object is simply to direct attention to the real origin of the proposed enactment of the Lord Advocate and its probable results on education.

The large unsupported statements of certain parties with regard to the want of education in Scotland are long exploded, and have fallen on the heads of their benevolent but injudicious authors. It will be found, on a fair examination of the statistics of the question, that Scotland, notwithstanding the many admitted deficiencies, stands in as favorable a position in this respect, as any civilized country, and much higher than England. It has been most satisfactorily shewn, and we have had ample experience of the fact, that the lack of education is the result, not so much of the want of the means, as of the want of will of the parents of the children. Nothing but compulsory attendance can cure this defect; and few in this country would wish to see the universal operation of such a law. Though admitting that much may be, and is required to be done, by the extension of education in Scotland, we emphatically deny the necessity alleged for any large measure of education, or any cause whatever for superseding the present Parochial system. In the rural districts, that excellent and incomparable institution may be with safety pronounced perfect, and is in capital working order. It can be demonstrated that it was equally fitted for accomplishing the education of large towns; and, but for the want of the power of expansion as the population increased, the towns would now have shewn as fully an educated population as the country districts. While deploring this sad omission, we are obliged to admit that in the present temper of the age it would be almost impossible to repair it. Though such be the case, why throw away what has been preserved with so much efficiency? Should we not rather supplement it as far as possible, which is now proposed to be done by the measure introduced by the Member for Perthshire? Were there no system as in England, then there would be a reasonable demand for a measure,—but when there is, not only a system, but a system which has stood the test of three centuries, and proved to be the most successful

ever yet applied—it may well be asked, why propose a new scheme till the old institution is shewn to be inefficient or bad? Unexampled is the course now being taken to unloose a system without examination,—and the upholders of it, instead of avoiding investigation, court the most stringent scrutiny, as they well know—which the opponents are also aware of—the complete triumph of any inquiry.

The Parochial schools are national, religious, and unsectarian. They are open to all of every creed, and have, since their foundation, been ever attended by all denominations without complaint; and, while they are so thoroughly national and unsectarian, the religious element is secured by the only means by which it can be attained, by the connection of these schools with the Established Church. But here lies the sore point, the originating cause of the opposition to their continuance. Strange it is, but nevertheless conformable to a principle of erring humanity, that this root of bitterness should exist in a country where the people are so much at one in religious doctrine. Here it is necessary that the difference between Dissenters in Scotland and in England should be pointed out. In the northern portion of the Island the great majority of Dissenters from the Established Church do not hold the same position as their brethren in the South—but are more properly designated by the milder and more appropriate term—Seceders. This is a very important fact and demands attention. Taking the last Census, however wrong it may be, it will be found that the Church of England has about one half of the church-going population, whereas the Church of Scotland has only 34 per cent. But it must be borne in mind that the other half in England are *bonâ fide* Dissenters, whereas in Scotland they only amount to 16 per cent.—the Presbyterians, viz. the Established Church 34, the Free Church 32, and the United Presbyterian Church 16, making up 84 per cent. This is a most material element in the consideration of the relative positions of England and Scotland, and one which ought to be pressed on the attention of Englishmen generally, and of the English Members of the Legislature. The moving party in unsettling the Parochial system, and in desiring the throwing open of the schoolmasters, are not the Dissenters but the Seceders. The animating principle is jealousy of the Establishment, and a desire to cripple it. If so much party spirit and jealous feelings exist between the several Presbyterian sects now, what would be the result if these offices were thrown open? At every vacancy, the election, instead of being conducted as now, with harmony and good feeling, would be carried on with dissension and every ill feeling. It requires no evidence to prove this statement, as it must be within the experience of every one. But this is not all the evil; for, once open up these chairs, all test must be removed, and the selection of teachers cannot be limited to any particular sects. Once the barrier is broken down, it must be thrown open to all and sundry. Where then is the security for the religious character of the instruction,—the prime excellence of the institution, as now constituted? It may be, as is the case under the parochial system, that the religious teacher does not communicate direct religious instruction, where it is not desired; and it can hardly be said that the indirect teaching of such a

master will be evil ; but no one can deny that the indirect influence of an infidel, irreligious, or Romanist teacher will have a vast injurious tendency, though he may be excluded from directly corrupting the minds of his pupils. We question the removal of tests from any public teachers ; but any one at all acquainted with the progress of education on the minds of youth must acknowledge, that the danger of evil communication by instruction is greatly increased during the period of life usually occupied in the parish schools. One question we would put demands an answer : " Will the Free Churchmen who desire the parish schools to be thrown open to them and others, admit as teachers in their schools, others than Free Churchmen ? " If not, and it is known they will not, how can they ask the opening up of these schools ? As they have done in the universities, so will they do in the parish schools ; they will endeavour to fill the offices of teachers with their own. Disguise it as they may, this is the real object of their present agitation ; and to accomplish it, they have formed alliances with parties whose aid they would otherwise despise.

We most fully acknowledge the difficulty of the settlement of the religious question in a system of national education ; and therefore, our admiration of the Scotch institution. Here the parochial system triumphs ; and this feature has been the grand secret of its success ; for, by a wisdom and a foresight unknown to the present age of wonders, our forefathers solved the problem which now puzzles our educational philosophers. Jealousy, then, of this ancestral wisdom, can be the alone cause of seeking to disturb this invaluable, and to our country, blessed discovery. If no other reason could be found, no other argument could be adduced, this alone should suffice for the retention of the system. In many things the men of this utilitarian age neglect the experiences of the past ; but, in a matter of so great magnitude as the education of the people, it would well become our statesmen and legislators to study the lessons of the past in the advantageous results of the operation of the Scotch system, before they hastily adopt a crude experiment suggested and concocted by narrow prejudice and sectarian rivalry.

In fine, as to the two measures now under consideration, Lord Kinraid's is most conducive to the improvement and elevation of the education of the country. The Lord Advocate's renewed attempt, on the contrary, is fraught with the utmost danger to the educational establishments of Scotland, and is an ill digested scheme, calculated to remove the existing safeguards, and to introduce the elements of dissension and of injury to the character of our education. The Bill introduced by Mr Stirling will do much to increase the efficiency, and to raise the standard of the teachers without expense to the country ; whereas, that of the Lord Advocate will entail on us a burdensome tax, without accomplishing any good. The one is very much required, and will cost the community nothing ; the other may be shelved without detriment to education, and with great benefit to the pockets of the people.

Before quitting this interesting subject, we would make two remarks on the prevalent opinion that education is the panacea for all the ills of humanity. Firstly, the elevation and reformation by education will

depend almost entirely on the *character* of the education ; and, unless religious instruction be communicated, mere secular knowledge will entirely fail to accomplish this object. Secondly, unless other appliances be used, even religious education will effect but little for the reformation of society. While drunkenness pervades the length and breadth of the land, the efforts of the philanthropist, the teacher, the reformer, and the preacher, will be nullified. Let the matter be sifted and examined, and here will be found the cause of the deterioration of the moral, educational, and religious character of the Scottish nation, and not in any want of power in her valuable Parochial schools, nor in any great deficiency of educational establishments. Eradicate this vice, leave alone the principle of the Parochial system, increase its efficiency, and supplement it in the towns, and Scotland will be herself again.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Divine Revelation : its Evidences, External, Internal, and Collateral ; together with its Canonical Authority and Plenary Inspiration. By DANIEL DEWAR, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, &c. &c. Second Edition. London : Houlston & Stoneman, 65 Paternoster Row. 1854.

SUCH is the title of the work which has just been added to our theological literature ; and we venture to affirm that a nobler, and, in these times, a more necessary addition could not have been made. We speak of the volume in the light of an original contribution to theology, because it is so much enlarged and improved from the first edition—that it may be said to be a “*novum organum*”—traversing the whole field of the evidence in favour of Divine Revelation—dealing with every question at issue, and bringing up the argument to the present day. We said a more necessary addition could not have been made to our theological armoury than this in these times, and it is time. We may not have the infidelity of the last century to contend against at present, with its unblushing insolence, its bitter sarcasm, and its heartless scepticism—the infidelity of Voltaire and Hume ; but we have the same foe in another form, equally malignant, but much more stealthy and subtle. We have him not in Encyclopedias and Essays on Miracles, making open assaults on our holy faith ; but we have him at work in a still more dangerous manner, circulating his poison through the press, in the pages of such pestilential productions as “*Straus's Life of Jesus*,” or the “*Vestiges of Creation*.” The adversary has found that the fortress cannot be taken by battery and scaling ladder, and so he betakes himself to the plan of springing a mine—with what effect he will find out at last. One would think that, by this time, he would be tired of carrying on the siege, and that he long ere now would have thought of raising it in despair ; but no ! His motto is “*never give up*.” But what avails such a motto, or such a determination, with the inscription,—written by the finger of God on the rock, and blazing in the light of the eternal throne,—“*The gates of hell shall not prevail against it*.” We have always thought that it was a proof of the divinity of religion, that so much had been done by man in attempts to overthrow it. Had it not been done, a tithe of the learning, and sophistry, and labour would not have been expended in its attempted overthrow. It is its essential antagonism to human nature, “*which desires not the knowledge of God*,” that calls forth the enmity and virulence of its enemies.

Towards no religion under heaven has there been so much opposition as towards revealed religion. Towards the various Paganisms of the world there never was the human hostility that has waged war with the faith which is founded on the Word of God. And some of these have certainly been distinguished by attributes, calculated in the strongest measure to excite the ridicule, and to elicit the censure of men given to thought, and possessed of genius; and, under the vilest forms of Polytheism such men have been found,—men of the highest order of mind. Yet Herodotus is not a Gibbon,—Sophocles is not a Byron,—Plato is not a Hume. The falsity of Paganism,—its adaptation to the corrupt moral nature of man, was that which shielded it from the assaults of the philosophers and wits of Greece and Rome. Had Gibbon and Voltaire, Hume and Byron, lived in the days of Herodotus and Sophocles, they would have been devout worshippers of the gods, or at least not their assailants. Yet not only against the ignorance, superstitions, and idolatry of men has the religion of revelation triumphed, but against his deep-seated prejudice and inveterate hostility, and against both and against all is it destined to prevail, until, having baffled all its foes, and laid every lie of man and the devil in the dark,—it becomes enthroned in every heart, and has the wide world as its empire.

Such a work as that under review is, we hesitate not to affirm, very largely fitted to hasten on this wished-for consummation,—as affording, by its clear and concise statements, its close and resistless reasoning, and its convincing conclusions,—weapons of warfare to the present and succeeding generations. There is no obscurity in the current of thought,—no confusion in the carrying on of the argument, no ambiguity in the language employed. All is calm, concise, transparent, and irresistible; and in our opinion it is not too much to say that it is the best and ablest work which we have on the subject. If we were asked what book we would put into the hands of the individual requiring to have his faith confirmed, whose doubts we would desire to remove,—or the inquirer after truth, whose investigations we would wish to satisfy,—or the infidel, whose unbelief we would aim at destroying,—we would, at once and without hesitation, answer,—“the very volume before us.” From the preface we learn that this able work was originally designed for the use of the students of Marischal College, of which the able and accomplished author is the Principal, and is, in fact, the text-book of the class on the evidences of revealed religion. We only wish that such a class were in every university in our land, and that the work under notice were the text-book in each.

However much we might desire to give our readers an analysis of the work, it is impossible, from the brevity of our space, that we can do so;—embracing, as it does, every topic, and question, and argument attaching to the vast subject under discussion;—but we cannot resist remarking that the answer to Hume and his infidel confrefers in former times and at the present day,—whether in England, France, or Germany,—is, out of sight, the best and most triumphant which we have met with.

“The miracles,” says the learned author, “recorded in the Bible, in place of rendering the Gospel history improbable, are required to give probability to that history. Let any one make the experiment,—let him lay aside the miracles, and he will find that those things in that history, of the truth and certainty of which he had no doubt, lose the appearance of truth. But when he adds the miracles which Christ and his Apostles performed, the narrative assumes consistency,—harmony is restored, and the whole commends itself to the conscience, as from God. Thus, Mr Hume’s argument,—far more celebrated than it had any title to,—is founded in sophistry, and on the ambiguous use of words. When examined narrowly, it is

found to be self-contradictory, and in handling it, it disappears. Even without such an examination, it might have been justly deemed fallacious, as all presumptive evidence was opposed to it. It would prove as subversive of natural as of revealed religion. Are not the extent, order, and adaptation of the works of God the foundation of our reasonings and conclusions regarding his power, wisdom, and goodness? What experience has mankind, with the exception of a few philosophers, of that magnificent creation which the telescope has disclosed, or of the wonders, not less astonishing, which the microscope has discovered, or of that admirable mechanism, which exists in the animal frame? They have, however, no doubt of the reality of these things. Why have they no doubt? Because they have confidence in the testimony of competent witnesses. They reason on these things, as undoubted facts—as undoubted as if they had personally observed them; and they justly regard them as conclusive arguments for the being and perfections of God. But, according to the principle of Mr Hume's objection to miracles, this is wrong; we should receive none of these things as true, and make none of them the foundation of our reasoning, till they become the subject of our experience, till we have gone through a full course of astronomical observation, and chemical experiments, and physiological scrutiny, and seen everything with our own eyes. This absurdity requires no exposure. To sum up what has been said, it appears that Hume's argument is based upon a fallacy. First, in putting testimony in general in opposition to our experience of the uniformity of nature's laws, and thus balancing things, which are not homogeneous: secondly, in using the word testimony in a collective, or generic sense; and thirdly, in using the word experience in an ambiguous acceptation, as referring either to our personal experience, or to the experience of all men, in all ages, and in all nations. In the former sense, it gives no aid to Mr Hume's argument; in the latter, it is simply in *petitio principii*. It is in *petitio principii* so obvious, that we cannot believe it escaped the notice of the author?"

Sermons, by the late Rev. S. MACKINTOSH, D.D., Minister of the East Church Parish, Aberdeen. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

THIS is a posthumous publication, and therefore not amenable to strict criticism. In the preface we are informed, "that the sermons were written amidst the hurry of other occupations, and that the present selection from the author's manuscripts, has been made simply with a view to present a fair specimen of the more prominent characteristics of the style of preaching, which gained for Dr Mackintosh so high a reputation while alive, and causes him to live in the memory, now that his voice is no more heard." And it is added that this volume has been published at the urgent request of the friends of the author.

From the short memoir prefixed, it appears that Dr Mackintosh was born in the parish of Petty, Inverness-shire on the 28th of March 1815, and that he died after a very short illness at Aberdeen on the 24th January 1853; that after having obtained license from the Presbytery of Inverness in 1840, he was presented to the parish of Daviot in that presbytery, and vetoed by *six* out of the *ten* communicants in the parish; that a few months after this rejection he was called by a very numerously signed requisition to the third charge in Inverness; that *there* his position became at once that of a popular and much respected minister; that his *Gaelic* preaching was singularly eloquent and attractive, and that his public usefulness, and amiability of character were attaching to him a very large circle of friends, when he re-

ceived and accepted a call to the East Church of Aberdeen, left vacant by the secession of 1843.

In Aberdeen Dr Mackintosh's talents were duly appreciated by the large and influential congregation which he soon collected around him. "In Dr Mackintosh's character," we are told by his biographer, "there was a combination of qualities rarely to be met with in the same individual. With a very powerful intellect, and a strong vigorous will, was united the kindest and gentlest heart; and though possessed of what is commonly called pride of spirit, approaching almost to sensitiveness, there yet never was a man of more easy homeliness of disposition, or who was more ready to extend forbearance and indulgence towards the failings of others. The views which his powerful mind enabled him to take of Gospel truth, were peculiarly broad and comprehensive. His faith was humble and earnest; and engrafted on a disposition naturally possessing much that was amiable, it resulted in a character, in which many of the Christian graces were developed with more than ordinary beauty and prominence. He was consequently followed to the grave by a multitude of persons of every rank and religious denomination, amidst manifestations of regret and respect, such as had been rarely witnessed in Aberdeen on the removal of its most eminent and best beloved citizens."

The volume before us contains fifteen sermons, bearing the titles—the Providence of God—Pharaoh's heart hardened—sufficiency of Revelation—Divine enlightenment—the remission of sins—working out salvation—perseverance of the Saints—the sin against the Holy Ghost—conformity to the world—the renewing of the mind—Christian benevolence—comparing ourselves with other men—walking uprightly—efficacy of prayer—and the last judgment. These great subjects are treated in a masterly manner—though generally in a manner more adapted to the taste of *intellectual* than of *common* hearers. The author had not merely a powerful, but a metaphysical mind. He had a peculiar talent for logic and argument; and he not unfrequently preferred grappling with what may be called Scriptural difficulties, to following the common mode of preaching. Besides, he was more happy in his extemporaneous addresses, than in his written discourses; and what he wrote he looked on more as *notes*, than as complete sermons. He occasionally enlarged with admirable facility and eloquence on the notes which he had prepared; and while the people who heard him were riveted by his closely reasoned addresses, and thought that he was reading every word, it sometimes happened that he was not reading at all. He had not the same facility in writing as in speaking. His biographer says truly of him that "many of his most impressive sermons were largely supplemented when delivered, by observations and illustrations, which are only indicated in the manuscripts by short memoranda—a circumstance which has considerably circumscribed the range of the discourses from which the present selection has been made." "Those who were privileged to hear him stately, cannot have forgotten the unaffected solemnity and earnestness of his manner, the conciseness and clearness of his composition, the closeness of his reasoning, and the rigorous textuality of his expositions of Scripture. It was always his anxious desire to present to his hearers a complete view of the whole counsel of God. He accordingly did not hesitate to solicit their attention to all parts of revealed truth, although he had thus occasionally to deal with important doctrines, which are sometimes evaded as difficult, or but superficially handled, as being practically inapplicable. He regarded nothing as unimportant which God had made known, and his constant aim was to shew the harmony and mutual dependance of the various departments of theological truth, and present the whole system in such a light as to bring out strongly its practical bearing on the mind, thus endeavouring to produce

enlightened views of Scripture, and an intelligent belief of the gospel, arresting the attention of the unconcerned, and building up saints in the faith, 'that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto good works.' The fundamental character and vast importance of the doctrine of the atonement, the divinity of the Saviour, the sovereignty of God, the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit, and the indispensable necessity of his influences in the scheme of redemption, were, however, his favourite themes; and he was in the constant habit of enforcing the necessity of giving earnest and immediate attention to these all-important truths, from a consideration of the shortness and uncertainty of life, the certainty, nearness and awfulness of eternity, and from the very solemn reflection that the mind is constantly in a state of progression, either ripening for perdition, or advancing steadily towards a state of complete preparedness for the holiness and happiness of heaven."

We extract the following from the discourse on the providence of God:—"Though the laws of God are the same to all his moral subjects, in all the different departments into which they may be divided, and though these departments are distinct and separate, still they unite in producing one general effect upon each individual for good or evil. This general effect is determined solely by being or not being allied to God in Christ. The prosperity of the wicked, the pleasures and possessions which surround him, have infinitely greater influence than is felt in the temporal enjoyments which result from them, for they bear chiefly on the formation and the constitution of his mind, and aggravates largely his condemnation. The calamities of the righteous act in the same way, though to a very different effect—preparing his soul slowly but surely for the influence of faith, and the enjoyment of true happiness. The great question then to be entertained is—not what are we now—but for what are we being trained? Far better the portion of that poor mendicant, who lay outstretched at the gate, in sickness, pain, and loathing—far better his portion, seeing all things wrought for his good—than that of the proud and wealthy inmate of the stately mansion, who sent back the crumbs of his table to feed his fellow mortal. Having passed through life, the one opened his eyes in hell, whilst the other was carried by ministering angels to the bosom of Abraham.

"Put then the question to yourselves, and answer it honestly—what effect are the dealings of God producing on your mind? If in prosperity, are you growing in grace, and thriving for the world to come? If in adversity, are you being weaned from time, and prepared for glory? Every thought and action of yours has its exact place in the scheme of God's providence, and will produce its exact effects, even as God has determined; but take heed that so far as you are concerned, it be the good of your souls. There is not in heaven a higher or a more cheerful note, than that of the spirit, who out of much tribulation has entered into glory; nor is there in hell a more doleful groan, than that of the unhappy spirit, who from much prosperity has passed into endless anguish."

The Doctrine of Sacrifice, deduced from the Scriptures. A Series of Sermons by FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1854.

WE have already at considerable length noticed the opinions of Mr Maurice in our review¹ of Dr Candlish's Examination of his Theological Essays. There is nothing in this volume at all calculated to make us change the

¹ Number 103.

opinion which we formerly so decidedly expressed regarding the very dangerous character of the doctrines of this new school. Dr Candlish most clearly and ably exposed those opinions; and the reply which Mr Maurice has attempted in the preface to this publication, leaves the great points so well handled by Dr Candlish quite untouched. While Mr Maurice positively denies some of the statements of the Reverend Doctor, he fully admits his indebtedness to all of those parties, from whose opinions he was charged as having made his strange collection. Throughout the school to which Mr Maurice has attached himself, there is great obscurity and a want of clear perception of Gospel truth, and the author of the book before us is especially difficult to understand. The originality, which he so much covets as the peculiar gift of every one, must introduce a sort of Babel among religious minds, instead of that unanimity and oneness which should pervade all who bear the Christian name.

Infants Asleep in Jesus; by the Rev. ALEXANDER CUTHBERT, A.M.,
Bathgate.

THIS is a well reasoned treatise upon a subject of almost universal interest. The arguments are compact and forcible, the style clear and vigorous, and the spirit sweet and soothing. The author, admitting the doctrine of universal depravity, bases his views of infant salvation on the benignity of the Divine character, the gracious nature of the mediatorial dispensation, and the positive declarations of Scripture. The concluding address to bereaved parents touches the tenderest springs of sentiment, and pours into wounded hearts the balm of spiritual consolation.

The Scottish Psalm and Tune Book. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.

THIS is an admirable production, and it well deserves the patronage both of the clergy and laity of the Church of Scotland. The whole of the Psalms and Paraphrases are given at length with the most appropriate tunes prefixed to each, while copious references are indicated at the foot of each page, to other tunes which may be sung. Considering the necessity, long acknowledged to exist of some improvement in our psalmody, this work will, we doubt not, be duly appreciated.

Thoughts on Sabbath School Teaching. By HUGH BARCLAY. Edinburgh:
Paton & Ritchie.

THIS is a very useful little work on Sabbath school teaching, containing many valuable reflections on the subject. It is just such a guide or directory as should be placed in the hands of young Sabbath school teachers, male and female.

The following extract will show that the institution of Sabbath Schools cannot boast of great antiquity:—

“In a morning of the year 1780, a worthy man—Robert Raikes by name—a bookseller and publisher in Gloucester, was walking in a suburb of that city where dwelt the workers at the great pin manufactory of Alderman Weaver. He was filled with concern on seeing many groups of ragged and squalid children at play in the street. The good man made inquiry at a

neighbouring woman as to whom these children belonged, and their habits. The woman replied,—‘ Ah! sir, if you saw this part of the town on a Sunday you would be shocked indeed; for then the streets are filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released on that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place.’ Immediately it entered into the mind of Raikes to make an effort to gather in these outcasts on the Sabbath day. On stating his plan to several persons, objections were neither few nor feeble. At length he resolved to try his benevolent scheme: ‘ I shall at least *try* what *can* be done,’ was his memorable answer to all objectors. There is a charm in that little word ‘*try*.’ Its neglect has rendered many a splendid theory useless; and its steady application has realized success against much discouragement and opposition. It is synonymous to the Lord’s command: ‘ *Strive (agonize)* to enter in at the straight gate.’

“ Raikes stated his scheme to the curate of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Stock, who at once saw its importance, and his duty in the matter as a Christian minister; and he therefore heartily co-operated with Raikes. A helpmeet from the softer sex is never wanting when Christian benevolence pleads, and another labourer was found in Miss Cook,—who became afterwards the wife of a Methodist pastor, named Blackburn. An arrangement was made with four females to receive as many children as could be persuaded to attend them on Sabbaths to receive instruction; and for which each schoolmistress was to receive the sum of *one shilling* for their day’s labour. Publicity was given to the plan and its early success, through the columns of the *Gloucester Journal*, of which Mr Raikes was editor and publisher. One of the first teachers was James King, who died in Gloucester, full of years, in 1832. How the Lord has blessed the day of small things! The institution personified might well take to itself the language of the patriarch, and say: ‘ I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; *for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.*’ ”

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Commission of the General Assembly met on the 18th April, the Rev. Dr Grant, Moderator of the General Assembly, presiding. The attendance of members was very numerous. Dr Cook of Haddington, after a singularly lucid and masterly speech on the Lord Advocate’s Bill, proposed resolutions condemnatory of the measure, which were put and carried unanimously.

Dr Hill moved that the Commission express their cordial approval of Mr Stirling’s Bill for augmenting the salaries of the parish school teachers, &c., and resolve to petition in its favour,

which was seconded by Dr Bryce, and unanimously agreed to. A Committee was appointed to prepare the petition, to be entrusted to Mr Stirling.

Clerical Presentation.—The Rev. James Pennel, Assistant to the Rev. Wm. Robertson, New Greyfriars’, Edinburgh, has been presented to the church and parish of St Andrew’s, Dunfermline, vacant by the translation of the Rev. David Nicol to the parish of Dalgetty.

Died, at the Manse of Sandsting, the Rev. Mr Bryden, Minister of the Parish.

M A C P H A I L'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXIII.

JUNE 1855.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM INDIA TO CHINA.

ON bidding adieu to Calcutta, I could not but reflect with feelings of gratitude and pride on the great kindness and hospitality which I had received on all hands from my countrymen. But Indian hospitality is indeed proverbial. What was pleasanter still, and more astonishing to me, however, was the very marked and decided religious attitude taken up, and steadfastly maintained, by large classes of Europeans. A great change in this respect has come over Indian society. It had been for a long time supposed by the natives that Europeans had no religion. They actually thought that the British worshipped no God whatever. And for a long time too, it had been a bye-word and reproach against Englishmen, among their own countrymen, that, on going to the East, they left their religion behind them at the Cape. Things are now, however, changed decidedly for the better. Society is largely leavened with a thoroughly Christian spirit. Multitudes of British officers, and British and native soldiers in our Indian armies, are truly religious men. The line of demarcation drawn in general society, and especially in the army, between those who are pious and praying men and those who are not, is far more marked and obvious in India than it is at home. There a man must needs be a decided Christian, or he is none at all. When one becomes religious in India, he is absolutely compelled by necessity and by custom to break off former associations, to enter into another kind of society, and to form new and distinct friendships.

It was to me, about to proceed to China, a curious thing to observe the intense interest taken in that distant land by all whom I met with

in Calcutta. We here at home have long been accustomed to look to India as the land of eastern wonders and oriental magnificence. They in India again look farther east still, to China, as the object of their curiosity. And when I reached China, I found that the universal object of wonderment and curiosity there was yet another country, in the most remote east, namely, Japan. And then, indeed, it would be difficult to get any farther east on this continent in quest of a *terra incognita*, or a country to marvel at. For Japan is regarded by the Chinese as the commencement of the world. The very name of that country, compounded of two Chinese words, *Jih-pun*, signifies the Root of the Morning, or the Origin of Day.

The vessel in which I embarked, though a clipper, was ten days in dropping down the river, and nearly a month in reaching the Straits of Malacca. Numerous shoals and perpetually shifting sand-banks render the navigation of the mouths of the Ganges at all times tedious, and in many instances dangerous. A skilful and efficient pilot service is maintained by the East India Company, for the express purpose of conducting vessels safely through these hidden dangers. On reaching the Sandheads, the pilot left us, and then we found that the monsoon, or trade-wind, was dead against us. During the ten days we were in the river, the heat on board was excessive both night and day. The scorching sun overhead, together with the reflected glare from the smooth surface of the broad stream around us, sufficiently accounted for the intense heat by day. By night also, however, it was intolerably stifling. Officers and crew threw themselves down and slept on the deck all night, braving the heavy dews, rather than be suffocated below. I was compelled, by the mosquitoes and the heat together, to follow their example. I did not choose my berth on deck so skilfully, however, as they did. An officer called out to me that the moon was shining full in my face, and advised me, if I valued my eyesight, to move my mat to the lee side of the skylight. Then I observed that the numerous dusky forms around me were all enshrouded in the shade of boxes, boats, or sails. This scene reminded me of what an officer in the preceding voyage had told me, of a soldier who lay down and slept on deck one night when the moon was shining brightly. The consequence was, that when he awoke in the morning he was stone blind, and continued so for three days. The event happened only a few years before, when the ship was engaged in the transport service, during the war with China. I have observed instances on board ship in which the moon exercised a pernicious influence on the fibre of animal substances, showing in the morning a strong tendency to putrefaction. This deleterious influence exercised by the moon in tropical climates, is not so well known as that of the sun. But it is worthy of being noticed, as illustrating that passage of Scripture which says, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."¹

Although I escaped moon-stroke, I was not so fortunate in escaping sun-stroke. I had occasion one day to go forward to the fore-castle about

¹ Psalm cxxi. 6.

noon, when the sun was blazing fiercely. I could not have been many minutes exposed to its intense heat, and yet I felt my head begin to ache violently. I went below, and bathed it in cold water, but I could not touch the hair on the crown of my head for pain. About midnight I awoke in a high fever, and with a dreadful headache. Every bone in my body ached, and I very soon lost all recollection. Fortunately an American physician was on board. He put me on a course of salts, sudorifics, and starvation for three days, and then told me that I had had a smart fever. Fevers do not last long in the east. They quickly rage themselves out either one way or another. I recollect, after its fury had abated, feeling so weak, that, when some persecuting flies perched on the tip of my nose in a most vexatious manner, I could not lift my arm to drive them away. Sun-stroke produces different effects according to its intensity. Sometimes it slays a man, as an ox is felled, by a blow, and in a moment. After this event, I thought of the sun-stroke which the Shunammite's son received, and of his crying out to his father in the harvest-field, "My head, my head!"¹

Ere long I was on foot again. On presenting myself at the cabin table after my recovery, I was somewhat taken aback at finding that now there was no grace said, and none apparently desired. Before I could recover from my surprise, the captain, officers, and passengers were already deep in their curry and rice. That morning I ate my breakfast quietly, and said nothing. It is a difficult matter in such circumstances to know what to do. I had no right to insist on the observance of a religious custom on the part of my fellow-men, however much I might think it their duty to acknowledge the Divine goodness. When in mixed companies, I have generally found no difficulty on the subject. In most cases I have been requested to give thanks on sitting down at table. My profession probably obtained for me, unsolicited, such a mark of respect. But in this case something required to be done. I had been chaplain at table before I became sick. During my absence they had apparently forgotten all about that, and it seemed to me, from the haste with which they had all addressed themselves to the morning meal, that they did not want the innovation to be restored, which my presence among them had introduced. I waited till the next meal, when all were seating themselves in full dinner costume. Instead of sitting down as formerly, I stood behind my chair and sought the captain's eye. I very soon found it, and indeed had the gaze of all present quickly directed towards me. I was understood in a moment. Seeing me thus appealing to him and refusing to sit down, the captain answered my inquiring look by the customary nod. Grace was said, and thus, without any words about it, the difficulty was pleasantly overcome.

The very first day I was on board this ship, I found a scorpion in my cabin and killed it. On mentioning it, I was comforted by the information that a nest of scorpions had been discovered there. The vessel was overrun with ants and cockroaches. Every cup of tea you took, had to be regularly skimmed of a stratum of drowned ants, before you ventured

¹ 2 Kings, iv. 19.

to swallow it. They had perished thus miserably from their attachment to the sugar basin. Before rising from table, you saw hordes of them galloping about in all directions on the table-cloth before you. Wherever any savoury viands had been spilt, there you could crush them in scores. The greatest pest, however, was the cockroaches. They became bloated monsters, crawled and flew about you vigorously night and day, and no doubt led a jovial life in such a well found ship. It was amusing to see the rapidity with which a little army of ants would walk off with the carcase of a hulking cockroach, two inches long, that had been accidentally knocked to the ground. The ship being built of teak, one of the hardest woods in the world, resisted the teeth of the ants, so that they were obliged to forage for a subsistence. Teak is grown largely in Burmah, and is said to be harder even than oak. Some East Indiamen, built of teak nearly a hundred years ago, are good sailing ships to this day.

In the midst of some rather rough weather which we encountered in coming down the Bay of Bengal, one of the seamen, an Arab, fell overboard. As the vessel was sailing fast, the man was soon left far behind. East India clippers, it is commonly said, can sail with a wind, without a wind, or against a wind. We were pushing about, therefore, at a great rate, although the wind was right in our teeth. The captain immediately put about. There was a very heavy sea on at the time, and he did not think it possible to send the man any assistance. There was great danger of the boat swamping. He thought no boat could live in such a sea. The first mate, however, gallantly offered to go, if the captain would allow him. A few other daring spirits volunteered their services. They picked him up nearly a mile off from the ship. He must have been an excellent swimmer, for he was about three quarters of an hour in a raging sea. Far in the distance, before the boat reached him, we saw his black head bobbing up and down at intervals. When the boat left the ship's side, it appeared to be almost immediately engulfed in a deep trough of the sea. As it pulled away, we saw it only now and then, as it emerged on the lofty brow of some high ridge of wave. The officer said that, on returning, he occasionally saw the whole length of the ship's keel exposed to view, so violently did she toss and roll about. The Arab was so little exhausted, that, on the boat reaching him, he jumped in over her side without any assistance. After getting him rubbed down, the captain gravely proposed giving him a sound flogging for falling overboard. Upon the whole, however, he concluded that the poor fellow had had enough of a fright for one day.

Passing the Andamans and the Nicobars, two groups of islands which may be called the raw-head and bloody-bones of this part of our route, from the awfully savage character of the cannibals who inhabit them, we at length reached the Island of Singapore. It is situated in the Straits of Malacca, not far from the extreme southern point of the continent of Asia. On the coast of Malacca, is a hill six thousand feet in height, called Mount Ophir. The foot of this mountain enjoys a tropical climate, and is covered with thick jungle. About the middle, there are firs, ferns, and mosses; and, on the summit, bare and sterile rocks. The gold mines

in this mountain have been worked from time immemorial. The Malays still procure gold from them, although now in small quantities. Some intelligent Europeans with whom I conversed, have themselves gathered gold in grains from the sand. The mountain belongs to a native Rajah. Large numbers of Chinese once wrought the mines, but they were plundered and slain by the Malays. The mountain is infested with apes and monkeys. Some of the apes are very large, of a beautiful silver gray colour, and are said to be very gentle creatures. An English lady informed me that they stood as high as herself. Many are new of opinion that this mountain is the Ophir mentioned in Scripture, whose gold was in ancient times deemed so precious. Solomon's ships were three years absent on the voyage from Ezion-geber, the sea-port which he held at the top of the eastern arm of the Red Sea. On their return they brought him gold, apes, peacocks, spices, and ivory. The time occupied in the voyage agrees very well with the actual distance of Ophir in Malaylim, and the Red Sea port. All the productions mentioned as forming part of the cargo of Solomon's vessels on their return, are still to be found at Ophir and the Malayan Archipelago generally. Moreover Josephus places the locality of Ophir in the Indies. And, in the Biblical Cyclopædias of Kitto and Eadie, this locality is mentioned as being probably the Ophir of Scripture.

Singapore became an English settlement in the year 1819. The population then consisted of about 300 Malays. Now the population is 70,000, of whom 10,000 are Malays, and 30,000 Chinese. The number of Europeans is about 400. The rest are Armenians, Arabs, Klings, Javanese, Portuguese, Parsees, and Bengalees. It is used as a penal settlement, and contains about 2000 convicts from India. It is one of the most beautiful islands in the world. Although situated directly under the line, the climate is not nearly so hot as India or China. It enjoys a perpetual summer, and the days and nights are equal, from six to six morning and evening, all the year round. The interior of the island is delightfully variegated with hill and dale. Every where, tropical productions meet the eye in amazing luxuriance. Its rivers, bays, and shores teem with fish. Food for man grows in abundance on the trees of the field. It is impossible for the poorest person here to perish of hunger. The site of the town is remarkable for its salubrity. Fever and dysentery are almost unknown. This fact has excited very great surprise, as from its numerous swamps lying under a tropical sun, it might be expected to be a most pestiferous island. It is supposed to be owing to the fact of the swamps and jungles which surround the town being under tidal influence, and therefore largely disengaging sulphuretted hydrogen, "which, although one of the most poisonous gases, yet under these circumstances is one of the most healthy, by destroying the animalcular germs which are the vital principle of malaria."¹

On landing here I found my way to the residence of some Scottish missionaries, where I was kindly welcomed. Next day, on going to visit my friend, the American doctor, and his lady, I entered a beautiful

¹ *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*, 1848.

compound attached to some premises, and was suddenly startled by slight screams. I saw before me a long string of very pretty Malay girls, and, in the distance, a lady, their teacher, calling them eagerly off. I had not before thought myself such a horrid bugbear as to frighten a whole school of girls. One or two of them indeed had not been frightened at first, and had begun to pull and present to me some pretty flowers, looking withal kindly and gently from out of their dark liquid eyes. But now that the note of alarm was raised, I had utterly routed and put in an uproar the whole establishment. On entering the house, the matter was soon explained. I had been mistaken for a French officer, supposed to be thus lawlessly roving within forbidden precincts, when he might be better employed in studying the art of war on board his ship. At Calcutta I had been taken for an Italian priest, for the new arrivals there being published in the newspapers, my name, by some mis-spelling, might be made to look a little Italian-like. But the mistake here arose from my dress. White jacket and trowsers, a broad-brimmed straw hat on my head, and a simple black ribbon round my neck, composed altogether a garb, I must admit, rather more sailorly than clerical.

A visit which I paid to a plantation a few miles in the interior of the island, gratified me exceedingly. Mr K., the hospitable owner, showed me the wonderful products of the Spice Islands growing all round his mansion. Here I saw acres of nutmeg trees, pepper and mustard trees, betel-nut, cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, sago and arrow-root trees, sugar cane, cinnamon, clove, and cassia trees, together with pine-apples, plantains, mangoes, mangosteins, and many other kinds of fruit. The monkeys came down from the hills at night and ate the pine-apples. They had pulled up a great many on the preceding night, but not being pleased with them, had thrown them down, and the ground was strewn with them. The largest and most luscious pine-apples may be bought in the streets for a halfpenny each. Besides the monkeys, tigers also sometimes come down into the plantations, and even into the town. The islands in this Archipelago, produce, besides the spices and fruits above mentioned, camphor, gutta-percha, and caoutchouc. The variety of fruits is astonishing. A friend who resided some years at Malacca, informed me that he could place eighty different kinds of fruit in season on his table at one time.

In company with Mr S., I visited some of the opium shops in the town, and saw the wretched victims of this fascinating drug lying stretched out on beds, and smoking themselves stupid. It is singular that no other nation in the world should be addicted to the vice of opium smoking but the Chinese. More than 10,000 of them in Singapore alone are slaves to the habit. The Malays intoxicate themselves with a preparation of hemp, and, when wild with excitement, run a-muck, furiously striking at and wounding all who come within the reach of their krisses. This preparation is called *hashish*, or *hashshash*. Richard the First, we are told, nearly met his death from a follower of the Old Man of the Mountain, who was a *Hashshashan*, or one addicted to the use of this drug. Our English word *Assassin* is believed to be derived from this name.

The traffic carried on in opium between India, where it is grown, and

China, where it is consumed, is vast and constantly increasing. Whole fleets of ships are engaged in it, and in it alone. One mercantile house in China never insures any of its ships, finding it actually more profitable to lose one now and then, than to insure their whole fleet. Enormous fortunes are made in a few years by those engaged in this branch of commerce. It has never been legalized by the Chinese Government; and is still a contraband and smuggling trade. The vessels are generally armed, and do not go to the regular ports on the Chinese coast, but to concealed nooks and bays. It is truly a disgraceful thing that many of the wealthy merchants of England and America should derive their fortunes in this manner, from the vices and miseries of their fellow-creatures.

Although opium smoking produces a high state of delightful exhilaration at first, yet its ultimate effects are deplorable. It dries up the lungs, ruins the digestive powers, consumes the flesh, glazes the eye-balls with a dull lustre, fills the bones with pain, produces a total inability to transact business, and causes the most heart-rending despondency. Dr Little, of Singapore, relates the confession of a Chinese. "I was, ere I gave way to this accursed vice, stout, strong, and able for any thing. I loved my wife and children, attended to my business, and was happy. But now I am thin, meagre, and wretched. I can receive enjoyment from nothing but the pipe. My passions are gone. And if I am railed at, and abused like a dog, I return not an angry word." He describes also the case of a woman whom he found smoking in an opium shop. "I saw the woman pressing to her shrivelled breast her weeping offspring, whose thin and yellow face and withered limbs showed what little sustenance was to be obtained there. Its shrill cries and convulsed limbs seemed now to excite the attention of the mother, who was all the time enjoying her pipe, when, to my horror and astonishment, she conveyed from her lips to the mouth of the child, the fresh drawn opiate vapour, which the babe inspired. This was repeated twice, when it fell back a senseless mass into its mother's arms, and allowed her quietly to finish her unholy repast. This practice she had often recourse to, as her child was very troublesome, adding that it was no uncommon thing for mothers to do so."

Some curious customs, and still more curious traditions, are to be found among the tribes of the Indian Archipelago. In the Sletar tribe, the price of a wife is 10 needles, 3 hanks of thread, 16 pieces of cloth, and 3 pieces of money. The marriage ceremony is performed by the bridegroom handing a bit of tobacco and a small measure of rice to the bride's mother. Among the Mintira, as among the Malays, the teeth of the bridegroom and bride are filed sharp with a stone, before the day of marriage. Should a woman offend her husband, he does not chastise her himself, but complains to her parents and they chastise her. Among the Binuas, the marriage ceremony consists simply in the parties eating from the same plate. These rude tribes have the most indefinite ideas of time. When pressed for an answer on any subject connected with it, they answer at random. The father of a family, when asked how old he was, said his age was eight years. Some of these tribes are fierce and cruel.

The Malays, however, are possessed of a most pleasing and gentle deportment. Their forms are graceful, their air is mild and winning. They are distinguished above all the other tribes by a peculiar courtesy, a natural softness of manner, and an unwillingness to offend.

Although the Malays are Mohammedans, the other tribes on the mainland and in the numerous scattered islands retain traditions and vestiges of a far more ancient faith. Among the Jakuna, there is a curious tradition which seems to point to the creation and fall of our first parents. It is related in the Journal of the Indian Archipelago. "Formerly God created in heaven a man and a woman. They were Batina, that is a king and a queen. History does not say how long a time this couple inhabited heaven, but only that one day they descended on earth, and were found near the river of Johore, in the southern part of the peninsula. There this celestial Batin and his consort begat a numerous family, who peopled all the peninsula. Those of them who embraced Islamism are called Malays, and the others who remained more faithful to the manners and customs of their ancestors, retained the name of Jakuna."

A confused tradition of the flood is to be found among the Binuas, who are supposed to be the original inhabitants of the Malayan peninsula. The Journal before mentioned, printed at Singapore, gives an account of this tradition. "The ground on which we stand is not solid; it is merely the skin of the earth. In ancient times Pirman broke up the skin, so that the world was overwhelmed and destroyed with water. A *prahu*, or boat, of pulai wood, covered over, and without any opening, floated on the waters. In this Pirman had enclosed a man and a woman whom he had made. After the lapse of some time the prahu was neither directed with nor against the current, nor driven to and fro. The man and woman, feeling it to rest motionless, nibbled their way through it, stood on the dry ground, and beheld this our world." Here the fable seems to glide away back to the creation. "At first, everything was obscure. There was neither morning nor evening, because the sun had not yet been made. They then said to each other, 'In what a condition are we without children or grandchildren!' Some time after, the woman became pregnant, not however in her womb, but in the calves of her legs. From the right leg was brought forth a male, and from the left a female. Hence it is that the issue of the same woman cannot intermarry. All mankind are the descendants of the two children of the first pair. When men had much increased, Pirman looked down upon them with pleasure, and reckoned their numbers."

The same Journal which relates these Malayan traditions, mentions also some superstitions entertained by the tribes. "The Mintira believe the dark spots in the moon to be a tree, beneath which sits a lunar enemy of man, who is constantly knotting strings together to make nooses to catch us, which he would succeed in doing, did not some pitying mice as diligently employ themselves in biting through the string. They believe the sky to be a great pot suspended over the earth by a string. The earth, round its foot or edge, is constantly sending up sprouts, which would join the sky and entirely close it in over us, if an old man did not

cut and eat them. The sun is a woman, who is tied by a string, which her lord is always pulling. The moon is also a woman, who is married to Moyang Birtang, the maker of the nooses for men. The stars are the children of the moon. The sun had formerly as many. Fearing, however, that mankind could not support so much brightness and heat, they agreed each to devour her children. The moon, however, instead of eating her stars, hid them from the sight of the sun, who, believing them all to be devoured, ate up her own. No sooner had she done so, than the moon brought her family out of their hiding place. The sun, on seeing them, was filled with despair and rage, and chased the moon to kill her. This chase has continued ever since, the sun sometimes getting so near the moon as to bite her, which is an eclipse. The moon still hides all her children during the day, when her pursuer is near, and only brings them out at night, when she is distant." The ideas of these poor creatures on cosmogony and astronomy are not correct, but they are amusing, which is something to them.

The islands in this Archipelago have long been infested by pirates, who were in the habit of committing great ravages upon both native and foreign vessels. British ships have sometimes disappeared in these seas in an unaccountable manner, and have never been more heard of. British guns and naval stores have, on the other hand, been found in some of the captured Malay prahus. Great exertions have been made both by the British and Dutch governments to suppress piracy in these seas. When at Java, I saw a Dutch steamer setting out to destroy a nest of pirates. The prahus of the Malays are alternately fishing-boats and piratical vessels. All fishing boats, however, are not pirates; and it is the difficulty of distinguishing between those which are pirates and those which are not, that has occasioned in these operations the destruction of many innocent lives.

The captain of a ship sailing among these islands, related in my hearing an absurd adventure which befel him here. Two prahus kept dodging suspiciously near his ship one evening, on which he sung out to them to be off. As they paid no attention, and still kept drawing nearer, he got out two heavy guns, loaded, and fired. The boats quickly disappeared, and they were probably mere fishermen and not pirates. But the ridiculous part of the story referred to the behaviour of the two guns. Being badly shotted and badly served, the flame of a lighted candle being actually applied instead of a match to the touchhole, they were more likely to damage the crew of the ship than their enemies. One of them went off with its muzzle pointing directly upwards, and remained in that position after being fired. The other disappeared altogether, and was supposed for some days to have gone overboard with the explosion. It was, however, afterwards discovered in the hold, having leaped down the open hatchway behind, in the dark, with the recoil.

The Island of Sumatra forms a grand, and at the same time a lovely, spectacle. Indeed all the islands which I saw here were visions of tropical beauty. This island, however, presents some remarkably bold scenery, relieved by the richest vegetation. It is a large island, some hundreds of miles in length, and is divided into three separate kingdoms.

Such masses of glowing verdure, clothing the sides of bluff hills, could not be regarded without emotions of admiration and delight. From the highest peaks down to the very sea margin, it was luxuriantly wooded. The tall palms clustered in immense numbers along the lower grounds. Some openings appeared in the dense forests which crowned the mountain ridges, and, through these, the bright emerald hill-tops showed the richest greensward. In shaded glades it was of a darken hue, but everywhere appeared the same surprising fertility. The upas tree grows in these islands. Its juice is poisonous, but the stories that have been told about the deadliness of its shade are fictions. A late English traveller sat among the branches of one for two hours, took lunch, smoked a cigar, and then retired without experiencing any ill consequences. In these forests are to be found elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, serpents, sloths, orang-outangs, pheasants, peacocks, loris, and the beautiful bird of paradise.

At Anjier, in Java, as every where in these straits, appeared the same scenes of tropical loveliness and grandeur. The remembrance of such glorious landscapes is a treasure for life to him who has beheld them. Landscape paintings are to him henceforth insipid, and at the best but poor imitations. He who has seen much of the world, and is rich in this kind of wealth, devoutly acknowledges that there are no pictures like those executed by the hand of God. The inhabitants of these isles, however, although dwelling in a paradise, seem to be unconscious of the fact. Their wants are few and easily supplied, and they dream away their existence in seeming unconsciousness of the glories with which they are surrounded. The Javanese, like the Hindoos and the Malays, are small in stature, but at the same time beautifully formed. They more nearly resemble the Malay race in features, customs, and language. They dye their teeth black. Their complexion is a beautiful brown. They have long straight black hair, bright black eyes, and very mild and gentle manners. The trade carried on between China, and the islands of this archipelago and other groups on both sides of the line, both in Chinese and European vessels, is far greater than most people are aware of. Sandal wood, edible birds' nests, biche de mer—a kind of sea-slug,—gums and dyes, corals, elephants' tusks, mother-of-pearl, and rare and beautiful shells, are some of the articles of which this extensive traffic is composed. Numerous English schooners, Portuguese lorchas, and Chinese junks are engaged in it. At Anjier, I saw beautiful parrots squirrels only a hand's length, land tortoises, large white turtles, parrots, monkeys, turtle doves, and the beautifully variegated Java sparrow.

Some of the captains of vessels trading in these Eastern seas, are men of varied adventure and most entertaining conversation. It was my fortune to make the acquaintance of one of them. He commanded a small ship of his own, and his crew was entirely composed of Laacars, Manilla men, and natives of New Caledonia. On a voyage of a few hundred miles which I subsequently made with him, in company with a friend, along the coast of China, he related in a spirited manner many striking adventures. He had been almost all his life at sea, and I never met with any sailor who more thoroughly identified himself with his

profession. He could not speak on any given subject but in strictly nautical phrase. In turning over a leg of mutton, in the process of carving, he went "to the lee side" of it. In calling his mate to rise in the morning watch, he demanded to know "if he was afloat yet." In playing at backgammon, he proceeded, after his table was filled, "to discharge the crew." His account of a drive through the town of Victoria in a buggy, with his friend Mr X., was most graphic. "We were cruising along and making a very good course, when an American, a friend of Mr X., hailed our craft—a strange figure with a straw hat on his head. Well, he came alongside, and we hove to. He got on board, stowed away his quid in his cheek, and began a long yarn on citizenship. I did not understand that sort of thing, being contented to be a British subject. All this time, he and I were sitting in the stern, I wondering who the man could be. He then took himself off to the fore-castle beside X." The account which he gave of his early life contained some remarkable incidents. If the reader pleases, I shall here insert some part of his story. Captain Woodin began:—

"Ha! ha! I believe you. Yes; no doubt I am descended from the god Woden. And he gave his name to one of the days of the week, do you say? Very good. But won't you take any more of this fowl, before we clear decks? Ah! You find it rather tough, I fear. It's all owing to that Chinese cook of mine. That's a horrible fellow to cook. Well, do you see, I have been half-a-dozen years in a French prison. I have fought battles with the savages down in these islands. You see Tom there—that bluff savage, with only one very mild eye in his head, and a mop of hair like a huge broom. He's an old cannibal whom I picked up in New Caledonia—lost the other eye in battle. I have been boarded and plundered by pirates off the Paracelles; been over all the East Indies; been lieutenant of a man-of-war; sailed with Captain Maryatt in the Mediterranean; he was a very kind commander. Well, when I was a midshipman, I was taken with some other prisoners, and put into a French prison. This was in the last war. On our march through Cambray, we saw immense placards stuck up on the walls, announcing the glorious fact that the Emperor had entered Moscow. Little did the French imagine what a fate awaited them, and what a trap had been laid for them there. High Russian noblemen knew not that the city was to be fired. It was kept a profound secret between the two Governments, the Russian and the British.

"Those were hard times. While we lay on our backs in the prisons, the snow beat in upon us. We covered our breasts with our coats, and heaped up the straw over our heads. We had such hard fare too, that I often tried to make my escape. Once the *gens d'armes* caught me climbing over a gate, and beat me black and blue with their swords, for I was so obstinate that I would not come down. We were sometimes billeted on the country people in companies of a dozen. They were very kind to us. We never stole from them. But from our enemies in the towns we took hams and geese whenever we could get hold of them. When billeted out, we did not produce our stolen provisions, but kept them in our greasy haversacks till hungry days came. Lord Cathcart

passed through Cambray in disguise as a spy, they said, selling things on a tray, before his breast, and kindly left a sum of money to be divided among the poor English prisoners. For a week we had white bread and good meat. We could not understand all this. But it did not last long, and it did us no good, for we returned to our hard fare with all the more discontent.

"We used to save up two *sous* a day, each of us, for several weeks before Christmas, in order that we might have a blow-out when that day came. Well, we had a sea pie at four o'clock on Christmas morning, another at 12 noon, and another in the evening." 'That was keeping Christmas in a very *pie-ous* way,' remarked my friend. The captain laughed, and resumed. "But it did us no good. Our skins got so swelled out with such full feeding for a few days at that time, that we could never get them filled up again all the year round. At last, I was set at liberty, with four hundred other prisoners. I had not had my clothes off for six months when I landed in England. Owing to the confinement, one of my legs was drawn up and quite crooked. I was but a lad then, and no sooner had I landed than I was immediately drafted into a troopship, being a midshipman. However, after a while I got to London with only a few shillings in my pocket. Weary and foot-sore, with my haversack slung under my arm, I began to search for my brother. As I wandered about the City Road, I met a lady going to church, and asked her if she knew where a Mr Woodin lived. She did, and pointed out the house. A cross old housekeeper came to the door, and, seeing a miserable figure of a boy there, would not let me in. 'Does Mr Woodin live here? Have you never heard Mr Woodin say he had a brother a French prisoner? Well, I am his brother.' 'No, no; there are many imposters going about just now.' She shut the door in my face, and I sat down and waited till a gentleman came and knocked at the door. 'Do you know the gentleman who lives in this house?' 'Yes.' 'Have you ever heard him speak of a brother in the French prisons?' 'Yes, only two days ago, and he was wondering if he should ever see him again.' 'Well, I am his brother,' and I pulled out one of my brother's letters with his signature at it, which I had carried about with me four or five years. Well, the door was opened, and the poor old housekeeper burst into tears, and begged my pardon. When my brother came home he wept for joy. He then took off my old clothes, and gave me a clean suit.

"I was sitting admiring myself in my new dress, all clean scrubbed and holystoned, and at last my mother came in. She had been at church that morning. She was an extravagant old lady. My father should have been a man of ten thousand a year to be her husband. An old aunt of mine, who lived in the country, had just been reprimanding her for not paying attention to her duties, and never going to church. 'In fact, I very much fear whether you pray to your Maker or not.' Well, my mother had just come up to town at that very time, and she thought struck her she would go to church that morning, 'to be good,'—as she said. On the way home from church, whom did she meet but that lady who had directed me to my brother's house, and whom I had

accosted while wandering about. 'Have you heard any thing of your son for some time?' 'Ah! no; I never expect to hear any thing of him.' 'Well, do you know I think he has come home. A young man whom I saw this morning, asked the way to your brother's house. I think it must be he.' Well, the old lady came home, and when she saw me she fainted away."

Little remains to be said of the voyage up to China. In the China Sea, I saw numerous water snakes, some of them of great length and beautifully spotted, swimming about, or lying motionless on the surface of the water, under a burning sun. One day, a number of pretty little birds, not much larger than humming-birds, came and rested on the ship. Three or four of the little creatures flew into my cabin at night, by the window, which I left open on account of the heat, and slept peacefully beside me till morning. They allowed me to take them up in my hand, and to put them in my bosom, without showing the least alarm. They looked out of their pretty bright eyes so calmly, innocently, and confidently upon a person, that no one on board could think of doing them the least hurt. At length, we reached Macao, and then Hong-Kong. I was now in the far east, seventeen thousand miles from home. The longitude, calculated by Captain C., was found here to be in point of time seven hours and-a-half in advance of that of England. That is, we now had the sun seven hours and-a-half sooner than our friends at home had it. So that, when they were going to bed about 11 o'clock at night, we were getting up in China between six and seven in the morning.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

INTRODUCTION.

Among the twenty-seven books of the New Testament, there are three which are more than the rest, general mirrors, or reflectors, or abridgements of Old Testament truth. These are, the Epistle to the Romans, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse, or Book of Revelation.

The first reflects the doctrinal divinity or general theology, much in the same way as we attempt in our Shorter Catechism or other Confession of Faith. This is done without any regard to time or place, age or nation, wherein these truths were evolved, or might become available, the truths being equally true at all times, and in all places.

The second, the Epistle to the Hebrews, is a reflector of the Jewish *ritual*, helping especially to realize the priesthood of Christ, whether in the ordinary priest, the victim, or the manner of its offering; and this truth is equally true and equally essential in all gospel ages, without regard to time or place, age or nation.

The third, the Book of Revelation, is intended to reflect the fortunes of the church, and this, as in the former cases, without regard to time

or place, age or nation. Did obedience, in the practice of certain prescribed duties constitute the happiness of the Hebrew or model church? Did certain departures from that rule of duty ensure her fall? Did neighbourhood with certain ungodly states form one of her besetting dangers? Did occasional resistance to that temptation procure her occasional and temporary prosperity? Did general compliance with the tempter prepare her more and more to become his easy prey? These varying fortunes of the model church, dependent on her own self-treatment, are so brightly or gloomily copied into the corresponding pages of the Apocalypse, that any one may therein read the rise and fall, the prosperity and adversity, the peace and troubles of all Gospel nations, without regard to *time* or place, age or nation, as long as Christ shall be pleased to continue his spiritual kingdom on the earth.

Is there, then, no order of *time* in this Book? None. It is not a history, but a description. There is order of character, nothing more. As in nature, one is passing up from the child to the man, developing organs and functions unknown to him before, and another, now past these stages, is meanwhile passing down the same hill sorrowful or stupid to the grave; so with the gospel children, the gospel churches, the gospel nations. One is, with apostolic stout-heartedness, bearing up-hill against a weight of afflictions, with fears within and troubles without; another, some time at the top, is now waxing proud and coldly formal; while a third, sinking more every day into sensuality and grossness, is preparing for the low companionship of the ruined cities of the plain, already spued out of the mouth, not only of Christ, but of men. The different characters of churches not only co-exist in time, but in place. The shewy cockle and the substantial wheat in the same soil. The more we study the reflector, in connexion with the reflected, the Bible history of the model church, the more we shall be convinced that this is the general truth intended to be taught us in the reflector; that, instead of a prophetic history of gospel times, we have but a picture of the moral seasons, a sample of a moral year. As long as human nature remains as it is, and it will always be such as it was in model times, the winter of adversity will ever be as needful as the summer of prosperity, and the more experienced the Christian, the more will he glory in his own infirmities, and in the church's seasonal and seasonable tribulations; knowing that these collectively, as individually, develop patience, experience, hope, and ultimately every Christian grace, the highest whereof is love. Happily for this country, she is no stranger, either practically or doctrinally, to this truth; she has always believed that her spirituality improves in the flames; and her sons will therefore be cheered by meeting once and again with their favourite doctrine in the season circles of the Apocalypse.

Passages in the Old Testament history reflected or imitated in the New.

Ezek. xl. 4. And the man said unto me, Son of man, behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears, and set thine heart upon all that I will show thee; for to the intent that I might shew them unto thee art thou brought hither; declare all that thou seest to the house of Israel.

Dan. x. 21. But I will shew thee that which is noted in the scripture of

truth ; and there is none that holdeth with me in these things but Michael your prince.

Zech. i. 13. The Lord answered the angel that talked with me good words, comfortable words.

New Testament reflection or imitation.

Rev. i. 1—3. The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass ; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John : Who bare record of the Word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein ; for the time is at hand.

• COMMENTARY.

While every thing said in the Apocalypse is an echo or reflection of what has been already said in the Old Testament prophets, and is only in this sense a prophecy, care is taken that it shall be said in the words of these prophets, for they are the choice words of God. St John's object in opening with these particular words of Ezekiel is two-fold ; first, to let the church of Christ know, that though the holy orders of the Jewish priesthood had been dismissed, and their house left unto them desolate, yet there still stood in full operation all the ranks and orders of officers, which constitute the ministerial government of his church on earth. The fourfold order representing every part,—God, the Son of God, angel, man. The first gives a revelation to the second, the second employs the third to hand it to the fourth. In the apparently annihilated state of both Hebrew and Gospel Church, the early announcement of this complete order is pleasing and comforting.

But 2dly, There is great propriety in selecting the expression from Ezekiel, for John is exactly in the relation to the Christian Church that Ezekiel was to the model one ; and this relation John affects to hold throughout the book. Like Ezekiel he is always in the meridian of Babylon ; there we find him at the first, there we leave him at the last. " I John," to anticipate verse ninth, " who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." " Companion in tribulation." Of all the prophets whom I have the honour to echo, there is none I am so much inclined to envy as Ezekiel. Isaiah was a grand prophet, perhaps a prince ; at least a relative of the Hebrew princes, but not like enough to the Son of man, who had not where to lay his head. Isaiah, he foreboded the evil, but bore little share of it. Isaiah, he lived a hundred years before the evil day. Daniel, too, was a brother, but only in a small degree a companion in tribulation. He was generally the first minister of the crown, both in the old and new dynasty ; a type of Christ, not in his humiliation, but in his exaltation at the right hand of God ; shewing that whatever political changes may befall his church, he endures amid all changes her prevailing intercessor. O no ! It is kinglike, believe me, to help the fallen. Let me be, if anybody, Ezekiel, a type of

Christ, the friend in need, who sticketh closer than a brother ; for in all our afflictions he was afflicted. In every pang that rends the heart, the man of sorrows had a part. Like Moses, I prefer suffering with the people of God ; I must be a companion in tribulation.

In verse 2, John tells us he is the person of that name who wrote one of the four Gospels. The leading feature of his gospel narrative is, that it is more than the rest a report of Christ's *discourses*, while he makes his acts only secondary. Like the people once in a synagogue at Capernaum, John delights to bear witness to the gracious *words* that proceed out of his mouth.

In verse 3, The public reader and hearer of the Word reminds us of those happier synagogues, in the remote end of the country, away from sectarian strife and political cabal, where after reading the lesson of the day, the ruler of the congregation sat down, expounded, and enforced the word of life. Blessed, as eternally essential, are all such congregational instructions, if followed up as the following clause requires, "And keep those things that are written therein." The motive added, for the *time is at hand*, is in imitation of all the prophets. Thus, Zephaniah i. 14, "The great day of the Lord is near, near, and hasteth greatly, the voice of the day of the Lord." The phrase, however, is more exactly in imitation of Ezek. xii. 23, "The days are *at hand*, and the effect of every vision." Every vision, in every one of the prophets, earlier or later, is now to be carried into real effect. The whole history of our Hebrew church is nothing but a series of models shewn to Moses and others on the mount, which are now to be embodied in the *true nation*, the kingdom of the Messiah, which, beginning at the end of Mosaic time, is to endure through all terrestrial time, and extend more or less over all lands. The time is at hand, when ceremonials end, and spiritual realities begin ; the time when legal worship ends, and gospel ages run, when all things old are done away, and a new world begun ; the time when neither in Gerizim nor at Jerusalem shall all nations worship the Father, but shall assemble unto the spiritual Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, an innumerable company of ministers, the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven. This spiritual kingdom was that whereof all the prophets prophesied ; from Abraham onwards, they successively rejoiced to see this day, they did see it and were glad ; but blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear, in actual possession, in collective enjoyment, what these prophets and righteous men only individually enjoyed in distant prospect. Wherefore we, receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire.

Rev. i. 4—8. John to the seven churches which are in *Asia* ; Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come ; and from the seven spirits which are before his throne ; and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and

ever. Amen. Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

Passages reflected from the Old Testament into the New.

Numbers vi. 23—27. On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be *gracious* unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee *peace*: and they shall put my *name* upon the children of Israel, *and I will bless them*.

Exodus iii. 14. God said unto Moses, *I am that I am*. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, *I am* hath sent me unto you. Ex. vi. 2, 3. God spake unto Moses, saying, I am *Jehovah*, (He that *was* and *is* and *is to come*.) I appeared unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by (the name of) God *Almighty*, (aleim); but by my name, *was, is, and will be*, was I not known to them.

Psalms lxxxix. 27, 36, 37. I will make him (the Messiah) first-born, higher than the kings of the earth. His seed, (though occasionally for sin eclipsed) shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me. It shall be established for ever as the moon, *yes, a faithful witness in heaven*.

Exodus xix. 6. Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation.

COMMENTARY.

The Apostle having, in the first or general preface (verses 1—3), stated that he was the bearer of a divine message, proceeds in his second or special preface, to state to what party that message is addressed, blesses them in the divinely *prescribed* form; allows the bride to burst out into an ecstasy of gratitude, blessing Christ as the Redeemer of the universal church; allows her to proclaim the awfulness of Christ's character as a king and judge, and closes the preface by introducing Christ, fulfilling, personally, his own promise, Numb. vi. 27, *and I will bless you*. Upon the different parts of this preface we shall be as brief as possible.

1. "John to the seven congregations which are in Asia." No one needs to be told that Lydia or Proconsular Asia, contained the cities of Sardis, Smyrna, Ephesus, &c., which were privileged to be the nurseries of their respective Christian churches; churches varying as much in spiritual condition, as in their sea-coast or inland trade. In an untold earlier age, the dawn of revealed truth passing westward from the Holy Land, had here as elsewhere dwindled into classic fable; and this country, under the name of Mœonia, produced such minds as Homer and Herodotus, the former of whom, in his Alpha and Omega, the Iliad so numbered, gives a traditionary corruption of Mosaic truth, which some have declared to contain, under fable dress, almost all the essential doctrines of revealed religion. Note.—We find it a rule in the spiritual system, that whatever region God intends specially to bless with the direct rays of the Sun of Righteousness, he generally prepares it for the blazing light, by making it previously familiar with a milder, and so far a humanly-corrupted one. Thus mix refracted rays with local mists, before the ascending day.

2. The blessing. It is the practice of all the Apostles to pronounce the three-fold blessing upon each church addressed. Thus Jude,—mercy unto you, and peace and love be multiplied. St John's affectation of Judaism, or apparent anxiety not to offend even the superstitious prejudice of his countrymen, namely by his dissolving of the incommunicable name Jehovah is very interesting. The Jews retained such a strong superstition regarding that name of God, that for a common person to pronounce it was certain death. According to the tradition of the elders, the high priest alone might pronounce it in the sanctuary, and that only once a year, in the September feast, the atonement. Thus a word, a name that God intended to be as common as our benediction pronounced at every congregational meeting, instead of being put upon the people, was, by the tradition, strictly kept from them upon pain of death. One of the evasions, therefore, was to give its translation, "was, is, and will be;" and that is the form whereby the would-be Babylonian captive seeks to conciliate his supposed companions and brothers in tribulation: "May he who was, and is, and is to come, bless thee." But out of this seeming evil, the pure mind of John must bring real good. The three-fold blessing, grace, mercy, and peace, the three-fold repetition of the name of the Being who bestows the blessing, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, and the three-fold meaning of the name, was, is, and is to come, are all untended to teach a lesson regarding the divine nature, which it was not needful, at an earlier stage, to bring more distinctly into view. In the very first clause of Scripture,—"*Gods created the heavens and the earth,*"—a plurality of persons is intimated; in the three angels visiting Abraham upon the destruction of Sodom, we have further intimation that that plurality is a trinity; but this was not insisted upon dogmatically in the earlier stages of theological development; and it was only thrown into a definite and imperative form, when one of the three *completed* a work to the satisfaction of the other two, and entitled himself to be named between the Father and the Holy Ghost. Note.—Great forbearance must be shewn to the Unitarian in maintaining this all important doctrine. Let him be meekly told the faults of his system, or rather want of system, and let it always be admitted, that the human probability of the mere unity of God is all in his favour, but that when once the human probability is overruled by a distinct revelation, we are left without a choice. We must receive the Trinity or reject Christ.

One of the peculiar works of the third person of the Trinity, his guiding us into all truth, his taking the things of Christ and shewing them unto us, is beautifully expressed by an allusion to his enlightening influence, as displayed in the seven lamps before the throne, to be explained in their place, chap. iv. 5. Grace to you and peace from the Holy Ghost, whose special work, at least in his first stage, is to enlighten, that he may thereby comfort.

The second person is put last, for freedom of composition; most being to be said of him, it is most convenient briefly to dispose of the others first, and thus leave the ground free for the one upon whom the writer is chiefly to enlarge. Little indeed need be said either in the Apocalypse or other New Testament books to describe the character of the exalted

Messiah ; for all the books of the Old Testament are specially devoted to that description. Of him, bear all the prophets witness ; He forms the principal personage in the Psalms ; every victim is a picture of Christ ; every priest a type of the Anointed. Let us, says John, once more sanctify to Christ the Book of Psalms. Where could we seek for better security that Christ shall reign, till He have put all his and our enemies under his feet ? The Psalms begin with an assurance that the Father will set His Son as King upon His holy hill of Zion ; and the last of the long train of anthems are composed for the occasions, when the ransomed of the Lord, shall, after long but wholesome delays, return with everlasting joys upon their heads, and realize the presence and power of Christ, asserted in their behalf at the expense of all their foes. Would we understand the Christian fabric of the Psalms ? would we, for example, see in what sense and circumstances Christ is the Shepherd of the spiritual flock ? Then the xxiii., The Lord's my shepherd, must be connected with the preceding Psalm, xxii., wherein the shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. " They pierced my hands and my feet." So that there could not be a more anti-christian act, than to alter the divine arrangement of the Psalms. It was strange that the flock should set on *the dogs* to worry the shepherd ; but what we have to remember is, that so long as the fold and its watch-tower stand on earth, it will ever stand among *such dogs*, Rev. xxii. 15. The Psalms then are all parts of one whole, the one song of the Redeemed, and like Christ's coat, without seam, woven from the top throughout. Let us not rend it.

The particular psalm here quoted in security for Christ's attaining to the throne of the church, and returning to it after studied absences, is the lxxxix, wherein God expresses his anxiety to assure his hoping people of the perfect certainty of that succession. What is there, says God, what is there in typical nature we can point to as a fit illustration of Christ's sure advent and returning majesty ? Let the sun or moon be my witness ; either of these objects is far superior, in earthly esteem, to the all-surrounding stars. The sun then, or moon, will illustrate the superior dignity of the Messiah. But how shall I illustrate the certainty that, amidst many unfavourable appearances, the promise of his advent will be fulfilled ? Where, in the church's evil day, where, during the absence of the bridegroom, it may despondingly be said, where is the promise of his coming ? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as from the beginning of the creation. I shall then compare these unpromising appearances, these night-enduring sorrows, these absences of Christ, to the cloudy seasons and eclipses that more or less conceal, at seasons, the lustre of the heavenly lights. As the sun breaks through the wintry clouds and reclaims his wonted and peerless ascendancy in the summer sky ; as the moon, humbled for a season, has to submit to be occasionally eclipsed by her inferior Earth, yet emerges unscathed, apparent queen of heaven, and buries in her lustre the diminished stars ; so may, so must, a long wintry gloom again and again overhang the children of hope ; but at length the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing under his wings, and those who are blessed with enduring patience will have cause exultingly to exclaim, Lo ! this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us ; this

is Jehovah, we have waited for him ; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation. Christ's accession oft repeated thus acquits the natural types of having done steadfastly their appointed work ; and we shall see in the sequel that they have still similar work to do.

To the next expression, quoted from the same psalm,—*first-born*, John makes an important addition very humbling to the Bible scholarship of his Hebrew brethren, very humbling to himself. All the while they read and sang the Psalms, the veil was on their eyes ; only in a few solitary instances did they recognise in these Scriptures a crucified and *grave-begotten* Saviour ; but ever dreaming of a temporal prince and temporal conquest, they, with all their knowledge of the letter of the Scriptures, were blind to his real character and work. How should this teach us to pray for the spirit of grace and supplication, that we may understand what the most mental-favoured nation universally overlooked ! “Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to *enter* into his glory ?”—Luke xxiv. 26. Crucifixion is the very threshold of Christ's work.

“Unto him that loved us and washed us,” &c. The party washed is described in Ezekiel xvi. And if any thing short of the Spirit of God can melt the human heart, and prove that even there love can beget love, surely the following verses will ; verses which prove among other things, that where divine grace, in a man or church, exists, it is not of our seeking, but of God's bringing. Let the reader gratefully study and apply to himself the whole passage, whereof the following are extracts. Verse 5. “None pitied thee, but thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day that thou wast born ; and I said unto thee, Live. I entered into a covenant with thee, and thou becamest mine (loved us) ; then *washed* I thee with water (and washed us) ; yea, I thoroughly washed away thy blood from thee, and I anointed thee with oil ; I clothed thee with broidered work, and fine linen and silk (priesthood) ; I decked thee with ornaments, bracelets, and a chain ; I put a jewel on thy forehead, (ieue zedek,) and ear-rings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thy head (made us kings) ; then didst thou eat fine flour, and honey, and oil (and priests) ; and thou didst prosper into a *kingdom*.” This is with surpassing beauty and love said of the typical church ; but Jews should remember they were no more than a typical church, and are now of no further use than the other heathen into whom they have relapsed. He is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that a mark of church-membership which is outward in the flesh. Gal. iv. 30. “Cast out the bond woman and her son, for the son of the bond woman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman. So then, brethren, we are not children of the bond woman, but of the free.” The children of the promise alone are the seed. We have, therefore, to shew that the Gentile converts at Smyrna and Ephesus, to whom Christ calls himself, not the Aleph and Tau in Hebrew fashion, but the Alpha and Omega in Gentile fashion, are fully entitled, nay bound to say, hath made *us* kings and priests.

In the same chapter of Ezekiel, xvi. 53, God distinctly says, that having broken their covenant with him, the Jewish church have no

more chance, as such, of returning into covenant with him than their sisters in sin, the *extinct* race of Sodomites. When you return into covenant with me, it will only be when you come mixed in the same flock, the Hebrews mixed with an extinct race, the Sodomites. Very true. V. 60. I will remember my covenant with thee; but it is the covenant in the days of thy youth, the covenant made with Abraham, a father of many nations; and you will be one of the many nations when Sodom brings you along with her, but that is impossible. The seed of Abraham are, not the bodily descendants, but the inheritors of the faith of Abraham, who, in this sense, is the father of us all.—Rom. iv.

If a Jew admits Ezekiel to be canonical, he must admit also that it is by a new covenant a Jew enters into the Messiah's kingdom, along with his sisters in sin—the Gentiles: for Ezekiel, xvi. 53, says, When I shall bring again their captivity, the captivity of Sodom and her daughters, and the captivity of Samaria and her daughters, then (will I bring again) the captivity of thy captives *in the midst of them*. The Jews are re-admissible then, but all upon the *same terms*, and that these terms, whatever they may be, are not the Mosaic covenant, is evident from verse 61, "I will give them unto thee," that is, admit them into the church of which thy name is only a type,—I will receive them into my church as daughters, "but not by *thy* covenant." But it has been shewn, verse 53, that mother and daughter get in by one and the same covenant; but this common covenant is not *thy* covenant, therefore the covenant that admits both parties is not *thy*, that is, the Mosaic covenant.

Without dwelling longer on this obvious syllogism, obvious to all except a modern Jew, we have now to shew that the general phrase, "all nations, kindreds, and tongues," implied in the promise to Abraham, the spiritual father of many spiritual or believing nations; and expressed by all the prophets, as when Daniel vii. 13, says, "all people, nations, and languages should serve him," we have only to shew that these general terms include, in particular, the Lydians or Ionians, whose country was spiritually illumined by the stars of the seven churches. The statement of Isaiah on this point is very distinct, as quoted in the text, Isaiah lxvi. 19. "I will send those that escape of them (the Apostles) unto the nations (or Gentiles), to Tarshish, Thrace, in one of whose towns, Philippi, the sign (or miracle) of the earthquake that shook the jail, was set up (or shewn) among them,"—to Pul, Pylos, that is, generally, the Morea, another of Paul's favourite stations,—and to *Lyd, Lydia*, called in the modern text Proconsular Asia, the very seat of the seven churches; and to them that draw the bow,—every body knows that is the district south of Lydia, namely Lycia, whose archery is proverbial;—to Tubal (or Lemnos), that is, generally, the Isles of the Archipelago, and Javan, that is Ionia the European, or Attica, the country of the Athenians, who in the general meetings of the *twelve tribes*, held in seasons corresponding to the feasts of "Passover and Atonement," are never called Athenians but always Ionians. The seven churches then are in Isaiah expressed by name; were evangelized by those of them that escaped, and there is nowhere to be found a more exactly fitting fulfilment of prophecy.

(To be continued.)

ON PRAYER.¹

WE hail with unfeigned satisfaction a new edition of this excellent work. It is encouraging to find, that, amid the turmoil of sectarian animosity, and the spiritual apathy of worldly ambition, the springs of practical vital godliness, are not like the wells in the valley of Gerar, entirely closed up; that Scotland, once pious and prayerful, now alas! too much the reproach of Christendom for intemperance, and its foul brood of cognate vices, has yet many families which, like the devout pilgrims in Baca, when on their way to Jerusalem, draw living waters to refresh their fainting souls, as they near the heavenly Zion. The plan of Mr Whyte's treatise may be best stated in his own words:—"A great portion of it is composed of extracts from the Word of God, and from the writings of uninspired authors. The uninspired extracts contain the sentiments of many of the most eminent theological writers of the first five centuries of the Christian era—a class of men, whose studies, habits, and characters, certainly entitle them to be heard on such subjects as this, with some degree of deference." The duty of prayer is illustrated and recommended with a fulness that cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the Christian mind. In those days of daring and dangerous speculation, it is essential that sound views be realised and maintained by all who value the progress of holiness in their own hearts, and in the church. Mr Whyte's dissertation is eminently fitted to confirm those who may be perplexed by doubts, or distracted by infidel insinuations as to the necessity or efficacy of prayer. Authority is skilfully combined with independent thought and practical utility. The whole is perfumed with that spirit of Christian liberality, which, in matters of mere devotion, extends beyond the narrow pale of sect or denomination, and discerns spiritual excellence and sound theology in the great Christian thinkers scattered over the church universal. Forms or patterns, styled and regarded by the authors as "helps," are appended. These are suited to a great variety of circumstances. They breathe the most devout sentiments, and are rich in the precatory language of Scripture.

The obvious scope of Scripture harmonizes with the experience of the Christian world, in attributing to the sincere prayer of faith the highest efficacy. Prayer is the direct invisible communication between earth and heaven, between, it may be, the meanest among the sons of men, and the supreme Potentate of the universe. It is a characteristic of every genuine believer, and marks him off by a broad line of demarcation from those who live without God in the world. It is the refuge and consolation alike of the awakened sinner whose eyes have just been opened to perceive the awful precipice on whose verge he tremblingly stands, and of the matured saint, whose vision is withdrawn from the vanishing scenes of sublunary enjoyment, and fixed with calm and confident anticipation on the brightening glories of the heavenly paradise. Prayer enlivens the

¹ *The Duty of Prayer, with Forms of Prayer for the use of Families and Individuals.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER WHYTE, A.M. Aberdeen; G. & R. King.

hopes, and nerves the energy of the Christian, as he toils amid the distracting activities of life. It buoys him up when buffeted by the billows of adversity, arms him when assailed by temptations strong and subtle, and enables him to discomfit, like his Master in the wilderness, his most arch and insinuating as well as fiercest enemies. Who can enumerate its triumphs, or utter all its praise? Of inwrought prayer, we may truly affirm what Paul said of its elder brother faith. It subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions. Its importance can hardly be over-rated, and hence the necessity of settled and accurate conceptions of its nature. There are not wanting pernicious considerations on this subject, tending to stagger the humble but not very enlightened Christian. Deism, and a too-prevalent materialism, under the guise of a specious philosophy, are not backward to say tauntingly to the disciple of the cross, what Elijah said ironically to the deluded priests of Baal, "Cry aloud, either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he is asleep, and must be waked." Worldly-minded politicians, and sticklers for the independent operation of the laws of nature, like Lycaon in the fable, "*pia vota irritant*;" but it is sufficient warrant for the Christian that God has commanded prayer as a special duty. On this broad principle should he take his stand. In discussing the question, "Why should we pray?" the author under review lays this down as a basis of operation. He says:—

"We should pray, because God has commanded us to do so. The language of Scripture is very explicit on this point. There are many precepts which make it our indispensable duty to pray. Thus, offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble. Ye people, pour out your heart before God. Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found, call ye upon Him, while he is near. In these passages, we have the simple command stript of every thing but the divine authority which has sent it forth, though expressed in a variety of forms, and this alone should be sufficient to make us pray. The command of the great God of heaven and earth is as weighty to bind the conscience in this case, as any other branch of duty, where he has been pleased to interpose his authority. No man is left at liberty whether he will pray or no. God commands us to pray to him."

God presides over the kingdom of Providence, as well as that of Grace. He gives to all their meat in due season; but this he does through the agency of means. We might justly pronounce that husbandman mad, who would plead such a text as a reason for neglecting to cultivate the soil, and to pour the seed into its generous bosom, when the softening atmosphere, and the benign beams of the sun, begin to fertilise the earth. If, as all admit, it be necessary for man to toil industriously, that the earth may yield its abundant increase, is there any inconsistency in rendering importunate prayer the established means of obtaining gospel gifts and graces? It is not maintained, that the toil, in the one case, or the prayer in the other, has *per se*, any inherent efficacy apart from divine influence; but merely, that both are indispensable, so far as man is concerned, in the economy of things. He who derides the virtue of prayer

as a means, should carry out his principle, and try the the experiment of dispensing with industry. It would, doubtless, be as easy, so to speak, for the Almighty, by an immediate fiat to provide sustenance for the cattle on a thousand hills, and for the myriads of human beings that people the teeming continents and scattered isles, as to cause through a chain of material and human operations, the earth to bring forth grass, the herb bearing seed, and the tree yielding fruit. But such an arrangement might not be in entire congruity with the general system of the universe, nor so well adapted as is the present, to the constitution of man. At all events, it is sufficient for our argument that such is not the mode of procedure. As we find an instrumentality requisite in temporal and natural affairs, need we be surprised, nay, should we not rather expect to find a similar economy obtaining in spiritual concerns ?

The Most High reigneth in the kingdoms of the world ; but our greatest advances in political science, or diplomatic tactics, have not yet emboldened the most sanguine utterly to discard a *ministerial* co-operation. British valour and national glory may prompt brave breasts to deeds of immortal fame, but supplication is the golden key that can unlock the armoury of Heaven. Sennacherib invaded Judea with the swarming thousands of his Assyrians. He insolently defied the feeble forces of Judah's king, but Hezekiah rested not his cause on the strength of his arms, or the prowess of his captains. In humility of soul, he betook himself to the Lord of Hosts, who, by a winged messenger in a single night, laid dead on the plains of Lachish, a hundred and eighty-five thousand of the man-destroying, God-defying Assyrians. Ponder this solemn fact, ye to whose hands God has committed the government of nations, and learn, with all your deference to earthly princes, to revere and implore Him who rules among the armies of heaven, and the inhabitants of earth. So irrevocably has the Sovereign Disposer established prayer as the vehicle of blessings, that he himself urged on Abimelech the consideration, that Abraham was a prophet, and would pray for him. Under the "pretences for neglecting prayer," we have the following remarks :—

"When God established the course of the universe, and arranged all the events which come to pass in it, he paid attention to all the circumstances which should accompany each event, and particularly to the dispositions, to the desire and prayers, of every intelligent being. And the arrangement of all events was disposed in perfect harmony with all these circumstances. When therefore a man addresses to God a prayer, worthy of being heard, it must not be imagined, that such a prayer came not to the knowledge of God till the moment it was formed. That prayer was already heard from all eternity ; and if the Father of mercies deemed it worthy of being answered, he arranged the world expressly in favour of that prayer, so that the accomplishment should be a consequence of the natural course of events. There can be no force, therefore, in the objection which is founded on the immutability of God, and the consequent unchangeableness of his purposes. What His *secret* purposes are, we know not, and it concerns us not to know. But this we know, that one of His *revealed* purposes is, that every individual on earth, without exception, whom he will recognise at last as His, and who shall see his face in peace, *must* be a child of prayer. This is just as irreversible a purpose, as any other decree in the divine counsels, and a

purpose too, as clearly announced in Scripture as language can express it. To attempt then to set aside a purpose so manifest, and so immovable, because there are other purposes that our weak minds cannot comprehend, in all their relations to our state; to neglect a clear and positive *duty*, about which no sensible person can have any doubt, because the Almighty Ruler of all, has devised a fixed plan of government, without explaining its different parts, so as to satisfy every silly infidel, or doubting enquirer, is so impious, and so inconsistent with common sense, that it is hardly conceivable how any one, who is not a knave or a fool, could be guilty of it."

The point has been started by professed divines, "Should a sinner pray?" Much of the perplexity thrown around the question, arises from the vagueness of the terms in which it is propounded. If the word *sinner* be taken in its widest and unrestricted sense, of course, the entire bent of Scripture, and the unanimous opinion of the Church, pronounce a decided and emphatic affirmative. No man, even the ripest Christian, is absolutely exempt from sin. If, therefore, there is to be prayer at all, it must emanate from one who is a *sinner*. Again, the most depraved, is in *duty bound* to pray, and he stands most in need of mercy. But the proper gist of the question seems to be: Is there Scriptural warrant to conclude, that an *unregenerate* sinner can or may pray *with acceptance* for spiritual blessings? Now, we would tread cautiously and reverently on ground that might appear to limit the divine mercy. Scripture justifies the conclusion, that blessings are granted *in answer* to prayer, for the Saviour declares, whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, it shall be given unto you. God may, and does confer his gracious gifts without their being asked, but though he causes the sun to shine on the just and unjust, and arrests in a career of wickedness the hardened sinner, yet the Bible nowhere permits us to entertain the idea that God can be mocked, as he would be by the prayers of the wicked, which are an abomination to Him, and, at the same time, be under any *moral necessity*, or *promissory obligation*, to answer that pretended request. Such a conception strikes at the root of the divine omniscience, and moral perfections. It is repugnant to right views of revealed truth, and the character of the Godhead. It cannot be too plainly and too forcibly urged on the mind, that mere formality is not worship. God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. God says of the Israelites, who profaned his ordinances by their hypocritical observance: When ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make *many prayers*, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood. This view is vigorously brought out in the following pithy remarks:—

"A man's prayer may be a lie. As a profession without sanctity is a lie to the world, so prayer without sincerity is a lie to God. The spirit, not words—life, not expression, only constitute prayer with God. Language may give it a form, but language alone is like mere body without a soul; and he that offers it, renders to God a dead, unclean carcass for a living sacrifice, which is an abomination in His sight. Such services offered to God are so offensive to Him that nothing but the mercy which he is continually exercising over the chief of sinners, protects the heartless and hypocritical worshipper from divine vengeance. For similar unwarranted acts, many instances of awful judgments are recorded in Scripture. Nadab and Abihu,

for offering strange fire on God's altar, were burned to death; Uzzah, for using improper liberties with the ark, was smitten of God and died; the Scribes and Pharisees, for their hypocritical professions of godliness, had woe denounced against them, even by the Saviour of sinners; Ananias and Sapphira, for pretending to honour the cause of Christ, while they were lying to the Holy Ghost, were struck by the hand of God, and fell down dead; Simon Magus, for giving his heart to the world, while asking the gifts of the Spirit, was cursed of the apostles, and so far as can be ascertained, died a hardened apostate."

While these representations of truth are calculated to strike alarm into the heart of the ungodly professor, they are not intended to damp or discourage the truly penitent. The language of Scripture to such, is highly encouraging and persuasive. God said to his ancient people, Wash you, and make you clean: come now, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. The character of the Saviour is depicted in accents the most tender and winning. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. The bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax he shall not quench. To every soul bowed down under a sense of sin, he says, with touching sympathy and earnest entreaty, Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Prayer is the natural and necessary consequence of a renewed heart. "It is the application of want to him who only can relieve it; the voice of sin to him who only can pardon it. It is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul." We have thus endeavoured by brief remarks, and occasional glimpses, to convey a faint impression of the spirit and style of the first part, or main body, of the work.

The second part is purely devotional, being composed of prayers couched either in the phraseology of Scripture, or in language beautifully simple and appropriate. It is unnecessary to enter into any minute analysis of these. Their excellence consists not in ornate diction, or elaborate reasonings. In such compositions, these qualities would be blemishes, not beauties. These prayers have a tale of their own, which tends to enhance their value in the minds of practical Christians. Some years ago, a poor woman who had a son about to set out to the whale fishing, gave him, as a parting token of affection, a copy of Mr Whyte's book on Prayer. The ship in which he sailed happened to be frozen in, during the winter, and the sailors, like Manasseh when in affliction, felt a disposition to call upon God. They imposed on the surgeon the duty of conducting religious service. He being either imperfectly furnished with devotional expression, or averse absolutely to assume the sacerdotal functions without the requisite scholastic preparation, availed himself of the "helps" with which the pious mother had furnished her sailor boy. Thus by means of this tiny volume the service of God was regularly conducted, and the drooping spirits of the mariners sustained, amid the icy regions of the frigid zone.

North of the Tweed, a strong prejudice has long existed against any

set form of prayer. There lurks in the minds of many sincere Christians an idea that "read prayers are no devotion." The fathers of the first secession, especially Erskine and Fisher, denounced forms as discountenanced by the Word of God. To this point it may be proper, in recommending these prayers, shortly to advert. We do not contend that forms are indispensable, neither do we recommend their exclusive and continued use. Every individual of ordinary comprehension and intelligence may, and ought to acquire such a command of Scripture, as in general, to enable him to dispense with the reading of prayers. But where this progress has not been made, and, particularly, in the case of many females who, as heads of families, are called upon to maintain family devotion, such aids are found highly useful, if not absolutely necessary. Even the most advanced in divine things may find no small advantage from committing to memory passages of the Bible, suitably arranged, or devout sentiments clothed in apt expression. All we maintain is that forms, under any circumstances, are not *condemned*. This humble position might be vindicated by the *practice* at least, of all professing Christians, who repeat either statedly or occasionally the Lord's prayer as an appropriate part of public worship. From the reasoning of certain divines, however, one would be led to infer, that they make a distinction between a *form* and a *pattern* even in regard to the Lord's prayer. In Fisher's explanation of the Shorter Catechism, we find the question and answer thus: Q. Would it not seem that this prayer is commanded to be used as a form, from our Lord's prefixing these words to it, "When ye pray say," Luke xi. 2. ? A. No more can be intended by this expression in Luke, than what is meant in the parallel place, Mat. vi. 9, "After this manner," viz., to use the Lord's prayer as a *directory*.—Now, it is obvious, that those who contend in favour of forms, might quite as logically invert the case, and maintain, that nothing more is meant by Matthew, than what is expressed by Luke. This reasoning is, moreover, supported, if not confirmed, by the circumstances of the case. Christ's disciples asked him to teach them to pray, as John taught his disciples. Though it is not expressly stated, it may not be unfairly inferred, that the teaching of John consisted of a *form*, and not a *course*, or mere *pattern*. We are of opinion, that a little critical examination will hardly subject the word translated "after this manner" to be tied down exclusively to the sense put upon it. The phrase of Matthew is "ὧτως," which generally signifies "thus" or "so." This word is "used as referring to what precedes, and in complete sentences, it is preceded by a relative adverb; but it is also used *alone*, when followed by direct narrative or quotation,"¹ Mat. i. 18. Now the birth of Jesus Christ was *on this wise*. Here the word, translated by the phrase in italics, manifestly intimates *not* similarity, but the actual occurrence. Again, John xxi. 1, "*on this wise*, shewed he himself." These examples of the latter use of the term might be multiplied to an indefinite extent; but let us take a *few cases*, where it is employed in a connection similar to that in the Lord's prayer. In Num. vi. 23, we have, "Speak unto Aaron, and unto his *sons*, saying,

¹ Robinson's Lexicon.

on *this wise*, ye shall bless the children of Israel." No reasonable doubt can be entertained, that the identical words of the blessing are given. Once more, Isa. xxx. 12., "Wherefore, *thus* saith the Holy One of Israel." These, among many other passages that might be quoted, may suffice to shew, that the stringent distinction of Fisher cannot be established on critical grounds, neither is it borne out by contextual considerations. We may thus fairly assume it as proved, that our Lord sanctioned by his authority, the use of this prayer, both as a form and directory. Of course this fact can constitute no vindication of a slavish adherence or unvaried routine, but it certainly justifies, under special circumstances, the adoption of preconceived ideas. No sincere Christian will remain satisfied with any compendium, however comprehensive, because it cannot fully meet all his peculiar exigencies. Though it appears beyond a doubt, that forms under the particular emergencies of many private Christians, and for special reasons, in public worship, are not condemned, we must not omit to state, that the *recorded* and established practice of believers bears decided testimony against the exclusive use of any preconceived litany. With these views and qualifications, we have much pleasure in inviting attention to Mr Whyte's formulary. It blends the graces of Scripture excellence, with the attractions of a pure and polished literature.

COCHRANE'S LAST THINGS.¹

MR COCHRANE has presented the public with another volume, which will sustain his well earned reputation as a preacher, a scholar, and a divine. He has adopted the plan which Dr Cumming has worked so well, of first preaching from the pulpit what is to be afterwards committed to the press. This plan may have its drawbacks, but it has some important advantages. If the subject be somewhat abstruse, it assumes an attractive garb by passing through the ordeal of a popular assembly; and in this age of newspapers and light reading, nothing will take with the public but what can be skimmed over with ease and rapidity. There is this further advantage, that modern pulpit oratory is brought within reach of all. Just as the electric telegraph distributes the news impartially to the whole country, so the press makes our pulpit eloquence resound to the utmost corners of the land. Instead of being obliged to make a pilgrimage to London or Cupar, we have only to wait a little, and we shall have the last novelty in the religious world served up to us in the most glowing language, and most luxurious print. The living eloquence of the men is indeed lost, but the two oratorical lights to whom we have alluded are not greatly dependent on delivery for effect: their eloquence can be justly appreciated in the silent pages of their books.

Mr Cochrane is most favourably known to the religious public by his "World to Come." His "Peculiar Texts," and "Difficult Texts," are excellent in their way, but the former is the work on which his reputa-

¹ Discourses on the Last Things. By the Rev. James Cochrane, A.M., Author of the "World to Come." Edinburgh: Moodie & Lothian. 1855.

tion as a popular and speculative writer will chiefly stand. It is important, also, as marking an interesting phase of the religious character of our times. There are two distinct fields on which the preacher and the divine may expatiate in connection with religion. Religion may be viewed in its purely moral aspects, or it may be discussed in reference to its material and psychical bearings. The former affords but little room for novelty or speculation, and the creeds of particular churches fetter the excursions of their respective ministers. The latter, however, is rarely, to any extent defined by church symbols, and thus it forms, at all times, the appropriate field for startling and novel views. There is no limit to speculation, and the popularity of any speculative work is wholly dependent on the inventive genius of the author. There must indeed be always some *nexus* established between the known and the unknown, the revealed and the unrevealed. A very narrow plank however suffices for stepping across. A very slender isthmus is all that is required to connect the continent of cloud land with that of well ascertained truth. The speculator may flounder a good deal in attempting to establish the communication, but the moment he gets fairly across, he forgets the difficult passage and feels quite at home amidst the realities of his own creating. The charm which ingenious speculation invariably possesses, shews that it subserves some important purposes in our spiritual constitution. The severest condemnation some critics can pronounce upon a book is, that it is all speculative. But it ought to be kept in mind that we have a nature that demands speculation as well as fact. Minds cast in a coarser mould, can live only upon a diet of facts, but that palate is certainly of a higher order that can relish well-seasoned speculation. It is seldom that we find piety of the highest order, without at the same time some speculative tendency. The speculative element must of course be kept in due subordination, otherwise what should be a mere aid to religion, becomes a substitute for it. When the speculative predominates over the moral and the doctrinal, the living element is destroyed, and fanaticism takes the place of religion.

The Reformation was essentially a moral movement,—it was a matter of religious life, and as it is the nature of all revolutions to make the distinctive idea overrule all others, the speculative aspect of Christianity was cast in the shade, and it is only now that it is again coming forth—now that it can enjoy a peaceful and genial atmosphere. The palmy period of speculation was that of the scholastic ages. The schoolmen, in their quiet seclusion, undisturbed by the din of the world without, sought refuge from a world to which they were denied access, by creating worlds of their own. The physical theory of a future state was their favourite theme, and they delighted to revel in the conditions of the circles and spheres in which they divided heaven and hell. They delighted to define with precision, and people with their appropriate occupants, the different spheres of bliss; and with steps of well measured gradation, they separated hell from purgatory, and the limbus puerorum from the limbus patrum. In those times it was a question of interest, how many angels may be accommodated on the point of a needle? and too often they shewed greater interest in fixing the locality of heaven and hell, than in defining

the character fitted for the one or the other. The Reformation for a time swept away all this ingenious speculation, and, for long, all such questions, as the locality of heaven and hell, and the conditions of a future state, were considered as puerile ; and nothing was heard but the great doctrines which proclaim the conditions on which the sinner can escape the one or gain the other. The most ingenious and learned speculator on sacred subjects since the days of the schoolmen, was Immanuel Swedenborg. He had all the subtlety of Thomas Aquinas with more science. He was as a philosopher highly distinguished in his day, and his familiar acquaintance with various branches of natural science enabled him to give something like system and even veri-similitude to his wild fancies. He unfortunately made his speculations the foundation of a system of faith and practice, and he was accordingly banished beyond the pale of orthodoxy, and his speculations have been classed with the ravings of madness. The works of Swedenborg with those of Thomas Aquinas, form a complete repertory of almost all the possible theories of a spirit-world, and the physical conditions of a future state. They form an unexhaustible mine to the student who is desirous of making the daily advances of science bear on such speculations.

The fixing of this world as the locality of heaven, has been a good deal associated with Socinian doctrines, as Priestly advocated zealously a future state of blessedness on the surface of this world, in which the physical conditions would be almost identical with those of the present,—the absence of sin being the only element of difference. And when Chalmers, Candlish, and the author of the "World to Come," advocated the same doctrine, it was felt, in Scotland at least, to be something like a novelty,—so entirely had such speculations been lost sight of among our people. At one period of the church, perhaps the most prevalent doctrine was that this world, in its renewed state, would constitute heaven ; but this belief practically died out of the church, not because it was disproved, but because it was forgotten. Now that the speculations in which the middle ages revelled are again revived, this and other questions possess a new interest, and some of the most popular religious works of the present day are those in which such speculations are combined with Christian doctrine. Millenarian theories have now vast popularity, and the source of interest is very much identical with that of the speculations of the schoolmen. These theories have, however, this further interest, that they combine, with mere speculation, the prospect of an immediately impending event,—the second coming of Christ. This source of excitement was not neglected in the middle ages. Millenarianism had its periods of popularity and neglect. The flagellants were the great millenarians of the fourteenth century, and they awakened an interest, compared to which, the excitement of the present day, even with the unparalleled eloquence and ingenuity of Dr Cumming, is but feeble. It is interesting to remark, that when the middle age millenarians fixed on a period for the second coming of Christ, they made it a long way in advance of the commencement of the movement, as if in accordance with the sluggish movement of the world in these times. In modern times, whenever

new action is commenced, only a very short period is allowed. Dr Cumming, along with Elliot, allows only about ten years from the present date. Our Transatlantic brethren are even faster than this. The period usually allowed by them is three years. This, we believe, was about the time the Millerite delusion lasted. Within that period the excitement was brought up to its highest pitch, but the collapse was sudden as the excitement was rapid, and the men who led the movement, and who were regarded as demigods, soon disappeared from the stage. We have, however, great faith in Dr Cumming's vitality, and we have no doubt he will outlive the collapse. We thought the Doctor would be wiser than commit himself to a date with so much precision,—seeing that the whole history of prophecy guards us against such unwarrantable precision.

In the present volume Mr Cochrane embraces a wide range of subjects,—death, the resurrection, the spirit-world, judgment, eternity. Many of the sermons are distinguished chiefly by their eloquence, warmth, and practical interest,—others again derive their interest from speculative views, of a nature with those which gained so much popularity for his “World to Come;” and to these last we shall principally refer. In his former volume his great aim was to prove that this world was to be the future abode of the blessed. In the present he is anxious to prove that there is room also for the wicked within the compass of our globe. He first insists upon the literal character of hell, and he does this with an emphasis and an illustrative power peculiarly his own.

“By hell, I understand a region or territory, perhaps an entire world, blasted by the curse of God; and by its torments, I understand the misery and woe experienced by its wretched inhabitants. I am aware that many fantastic and foolish notions have been entertained on the subject, and even expressed. The tremendous figures of Scripture,—the lake of fire, the bottomless pit, and so on,—have often, both by unreasoning superstition and unthinking piety, been perverted into something more than figures; and ideas, as grotesque as they are revolting, have come to be associated with this awful theme. This, however, can no more alter a simple matter of fact, than the representation, however ridiculous, of a thunder-storm, will prove that there is no such thing in nature; or the descriptions of ancient travellers, however exaggerated and absurd, respecting the wonders of distant countries, prove that there are no such countries at all. Hell, or the region of eternal punishment, I hold to be one of the institutions of God. It has its own place in this universe, as well as all other of his institutions. God has appointed a sun to shine in the heavens, and that is the divine institution for giving light to the earth; he has poured out the water of the mighty ocean, and that is his institution for feeding the clouds, and thereby watering the earth, and supplying creatures with drink. And in like manner, as there are rational and immortal creatures, who, notwithstanding every warning to the contrary, disregard the will of God, and refuse subjection to the laws of the great governor of the universe, there is an institution for their punishment; a region of desolation, dreariness, and agony, in which they may retain their rebelliousness, and to their own wretched experience, as well as the palpable demonstration of others, discover that such rebelliousness carries with it its own punishment. Hell, I say, and the eternal torments thereof, are literal matters of fact. They do as certainly and literally exist as the fires of Etna and Vesuvius; and multitudes of immortal beings will as assuredly be consigned to their horrible chastisement, as were the

inhabitants of Lisbon, or Sodom and Gomorrah, engulfed in destruction; when the dark abysses of the earth opened to receive them, or the cataracts of heaven poured fire and brimstone on their devoted heads. Hell and its eternal torments, I repeat it, constitute one of the permanent institutions of God; and if we desire reasons in support of such a proposition, we will find them in the utter futility of all arguments of a contrary tendency, in the decided affirmations of Scripture, and the intrinsic reasonableness of the thing."

The author next discusses the locality of Hell. He inclines to the belief that we need not go beyond our own world for the elements of perdition. In this he coincides with the popular belief, and the doctrine that has for ages gained currency among divines—that the region of woe is beneath our feet. He throws the light of modern science on the subject, by shewing that the bowels of the earth contain the fiery elements requisite for the torment described in Scripture. And as science has determined the magnitude of the earth, an approximation may be made to the dimensions of the incandescent sphere. He allows one thousand feet for the thickness of the crust of the earth, and he shews that in the internal sphere there would still be ample room. In corroboration of the justness of his assumption, we may mention that Mr Hopkins, in a paper not long ago printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society, shewed from astronomical data, that the earth's crust was at least one thousand feet thick. The amount of precession and nutation depends in some degree on the dimensions of the fluid centre, and thus reveals the extent of accommodation in the bowels of our globe. It may be also remarked that the excellent Ray in his day imagined that science afforded a strong corroboration of the popular notion, in the fact of the dip of coal strata. When he observed the direction of the strata, he thought he could calculate how deep they penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and having proved to his own satisfaction that they must penetrate far beyond the reach of man, he could assign no other use than the feeding of the flames of the place of woe. Further research has, however, shewn that his calculations were erroneous, as the coal does not long preserve the same dip, but bends upwards after having penetrated to a certain depth; and it is now clearly understood that coal has been stored up in the bowels of the earth, not for the punishment of ruined souls, but for the benefit of living men. The author is, however, not driven to the bowels of the earth as his only resource. He thinks that this world may be the theatre of punishment even though ruined souls may be restricted to its surface. He imagines that sufficient torture would be inflicted were the wicked to be confined within the arctic circle or the limits of the burning Sahara. The application of cold as a punishment is not sanctioned by Scripture—and Mr Cochrane is a great advocate for the literal in such matters,—but the idea is sanctioned by high authority in the history of the church. We do not allude to mere poetical figures, but the serious teaching of the church. In the third chapter of the *Elucedarium*, for example, the punishment of one of the two regions of woe is made to consist of alternate waves of heat and cold. The idea of the learned author of this work is not, however, borne out by any analogy of science, as we know

of no source of cold in the internal regions of the earth, where he fixes the abode of woe. Wherever we penetrate into the earth's surface we find the heat to increase by a regular progression ; so that if it be assumed that there may be cold notwithstanding, the assumption stands without any facts to favour it. Mr Cochrane proceeds on surer ground, for we have the acknowledged fact of the contrasted temperature of the torrid and frigid zones.

It is, however, not necessary to resort to such extremes to obtain the elements of physical torment on the surface of our globe. Man's constitution has only to be thrown a little out of gear with the most favourable physical circumstances around him in order to be made miserable. Professor Hitchcock, who holds that this world will be the locality of heaven, conceives that man's physical constitution will have such an adaptation that he may be able to walk on molten lava, or on thick ribbed ice with equal pleasure,—that he will be equally proof against the flames of a furnace and the cold northern blast. Now we have only to suppose,—and the supposition is equally legitimate,—that there is a slight mal-adaptation of the body to the surrounding meteorological conditions, and we shall have at once the elements of torment even amidst scenes which to others are a very paradise. Do we not often see an illustration of this within the compass of a comfortable parlour. While one may be enjoying the greatest comfort, another may be oppressed with heat or shivering with cold, and we can, therefore, readily conceive the wicked tortured amidst these very scenes of bliss which Mr Cochrane depicts in such glowing colours.

We are glad to find that the author never allows the mere speculation which may be hooked on to any doctrine, to obscure the practical bearings of that doctrine. He does not, for example, allow the appalling doctrine of an eternity of punishment to be thrown in the back-ground by curious speculations regarding the locality or the nature of the punishment. But we shall now allow our readers to judge for themselves on this point by giving the following extract :—

“ It is not necessary for me to dogmatise with respect to the locality of hell. For ought I know, one or other of these orbs, which blaze in yonder skies, may have been ordained of God as the place of fixed suffering. These oceans of liquid fire may welter and dash eternally round continents scorched and desolate, whose volcano-crested mountains cease not to pour forth their torrents of blazing lava ; and it may be the destiny of the damned to wander everlastingly, amid the horrible scenery of such a world, seeking rest, but finding none, throughout all its borders, toiling to mitigate all its horrors, but all in vain. For ought I know, the centre of this earth may be the locality of hell. It is generally known, that the earth is well nigh eight thousand miles in diameter. Now, supposing we should allow a crust of no less than a thousand miles in thickness to bear aloft the oceans, and continents, and islands, with all their scenery and forms of life, there would yet remain an internal cavity of no less than eighteen thousand miles in thickness. Here then, would be a prison-house of adequate dimensions, to contain the souls and the bodies too of the whole sinners of the human race of Adam ; and, in such a region, the deep darkness, the fervent heat of the burning lake, and the confinement, hopeless and eternal, so often referred to in Scripture, may all be facts literal, and easily understood. But on so

mysterious a subject I affirm nothing. The suggestions I merely allude to, in order to show that there is no inconsistency betwixt the declarations of Scripture on the subject before us, and the well known facts and phenomena of the natural world.

"But I go further and maintain, that many of the facts with which we are familiar, corroborate the proposition which we have advanced. The elements of hell's desolation and misery are abundantly discernible in this very world of ours. There are thousands of square miles of territory covered with thick ribbed ice and everlasting snow, and there are thousands of square miles of territory scorched and blasted, and burning with the fervent heat of a tropical sun. There vegetable life is extinct; and when man or animal invades the dreary region he is liable to torture and death. We have but to confer upon man a bodily immortality, to give him a body similarly constituted with that which we at present wear, only incapable of dying; we have but in short, to bring about the resurrection, and confine him either amid polar snows or burning Sahara sands, and not a few of the physical elements of hell's miseries will be experienced by him. Who, beside, is not aware of the excessive amount of physical suffering existing on every side of us? One man is tortured with hunger, and another with thirst; one man is never free of bodily pain, and another is agonised with mental distress. It seems to me the strangest of all contradictions, that a man will affirm the impossibility of hell torments, and yet be sometimes conscious of an approximation to them in himself, and witness their very cruellest parts in the world around him. When I see some wretched man stretched on his bed of languishing, a bed which he may have occupied for years, hear the loud groans of his anguish, and see the flash of his troubled and starting eye; when I behold some miserable being rolling and writhing under some mental distress, whose pressure is felt to be so intolerable, that the very annihilation of being would be welcomed with joy; when I witness spectacles of such a nature,—and God knows, they are perpetually occurring in this dreary world—methinks it is a very bold thing indeed, to affirm that hell is an impossibility. Alas! the pains of hell are far from being uncommon even among those who are yet lingering in the flesh."

Did space permit, we would gladly give passages demonstrative of the author's eloquence and power of illustration. We can only refer to his interesting sermon on the spirit world. He turns to admirable account the idea that the redeemed who have gone before us, form a cloud of witnesses intently watching our course through life. This is one of those ideas which, in the middle ages, was devoutly cherished, and many were the speculations about the manner in which disembodied spirits might still hover around our steps, and watch all our actions. Such notions may be condemned as fanciful and superstitious; and no doubt, there is a danger from this quarter, but there is a danger greater still, from that matter of fact, materialistic spirit, which shrinks from the supernatural, and ignores all speculation. We part with the book before us, with our hearty wishes for its success. We hope that its voice may be heard amidst the din of war, and that its message of peace and comfort may ease many a heart.

THE STARS :—THEIR PURPOSES AND LANGUAGE.¹

“ I do not pretend to know for what *purpose* the stars were made, any more than the flowers, or the crystalline gems, or other innumerable objects.”—P. 5.

ARE our readers aware that the “ Republic of Letters” has lately been thrown into considerable consternation by a revolution which has threatened the destruction of one of its noblest provinces? We refer to the fierce attack which has been levelled by the author of “ *the Plurality of Worlds*” against the stars,—the temples of the Universe, in the department of astronomy. Ancient philosophers conjectured at a very early period, what modern astronomers have undertaken to demonstrate, that the stars were worlds rolling in orbits in the immensity of space, and peopled with intellectual, moral, and spiritual existences. Brewster,—in a work entitled “ *More Worlds than One* ; the creed of the philosopher and the hope of the Christian,”—has volunteered himself as the champion of the old established theory, and plausibly defends it against the assault of the new and rival theory elaborated—as rumour asserts—by Whewell, who endeavours to prove that the Earth is the only inhabited planet of the solar system ; indeed, so far as science can demonstrably declare, of the stellar system itself.

We speak of both of them, it will be observed, as theories,—plausible theories we may admit,—for such they are and nothing more. For what evidence can they, or do they adduce in support of their opinions? They do not conceal the fact that analogy is the only evidence which science can furnish in favour of a plurality of worlds. When they survey the twinkling gems of heaven with their powerful telescopes, they discover that they present all those conditions which adapt our planet for purposes of life,—spherical conformation,—orbital revolution,—atmosphere,—land and water,—vicissitude of seasons,—in myriads of instances increased magnitude compared with the Earth,—and they leap to the conclusion that they are tenanted by inhabitants ; not necessarily, they affirm, inhabitants belonging to the race of humanity, but inhabitants at least, though physically diversified by varieties of climate, yet intellectually, morally, and spiritually identified, as the common offspring of a universal Father.

We do not deny that the numerous analogies furnished by a comparative view of the stellar system, invest the old astronomical theory with an air of probability. Not only so ; we acknowledge that the theory which propounds the existence of an infinitude of organised life, peopling those orbs which roll in the immensity of space,

“ Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,”

harmonises with the anticipations which we are naturally inclined to form regarding the omnipotence of the infinite Creator of the Universe. But while we can revel in imagination amid the luxuriant fertility of

¹ A Dialogue on the Plurality of Worlds ; being a Supplement to the Essay on that subject. London : John W. Parker & Son, West Strand.

worlds, and while we can travel across the limitless extent of myriads of systems whirling in mystic dance with systems, and wheeling in cycle and epicycle around the Sun of Righteousness, irradiating the throne of omnipotence in the seventh heavens, participating, one and all, in the boundless benevolence and beneficence of infinite love, we dare not trespass against the humility of true science, by adhibiting our subscription to conjecture as our creed, much less without legitimate evidence, cherish the hope of taking up our future residence in those golden palaces of the heavens.

We must therefore take the liberty of regarding the plurality of worlds as "an amusing philosophical romance full of ingenuity, and having withal the colour of truth and of consistency spread over it," so long as astronomers withhold from us that amount of evidence calculated to demonstrate the theorem they have undertaken to prove,—more especially when we find that one (Fontenelle) of the most plausible and popular expounders of the old theory, concludes his lively and entertaining conversations with the utmost *naïveté*, in the following manner :—

"Ah ! exclaimed the marchioness," with whom he held his conversations, "then I am acquainted with the whole system of the universe ! how learned I am ! yes, said I, you are learned enough in all reason, and your knowledge is attended with this convenience, you may *retract your belief* of all that I have told you whenever you think proper. I only ask as a reward for my trouble, that whenever you see the sun, the sky, and the stars, you will think on me."

We prefer following the course adopted by Chalmers in his astronomical discourses, who lodged his protest against the presumption of "science falsely so called," and with the characteristic modesty of the scientific philosopher,—(Newton)—the spirit of whose philosophy he so highly extols,—and the humility of the Christian, declares :—"There is no end of conjecture ; and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance, of what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment, has there planted the worshippers of His glory."

It does not however comport with our present design to discuss the merits and defects of the respective rival theories to which allusion has been made. We have a more practical end in view. While our astronomers are waging controversial war in the upper hemisphere, regarding a subject which is of infinitely less importance than the settlement of the most insignificant of the *questiones vexatæ* in church and state, that agitate the community, we may be deprived of the genial influence which the "Scriptures of the skies" are calculated to exert over our minds. We beg therefore to make our most respectful salaam to the Brewsters, the Herschells, and the Aragos,—the stars in the firmament of astronomical science,—and recal the attention of our readers to those celestial gems, viewed as so many illuminated lamps suspended in the vault of heaven, regarding which we were wont to lisp in the golden prime of Infancy,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star !
How I wonder what you are,"

and to the beneficent purposes they serve to the universal family of Humanity.

When we turn to the record which we possess of the birth of the universe as well as of our planet, we are furnished not only with the natural history of the stars, inclusive of the sun and moon, but also with a catalogue of the offices they were appointed to discharge in their respective spheres. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," "and God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night, and let them be for *signs*, and for *seasons*, and for days and years. And let them be for *lights* in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also." (Gen. i. 1, 14, 15, 16.)

It is now generally admitted that the narrative in the first verse records the creation of the universe, inclusive of the heavens and earth, while the subsequent verses relate to the successive periods through which the earth passed preparatory to the introduction of humanity as the lords of creation. We are anxious to impress the recollection of this fact upon our readers at the commencement, as it has an important bearing upon the subject under consideration. For let it be observed that the curse consequent upon the fall and sin, did not extend beyond the precincts of the terrestrial world, but was pronounced only upon the earth and humanity, and though we learn from other parts of the Sacred Volume that a similar doom hangs over an apostate angelic host, we are free to believe that "the heavens" have not been visited by the mystery of iniquity, and are therefore pervaded by the order and harmony that characterises the revolutions of the celestial world.

We must exclude, as irrelevant to the subject on hand, a survey of the history of opinions that have prevailed during the consecutive periods of scientific evolution, regarding the heavenly bodies. Had our limits admitted of such a survey, we should have discovered that the history of astronomical revelation is characterised by the tedious tardiness of progressive development, exhibited alike by physical and sacred revelation. Ignorance may have regarded the heavens as the curtain of a tent bespangled with stars, spread over the horizontal surface of the earth, and superstition may have invested the heavenly bodies with divine honours and authority,—the Persian may have prostrated himself in prayer before the glorious Ruler of the heavens, on the summit of his pyramidal fire-tower,—and the astrologer prognosticated the destinies of nations and individuals from the aspects and portents of the stars; did not the light of science however at length penetrate the atmospheric veil of earth and ignorance, and reveal to a startled world the sublime knowledge of planets, satellites, suns and systems, revolving in harmonious order, and undeviating regularity in the realms of space? To return.

We found three purposes enumerated in the record of the natural history of the stars, which they were appointed by the Creator to serve, for the benefit of the earth and humanity;—these are, *LIGHTS*, *SEASONS*, and *STARS*. We are persuaded that this division is more comprehensive than at first sight it appears, and indeed exhausts the subject, in so far,

at least, as it relates to the earth ; for we do not deny that, while the stars minister as satellites, in this threefold aspect, to our planet, they *may* themselves teem with life, and constitute the happy homes of races of beings rising in the graduated scale of existence, in proportion to the grandeur and glory of their paradisaic abodes.

1. **LIGHTS.**—When we assert that the sun, moon, and stars furnish our planet with light by day and night, we state the most obvious purpose they serve in the terrestrial economy. Modern science assures us that the sun is the great fountain of light, and that the moon and stars (at least in our solar system) only reflect the rays that irradiate their surface ; but we are not the less on that account indebted to them for the mildness of the “dim religious light,” which pervades the sacred temple of night. But light does not simply dispel the darkness that usurps possession of the realms forsaken by the sun ; it is endowed with properties which entitle it to the designation of “the philosopher’s stone,” for it not only transmutes night into day, but clothes nature in the variegated beauty blending all the hues exhibited by the resplendent bow of heaven. Who carved the rich mosaic that ornaments the crustacea, and shells that lavishly pave the ocean’s bed and shores ? A pencil of light ! Who gilds its mirrored surface with its dazzling silver sheen ? The rays of light ! Who carpeted earth’s floor with its mantle of greenery,—tinged its luxuriant foliage,—painted its brilliant flowerage and tinted its mellow fruitage with their thousand hues ? The beams of light ! who dyed the canopy of etherial blue, and fretted it with gems of such sparkling lustre ? A flood of light ! who decked the smiling cheek of beauty with the celestial rose, or her brow with golden tresses ? A sun-beam ! who, in fine, pencilled the iris of beauty’s eye beaming with love, or of Heaven’s arch redolent of peace on earth, goodwill to men ? The sun-beams !

Nor is this all. “In the sunbeam there are three different principles—the chemical, luminiferous, and the calorific,—and each of them has a special function to discharge in regard to the plants of the earth. The *chemical* principle has a powerful influence in germinating the plant ; the *luminous* rays assist it in secreting from the atmosphere the carbon which it requires in order to its growth ; while the *heat* rays are required to nurture the seed and form the reproductive elements. Now it is a remarkable circumstance that, according to Hunt, the first of these is most powerful relatively to the others in spring ; that it decreases in summer, while the second becomes more powerful ; that in autumn both are lessened while the third increases in force,—that is, each principle becomes potent at the very time when its action is most required.”

It will be observed that the discussion of this comprehensive subject would launch us into the sciences of chemistry, optics, and heat ;—in fact, would demand a comparative view of the sciences of zoology and physiology. We can only intimate the results at which such an extensive survey would enable us to arrive, viz.,—that the sun is the great source not only of light, but of life and heat in the solar system, in which our earth forms an individual planet.

We have not yet exhausted the offices which the monarch of the skies, and prime minister of the Creator, executes in the physical government

of the earth. It is he who exhales the moisture of the earth,—bids it ascend the atmosphere in vapour, flit across the heavens in trailing clouds, and distil in genial dews and refreshing showers. It is he who thunders with his mighty voice,—hurls the lightning,—sweeps with his purifying winds—"the unseen similitudes of God"—the temple of nature and of humanity, and provides the atmosphere with plentiful supplies of the breath of healthful life. It is he who periodically leads forth—which introduces us to the second purpose of the stars—

. II. *THE SEASONS.*—Could we have carried the intelligence which modern science conveys to us in the nineteenth century, that the diurnal revolution of our planet on its axis gives birth to day and night,—that its annual revolution round the sun completes the year,—and that the revolution of the moon around the earth constitutes the lunar month—could we, we say, have carried this intelligence to the infancy or childhood of humanity, we should undoubtedly have proclaimed a series of facts regarding which they remained in a state of blissful ignorance; nevertheless they reaped all the benefits of the beneficial arrangements of Him in whom we—the manhood—recognise the common fatherhood of humanity. And who is it, we ask again, who undeviatingly regulates the alternate periods of day and night, of labour and rest? The ruling sun! Who unbars the gates, lits up the lamp of day, toils up the steep of heaven in the sight of an industrious world? The godlike sun! Who draws the sable curtain of old night, and prescribes rest and sleep,—

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"—

to a way-worn and weary world? The closing eyelids of the setting sun! who chases tyrant winter from the earth—bursts his chains of ice—buds with tiny leaflets the sprouting germs—leads forth "pleasing spring,"—

"And every sense and every heart is joy?"—

A "chemical" sunbeam! Who pours profusion, gorgeousness, and beauty athwart the teeming earth, and robes with glory's smile the summer months? A "luminiferous" sunbeam! Who leads autumn jovial on,—

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,"—

showers the beamy fruits in radiant streams,—stores and brims the cornucopia of the golden year? A "calorific" sunbeam! It is thus, we find, the sun, who constitutes the great luminary of day, invests the world with the sable curtain of night,—periodically recalls seedtime and harvest,—robes earth with beauty, heaven with glory,—and wheels the dew-drops in their diurnal courses, and worlds in their annual orbits. Ought not the consideration of adaptations, adjustments, and arrangements pervaded by a wisdom, power, and beneficence, stamping them as the productions of Divinest Love, to call forth a grateful response from the hearts of humanity? But if we would estimate the value of the boon conferred upon mankind by the disposition of the stars in the heavens, imagine us bereft of them altogether; and what would be this result? Could we wield for the nonce, the rod of Moses,—exert the potent spell which quenched the light of heaven, and shroud the ball of our planet with a

pall of circumambient Egyptian darkness, darkness that could be felt,—would not vegetation soon blanch and pale, wither and decay? Would not animals be necessarily deprived of their nourishment, and perish of sheer starvation? Would not antarctic cold ere long bind up the living streams with fetters of ice, and even the restless sea be constrained to submit to the galling yoke? Nay more; would not the ruddy life streams cease to flow in their wonted channels, and god-like man himself yield up the ghost in the prolonged absence of the fountain of life, and light, and heat? in a word, would not all nature present the pallid features of a corpse? And though our planet might still wheel its course amid the troop of the sons of light, would it not present the aspect of the sepulchre of the system, in the midst of the morning stars shouting for joy, breathing no longer, as of old, from a thousand tongues, its eternal and triumphant hymn to 'the Creator of the universe'?

But we must now advert to the third and last purpose which the stars serve to the earth and humanity, viz. :—

III. SIGNS.—Our attention is now diverted from the physical to the metaphysical world; we must leave the stars to pursue their "mystic dance" through the realms of celestial ether, and decipher the hieroglyphic *language* in which they hold intercourse, if not with their glorious compeers, at least, in which they give expression to the sentiments of their Divine Author for the instruction of his offspring of humanity.

Is not the lower hemisphere of nature a vast picture, clad in a gorgeous drapery of resplendent beauty, fraught with instruction, and affording the highest pleasure to the admiring spectator? And if the lower hemisphere of nature be a great *parable*, delivered to teach us to rise from nature up to nature's God; if the veriest child may read the character of Divinity in the tiniest leaflet of verdure, as well as in the richest bloom of brilliant flowerage,—in the wimpling stream as in the limitless expanse of the circumambient sea,—in an atom of clay as in the massive strata of the everlasting hills; if, we say, the lower hemisphere of nature be a great parable in which the veriest child may discern the features of Divinity—may read the character of God as legibly stamped on his workmanship—may discover that infinite power, wisdom, goodness, and love are the attributes that breathe through his works on earth; does not the upper hemisphere of nature present a yet lovelier and more magnificent picture, a yet grander and sublimer parable, proclaiming the same eternal attributes of Divinity in language that he that runneth may read?

Accordingly, we find that the penmen and poets of the sacred volume frequently appeal to

"This elder scripture writ by God's own hand—
Scripture authentic! *uncorrupt by man,*"

in attestation of the attributes displayed by the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth. Do those "spokesmen to all coming times" desire to silence the natural atheism of humanity, or demonstrate at once the inexcusableness of polytheism, idolatry, and the existence of the one only living and true God? They appeal to "nature's system of divinity"

writ with the light of a sunbeam on the starry scroll of heaven, and stereotyped on the thousand-paged volume of earth,—those lectures to mankind perpetually delivered in the music of their respective spheres, to kindle our devotion, declaring that, “that which may be known of God is manifest to them; for God hath shewed it to them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and glory, so that they are without excuse.” And that “the heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night uttereth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their rule (or direction) is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.”

“Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this
For man’s perusal; all in capitals!
In moon and stars (Heaven’s golden alphabet!)
Emblazed to seize the sight, who runs may read;
To Christian land or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind;
A language lofty to the learn’d, yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain;
A language worthy the great mind that speaks!
Preface and comment to the sacred page!
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As presupposing his first lesson there
And Scripture—self a fragment, that unread
Stupendous book of wisdom to the wise!”

But if the survey of the heavens, regarded by comparative ignorance as a curtain pervaded with stars,—lamps suspended from the dome of heaven for the purpose of illuminating the temple of the universe, sufficed to demonstrate the existence and attributes of Godhead, and evoke the reverence of humanity, will not heathendom rise up in judgment against modern Christendom, if because we have discovered

“The mathematic glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure all ordained,”

we pantheistically discard the Creator from the universe, and ascribe the origin,—revolutions regular and eccentric,—the adjustments simple and complicated,—in a word, the unity in diversity,—the order and harmony pervading the universe,—to the operation and manipulation of general laws?

Could we have embraced within the scope of our remarks, “the gleaming wilderness of worlds and suns,” basking in the smile of the eye of heaven, speeding joyfully on their several courses, elliptic and eccentric,—their various distances, orbits, magnitudes, densities, and characteristic idiosyncrasies,—some robed in crystalline purity, or in Alpine greenery,—some stocked with ichthyic, reptile, oviparous, or viviparous animals,—and others crowned with consecutive orders of intellectual, moral, and spiritual races,—could we possibly have embraced, we say,

within the scope of our remarks, the myriads of solar systems, circling within orbits in obedience to the law of universal gravitation; would not the multiplicity of beneficent adaptations tend to elevate our conception of the Creator,—would they not tend to enhance our ideas regarding the wisdom, power, and goodness, which characterises his workmanship, and dispose us to bow in lowlier adoration before the throne of omnipotence, while we are constrained to exclaim, “O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God?”

We are inclined, however, to regard the stars not simply as signs and wonders, proclaiming in unmistakeable language the existence of Godhead, and bearing testimony to the glorious attributes with which the Creator is invested; but also as signs foretyping, foreshadowing, and foretelling the future destiny of earth and humanity.

We are persuaded that the concatenated multiplicities and complexities that are woven into the web of history, and form what we term the Providence of God, are calculated to baffle our mightiest efforts to disentangle and unravel the mysterious plan and method of Divine government; intellectual and consequently disappointed and tantalised by failure, proclaims the superficial creeds of Atheism, Infidelity, Rationalism, Pantheism, or some other of the *isms* that issue from the prolific intellectual laboratories of humanity. Would not the discovery, however, of the laws of the Divine economy, and the observation of order and harmony resulting from their operation, remove the objections which ignorance brings to bear against the method of the divine government of the world? When we maintain that the stars may be regarded as “signs,” predictive of the destiny of earth and humanity, we mean that the discovery of the laws of astronomy rationally bespeaks the discovery of the laws (the grand aim of science) of the remaining fundamental sciences, embraced within the encyclopædia of philosophy. We must content ourselves with stating that these have been “arranged as they are more or less complicated,” into the sciences of astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology, and finally, social physics,—or man regarded in his social capacity.

Now, are we not authorised by the progress which we have already made in mastering the sciences ranking first in order in this category, to anticipate the period when we shall not only discover the laws which regulate the Divine government of the world, but when we shall as distinctly observe their operation resulting in order and harmony, as we can behold the undeviating regularity maintained, and beneficent purposes served, by the revolutions of the starry throng? We need not dwell upon the modifying and moulding influence which such a creed would exert over the universal mind of humanity. Would it not introduce the reign of obedience to the Divine law into what would then deserve to be entitled “the new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?” But the anticipations of science, as we shall immediately have occasion to observe, are transformed into actual prophecies, in the prospective history of the world, wrapt up in the symbolical language of the stars.

We hasten, in conclusion, to advert to the last aspect in which we purpose viewing the stars as signs; we refer to their employment as *symbols*, a fact lying at the basis, more especially of the prophetic lan-

guage of Scripture, but equally also of the figurative and metaphorical language of prose and poetry. We must not suffer ourselves to be lured into a metaphysical disquisition on the philosophy and origin of language. We are quite satisfied to observe that pictorial, hieroglyphical, and symbolical language preceded the employment of significant signs, such as we find generally used in the alphabets of modern languages. We are furnished with specimens of the earliest languages of antiquity in the hieroglyphics inscribed on the monuments of Egypt, as well as on the slabs transported by Layard from Babylon and Nineveh; and we are able to decipher their stony symbols to some extent by the aid of the Rosetta stone; but linguists still find it necessary to prosecute their enquiries regarding their representative character.

We can easily understand,—when we remember the offices which the stars discharge,—the application of the *sun*, *e. g.* to represent a *ruler*, and the stars subordinate officers, in the firmament of power and influence in the state; and we learn with certainty, from Joseph's dream, that the sun and moon represented the father and mother in the family. The moon will thus represent the Church. We discover then, symbols playing an important part in all the predictions and imagery of the prophets, poets, and penmen of sacred Scripture, whether they hurl their denunciations of Divine judgment against the Assyrian or Babylonian empire of antiquity, or anti-christianity in modern times, or graphically portray the future rise and glorious reign of "the Sun of Righteousness," in the new heavens and the new earth. When we apply the simple principles of interpretation to the translation of the symbolic languages of Scripture, prophecy becomes "a more sure word" than the prospective anticipations of science, "a light that shineth into a dark place," projected by the rising "Sun of Righteousness," and heralding the Sabbatism of rest and peace to a world distracted by war, paralysed and pained by the wailings of wretchedness and the moanings of misery.

Had our limits admitted, we should have referred to the storehouse of imagery, instruction, and pleasure, which the starry host provides for the poet, who should always be the teacher and comforter of sorrowing and suffering humanity—

"A mighty poet whom the age shall choose,
To be its spokesman to all coming times."

Who can raise his eyes from "earth, the bedlam of the universe," to heaven, where "arrangement neat and chastest order reigns," that does not retire from the contemplation freighted with instruction and consolation—cherishing the high hopes of happiness in yielding obedience to the behest of the God and Father of love? We quote the following paragraph from a poet, whom we fain trust shall prove himself to be the

"One who shall hallow poetry to God,"

illustrative of the view we take of the stars as tacit, yet eloquent, instructors and consolars of humanity :—

"I love the stars too much! The tameless sea
Spreads itself out beneath them, smooth as glass.

You cannot love them, lady, till you dwell
 In mighty towns ; immured in their black hearts,
 The stars are nearer to you than the fields.
*I'd grow an Atheist in these towns of trade,
 Wer't not for stars.* The smoke puts heaven out ;
 I meet sin-bloated faces in the streets,
 And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths,
 And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet,
 And sealed for heaven by a mother's kiss.
 I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh,
 Beneath the petrifying touch of gold
 Have grown as stony as the trodden ways.
 I see no trace of God, till in the night,
 While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
 He doth reveal himself to me in heaven.
 My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon ;
 Therefore it is I love the midnight stars."

Let us no longer then, be told that "General Law," soliloquised the universe into existence,—that the Creator disdains our planet altogether, or in the regards he pays to the sister worlds that adorn the "Cosmos" of creation.

"For shame !

Not on a path of reprobation runs
 The trembling earth ; God's eye doth follow her
 With far more love than doth her maid the moon."

Were not the infant worlds and ages born and swathed in song ? Did not the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy at the birth of our mother Earth ? are not the songsters of the grove perpetually piping ? and the cattle on a thousand hills melodiously lowing ? Does not a world of greenery wave its branches in timelul hosannahs ? and silver streams and storm-tost seas blend their notes in the uprising song of earth ? Do not the winds lend their ever varying modulations ? and thunders peal their periodic bass in the concerted choir ? Does not moreover the celestial music of the spheres hallow the anthem of the universe—the eternal and triumphant hymn chaunted by heaven and earth in the ear of the God of love ; and will not humanity strike their heart-harps in unison with angelic minstrels who ceaselessly sweep their choral chords in grateful praise to the Universal Fatherhood of creaturedom, mankind, and angeldom—

"Then on a stair of stars go up to God,"

to "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever ?"

PEACE OR WAR.

What ? look for sunshine e'er yon cloud
 Has half discharged the drenching blast ?
 E'er yet the roar of thunder loud
 Has o'er the trembling woodlands passed ?

Ah! vain the thought,—but yet as vain
To think of peace, while now afar,
On battle's blood-empurpled plain,
Still rolls the grappling storm of war.

Who bids thee, Britain, treat for peace?
Thinks he Barbarians *half*-o'erthrown,
Shall from their treach'rous intrigues cease,
Or now abstain from crimes bygone?
No—yet unfettered is the pride
Of yonder Eagle of the North—
Then Gallia, Albion, side by side,
Still dauntless lead your bravest forth.

Nor grudge the cost at this late hour,—
See, like a stricken Giant, reel
Yon fortress walls beneath your power;
Now let your might their downfall seal.
Hope not by hollow truce to screen
The sad, sad, errors of the past,
Their grim array would rise, I ween,
And still o'er all, their blackness cast.

One way to peace, and only one
Conducts.—Oh! sick'ning 'tis to dread
That human blood in streams must run,
And thousands mourn their loved ones dead,
Before the happy hour draws nigh
Of blissful peace, for which the breast
Of many a mother heaves a sigh,
The lingering sigh of fear suppressed.

LEITH, May 1855.

R. H.

LETTER ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENTS,
IN REPLY TO THE PHILOLOGICAL OBJECTIONS OF A CRITICAL
FRIEND.

MY DEAR SIR,—After reading this paper, one is tempted, on the first impulse, to imagine that a throwing down of the gauntlet was designedly intended by the writer, a bravado of all-conquering scholarship which, after above fourteen years, stands out an unanswered challenge,—one I say, feels disposed to treat it as such, and deal with it accordingly. On second thoughts, however, the research displayed by the writer, evincing his desire for truth, and the honesty he has shown in stating the point where he desires more satisfaction, incline me to give that point a fair and impartial examination, and believing his object is *truth* not triumph, to reply to his difficulty in calm and unbiassed truthfulness of argument,—disdaining to avail myself of small advantages to which his incaution has laid himself open,—and though I touch on these as they bear on the question, nevertheless afford him ample, and I hope, valid reasons, to convince him he has taken up an untenable position.

I may remark in setting out, that there is no term, on the true meaning and Scripture application of which, there are more abundant materials to the scholar than *αιων* and *αιωνιος*, and instead of wasting time by plodding through the philology and lexicography of these terms, I would refer your friend to Schleusner's Lexicon to the Greek Testament, Titman's Synonyms, vol. 1., and Schmidt's Concordance of the Greek Testament;—assuming that the writer of these remarks knows, or ought to know, the facts of the case on which he has taken a side. He opens, in rather a startling manner, by saying, “the word *αιων* may be considered one of the most slippery in Greek, the meanings borne by it, whether in secular or sacred writers, being extremely various.” I do not see any ground for this remark, any more than hundreds of similar words in all ancient languages. The word has a proper signification, and a derivative or contextual one, in the wide variety of subjects and connections in which it is used. Aristotle derives it from *αει ων*, and the proper signification of it is duration,—as for its extent, whether absolute or limited duration, that depends on the subject and connection,—as, to the duration of a thing, or the life-time of a person, or a definite period of time, and such like. And so likewise we fix the signification of the adjective *αιωνιος*, by the significance of *αιων*. So far we are agreed,—but the writer proceeds to say: “In none of the three languages is there a term restricted to eternal, a fact very strange to us moderns.” Now, this remark is either the expression of ignorance of the usage of language, or of prejudice to a theory,—for even *αιων* has its etymon, by the authority of Aristotle, to *αει ων*, that which always exists. But the assertion is false, that these three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, have no term to express strict eternity.—To adduce Facciolati's rendering of *vincula sempiterna* as proof, shows that the critic confounds the occasional usage, and the strict sense of the words, for both the Latin words, *aeternus* and *sempiternus*, properly signify illimitable duration, but in composition are determined by the nature of the subject of which they are predicated,—so in Greek *αιωνιος* and *αιδιος* both strictly signify perpetuity;—*αιδιος* implies strictly duration that is past and future, and which has not yet an end, while, in the New Testament Greek, *αιωνιος* is used of duration, for duration through all future time, or for an indefinite period past or future,—as in the phrases *χρονους αιωνιους*, Rom. xvi. 26, *προ χρονων αιωνων*, 2 Tim. i. 9, and Tit. i. 2,—signifying unmeasured time, that is *χρονος* periods that endure through the *αιων*, in other words eternity, viewed *à parte post*,—for that is the conception, *humano more*, we form of what is eternal, whether we take our stand-point from created time, or look at it as a predicate of God. Isaiah xl. 28, *Θεος αιωνιος*,—the LXX. rendering of the Hebrew *אלהי עולם*—which is in *statu constructo*, rendered by the French “Ne sais tu-pas, et n'as-tu pas entendu, que le Dieu d'éternité est l'Eternel,” which is the real sense of the words—the God of hidden duration, and none can deny, when affirmed of God, it must signify strict absolute eternity. I would remind my learned friend that the Hebrew has also another word to signify eternity,—as Psalm xiii. 1, How long shalt thou forget me? (shall it be) for ever? *למנצח*—properly eternity to come, from the piel root *נצח* to overcome,

so applied *εἰς* *αἰῶνα* to eternity, as that which overcomes all things in time. I would thank the gentleman, who states a fact he acknowledges so strange to us moderns, to give me his authority for such a palpable contradiction of fact. He appeals confidently to Passow's Lexicon, as if his using *ebenslänglich* as one signification of *αἰών* settled a fact to be determined by the united authorities competent to give full evidence on three learned languages of antiquity. But even assuming life-long to be the signification of *αἰώνιος*, or eternus, the life is according to the subject which lives or endures. Now, even Plato regarded the life of man, as a moral being, to be eternal and imperishable; so Xenophon makes Cyrus say on his death-bed, "for I, my sons, never could persuade myself that the soul was living while it continued in a mortal body, and died when dismissed from it." So Cicero says, in *Somnium Scipionis*, "*Beati aëvo sempiterno fruuntur*," and a little farther on, he says, "Yes, indeed those do still live, who have escaped from the chains of bodies, in which they were confined as in a prison," &c. I only quote these sentiments of the ancients to show, that even in their limited conceptions, they would understand *life-long*, when predicated of a moral subject, as equivalent with endless duration for the time to come; and I beg leave to press on my learned friend, that, in neglecting this consideration, he has in reality lost sight of the true question, which is, What is the signification of these terms, as determined by the author who uses them, at different times, on different subjects, and different styles?

But what follows is most amazing. The writer, instead of examining the passage, Matt. xxv. last verse, on the fair straightforward line of exposition, insinuates that the Greek term *αἰώνιον* cannot be made to mean the same thing in both clauses, and he tells us the Greeks had two terms *placé*, and *antanaclasis*, for the repetition of the same word, in the same or adjoining sentence. This assertion I am at a loss to understand. I know the rhetoricians used these terms in teaching oratory,—for instance Quintilian, in 3d chapter of 8th book, speaks of a figure of speech, called *antanaclasis*, whereby the words of the speaker are not to be understood as he means them, but are to be taken in a different or contrary sense. But does the writer of these remarks reflect on the solemn responsibility of learned trifling with the words of the Son of God incarnate? I would fain hope he does not mean to say that Christ used ambiguous words, calculated to mislead the unlearned, who in no age of the world could understand figures of rhetoric. And if what he says be true, most assuredly 999 out of the 1000 have been deceived by his words; for of one that has in time past, or in the present day, taken up his words in Matt. xxv. last verse, as teaching that the punishment of the wicked is to be of a limited duration, while the happiness of the righteous is to be of unlimited duration, a thousand have understood the words to mean their co-extension. In the example of the rhetorical figure, in saying of an unhappy attempt at criticism, "some of the remarks betray partial learning, others the partial mind," we have a tropical sentence, for betray is only applied metaphorically to "remarks," so the word "partial" is used in a proper sense to the mind, but in an improper sense to learning,—though in both cases the generic idea of defect is inherent in the proper

signification, as appears from its etymon from the privative "in," and Latin "pars," so that the same general conception pervades both clauses, only modified by the subject of which it is affirmed; as the term learning is abstract, it requires that the signification of partial, predicated of it, means defective, or deficient in some respect; but as the *usus loquendi* has given as the proper signification of the word "being inclined to favour one party or side more than another," it must be used in its proper sense when affirmed of intelligent minds.

Now, I would beg leave to remark, on reading this sentence, which is here given as an illustration of what the writer desiderates, that in examining the Holy Scripture, or indeed any other book, there is no necessity for having recourse to a rhetorical sense, when the literal proper sense of the word agrees logically with that of which it is affirmed; and another thing to be observed here is; there is not, in such instances, any new sense different in the one case from the other, but for gratification, to give variety, to add beauty and elegance to the style; hence such kind of composition abounds most with poets and orators, and usually also with persons of warm and vivid imaginations. Now, in order to make out the necessity for a tropical sense in the passage in question, it must be shewn that the proper sense has become obsolete, or, in other words, that the metaphorical sense has become the proper sense. The writer observes that tropes are very common in the Bible; yea, so numerous, that Glassius has filled an elaborate Latin volume with the figures of Scripture. Now, it is admitted on all hands, that the proper sense of Scripture is not to be given up without necessity, and some evident cause;—here lies the real difficulty,—for as the subjects in the Word of God are such as cannot be subjected to the senses, the metaphysical and dialectic tendency of the human mind gives rise to endless controversies and disputations; but there is one canon or rule which fixes the limit between the tropical and proper signification of a word, or sense of a proposition, when the subject and predicate are heterogeneous, for logical truth is the foundation of propriety of expression. I am, therefore, bound to call upon the writer of these remarks, to show proof, why in Matth. xxv. last verse, he demands a tropical signification in the one clause and not in the other, in as much as, in both cases, the subjects of both predicates are homogeneous, righteous and wicked being but the two classes of the same genus—man; and what is a fatal overlook, he has not referred to the important position that our Lord held when he uttered these words, as a teacher sent from God: it may not be amiss here to quote Ernesti's 10th canon on the Scriptural tropes:—"Legislators in their edicts, historians in their narratives, and finally, the teachers of any system, when their *object is simply and directly* to convey their dogmas, all these are in the habit of using proper diction, except those which from usage have acquired a proper sense."

"When two or more things are spoken of," it is further alleged, "that it is the rule in all languages to express the adjective only once, when the quality it expresses applies to both. But what of that, when repetitions of the same words occur in all languages for the sake of energy in expression, or to express deep feeling;—that such is the New Testament

usage, see Stuart's Syntax of N. T. page 243. In answer to the criticism of the writer, I would briefly state what are the acknowledged principles of the Greek on the points at issue. An adjective qualifying any noun may be placed between the article and its noun, or after the noun, in which case, if the substantive has the article, the adjective must adopt it likewise; but when the adjective is the predicate of a sentence, it usually and naturally dispenses with the article (though there are numerous exceptions), and commonly (but not always) precedes the noun to which it bears a relation; but when the noun has the article and the adjective wants it, it is to be regarded as a predicate, after a verb or participle, expressed or understood, and is put in the neuter gender. Sometimes the position of the adjective has speciality of meaning attached to it, for example, when it is placed *before* the substantive, but to this there are numerous exceptions. I have thus presented, at one view, the main grammatical rules, which are acknowledged by the best critics, in reference to the present subject. I do not understand the meaning in this connection of an *unemphatic* epithet; there is no necessity for recourse to emphasis at all, unless it be meant that the greatness of the subject itself conveys emphasis. It appears beyond all doubt that, in the strictures here made, there is a false principle of interpretation adopted, and a forcing of the New Testament words to it, with the entire neglect of the *usus loquendi* of the sacred writers themselves. The process here adopted with αἰώνιον, is similar to that of the Talmudists, who assumed silly fancies as hermeneutical laws, or the theologians of the Kant and Fichte schools, who subjected the Scripture to their philosophy, and determined the sense by their own human judgment and preconceived speculative notions.

At the conclusion of the paper, after throwing down the gauntlet, he says: "according to the old remark, a man is not bound to prove a negative, I deny that repetition of an adjective, in the same sense as above, is allowed by Greek practice." The boldness of this language is only equalled by its groundlessness. He has entrenched himself in a rhetorical conceit (for his famous fourteen years' unanswered challenge is no better), and sings victory over a phantom. No scholar *can* reply to such confusion of ideas as this jumble of tropical and proper sense. Now what does the formal challenge amount to, but simply an admission of what nobody denies, and what can be safely conceded, without affecting the question,—for that perspicuity or effect constitutes a reason for the adjective being repeated in the same sense in both clauses, and the challenger, by his previous reasoning shows that he admits to be a valid one. It is impossible to produce from a Greek writer, or any other, an instance of an adjective being repeated in the same sense without a sufficient reason; to attempt the proof were absurd, because it would be seeking a thing that does not exist in the nature of language;—the proof of a negative we do not ask—but we ask, what the denial of the above usage being according to Greek practice avails in such a case, where the practice of all language is to determine the sense of the words used according to the mind of the speaker, the usage of the language in which he speaks, the subject of his discourse, in short, the *spiritus interpres* of the writer

he could have saved sinners without the death of His Son, for He surely would have shown pity on His own Son, and spared Him from the horrible agonies of body and soul he endured, could He remit the punishment of the wicked in another world. You shrink back, do you? are you more merciful than God? why, can you tell me, does God permit evil at all, and that too so extensive and unaccountable, in His holy providence? Here we tread on holy ground, and must put off our shoes, cover our heads, and shut our mouths: "Who art thou, oh man, that thou shouldest reply against God? hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour? What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction."—Rom. ix. 19–24. Pardon this digression, but it is in perfect keeping with the design of this paper; our object is to know the meaning of Christ's words, and we can only do so, by knowing Christ's mind. Now in regard to the Syriac, every scholar knows that the repetition of the same adjective, in the same sense, applied to different subjects, but belonging to a common genus, is perfectly legitimate and conclusive, for had any limitation been designed, it would have been distinctly stated, or a different word used;—how easy, for instance, could our Lord have used *αἰώνιον*, ܐܝܿܢܐ in the one case, and *πρός καιρόν*, or some such word in the other? but observe the character of the affection of the eternity of the wicked expressed by *κόλασις* in Greek; and a still stronger word in Syriac derived from the Ethpeal of ܕܠܐ to torment, is most awfully significant of misery most intense, of which the subject never shall cease to be conscious, as the life of the righteous in inconceivable happiness shall never cease, for in Scripture idiom, such contrastive clauses, put in antithesis, are each regarded as separate predicates, and, as in this instance the subjects are not abstract substantives expressive of qualities or things, but intelligent human beings, the predicate must agree with both in this respect, for there is both the predication of opposite destinies as to *kind*, and of equal duration in both kinds; this is the very nerve of the whole verse. As for the Versions Arias Montanus renders: "Et ibunt, hi in supplicium aeternum; at justi in vitam aeternam." Luther's German: "Und sie werden in die ewige Pein gehen; aber die Gerechten in das ewige Leben." French: "Et ceux-ci s'en iront aux peines eternelles; mais les justes s'en iront a la vie eternelle." English: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

As was observed before, the Greek text was not the language of Palestine when our Saviour uttered these words; but we shall find the true clue to settle this *questio vexata*—as to the signification of *αἰώνιον* in the connection here used,—if we refer to Daniel xii. 3, and examine the versions there, and just compare the LXX. rendering of the Hebrew text with the Greek of Matth. xxv. 46, *καὶ πολλοὶ τῶν καθευδόντων ἐν γῆν χωματί, οὗτοι εἰς ζῶην αἰωνίαν, καὶ οὗτοι εἰς θανάτῳ καὶ εἰς αἰσχύνην αἰωνίαν*. Can any thing be so distinct and emphatic as the terms here used to corroborate the sense of our Lord's words, for here *the thing enjoyed by the one οὗτοι*, or class, are affirmed to be of equal duration

with that endured by the other,—and the things endured are *ονειδισμος* and *αισχυνη*—shame, the consciousness of guilt, and exposure, and shame, or the just retribution of misused accountability. Subjective states of mind, not merely physical or organic suffering, but that of a *moral* nature; the Vulgate translates it, “et multi de his qui dormiunt in terrae pulvere evigilabant; alii in vitam aeternam, et alii in opprobrium, ut semper videant.” The Arabic, “and many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to life eternal, others, however, to shame and ignominy eternal.” The Syriac, “some to life eternal, others to perdition and reproach of their associates for ever;” the words are the same as in Matth. xxv. 46 in Syriac, with the term *ܐܒܕܢܐ* (*abdono*) used in the New Testament, of the future perdition and condemnation of the wicked, with the additional circumstances of the mutual recriminations of the wicked, and they are *ܐܠܡܢܐ* to eternity. The Hebrew, *וְכֵן מִשְׁנֵי אֶרְצָת עַד יָקִיצוּ אֱלֹהִי לַחַי עוֹלָם. וְאֵלֶּה לְחַרְפָּתוֹ לְדֹרָאוֹן עוֹלָם* The French, “les uns pour la vie éternelle, et les autres pour des opprobres et une infamie éternelle.”

If our opponent still urge his challenge, and continue to entrench himself in his exemption from the proof of a negative, then he is bound to prove a positive, and from the sources of evidence which the subject admits, show that our Lord designed to teach that the misery of the lost in the world to come is to be limited in duration, while he teaches by the same terms that the happiness of the righteous is to be eternal—he is bound to show that those whom he addressed understood him so; that the various ancient versions also, with the Hebrew prophet Daniel and the versions, understood such a limitation—that the doctrine taught by our Lord and His apostles confirms it—and that therefore to maintain the coequality of duration in both clauses in the connection, is neither demanded by perspicuity, emphasis, or effect. He is bound to do all this, before he can with truth deny the point established in this exposition; and lastly, he is bound to prove, that the identity of the moral nature of the two classes of intelligent agents is no valid reason for affirming the predicate *αιωνιον*—in the same sense, of both, in that respect wherein they both agree—for an adjective repeated in two clauses, wherein there is a connective particle of a distinctive power, as in the passage in question, by necessity of grammar, logic and rhetoric, necessarily requires the word to be used in each clause, according to the extent of the subject of each; and as the writer has brought forward nothing to disprove this, I affirm that the repetition of an adjective in the same sense, is allowed not only by Greek and Latin, but by Syriac, Hebrew, and Arabic practice—and I deny that an instance can be produced, wherein that practice does not hold. I have only to desire my learned friend, who assumes the negative of this, that he would look a little deeper beyond the surface before he so boldly holds forth the challenge of defiance, and that he would recollect that mere rhetorical rules are of themselves insufficient to determine anything in a subject like this, where the spirit of Christ is needful to teach us what Christ says.

But there is another thing not to be overlooked in this argument.

—its practical relation. For let us assume the signification of *αιωνιον* in the one half of the sentence to be eternal, and in the other life-long—then let us take a practical example—for instance, let us suppose that a sovereign adjudges certain criminals to punishment by incarceration, and other ways, for their life-time, and awards to certain other of his obedient subjects his favour and its consequences for ever ;—now, life-long, in this case, must mean the term of human existence, and therefore in point of fact, the meaning of the terms expressing duration, are of the same import in both cases, for the favourites of the sovereign could not live beyond the term of human existence—and therefore, the duration of the punishment of the criminals lasted as long as the enjoyment of the royal favourites. The thing is demonstrable, therefore, that if *αιωνιον* is taken to mean life-long in reference to the one class, it practically means the same thing as the eternal—in reference of the other. Now, this can be made so clear, as respects the Greek word in question, as to render evasion impossible ; for as the proper signification of the noun whence the adjective is derived, is duration, course, period—therefore, whatever limitations be made, can only be determined by the subjects of which it is predicted ; for the word *αιων* means the duration of a thing so long as it lasts—or of a being so long as it exists—or of a person so long as he lives. So the terminus à quo and ad quem, in other words, the limits of the duration or period, are known from the natural duration or period of that of which *αιωνιον* is affirmed ; now take the case of the Prince adjudging two classes of his subjects—the one to life-long endurance of punishment, and the other to the eternal enjoyment of his favour ;—it is clear, that the enjoyment of his favour depends on the continuance of his own existence, and that of the objects of his love—and that in the nature of things—though he wished it,—that he could not prolong the enjoyment of the one class beyond the punishment of the other, since they could neither suffer nor enjoy anything beyond the term of their natural existence—and therefore, that in the one case, the application of the word eternal did not in point of fact mean any thing more than the other, though it might be designed to express the greater pleasure of the sovereign in awarding rewards to his faithful subjects, than punishment to his enemies. Now, this is a plain statement of the question at issue—for, inasmuch as the two classes are subjects of the moral government of God, their aional life-time must, in the nature of things, be equal—and it is therefore a thing immaterial, whether this rhetorical point be admitted or not.

Granting therefore in its full force all demanded—as to the diversifying the contextual meaning in one of the two clauses, where the same adjective is the predicate of both—it is impossible from the nature of the subject, that the sense can in reality be different, because the existence of the subjects is of the same extent—they, strictly speaking, belong to the same class—though distinguished into two, as to the *nature* of the existence—and therefore, it naturally and properly comes under the logical rule, whatever is predicated of a class likewise includes all under it—for the *diversity* of the two classes is what renders the double predicate of the *αιωνιον* necessary ;—the point in which they differ however, is

what the one has to the conclusion of the other, but that in which they agree, is that which is common to both, and in respect of that latter—the predicate of *αιωνιον*—is made; now, the duration which runs parallel with the *αιωνιον*—is the *αιων* of the two classes—and as this period or course of existence, is what is, *à fortiori*, in its higher denominative moral, it is not limited by the terms of earthly life in either case.

These remarks are of a nature beyond evasion or refutation—they come out of the nature of things—and therefore, as the objections of the writer are disposed of, and a case made out against him on his own showing, he need no longer give the challenge on the critical point at issue—and if he does, he does not deserve an answer.

I have indeed given the paper a deeper investigation than the flippancy of the writer deserves—only in consideration of the importance of the subject. There can be no surer test of a man's Christianity than his submission of mind to those solemnly humbling doctrines of Revelation, which disclose the sovereign will of the Judge of all the earth, in the opposite destinies of righteous and wicked. A man's views here are determined by his apprehensions of the holiness of God's nature and law—by his convictions of sin—by his estimate of the value of Christ's work—and therefore it is a fundamental point in a practical point of view. In fact, the man who is sceptical as to the co-extension of the punishment and reward of righteous and wicked, cannot feel the deep gratitude of a saved sinner, who has been convinced of sin, and rejoices in escape from the wrath to come, while in humble subjection of soul, he resigns his feelings up to the holiness of a just and yet loving God—who, while he eternally hates and punishes sin in the finally impenitent, has made a way of escape to the humble soul who believes in Him that justifies the ungodly.

May the Lord lead us all into *His* truth, and grant us humble minds to be taught by the Spirit of truth, and delivered from the spirit of error!

Strictly speaking, this is not a mere question of philology determined by criticism, but it is one of divine revelation respecting the character of God, and the nature and obligations of his moral creature—man. The imperial philosopher, Antoninus, in a certain place in his *Meditations*, where he speaks with some hesitancy whether good men survive death, or whether it is their extinction, makes the following remark:—"If it be just, we may rest certain, that it shall be so, but not so, if it be unjust; for God is just, and can do nothing that is unjust or unreasonable." In this sentiment he was not alone, for all the philosophers agreed in ascribing this perfection to God. Plato regards justice so essential to the divine nature, that he cannot be conceived so just as he is; and Seneca thought it a direct impossibility and contradiction in terms to suppose the reverse; and this perfection being essential to the nature of God, is not only proved by the dictates of natural revelation in innumerable places, but by the concurrent testimony of natural light of the heathen; their usual expression for the strongest moral sanction, was "*Deus ipse vindex erit*," God himself shall be the avenger. The Gauls offered up human sacrifices, because, as Cæsar tells us, they thought ("*solo sanguine humano iram Deorum immortalium*

placari posse) that the anger of the gods could only be appeased by human blood, hence the phrase so common among the poets, ἔχει θεὸς ἐκδικῶν ἔμμε, God has a vengeful eye; thus they deified divine justice; this was done both by the Assyrians, Carthaginians, and by the Greeks under the name Nemesis. Now these sparks of natural light are but emanation from the true revelation of the divine character, fully proved by the Holy Scriptures, and any one can look up in his concordance, the vast sweep of passages bearing directly on the justice of God. As Abraham said, "shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Gen. xviii. 25. David addresses God, "evil shall not dwell with thee, thou hatest the workers of iniquity," Ps. v. 6, 7, and Habakkuk, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," Hab. i. 13; and God's own revelation of Himself to Moses, "who will by no means clear (the guilty)," Ex. xxxiv. 7. Now, when we examine in detail the Scripture itself, it appears the very necessity for the death of Christ itself, a fact so mysterious in the moral government of a good God, arose out of His justice and truth, "for God had pronounced the sentence of death on the sinner," Gen. ii. 17, and we find the same principle introduced as an element into God's moral dealings with Israel, after they had entered into the Horeb covenant, and agreed to do the requirements of the ten commandments delivered on Mount Sinai. We find again and again in the book of Deuteronomy, the terms were, "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them, Deut. xxvii. 26, and the same thing is repeated by the prophets, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," Ezek. xviii. 20, and then in the New Testament, we find the same idea introduced; and in the third chapter of Galatians the reason stated why Jesus, as the Messiah sent by God as predicted by the prophets, behoved to die by the death of the cross, because the law pronounced the curse on Him that was hanged on a tree. But I am forgetting myself, as the limits of this excursus does not admit a full vindication of the whole question—all at present requisite is a general sketch of the doctrine which the Word of God teaches, or rather a simple statement of a few leading facts on the very surface of Scripture, as to bear on the point in hand, to-wit, the nature and duration of the destiny of the wicked. Briefly, the facts of the case are these: on God's own showing, God, out of His mere good pleasure and abundant grace to the lost race of Adam, sent His own Son into the world, to die as an expiatory sacrifice, in order to render it possible for Him to restore the guilty into His favour; and as in the nature of things, God being both just and good, He by virtue of what His Son has done, can be just, and at the same time justify the ungodly that believeth in Jesus; those then, who believe in Jesus, receive eternal life in virtue of this transaction, whereby Christ endured death, the punishment of sin, and being the Son of God, true God, in true man, as the sinner's substitute, He received the reward of life according to the terms:—"He that doeth them, shall live in them;" and by the vicarious character of the divine arrangement, believers in Him receive this life, as if they had perfectly and divinely fulfilled the law as Christ had done. So that this reward given to Christ, and to believers as in Him forensically, is in entire accordance with strict justice.

Now comes the counterpart, in the case of those who have no connection with the Lord Jesus Christ, but who are tried by the holiness of God, and awarded to punishment according to the strict justice of God,—the words in Matthew xxv., last verse, mentions two classes of persons—the one, those justified by virtue of faith in the Lord Jesus, called the righteous; of them it is said, they go into life eternal, while of the other class on the left hand, it is said, these go into everlasting punishment. Now, observe of these two classes of persons, the difference in their destinies proceeds out of their respective relations before God, as respects his justice. The one class, is in such a connection with Christ, as that justice presents no obstacle to the bestowal of eternal life,—nay, demands it as a matter of righteousness and justice. The other class stand in such a relation to divine justice, as renders their punishment necessary and inevitable, till they cease to be sinners, or God cease to hate and punish sin. There are only two alternatives therefore, on the supposition that their punishment had a limit; either when they change from being sinners to saints, or God changes His natural antipathy to sin; but both are impossible, and therefore the punishment must be eternal. That God cannot change is self-evident, for if so, it would either be to the better or worse; if the first, then He is not perfect, for as on the supposition, He had changed to the better, He might go on for ever changing to the better, and so He would never be perfect; if the last, then He might continue for ever deteriorating, for if he loses good at all, he might lose it altogether. Now, as God possesses all perfections, of which justice is one, were He to lose justice, He might lose all his perfections together. It is to be observed, that the holiness of God, including his justice, righteousness, and truth, are as essential to His nature, as His goodness and mercy. A God of simple goodness, irrespective of moral limits, is not the God of the Bible; and however seemingly benevolent the attempts of such men as Socinus or Bonnette, to merge all the moral perfections of God into goodness, they study the divine character by maiming the divine nature. If God could cease to punish sin in the person of the criminal himself,—then how are we to account for the most rigorous exaction of the uttermost farthing in the person of His own Son, in the character of surety? Now, if the Divine holiness demanded a full satisfaction for sin when laid to the account of God's own Son, —who was holy in himself,—how can we conceive, that divine justice would remit the punishment, when inflicted on the person of the sinner himself? for if so, then God had changed his natural, just, vindictive abhorrence of sin,—and the opponent who argues thus, is reduced to the dilemma, either to admit that God is less just to his Son than to the sinner, or to deny that he is just at all,—that it was not justice that required the death of Christ, and therefore justice cannot stand in the way of remission of the punishment of the finally impenitent. Here is another dilemma, for if the divine justice give way to mercy in the case of the sinner himself, why did it not do so in that of the surety? If the goodness of God is to be displayed in delivering the sinner from the full amount of the penalty of his sins, why did it not spare God's own Son from the accursed death of the cross,—whose divine majesty as God was more than equivalent to the eternity of creature endurance?

We affirm, with confidence, God can never cease to hate and punish sin, and therefore the sinner's punishment can have no conceivable end, unless he can do two impossible things,—1st, restore to God what he has taken away,—and 2dly, restore himself into the integrity of his moral nature in the image of God, in which he was created,—which is the other alternative. And that this is impossible need hardly be proved, it is so self-evident. In the nature of things no creature can make itself. Now in the case of a moral lapsed being, there are circumstances in his relation to God, which render his situation utterly hopeless,—for as the nature received was good, the will good, the moral faculties good, and as the creature has lost that good, he is responsible to the moral governor of the universe, his Creator, for the loss of goodness and all the consequences following from it. The moral government of God requires satisfaction for this loss, and, as he cannot give what he has lost, he is liable to punishment, according to the justice of the divine Judge, and according to the extent of injury done to him, the offended party, who is both Creator as well as just Judge of the universe,—and in this case, it is more that is required than from a human judge, whose jurisdiction is limited, and who is mainly bound to measure justice, not by what it is, as such, but to administer it punitively, only for the good of the community, so that the purposes of justice might be answered in some cases, by not going to the rigour of the law. But with God it is altogether another thing, for He is himself the measure of justice, his nature is essentially just. He, in this respect administers not simply for the good of his moral universe, but primarily, for his own glory, as his proper end, as supreme Judge, according to his own divine perfections,—and the good of his moral creature is subordinate to these higher claims. Now, in this view, the case of the sinner is utterly hopeless, for he is dead in trespasses and sins,—in other words, he can no more cease from sinning than cease from breathing;—a dead man may as soon give himself life, as a sinner cease to sin,—the moral power of turning to God is gone,—and the man must create himself anew before he can turn from sin. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Can these dead live? The impossibility is two-fold,—both from the subjective state of the moral faculties and will being depraved and perverted, and likewise from the relation of the sinner to the holiness and justice of God, which necessarily keep him in guilt, and liability to punishment, and also put him out of communication *with*, or help from God. Now it is this relation of guilt which prevents the Holy Spirit from entering the sinner's heart. Christ altered this relation for all believers, by his having been made a curse for them, and in consequence there is given to them the Holy Ghost, who is the divine agent that turns them from sin to holiness, and quickens them in regeneration; but in the case of the impenitent there is no possibility of another mission of Christ to endure the curse on the cross, and another mission of the Holy Ghost to the place of doom, to regenerate, and sanctify, the miserable sinners, who are enduring the wrath of God for their sins;—and since they cannot change themselves,—and it has been shown that God cannot change from his justice and truth, consequently the punishment cannot be possibly otherwise than eternal, both from

the causes stated, as well as the constant sin for ever committing, perpetuating the infliction without end. Oh sinner, flee from the wrath to come! It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God: as the tree falleth so it must lie. He that is filthy let him be filthy still. And if God spared not his own Son for sin not his own, how shall he spare the sinner, who must bear the punishment for his sins. Death is God's own penalty for sin. Now death can be predicated both of man as possessed of an organized body in common with all living creatures, and also of him as a moral intelligence, who possesses a higher spiritual nature. Now, as man has both an organized animal body and a spiritual being, the death predicated of him corresponds to the totality of his compound being; for were man pure spiritual substance, free from organised matter, he would then be an angelic intelligence,—and were he to be deprived of spiritual nature he would be a brute destitute of mind. God takes his creature man as he is, and pronounces on him the just sentence as just Judge. Now that sentence is pronounced on man as a moral being in organization, and is co-extensive to his whole complex being; hence it is, that as in Adam all died, so in Christ all are made alive at the resurrection,—the righteous in virtue of union to Christ the head, but the wicked in virtue of the relation they sustain to the justice of God, which demands their punishment, till they restore to God what they have taken away, and repair the injury to his moral government and law. The resurrection of the wicked, therefore, is simply punitive, and there is not a hint in Scripture of some ulterior remedial agency to be employed by God in the way of rendering escape possible,—and therefore, however revolting to our natural feelings, there is no evading the conclusion, that in the nature of things, the limitation in duration of the misery of the lost is a flat impossibility.

An attempt has been made to evade the force of all this by assuming that the language employed in Scripture, on the subject, is figurative,—and that we are bound to lean to the side of mercy, and to interpret such passages as speak of eternal duration of punishment as only signifying a long period. Now, we admit that the language, as to the imagery employed, is metaphorical in many instances; for instance, the word in Greek translated hell in the New Testament (*Gehenna*), is taken from the valley of Hinnom, where infants were offered up in sacrifice to Moloch;—so in the Old Testament the word *שְׁהַי* (*shol*), for hell, properly signifies the invisible state; so the lake of fire and brimstone, when said to be prepared for the devil and his angels, can only be metaphorically applied to a spiritual nature,—and the worm that dies not, also figurative, when affirmed of the gnawings of conscience. That is all true, but it cannot be denied that those terms are also affirmed of men, that is, of the wicked, who receive from the dead their bodies, to be the recipients of punishment. Now, were the bodies of the wicked to be destroyed after being raised from the dead, then, in that case, we cannot conceive how the terms of the sentence could be fulfilled, which embrace the man as a member of the human race,—a child of Adam, having a body as well as soul, for without the body, man is made another order of being,—and a higher order. On this supposition, man would be converted into a devil

or evil spirit. But that is not the order of being against whom the sentence of death was duly pronounced, and therefore this would not answer the demands of the justice and truth of the sentence. Again, for what reason would the justice of God restore to natural life a moral being, only to extinguish that life? It is awful to contemplate, but the subject and predicate agree, when these terms, fire, brimstone, and such-like, are affirmed of organised body, or sentient substance, and as scripture uses them in that connection, we see no scriptural reason for denying that the fire is literal when affirmed of body, and metaphorical when spoken of spirit.

There are minds fond of meddling with things God has for wise and good reasons put in obscurity, and this is one of these things. Indeed it was never the design of Scripture to reveal the future state, except so far as it bears on our duty and interest in this present state of being. We apprehend the cause why mention is made in Scripture of the future punishment of the impenitent is, to urge men to escape from it, not to pry into it, and it is only the sinful attempt to falsify God's testimony on that awful subject, that forms a valid apology for entering so fully into it as we have done on this occasion. It is confessedly a subject beyond the range of our faculties, and one which must be threaded by the most cautious guidance of the word of God alone, and not be subjected to our feelings, or our judgment,—these are sure to lead us astray. It were wise for men to prepare for the worst. A false humanity morbidly feeding itself on Platonic Eutopias of divine benevolence, wide as the range of created intelligence, embracing men and demons in its universe-wide circumference, may please the fancy, but, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," it leaves the heart that entertained it a victim to a delusion which has no evidence from Scripture, and if he indulge it to the neglect of his salvation, he shall find to his cost, that he has fed on ashes,—a deceived heart has turned him aside, that he could not deliver his soul, or say, there is a lie in his right hand. Some may think that this is too high ground; not so, for the glory of redemption cannot be understood intelligently, but by knowing the unfathomable depth of the gulph from which it rescues us. It is one of the most wholesome, though unpalatable processes which the Spirit of God effects in the heart of the sinner, to give him a glimpse of those horrors which he deserves, and by thus thoroughly convincing him of sin in its heinous nature, and tremendous results, to force him to cry out, "what shall I do to be saved." The gospel can never be glad tidings to one who does not acknowledge and bow before the righteousness of God's judgments on the transgressor; there are no doubt the attractions of love at the Cross, but there are likewise there, to be seen—the hopelessness of the sinner, for if it is so done to the green tree, what shall be done to the dry? When we see the Son of God in the garden of Gethsemane with the sweat of blood flowing down to the ground in a cold chilly night—when we hear him in accents of supernatural agony—thrice prostrating himself in intensest fervour, imploring the removal of the cup from him,—when we see him ignominiously torn with the cruel lash—every stroke making the flesh quiver in shreds, and the blood shower—when we see Him nailed hand

and feet to the ignominious cross, in bodily sufferings that exerce our feelings barely to imagine,—when we hear the cry of the holy, meek, but agonised sufferer, uttering the significant words, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* and continue in such intolerable, inconceivable agony for three long hours,—when we see all this, when we reflect that this was inflicted by the holy, just, good, God, on his own Son, for our sins—when we contemplate the divine dignity of God's own Son—true God, and the corresponding enhancements of all he did and suffered,—when we reflect on the relation between Him and His Father, and duly weigh these things—we shall no longer wonder at the eternity of the future punishment of the wicked, nor attempt to explain away the passages of Scripture which teach it; so far from that we shall behold, on the cross, a reason why the punishment of the wicked cannot be otherwise than eternal, in the very thing that fills our hearts with joy and peace in believing, and so far from cavilling with God about his severity on his future inflictions on the lost, our hearts—full of gratitude to the Father for his unspeakable gift, His own Son—rejoice in remission and entire deliverance from the wrath to come, and with admiration, wonder, and praise acknowledge to our Heavenly Father,—Hereby we know thou lovest us, for thou hast not withheld from us thy Son, even thine only Son; now it is in our power to certify for ourselves eternal joys, running parallel with the misery of the doomed; and let it be remembered that now is the time to determine the character of our future eternity. He that believed shall be saved. He that believed not shall be condemned. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, for God sent his Son, *not* that the world should be condemned but saved.

THE WAR.—OUR PRESENT POSITION.

WE did not trouble our readers with any remarks while the negotiations were going on at Vienna; but the present crisis demands a few observations.

The War question is in a strange position. It was a constant complaint against the Aberdeen Ministry, that vain attempts at negotiation were ever going on, while in a state of war. Much more aggravating is the conduct of the successors of the Northern Thane, in leaving open the Conference at Vienna, when the utmost concessions have been rejected by Russia, and the Congress ought to have been completely closed. We are as anxious and sincere as any one for peace, but not certainly for a peace humiliating to our arms, and leaving Russia uncontrolled and ready to repeat the aggression on the first opportunity. We complain, not so much of the anxiety of the Government for peace, nor even of the desire of many parties to obtain this end at any price; as of the manner and the time chosen to accomplish it. It is an extraordinary and anomalous proceeding to be carrying on negotiations for peace while the war is going on. Before these were entered into, there ought to have been a

cessation of hostilities. Nothing has tended more to the crippling of our resources, the weakening of our efforts, and the tardy and unenergetic prosecution of the contest, than the perpetual hunting after peace, and the repeated unceasing negotiations for this purpose. This incertitude—the hanging between peace and war—the double process being enacted at one and the same time—spoils both, retards the advancement of peace, and dulls the prosecution of the war. The continuation of hostilities, especially where success is so nicely balanced, will and must affect the demands and concessions of the adverse parties. Similarly, the continuance of negotiations for peace cannot but injure the proper prosecution of the war. These two elements being entirely discordant and antagonistic, cannot be consistently carried on at one and the same time. The choice must be made. Either let the warfare cease, and negotiations for peace proceed; or let the conferences come to an end, and the war be carried on till by some decided success one or other party cries halt.

The whole of this pursuit after peace at any price is most damaging to the cause in which we are engaged, as well as to the interests of the country, both at home and abroad. It is dictated by an anti-British spirit, and by means of it the cause of the enemy is advanced, the vacillation of the hesitating increased, and the strength of our alliances weakened. Such a course of conduct is censurable in all who have regard for their country; and those who push forward this desire of peace in our present circumstances show their sordid selfishness and their obstinate opinionativeness to be superior to love for their country, and deserve the highest reprobation. The school of Bright & Co. may escape the highest blame, because their opposition to the war has been uniform and consistent; but no censure is too strong both for those men whose neglect allowed us to drift into war, and who actually felt the obligation of entering on this contest,—and for those who, in order to escape the responsibilities of their incapacity, would wish to get out of the difficulty anyhow. We suspect that Gladstone & Co. have only now shewn their true colors; and that, while in the Cabinet, they held the very same opinions as they now boldly aver, but dared not declare them to the country. Fortunate indeed is it that we have escaped their rule; but not much better will it be if the same part is being enacted by their successors. If not by all, it is evident from recent occurrences and sundry rumours, that by some of the Cabinet these sentiments are held.

From whatever cause resulting, there is still a sad *inertia* in our warlike operations. How then can there be vigor when every thing seems to be thwarted by the indecision and vacillation which prevails at headquarters? There is disagreement both within the Ministry and among its supporters without. Obstructions to energetic action are not sought to be removed, nor is its vigorous promotion regarded; but every straw is eagerly caught at which seems to open the way to getting out of the state of warfare. There is now no concealment that peace is their object; but dishonest is the part which the Government is playing in not daring to avow to the country this desire to end the war, but endeavouring to accomplish this purpose so distasteful to the country by a tortuous course of action.

Much of the blame of our adversities as may be attributable to system, routine, &c., we have no hesitation in laying nearly all the ills of the present juncture directly at the door of the late and the present administrations. It is their supineness and indecision, as well as thorough incapacity for the occasion, which has been the real cause of our sad embarrassment. They have not only not anticipated the most ordinary occurrences—that might be the result of a want of common foresight not given to all men—but they have actually thwarted nearly every means of energetically bringing the contest to an issue,—from what cause arising we venture not to indicate. Neither the late nor the present ministry has ever given to the war that attention, that energy, that devotion of services and talent which they have given to any favorite political measure. But the secret germ of the mischief with the Palmerston as with the Aberdeen Ministry, lies in the smothering of opinion, the destruction of party government, and the advent of coalition rule. For illustration of this, reference may be made to the history of abortive measures of the Aberdeen reign, without parallel in the history of Cabinets; and recently to the divided state of the Palmerston Ministry on the Church-rate and the Ballot questions, and above all others, in the different tone of the supporters in the recent war debate. With such a combination there can be no unity of principle, no unanimity of opinion. Every measure must be more or less an open question, and the war question has shared the fate of the rest. To this fatal cause, influencing all our actions, must be attributed our disasters. There is no denial that the war question was in the Aberdeen Cabinet an open question, or rather that on this they were knowingly divided, and that such is the state of things in the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston is notorious.

It has been long the principle of Government in Britain, that on all questions of importance there should be agreement in the Cabinet, that none should be an open question, but that the policy of all the members should be unanimous. Now, without doubt, the war question is the important, nay, almost the only question of the day, *a fortiori* the necessity is urgent that the ministry should be united regarding it. Because they are so divided, is the reason why no distinct declaration of policy can be extracted from them, and consequently the war is conducted only from hand to mouth, and not properly managed. Such a course of conduct is unparalleled,—is unjust and ruinous to the whole of our administrative functions. But no stronger proof can be found of the danger to our constitution which has been already effected by the abandonment of party government and the advent of coalition misrule, than the apathy and want of power which is shewn by the Houses of Parliament, and especially the House of Commons,—and this acts again on the whole body of the people. Till the country is roused, and through it their representatives, and a party ministry assumes the reins, there will never be a strong government, nor one fitted to manage and bring to an issue the serious contest in which we are engaged, through the mismanagement of which we now complain.

The peace party, by their constant clamor for peace, not only injure the prosecution of the war, but defer the prospect of any peace. By

weakening our efforts, it strengthens those of our opponent, and holds out a double encouragement to him to increase his demands and diminish his concessions. If it tends thus to the prolongation of the contest as regards Russia, no less will it give Austria good cause for not taking an active part. She, the grand mediator, will point triumphantly to the party in this country who have declared that Russia's terms should have been accepted. It was the fond hope of most parties that the ground of Austria's present position was being gradually narrowed, and that she must soon declare on the side of the Western Powers. We never participated in these delusive dreams, but have ever maintained that the Court of Vienna would carry on throughout a scheming neutrality or arbitration,—by whichever name it is chosen to be designated. Unless some unforeseen event should hurry them into warfare, their purpose is and has been from the commencement, to abstain from war-like interference; and how adroitly they have managed up to this very day. They take care not to drift into war. Is that power one whit more advanced towards action than it was at any time? Austria has chosen her policy, and she will preserve it with firm determination. How can it be expected that the Court of Vienna, to whom has been assigned the part of arbiter between the belligerents, can or will join either side? That Court is astute enough to discover no cause of fear of an attack by Russia, and the necessity of playing her game with seeming fairness with the Western Powers. With their policy, their knowledge, their position,—and finally, the danger to which her dominion is exposed once the sword is drawn, it can be no matter of astonishment that Austria remains immovable. Had Austria and Prussia taken the side of the Western Powers at the beginning of the struggle,—and had it not been bungled they would have done so,—the war would never have gone on, or at any rate peace would before this time have taken place. But once having taken up the position which she has done, Austria must maintain it as long as she can. It would be madness in that State to act otherwise, when she receives no encouragement from our government, but, on the contrary, is allowed to go on with her mediation, and further is told that the terms offered by Russia, when in conjunction with the Allies, should not have been rejected.

We have already frequently expressed our opinion with regard to Austria, and that she would never take an active part. Our dread of the adverse influence on the direction of the war, is greatly increased since the late conference. Her mediating power is evidently more regarded, and while the constant traffic in negotiations is permitted, no satisfactory result in the war can be expected,—at least, the success which we hope may not be far distant, will be in spite of this course of policy.

We said at the first, that the surest way to preserve peace was to be thoroughly prepared for war,—and we say now, that the most likely way to obtain a return of peace is to carry on the war energetically, manfully, and unitedly. The war was declared with a singular unanimity of the people,—the same spirit animates all classes for its vigorous prosecution. Till Russia is humbled, the object of the war—an honourable and likely to be enduring peace—will not be attained.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Confession of Faith; the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, with the Scripture proofs at large: together with the Sum of Saving Knowledge, &c., &c. Printed by authority, at the University Press, for Robert Seton, George Street, Edinburgh, and Whittaker & Co. London. 1855.

It is very often the case that religious books appear in the humblest of forms. Perhaps this says something for their popularity among the lower classes, but it says little for their circulation among the rich. We regard it as a good sign when we see such a magnificent volume proceeding from the press as the one now before us. We happen to have considerable reverence for the *Confession of Faith*, and for the men who penned it, and it was always with sorrow that we beheld the words of this noble monument of presbyterian orthodoxy, as if unworthy more generous treatment, screwed into the smallest bulk, and consigned with the dimmest of types to the vilest of paper, while the most ephemeral and insignificant productions rejoiced in the finest binding and the costliest printing. We owe thanks to Mr Seton for having removed this anomaly from our literature, and for having presented us with the *Confession* and accompanying documents in a type unsurpassable for clearness, and on paper which might do honour to a private subscription copy. We have heard of some person who read through his Euclid once a month, and of another whose whole life-time was occupied in reading Walter Scott's novels. We suspect such men must have had copies of more inviting aspect than that in which these worthies generally present themselves. We ourselves at least have often thrown away a book as worthless, which we were surprised to find, on making its acquaintance a second time in more decent apparel, was not only a respectable but a most excellent and worthy book. Our national standards of course need no such adventitious recommendation. But every man who knows and values their excellence will do himself and them an honour by procuring them in a shape worthy of them, and a shape which will make their perusal delightful as well as beneficial. We have the utmost pleasure in bearing such testimony to the beauty and completeness of this edition of Mr Seton's, for we have seen none like it, nor, we can confidently affirm, has any one comparable to it yet appeared; and we have resolved that the miserable edition of 1845, which has been the cause of much straining to our eyes since ever it was ours,—for we read our *Confession* more than once in a life-time—shall be so no longer. In addition to the Catechisms, the beautiful introductory epistles, directories, &c., this edition has the advantage of giving proofs in full, in a beautifully large type, and the copy we have before us has been delightfully stained “as to its edges red,”—a form which peculiarly recommends it to our antiquarian taste.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has appointed the Rev. Dr Stevenson to the parish of Ladykirk, in the Presbytery of Chirnside.

Appointment.—The Queen has appointed the Rev. J. Cruden, of Tyrie, to the parish of Gamrie, in the Presbytery of Turriff.

Appointment.—The Queen has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Right Honourable Robert Montgomery, Lord Belhaven, to be Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Chaplains to the East.—The Rev. Mr M'Nair of Gourrock, has been appointed one of the Chaplains at Scutari, in connection with the Established Glasgow Mission, and will leave immediately.

University Degrees.—The Senatus Academicus of Marischal College, Aberdeen, conferred the degree of LL.D. on Sheriff Barclay, Esq. At the same time, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on the Rev. James A. Wyllie, Edinburgh, Author of “*The Modern Judea*, compared with Ancient Prophecy,” &c.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXIV.

JULY 1855.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER IX.

CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE.

ON arriving within sight of the Ladrões, or Robbers, a group of islands in the mouth of the Canton river, a Chinese pilot came on board and conducted us into the harbour of Hong-Kong. These islands were at one time infested by Chinese pirates, who preyed upon their countrymen, and hence the name they have acquired. They were the resort of the celebrated sea robber Coxinga, who, together with his buccaneering crew, roved along the coast, ravaging the country, and setting the mandarins at defiance. On the hills of Hong-Kong may be seen to this day numerous fragments of pottery, broken implements and utensils, traces of the former presence and wild orgies of these freebooters.

Hong-Kong signifies in the Chinese language "fragrant streams." It consists of one long range of hills running from end to end of the island. The rocks, apparently piled one above another as by the hand of Titans, are chiefly of primitive formation. In the vallies and along the sea-margin there are great quantities of decomposed granite. The extreme insalubrity of Hong-Kong on its first settlement by the English, was ascribed by Mr Montgomery Martin, colonial treasurer at Hong-Kong, to the turning up of this decomposed soil, in the process of building houses for the foreign residents. In the sheltered ravines and mountain gorges there are some fine old trees, and here and there a few cultivated fields. But in general the island is barren, and produces so little for the support of its inhabitants, that its markets are wholly supplied from the villages on the opposite mainland. Numerous streams, which are quickly swollen into torrents during the rainy season, flow down the gorges from the

neighbouring heights. To these streams the Chinese and Japanese washermen repair with their loads of clothes, which they wash for the European residents. No soap is used in this process, but the clothes are dashed and beaten upon a naked rock in the stream, until they begin to assume a white appearance. It may easily be imagined that our shirts did not stand this rough treatment for any length of time. They were in fact very quickly knocked to tatters. Numerous springs of pure water are also to be found in the island. Their qualities have been chemically tested, and the analysis has pronounced them excellent.

The climate of Hong-Kong has been compared to that of Sierra Leone. It is certainly unfavourable to health in the case of Europeans, but it is by no means the worst in the world. Its intense heat might be safely borne, if it could only boast of a dry atmosphere, but the air is very moist. This arises from its insular situation, and from the fact that the hills in it, and on the mainland directly opposite to it, all attract rain and vapour. The dampness of the air, together with the scorching heat of the sun, and the occasional deficiency of electricity in the atmosphere, tend to relax the muscular fibre, and to prostrate physical strength. It has a pernicious effect even on material substances. Clothes become mildewed, books fall from their bindings, paper and letters acquire a damp and musty smell though safely locked in a writing desk; and scissors, keys, and pen-knives, though constantly worn in the pocket, become quickly darkened with rust.

The Hong-Kong winter, however, is much colder than the Indian winter, and does much to brace and strengthen the European constitution. The cold season continues about four months. But so peculiarly dangerous is the sun's heat, that even in the coldest days of winter though the air is keen and the wind is biting, yet it is unsafe to go abroad at noon without an umbrella. I knew a gentleman get sun-stroke one winter day while shooting on the hills. In an excursion which I made to the opposite continent on a Christmas day, my brains felt as if boiling within my skull. I remember finding "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" very grateful indeed on my journey. The average heat in summer is 85°, frequently 90°, for a week at a time. Sometimes the thermometer rises to 100°, and even upwards, in the shade. In winter, though it sometimes feels intensely cold, yet it seldom if ever falls below the freezing point. Ice is never seen, except such as is brought from America for the purpose of cooling liquids in hot weather. On my putting a piece of ice into the hand of a Chinese one summer day, he suddenly let it fall to the ground, saying that it burned him. I heard an old Chinese scholar once boastfully relating that he had seen snow at Canton, but it was a long time ago, when he was a boy. Farther northward in China the climate of course becomes colder, and at Peking there are both snow and ice in abundance.

The bay of Hong-Kong is admirably adapted for affording shelter to shipping. It has a fine sandy bottom, and, during the continuance of the typhoons or hurricanes that rage in these seas, affords a safe anchorage to the largest vessels. It is five or six miles in length, and two or three in breadth. It washes the town of Victoria from the East to the West Point,

as the extremities of the town are called, and reflects in its bosom the mountains of the opposite mainland. Numerous Chinese towns and villages lie at the foot of those mountains, and onward along the coast, until you come to Kow-lung, or Nine Dragons, a large town, which, with its surrounding population, numbers about 10,000 inhabitants. Victoria harbour is thus entirely land-locked. At the same time it affords perfect facility of ingress and egress at either extremity. Vessels arriving from India and England usually enter the harbour through the numerous small islands at the western extremity; but, should wind and tide prove unfavourable, then the island can be rounded, and an entrance effected by the eastern passage over against Kow-lung.

The view of the harbour from the heights above Victoria is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. Great numbers of Chinese boats of all sizes and descriptions lie moored along the substantial wharves which now line the harbour. Farther out in the bay are occasionally to be seen large Chinese junks anchored beside English, American, French, Danish, Dutch, and Portuguese merchantmen and men-of-war. Vessels from all these different nations are not always to be found in the harbour at once, but when sailing up and down the Chinese waters they generally call at Hong-Kong. Towards evening the view is still finer and the scene more animated. As the setting sun sinks behind the hills on the left, and gilds the summits of the opposite heights, there arises from the boat population beneath you the clang of the deafening evening gong, and the incense of a thousand floating shrines. As the shades of evening close around, numerous brilliant lights are seen darting and shooting out on the opposite side of the bay. These are the lights which the fishermen exhibit in their boats for the purpose of attracting the fish into their nets. High above on the opposite heights you perceive irregular streams of fire rolling along and rushing down the sides of the mountains on the mainland; for the Chinese observe a custom of burning the long dry grass and low brushwood which grow on these hills, with the intention of fertilizing the scanty soil. The effect in the darkness of the evening is grand and impressive.

The custom of striking gongs, drums, and cymbals, among the boat people at sunset, is regarded by the stranger as novel and curious. The object of it is to drive away ghosts, and to tickle and delight the ears of the gods. It is called by foreigners *Chin-Chin Joss*. *Chin-Chin* is a corruption of two Chinese words — *tsing-tsing*, — the meaning of which is to pay respect to any one; but the Chinese phrase for worshipping is altogether different. And *Joss* is not a Chinese word. It is a corruption of the Portuguese *Dios*, *God*. What foreigners call a joss-house is simply a temple, but the Chinese call it a *meaou*, or *tang*. In like manner the word *mandarin* is not of Chinese origin, and is never used by them. It is applied only by foreigners to the Chinese Government officers. It is derived from the Portuguese *mandar*, which signifies to rule or command. The Chinese name for an official personage is *Kwan-foo*.

It is little more than a dozen years since the British took possession of Hong Kong, and now it contains a large native and foreign population. The site of the present flourishing town of Victoria was formerly a small

fishing village. Spacious barracks, forts, and military hospitals have been erected. An Episcopal Church and several other Roman Catholic and Dissenting churches have been built. A small Mohammedan mosque, situated high up the hill, overlooks the town. Several Chinese temples are also to be found in the neighbourhood of the Chinese dwellings. These temples are built by the voluntary contributions of the shopkeepers in the vicinity. Each subscribes a certain sum according to his means. The Chinese shops are open on Sunday as on any other day. The bazaars and markets are open as early as five o'clock in the morning. Fish, fruits, and vegetables are sold in these places. Both English and Chinese commodities are to be found in their shops, such as silks, grass-cloths, fans, and all sorts of Chinese curiosities, together with telescopes, English cheese, American tobacco, and Manilla cigars. They shut their shops at sunset, at which time they take their dinner. Their shops have neither doors nor windows. The part fronting the street is composed of a row of wooden posts, which in the evening are inserted in an upright position in sockets, on a foot board running along in front of the house. Moveable doors are then placed inside of these posts, and the shop is thus secured for the night. In the morning all these beams and boards are removed, and the passer by on the street sees at a glance the whole contents of the shop exposed to view. The streets are lighted at night by means of oil lamps. Every shopkeeper and householder, both English and Chinese, is required by the police regulations to suspend a lamp in front of his door by night. The day police force is composed of Englishmen, the night police of Mussulmans. If any unhappy Chinaman should be found prowling abroad at night, he is sure to be apprehended and roughly handled by the *hak-kwei*, or black demon, as they call the Bengalee watchman. The Chinese hate these blacks even more than they do the English, and the hatred is mutual. They are in general great swarthy fellows with long dark hair and fierce moustaches, and armed, as they are in the evening, with a pair of pistols in their belt, a cutlass by their side, and a blunderbuss over their shoulders, they present a very formidable appearance. The inhabitants of Victoria, now, however, sleep much more quietly at night than formerly, when house-breaking and theft were constant nightly occurrences.

Hong-Kong is not regarded with a favourable eye by the Chinese themselves. They look upon it as a disreputable place. None of the shopkeepers bring their wives and families to the island with them. These they leave in Canton, or in the villages on the continent from which they come. Their sole errand in settling temporarily at Hong-Kong is to make a little money, and after they have realized some profit in the way of business they generally retire to their families. Their dislike to the place arises partly from its being a British settlement,—a foreign place to them,—not thoroughly Chinese,—and also in part that it contains much of the refuse and offscourings of the Chinese population. Thieves for whom China has become too hot, outlaws from Chinese authority, all resort to Hong-Kong, and it is now well ascertained that many of the piratical expeditions which have of late years so grievously harassed

native traders, were actually planned and fitted out at Hong-Kong where the pirates had their agents.

A far away island at the ends of the earth, you might suppose that Hong-Kong was a very quiet, dull, and desolate sort of place. It has however, its own share of noise, bustle, and confusion by day. But at night the noises commence on a much grander scale. First, a few bulldogs belonging to the neighbouring bungalows begin, in their indignation at some skulking Chinaman, to roar and bark so loud as to put sleep fairly to the rout. A number of small curs take it up as soon as the bulldogs have got tired, and yelp away most potently. Then the Shanghae cocks—tremendous fellows in the way of cocks, some of them standing as high as a dining table—strike in and crow to each other all over the island. To bring up the rear, the bull-frogs and crickets croak and chirrup with a most deafening noise. Hour after hour is thus vainly spent in courting slumber in a sultry summer night. When, at length fairly worn out, you are on the point of dropping off to sleep, you are again aroused by the black watchmen vociferating to each other in Bengalee, or by the slamming of a loose venetian in some distant part of the premises. And when the racket has subsided, you probably begin to hear the low portentous hum of a mosquito that has got inside your muslin curtains, and is preparing himself for the onslaught. A story, for the truth of which I do not vouch, went round in Hong-Kong, that the mosquitoes had bitten off a man's leg. The real truth, I believe, was that their bites had so inflamed it that it began to mortify and had to be cut off. Another tale, which must be regarded as still more apocryphal, was to the effect that they had seized hold of a man and thrown him bodily into the fire. There can be no doubt of their being very vicious and tormenting creatures.

Among the first who flocked to Hong-Kong on its being declared a British settlement, were the Jesuits. They bought large allotments of land upon which they built spacious premises. Some amongst their number were as good architects as any professional architect that the island could boast of. The head work of planning their premises was all done by themselves therefore, and the expense of hiring a professional architect was thus saved to them. Another priest was a first rate musician, and for a long time was the only person in the colony who could tune a piano. They built a church and a college, and invested largely in building ranges of houses, which they now let out at good rents, yielding them a handsome revenue. The stories which we sometimes hear of the Roman Catholic priests abroad subsisting on £20 or £30 a year, must be regarded simply as fables. That may be all they get from the Propaganda, and all that appears in the shape of salary in their published accounts. Any one who has passed their college apartments at Hong-Kong on a summer evening and overheard their shouts of merriment over their wine, must have a difficulty in crediting such absurd statements. They could not be very jovial on either of the above mentioned sums.

While pursuing my studies in the Chinese language, I rendered what assistance I could to the mission with which I was connected, in English

preaching and in the tuition of Chinese youths in the London Society's Seminary. The very smallest boys in the school had a singularly venerable look about them, from the fact of their heads being regularly shaved every week. Every one of them had thus a truly Shakesperian forehead. A tuft of hair was left on the crown, which being plaited into a tail, hung down their backs. When they pursued each other at their play, it was laughable to see them caught up by the tail. They looked a little like tadpoles with their long black tails streaming out behind.

It was pleasing to find that a number of the officers of our Indian Regiments at Hong-Kong were truly pious and excellent men. They, together with a number of the Sepoys, native Indian troops, who had been converted in their own country under missionary teaching, regularly attended our weekly prayer meetings at the mission house. Captain Wellesley, an officer in the navy, and a nephew of the late Duke of Wellington, also attended the missionary prayer meetings at Hong-Kong, on the termination of the war. Some coloured Portuguese women who had been Roman Catholics and afterwards became Protestants, though they endured considerable persecution, were most regular in their attendance. One of them first became interested in religion and concerned about her soul by hearing us addressing God in intelligible words. This was a new idea to her. She had often heard the Latin prayers in the Popish Church, but she had never heard or conceived of any thing like this before. The fact that we should tell God what was in our hearts and pray in our own language, awakened within her a new set of feelings, desires, and hopes, and prayer became to her henceforth a delightful privilege.

Another remarkable instance of the power of religion in arousing a spark of intelligence and thought within the bosom, came to my knowledge about this time. It was the case of a young Chinese lad, a servant in the employment of an American Baptist missionary. He was a singularly stupid boy, and had been dismissed by his master for idleness and general incompetency for his duties. Chinese servants do blunder sometimes as much as any Irishman. One that I knew scrubbed away at his master's boots for a whole day with soap and water, when ordered to clean them, in the vain hope of making them white. Another rubbed and polished a beautiful bronze lamp till all the dirt, as he thought it, had come off, and reduced it, to his master's mortification, to shining brass. I knew another who roasted a goose with the feathers on, and served it up so, looking all the while quite pleased and proud of the feat.

Ko-Abak could learn nothing, however, and was sent about his business. Instead of taking his departure it was noticed that he lingered about the premises from month to month, and was always seen with a great Chinese book in his hands, with which he was apparently amusing his vacant hours. On making inquiry, Mr D. learned that this was a copy of the New Testament in Chinese, which the lad had somehow got hold of. After the lapse of several months, he suddenly presented himself one day, saying, "Seen-sang, I am a Christian; I wish to be baptized." Mr D. was of course greatly astonished to hear him speak in this manner, and proceeded to examine him. To his surprise, the lad's knowledge of

the gospel was far more accurate and extensive than he supposed to be possible. After some further instruction he was at length baptized. But the most singular thing respecting him was that, whereas formerly he was an exceedingly dull, good-for-nothing lad, he now began to brighten up most amazingly. His look became animated, his eye acquired expression, his external appearance changed for the better, and he now began to exert himself diligently in a useful employment. From a state of mental torpor, the gospel seemed to quicken him into life and activity. In this instance, as in many others, it was seen that Divine truth is calculated to give an impetus to man's intellectual powers, as well as to renovate his moral nature. This young man subsequently visited the United States, and on his return wrote a journal of his visit in the Chinese language.

I remained about a year at Hong-Kong, studying the language, and then proceeded to Canton. It was night when the Chinese boat anchored off the factories. The sight presented to me that evening I shall never forget. It was the most novel and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. Long streets of boats moored to heavy cables lined the banks of the swiftly flowing river. These floating streets ran far out into the stream, and in the intervening spaces thousands of little boats incessantly moved about. The larger boats were brilliantly lighted up, being houses of entertainment, not, however, as I afterwards learned, of a respectable character. They were moored as close to each other as they could lie. Each presented in front a small platform or landing place, invitingly easy of ascent for a rove among the "flowers and willows." You could walk along these platforms stepping from one boat to another, just as if you were walking on a narrow pavement by the side of a street. Throughout the whole night an incessant racket and noise prevailed on the river, preventing any approach to sleep. If the uproar lulled for a little, then the tinkling notes of a score of guitars and fiddles fell upon your ear, accompanied by the shrill singing—or rather it seemed to me wailing—of female voices pitched in a high octave. The effect was sad and plaintive. Farther out in the river and below the factories, large Chinese men-of-war lay at anchor, some of which were 1400 tons burthen.

Almost every single street in the city and suburbs has gates of its own, and large, ponderous swinging machines they are. A Chinese watchman rises from his shed at the side of the gate and admits you at night, if you should have been detained later than usual from your lodgings. Canton might be called "the hundred gated" as well as Thebes, though perhaps in another sense. Most of the streets are so narrow that when a sedan chair comes along you must take shelter in the door of the nearest shop. From five o'clock in the morning till nightfall they are crowded with one incessant stream of people. In the markets there are to be found all sorts of tropical fruits, such as the mango, the quince, the guava, the custard-apple, plums and pears, pine-apples and oranges, grapes and peaches, yams and bananas, the pumelo, the tomato, and the persimmon, the carambola, the vegetable marrow, and some fruits peculiar to China, such as the lung-ngan, or dragon's-

eye, the lei-che, and the hwang-pe, or yellow skin. Excellent, however, as these fruits are, not one of them equals in flavour our own delicious gooseberry and strawberry, which do not grow in India or China. I have seen the orange in all its stages of growth at once, and, curiously enough, on the same tree. It grew in a flower pot, and was no bigger than a gooseberry bush. It had at the same moment, white blossoms, small green oranges like potato pellets, larger green ones, and full grown yellow oranges quite ripe.

The heat is sometimes very great here in summer, and yet the health of the city is astonishingly good. I have seen the thermometer at 96° in the shade for a week at a time. But you get accustomed to it, so that sometimes you are not aware that it is really so hot until you look at the thermometer. Looking at it too much, however, is not a good plan. You forthwith imagine that you feel it hotter than before. You begin to fancy yourself like a lump of sugar in a tea cup, melting in China. And, to relieve yourself from the sudden feeling of oppression, you must now get hold of a fan to cool yourself withal. A walk on the roof of the house of an evening, with the fresh breeze blowing up the river, revives a person wonderfully. And if you want to enjoy one of the most stirring spectacles to be seen at Canton, you have only to look upon the tiers and streets of boats beneath you, stretching far in the distance like so many cantonments. This river is the great highway of commerce for this and other provinces. At the city the stream is too broad to be spanned by bridges, but numerous ferry boats ply from morning to night from one side to the other.

Chinese gentlemen and scholars are sometimes seen walking along the streets in winter, carrying little hand baskets containing a layer of sand and another of live charcoal. This contrivance is for the purpose of keeping the hands warm. They shift the basket occasionally from one hand to the other. The Chinese wear no gloves and there is no name for gloves in their language. The name which they have adopted for English gloves which many of them have now begun to wear, is *shaou-muh*, hand-stocking, somewhat like the German name for the same article.

Multitudes of beggars throng the streets, elbowing and jostling well-dressed persons. Great numbers of these poor creatures are blind, and yet they walk about the streets with the utmost confidence. They need have no fear of waggons or carriages, for there are no such things in China. I saw but one horse all the time I was in Canton. The mandarins who own horses never ride them through the streets. The beggars keep up a deafening noise at one shop-door after another, by beating on a hollow bamboo, until they obtain charity. In a certain part of the city is the Beggar's Square, where thousands of them sleep at night exposed to every blast of heaven. In the cold season many of them are found dead every morning. Singing girls with flowers in their hair stand at street corners in the evening, improvising to their guitars. I stopped one night in company with a friend to listen to one of these street minstrels. Seeing us, she introduced what she thought were some flattering allusions to us in her song, with the view of drawing a few

coppers out of our pockets. Unfortunately, however, she spoiled the effect of the whole by calling us "hung-mows," red-pates. The truth is they have no other name to call us by than that of the "red-haired devils," and so the poor girl's song went unrewarded.

Theatrical spectacles are frequently to be seen in the public streets or in the courts of temples, or wherever there is a vacant space of ground. Thousands of persons occasionally spend the whole day in witnessing these exhibitions. I came suddenly upon one of these immense crowds one day, and having forced my way through them got quite near the stage. Emperors, warriors, eunuchs, and troops of soldiers and attendants careered about before me, in the costume of the old dynasties of China. The female parts were personated by boys, for women are forbidden to act on the stage. One of the performers eyeing me, made some allusions in his speech to a foreign devil present in the audience. Some rude fellows near me took it up and repeated it threateningly. Presently the emperor seated himself upon his throne in the centre of the stage,—a most grotesque looking personage, dressed in absurd paraphernalia, such as we see only in ancient Chinese pictures,—and, putting on his fiercest looks, shouted out as he warmed in his harangue, "*Ta, ta,*"—"strike, strike,"—and the whole chorus on both sides took it up and shouted, with furious gesticulations, "*strike, strike.*" I did not half like this, as the crowd seemed to take the hint, and began vehemently to hustle me, but I also pushed with might and main, and pressed right and left till way was made for me and I got clear out. Then I saw that the criminal in the play was bastinadoed.

I visited a tea-factory on one occasion, and saw the whole process of manufacturing green tea. Hundreds of young women and girls were engaged in picking and sorting the various kinds of teas, and a great crowd of swarthy men were occupied in another apartment in manipulating the black teas and converting them into green. They even allowed me to try my hand at it, and I metamorphosed in a few minutes a huge cauldron of black tea into fine green tea. The powder with which they colour the tea is composed of turmeric, gypsum, and Prussian blue. For the Chinese have discovered the secret of manufacturing Prussian blue for themselves. I took a handful of this powder and sprinkled it in one of the pans of tea simmering over a furnace. The tea thus heated threw out its essential oils and quickly absorbed the colouring matter thrown amongst it. A little stirring about finished the process, and I turned out a panful of beautiful green tea. I will not say, however, that it is as good to drink as it was to look at. This is the counterfeit article, and it implies the existence of a genuine green tea, just as *nobody* would think of making counterfeit coin if there were not a genuine article in existence before it. But very little genuine green tea ever leaves China. The best teas even there are very high priced, some kinds reaching to three and four guineas a pound, and the cheapest stuffs selling for three-pence or fourpence per pound. Good black teas may always be relied on as the safest and most wholesome, and yet shiploads of these execrable green teas manufactured at Canton, are annually sent to England and the United States. The same plant produces both kinds of tea, and the

cause of the green shade in the best sorts is that they are the first pickings and the tenderest leaves, and are dried not in the sun but in the shade. Extraordinary care is taken in preparing them. Every one knows that there is a difference in colour between leaves dried in the open air and leaves dried in a box.

It would be tedious to mention all that came under my notice during my residence at Canton. My time was chiefly occupied, of course, with the duties of my profession, teaching and preaching, visiting the boat population on the river, and perambulating the streets and surrounding country, frequently entering into shops for the purpose of engaging the people in conversation and distributing my books and tracts amongst them. I must say this of the Chinese, that they almost invariably gave me a kind reception. I found them willing and attentive hearers, eager to learn about the true God, interested in the news of a Saviour for sinners, and always delighted at obtaining the smallest sheet of printed paper on the subject of religion. When spoken to in their own language their eyes glisten with delight. I knew and felt instinctively that with such a talisman in my possession as some knowledge of their language, I could trust myself amongst them almost anywhere without the least danger. This feeling, I believe, has been experienced by all who have mingled much with them. The children, frightened at the sight of a foreigner, would begin to cry sometimes, but their parents brought them to at once by saying, "He speaks Chinese; don't be afraid." I began to preach after being about eighteen months in China, and, by being thrown very much among the people on going to Canton, my *copia verborum* quickly increased. The chief danger to a newly arrived missionary is a feeling of diffidence, and an unwillingness to begin to speak at first when he knows only a little of the language lest he should make blunders. But the best way is to go on blundering fearlessly and getting your errors corrected, and never to mind being laughed at. By and by the principal difficulties of the language will be surmounted, and, in the undivided attention of your hearers, you will enjoy the reward of your perseverance, in the assured consciousness of being well understood. On my arrival at Canton I was absolutely compelled to open my mouth, and to speak to the natives around me. Living wholly amongst them, not seeing a friendly face nor hearing an English word for weeks together, I found that if I did not break silence and use my tongue, I should really get nothing to eat. To speak the language well then, I should say, get launched out from the study and mix much with the people. "That's the way to touch the hearts of the Chinese; the native preachers do not speak to us in that way," said an old Chinese scholar to a missionary one day on concluding his discourse. This observation shews that the difficulties of the language, though great, have been exaggerated, and are by no means insurmountable.

In an excursion which I once made through the district of country lying around Whampoa, in company with an American friend, I visited a great number of towns and hamlets. In every house we entered a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco were presented to us. These are hourly

marks of hospitality among the Chinese. A gentleman whom I knew refused the pipe as he did not smoke ; and as the people noticed also that he did not take wine or spirits, they said, " he neither drinks wine nor smokes tobacco ; in fact he must be a sage." I recollect a certain man coming to my house in Canton one day to try and extort money, by frightening me with the vengeance of the people for presuming to rent and inhabit a house in such close proximity to their own dwellings. Old Leang-a-fah, who was with me, had hospitably presented him with a cup of tea and a pipe before he proceeded to disclose his errand. When his drift was understood, the emperor's edict tolerating Christianity was produced, and the provisions of the treaty in which the emperor permits foreigners to rent houses and dwell in the Inner Land, without molestation on the part of the mandarins, were placed before him. I never saw a man so uncomfortable over a cup of tea. After hearing all this he did not seem to enjoy his pipe much, and, to our satisfaction, he beat a speedy retreat.

On the occasion of my visit to the Whampoa district, crowds of people gathered round us in every village, and pressed us to go to the house of some influential person or to the village school-room, and then begged us to address them. At the farther end of the room a chair would be set for me, and after inviting me to be seated, they ranged themselves on either side and said, " now, Seen-sang, speak to us." And there, though very tired with speaking throughout the day, I had another discourse before me, and probably two or three afterwards. At the same time my companion would be holding forth to another attentive group elsewhere.

In coming down the river I had been pulling an oar, and in another expedition fired a cannon, but here I had an opportunity of holding the plough. The Chinese plough has but one handle which the ploughman holds with the right hand, while with the left he holds the rope attached to the bullock in front. A countryman at work in his fields good-naturedly resigned his plough to me for a little at my request, and away I went steering rather a crooked course down the furrow. When near the end of it, the share got pointed downwards to the antipodes, and the poor bullock pulled and tugged with all his might without making any way. Not knowing what to make of this he stopped and looked round, when, seeing a foreign devil dressed in white clothes at the helm, he set off at a tangent, snorting with terror, across the field, the light plough dangling at his heels, while the ploughman had a run for it to catch him.

I was greatly amused at the account which my friend gave me of his sickness, although it may seem rather hard hearted to say so. He had been really very ill of dysentery. Like many of his countrymen he abstained on principle from wine and beer, but now he thought he might venture on a little beer by way of pulling up for lost strength. Accordingly he bought a bottle and drank it all in three days. The consequence was, he said, that he got prodigiously strong and fat, and swelled out of a sudden in an amazing manner down even to his toes, inasmuch that he felt a violent pain in one of them, which he concluded could be nought

but the gout brought on by such high living—one bottle of beer to wit in three days.

He informed me that a Chinese came to him one day asking money, and founding his application for pecuniary assistance on that passage in the New Testament, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." "And how did you deal with the man?" I enquired. "Why I told him that I could not grant his request, because I had no more money than I required for myself." "But how did you meet the man's application of the words, 'turn not thou away,' which he quoted?" "Well, I just didn't turn away; I stopped and reasoned with him and explained the matter to him."—The American missionaries are, as a body, excellent and worthy men, who yet carry with them wherever they go a very republican coolness, and resistance to unwarranted pretension in others. One of them having got a note addressed to him from Dr George Smith, the Bishop of Victoria, signed of course G. Victoria, returned an answer addressed G. Victoria, Esq. He confessed, however, that he did not know who G. Victoria was. A good story is told of Dr Judson, on the occasion of the Bishop of Calcutta visiting Maulmein. He arrogantly sent a message to the venerable missionary, saying that he would be at home at three o'clock, expecting of course that Dr Judson would call and wait on him at that hour. Dr Judson wrote back to the bishop saying, that he would be at home at three o'clock too.

Circumstances in providence compelled me to leave China after a few years labour, but before my departure I had the pleasure of visiting some of the northern cities. On my way up the coast, I looked in at a variety of towns and villages, and found them to be generally walled places however small. After passing Cap-che, a considerable town with formidable battlements and teeming with population like an ant-hill, Amoy is the first large city you come to. It is a place of great business and commerce, and possesses a fine port, but it is not a pleasant residence. The surrounding country is beautiful and even highly romantic, but Amoy itself is chiefly famous for its dirt, its fleas, and its filthy smells. An American protested that he could distinguish twenty-six different smells in passing through the streets. In wet weather every street is a *via dolorosa*, with here and there a slough of despond alternating with a hill of difficulty. All seems wretchedness and squalor, such as only a very keen eye for the romantic could overlook. But when the sun shines out, you discover that the neighbourhood has its own elements of interest and beauty, comfort and happiness. The men here all wear turbans, and the women, young and old, artificial roses on their heads, with natural flowers intermixed. The old women hobble about, each with a long staff in her hand, for all, even the poorest here, have small hoof-like feet. They seemed to be pleasant and kind old creatures, for instead of the frequent scowl of hatred and suspicion with which they greet you at Canton, here they smile quite kindly on you. The large cabbage roses in their hair too, set them off wonderfully, and, wrinkled as they were, I could not help thinking them quite delightful old creatures.

On visiting Chang-chow in company with a friend, we put on Chinese

dress, not for the purpose of acting a lie or deceiving the people, but simply to avoid annoyance. The Chinese are generally very curious in their inspection of foreign dress, and every nook, and corner, and button-hole must be overhauled before their curiosity is satisfied. Besides, the people at Chang-chow having seen few foreigners, were known to be more than commonly minute and persevering in their examinations. A medical gentleman was asked by a Chinese there, why we wore such tight sleeves, pointing to the white jackets of the foreigners. C. said, "I will answer your question if you will tell me first why you ask it." The man said, "I wonder what you do when the fleas get in—how do you get them out again."

A few of the Amoy people who saw us setting out early in the morning, cried, "look at the Seen-sangs; why they just seem as if they were Chinese," apparently surprised that barbarians could by any means assume so civilized an appearance. But after all, a Scotchman makes rather an absurd Chinaman. The blue eyes are not the thing. Besides, I wanted a tail. I had not shaved my head, so that my hair stuck out in all directions beneath my Chinese cap, after the manner of the Meaoutsze. The astonishment of the good folks at Chang-chow was great. Our whiskers were an immense curiosity, for the Chinese have none. How they gaped and stared at our fair skins! You could almost fancy that their tails were about to stand out rigidly on end with amazement, and their eyes be drawn back to their ears by the tugging of the said queues. But we must not laugh too much at the Chang-chowites, for they were very civil and kind to us.

While wandering at the outskirts of the city, an old gentleman with a long venerable beard—for although they have no whiskers, their old men have beautiful beards—invited us into his house and treated us to tea and pipes. The conversation was in the mandarin dialect, so that I could not take much part in it, but a Chinese teacher who was with us interpreted from the local dialect of Fuh-keen, and explained the nature of our errand. The old gentleman accepted our books and tracts with joy, and showed us every mark of hospitality. The dialect of the common people in this province, is remarkable for its nasal sounds. One could not help wondering if there was any connection between this fact and the smallness of the people's noses—got partly worn away perhaps from having so much work to do. The quantity of nasals was something fearful, and there was an uncouthness about some of their words which can only be described as a combination between a cough and a sneeze. As the language of the ancient Troglodytes—the Bechuanas or Hottentots probably—was said to be "stridor non vox," so might this be called "*snivel non vox*."

We slept a night in a Chinese hotel within the city walls—the only foreigners in a population of half-a-million—and felt perfectly secure. For two days we rambled about every where, the people always turning out in crowds to gaze at us. One street struck me as being remarkably beautiful. I alone of our party had the pleasure of seeing it, for I got separated from the rest, and had a private ramble here. There were five triumphal or memorial arches thrown across the street at equal dis-

tances, and as it was a wide and rather gay street, compared with the generality of Chinese streets, the effect was very fine. These arches are generally erected for the purpose of commemorating various chaste and virtuous females, showing the sense entertained by the community of female worth. View Chang-chow from whatever point of its scenery you may, and it fills you with admiration. It is the most beautiful city I ever beheld any where, always saving and excepting Edinburgh of course. Few women were to be seen on the streets, and these only old ladies. The young ones might be seen peeping out of the doors and windows, and from behind screens and lattice work, and overheard exclaiming, "Good, beautiful! how fair, how white their skins!" Foreigners not being allowed to speak to women, according to the strict rules of propriety, I could only return the smile of some comely "auld wife" as she stood and gazed.

Altogether, it was a pleasant trip, so far at least. But on our way back, we met with some disasters. On the third day a storm arose, and the boat stuck on a mud bank for 24 hours. Then our provisions failed, and we had nothing for dinner but dry rice. I fortunately remembered that there was some claret in a bottle, but the corkscrew was missing. However, with a hatchet we knocked off the head of the bottle. Then the rain descended in torrents, and the cold wind pierced through our thin Chinese dresses. The mosquitoes seeing us at their mercy, bit viciously, and I was glad to draw my Chinese silk trousers over my head and face by way of extempore night-cap and curtain. But they would not be beaten off, and in the morning I found the bosom of my shirt dashed with spots of blood from sundry of these marauders, crushed during the night by an accidental toss of my head. Another thing I could not reconcile myself to, was the hard boards for a bed, and a bag of sand or a wooden stool for a pillow. However, to finish this Iliad of woes, we got safely back to Amoy again, to the great regret doubtless of the Chang-chowites, who, you may suppose if you like, were inconsolable, and ready to weep their eyes out at our departure.

Not the least amusing of one's reminiscences of foreign parts are the travellers one falls in with or hears about. I shall conclude this chapter then, by introducing to my readers a travelled Chinaman,—not that I suppose you are tired of my own sketches, but by way of variety. Mr Wang-Tae-Hae, a literary man, travelled in the Malay Archipelago for a number of years, and on his return home, wrote out and published in Chinese, for the entertainment and enlightenment of his countrymen, an account of the countries he had visited. His travels are a curiosity in their way. A translation of his book appeared a few years ago in the Chinese Miscellany. It affords some curious glimpses into nooks and corners of the Chinese mind, and shows the estimate which they form of foreign countries as compared with their own. After enjoying the delights of the tropics and the charms of Fairyland (Batavia) for ten years, Wang was seized with an impressible desire to return home, for there he had an old mother whom he longed to see. "Wherefore," says his friend, Lin-Yew-Foo, in an introductory preface, "he looked upon all as dreams of the southern forest, and, whisking his sleeve, he returned

home with as little regret as if he had been throwing away an old shoe, considering the coarse vegetables of his native village as sweeter by far than all the delicacies of the south, after which he set to work ploughing with his tongue, (teaching a school) as before."

A few of Wang's observations on foreign parts may be here strung together. "In the midst of the great ocean," he says, "there are tribes of white and black people,—the one as white as snow, and the other as black as lackered-ware. The powdered Dutchman and the varnished Papuas, are specimens of each. The latter are as black as jet, and their blood is like thick ink. They have woolly hair, and are intolerably ugly. Here, in Amboyna, is to be found the bird of paradise, which is like a variegated pheasant. It remains among the clouds, drinking fog and eating mist, and never sets foot on the earth until it dies, when it falls to the ground. In the wide sea are to be seen sea-swallows, (flying-fish), and on land flying-foxes, (bats). I have seen some of the eggs of the sea-goose (ostrich), which are five or six inches in diameter, and two or three pounds in weight. Some people from foreign countries having brought home one or two of these eggs, have pretended that they were mare's eggs, in order to excite wonder, but they are all the eggs of the sea-goose. I should say that these islands of the western ocean have something agreeable in them, and something to be lamented. The climate is not cold, and the whole year is like a continual summer. All the flowers are in bloom during the four seasons. Truly this is an enchanting state of things and very agreeable. But there are no writings of philosophers and poets wherewith to beguile the time, nor any friends of like mind to soothe one's feelings; no deep caverns or lofty towers, to which one could resort for an excursion; all which is very much to be lamented."

The picture which Mr Wang draws of the Dutch is not very flattering. "They have long noses and red hair. They are deep-schemed and thoughtful, and hence they acquire such an influence over the natives. They are very much like the man who stopped his ears while stealing a bell. The thief himself might not hear the noise which the bell made, but others were not so deaf. So the Dutch may try to hide their vices from themselves, but they are not concealed from the observation of others. In their manners, Europeans aim at being polite and affect an elegant air. Every seven days, there is a ceremony day when they go to a place of worship, and recite prayers and mumble charms, hanging down their heads, and weeping as if there was something very affecting in it all. But after half an hour's jabber they are allowed to disperse, and away they go to feast in their garden houses, and spend the whole day in delight without attending to any business. The European nations to the north-west, all wear shoes and stockings, and put on hats; hence they are called the three-cornered hat race. But the tribes to the south-west are bare-footed savages. The wives of Europeans are called Gnai, or mistress, and the men are very much afraid of them. The affairs of the family are all under their control; they keep every thing shut up very close, and their jealousy is insupportable."

Our author remarks that many of his Chinese countrymen emigrate to the Straits, and settle there for life. "Those who do so, however, cut

themselves off from the instruction of the sages. The pleasures of these western regions are enjoyed without knowing what politeness, rectitude, and shame-facedness are. These emigrants marry native women, and the marriage portion is only a pair of wax candles, which is most delightfully cheap. Some clever and intelligent Chinese rise to be Captains under the Dutch. They boil the sea to make salt, and cultivate the fields to produce revenue. Several of them have acquired great wealth, and become men of much influence, generally assisting their countrymen and doing much good. Thus they verify the proverb, that 'a man of talent is the soul of the place.'"

Wang observes respecting the Spaniards at Manilla, that they maintain foreign priests, and set up monasteries for the padres. "They venerate the cross, but they do not sacrifice to ancestors. There is something still more extraordinary—the padres forgive peoples' sins, and are very much honoured. Every seventh day they go to church and ask the padre to forgive their sins. The Chinese who sojourn in Manilla, are delighted with the swiftness of the Spanish vessels, and pleased with the skilfulness of their arrangements. We humbly conceive that it is the instruction diffused by our Sacred Government which overawes these insulated foreigners; soaking into their flesh, and moistening their marrow, so that even the most distant submit themselves. As to the English, their spirit is really heroic. They dwell in the north-west corner of the ocean, near the Dutch and the French. As to the French, their dispositions are violent and boisterous; their country is poor, and contains but few merchants; hence they seldom come to Batavia. Whenever the Dutch are insulted by the English, they depend on the French for assistance. European countries are originally on the outside verge of civilization, and their being now assimilated to the villages of the Inner Land, is entirely owing to the virtuous influence of our august government, which transforms these distant and unknown regions by the innate force of its majesty. These western barbarians have, however, some wonderful inventions; among others, the heaven-measuring rule (the quadrant), celestial boats (balloons), and thousand-mile mirrors (telescopes)."

The Chinese traveller notices that the customs of the outer barbarians differ widely from those of his own country. For instance, he says, that "the Javanese sit cross-legged and squat down when they receive a visitor. They do not use chopsticks when they eat, but take up the food in their hands. They consider beef a delicacy, but do not touch pork or dogs' flesh. The women's feet are not bound up, and the men wear pantaloons instead of petticoats. Thus their customs appear to be the very opposite of those of the Chinese. As to Formosa, it is now brought under imperial rule, and constituted part of the Chinese territory. Now the transmarine regions are bedewed with the gracious influence of our august Government, and the people are rich and prosperous. I must say," he observes in conclusion, "that this western region is a very pleasant place to dwell in; but a man must have no parents at home, be destitute of brethren, and have no family anxieties upon him, and then he may all his life-long be a most happy fellow in such countries."

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.¹

WE conceive that an author commits a very grave error in taking up his pen to write a disquisition on any given subject, without having such fixed and definite ideas upon it as shall enable his readers clearly to comprehend what the matter under discussion actually is; and this appears to us to be a mistake very glaringly evident in the work before us. A metaphysician who should make the philosophy of virtue his theme, and should lay it down as his primary hypothesis that no such thing as vice existed, and that every action or device however base or atrocious, was in itself actually and absolutely admirable and virtuous, if regarded as one in a continuous chain of sequences which required its presence for their culmination to perfect goodness, would we suspect be set down as at once so paradoxical in his propositions and so vague in his definitions as to command but little respect for his opinions or attention to his exposition of them. It is unquestionably true, that without the existence of vice, we could have no perception of virtue—in fact that there could be no such thing; *goodness*, which is a mere passive quality, might exist, but *virtue* which is nothing if it be not a struggle against the temptations of vice, could neither have a place in the moral economy, nor awaken any emotion of admiration in the soul. In like manner, if, as Dr Macvicar asserts, there be no such thing as ugliness, but that every thing in creation is not only beautiful, but when regarded as in its own place in the order of material nature, *equally* beautiful, (that is to say, that so regarded filth and ordure are actually as beautiful as the violet or rose,) it appears to us self-evident that no such thing as positive beauty can exist, or that the mind can conceive any definite idea of it as a distinct law in the order of nature. To make ourselves clearly understood, we may state our proposition in this simple form—that if we recognise virtue only by its contrast to vice, so can we only acknowledge the presence of the beautiful by its antagonism to ugliness. No sentient being, endowed with a reasonable soul, and believing in an all-wise Creator, can for an instant doubt that *all* the arrangements of His Providence are infinitely *wise*, or fail to acknowledge that in their perfect fitness for the fulfilment of their several functions, the separate parts of His material creations exist in an order so wonderfully dependent on and suited to the development of one another, as to constitute a beautiful whole. But as our finite faculties are incapable of embracing the whole, and as in fact it is but a very small portion of the material world which we can at any one moment have under observation, and as moreover we are so formed as to receive intense pleasure from the contemplation of certain objects, while the aspect of others fills us with disgust and aversion, it is quite obvious that the only truly philosophical method of conducting an enquiry on the subject of beauty and our conceptions of it, is first of all to state that it is not the admirable arrangement

¹ The Philosophy of the Beautiful. By JOHN G. MACVICAR, D.D., author of an "Inquiry into Human Nature," &c. Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh.

of the material world regarded as a whole, but those portions of it which are patent to our observation as individuals at one time, and which possess some particular qualities in themselves apart from the rest of creation, that excite emotions of delight in the beholder, which we are to consider as coming under the category of the beautiful; and secondly, by finding the greatest number of these isolated objects which awaken these enchanting sensations in the greatest number of minds, to approximate to some determination of what positive beauty is; *after which only*, by investigating what laws predominate in the formation of these objects, shall we be in a position to affirm with any show of plausibility that certain curves, contours, or conditions of being have a greater power of producing beauty than others. The author of the very learned treatise under review having set out with the untenable hypothesis that the ugly has no existence in nature, endeavours to prove the same by calling attention to the fact "that if the question as to that region of nature where the most beautiful objects are to be found, be put to any naturalist, he is sure to answer that they lie within his own elect province." This we must take the liberty of denying *in toto*, either as existing in fact, or as being any evidence of his proposition if it did. That men of science pursue with ardour, and find intense delight in the study of their chosen branches of natural history or philosophy, there can be no question—but that application to the investigation of one section of science, however intense that application may be, should so dull the perception of ideal or even mere material beauty in a man's soul, as to confine his admiration within the narrow limits of one order of nature's marvellous works, is what we cannot admit, and we are very certain the most curious entomologist now existing will bear us out in the assertion, that whatever delight he may take in the study of the insect world as an object of pleasing contemplation to the eye, he will prefer the Venus de Medicis to a black beetle.

Amongst the innumerable theories that have been propounded on the subject of the beautiful, there is not one, to the best of our recollection, which has escaped the endless complications and self-contradictions occasioned by this mistake in their authors, of not discriminating between what is *interesting* to some individual minds, and what is beautiful to the perception of all; and it appears to us that Dr Macvicar has thrown needless difficulties in his own way of elucidating his subject, in still further embarrassing it by not drawing a distinct line between the consent of the reason to the wisdom of nature's arrangements, and the delight of the senses, in conjunction with the intellectual powers, in contemplating the forms and colours into which she has moulded the objects around us. Every object in nature, when carefully examined, not only in its relation to the whole, but as existing in itself, is to the thinking soul a miracle, and manifestation of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the great Creator—but then so regarded they are rather subjects for religious meditation than of æsthetical inquiry; and to conduct the latter with any hope of success, we must keep distinctly before us, that the subject of necessity limits itself to what addresses itself *only* to the senses, and that portion of the intellectual faculties the exercise of

which produces *taste*. Any departure from this rule carries us out of the province of æsthetics, into the regions of metaphysics, in which every man hopelessly loses himself, and we firmly believe that it is entirely owing to this leaving of their legitimate field of investigation to roam without chart or compass through mazy realms of metaphysical speculation, of which all theorists of the Beautiful have been more or less guilty, that has brought us to the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, without our having approached any understanding of the laws which govern this portion of the universal economy.

In spite, however, of our author having fallen into this error, like all his predecessors in the same field of enquiry his work contains some very profound speculations, well worthy the serious attention of all students of art, and some views of art itself, which, although not quite original, (as they have been clearly understood and acted upon by many great masters in all departments of art for centuries past) are yet announced in a manner at once so striking and so lucid, as to render them invaluable to those who have neither the time nor the opportunity of learning from the study of the works of these masters the principles by which they arrived at the perfection they attained. We would especially call attention to his remarks on the use of the straight line in producing forms of grandeur, well illustrated as they are by the examples given of an antique head of Jupiter, and one of the Twelve Apostles of Thorswalden, which no one can look at without at once perceiving that it is entirely to their almost exclusive production by perpendicular and horizontal lines that the extreme majesty of their expression is owing. Like all writers who have treated the subject, however, Dr Macvicar, while confirming by his assent the principles upon which the great masters have acted in the execution of their works, has, as a matter of course, his own favourite crotchet as to the constituents which go to the production of supreme beauty; and mounted on this hobby we confess we cannot go very far with him, as many of his propositions and assumptions (and he assumes a good deal) appear to us to be not only contradicted by fact, but to be contradicted by one another. For instance, he insists at length, and very strongly, that *symmetry*, or perfect regularity of parts is altogether incompatible with *expressiveness*, or the portrayal of feeling, and that in fact the more symmetrical an object is, the more it must necessarily be unmeaning and uninteresting. Now it seems to us that the learned doctor has again involved himself in a maze of contradiction here, by not distinctly discriminating between one thing and another. If by *expressiveness* he means nothing else but the irregularities occasioned by the animation of action or passion, and by *symmetry* only the tranquillity of repose, then we *so far* grant his hypothesis; but in our humble estimation, the tranquillity of repose is quite as expressive (taking that word in its ordinary sense) as the violence of passionate action, and therefore we think the proper way for the author to have expressed his idea would have been to say, that the greater the symmetry, the more perfect would be the *expression of repose*, while the less the regularity was observed the higher would be the degree of animation produced. Upon Dr Macvicar's theory, the Apollo

Belvidere, by all the world acknowledged as the very perfection of symmetry, and consummation of ideal beauty, must be the most meaningless production of the art of sculpture. But is such the fact? Is it not rather replete with expression of the most intense kind, and not less replete with the expression of life, vigour, and power, than of heavenly tranquillity, and the grandeur of conscious divinity? We think we *feel* that it is, and therefore we cannot agree with our author that symmetry destroys expression. Passing from sculpture to painting, we must also state our dissent from the illustrations of his theory, which he draws from that art. He himself admits that Raphael "is generally and justly considered as the greatest master in expression," and yet adduces him in contrast to Rubens, as scarcely ever departing from the strictest rules of symmetry in his compositions, which seems a complete refutation of his own theory, that symmetry produces a *want* of expression. Dissenting as we do from this particular idea of the doctor, we nevertheless hail as a valuable addition to æsthetical science his admirable remarks on some of the works of the ancient masters, and still more his just strictures on the meretricious feebleness of the modern French school, and the puerile absurdities of the pre-Raphaelites. If we consider that the rev. author fails in establishing his favourite theory by the illustrations he draws from sculpture and painting, we conceive him to be still more unfortunate in the deductions in its favour which he has drawn from the art of the architect. In this department of æsthetical beauty, he in the first place commits the error of confining himself entirely to the contemplation of the Greek and Gothic styles to support his argument, which of course lays it open to the objection that there are other styles of architecture, which, possessing neither the graceful regularity of the Greek, nor the exuberant variety of the Gothic, far outstrip the first in grandeur, and closely vie with the last in expressive beauty, and *that therefore* his theory as a *law* of beauty in this kind cannot be admitted. That "half raised structures are universally more expressive than highly finished buildings," is what we believe nobody but Dr Macvicar himself ever discovered or is likely to discover, and though he may be fully persuaded in his own mind that it is the mere bare fact of its regularity being broken by the hand of time or the work of the spoiler, that gives all their *expressiveness* to the gigantic ruins of the Colosseum, we believe there is no other mind existing which would not find the interest they create in the associations which they awaken. Who can for a moment doubt that purely as objects of æsthetical satisfaction, the Parthenon, to which the princely Pericles pointed, saying to assembled Athens, "Be mine alone the cost,—but mark ye, mine also shall be alone the glory,"—or the Colosseum, as it stood in its completed form, the proudest monument of the empire of the Cæsars, must have been much more *beautiful* than the shattered remnants of them on which the modern traveller now gazes, striving in imagination to reconstruct from the ruins around the perfect forms of their matchless grandeur! That ruins in general are infinitely interesting and highly picturesque nobody will deny, but we must contend that to render them so the accessories of *place* and *circumstance* are essentially necessary. To illustrate our meaning,—let us take the

example given by Dr Macvicar, in elucidation of his theory, that a ruined, is more beautiful and interesting than an entire building. We are not of the number of those who, standing before the Church of La Madeleine in Paris, exclaimed with our author, "How beautiful it is!" On the contrary, the feeling that its length was out of all proportion with its breadth, and that its altitude was completely dwarfed by the height of the surrounding buildings (as is the case almost universally with all modern imitations after the Greek) produced upon us a very disagreeable and disappointing impression. But taking it for what it is,—not as the supreme effort of modern architecture, but a tolerably correct revival of an ancient model, and supposing, with the doctor, that its trim regularity were destroyed "by time, the mob, an earthquake, or any agency adequate to the effect," we say that though each of these agencies might produce the same effect on the *building*, the operation of one or other of them, would produce a very different effect upon the beholder. Were time the destructive agent, then as a matter of course the surrounding objects would share in the decay, and harmonising with the aspect of the ruin, would heighten its picturesque effect, and assist in conjuring to the imagination all the interesting associations naturally connected with the fall of the great places of the earth; and regarding it as a vestige of the departed magnificence of a mighty empire, the ruins of La Madeleine would unquestionably "exert a power upon the beholder," infinitely greater than it does in the cold precision of its entirety. But on the other hand, were its regularity broken by the rioters of some vulgar *emeute*, it is very certain that far from being looked upon "in this dismembered and dilapidated state," as having "*gained* in expressiveness," (or picturesque beauty) it would be so out of keeping with the busy life around, as to be regarded as a mere eye-sore, and would most certainly either be immediately reconstructed, or swept away from the spot it would disfigure. Ruins in a street, in the heart of a busy, working, every-day population, can never be picturesque, for they are utterly out of place, and so jar with the common pressing occupations of the active multitude, as to make them an intrusion and an impertinence. To be picturesque they must stand alone with nature,—to be interesting they must be hallowed by the touch of time. Let any one who doubts this assertion, ask himself whether St Paul's in ruins would be a picturesque object in the midst of shops and coffee-houses, with omnibuses driving round it, and men bawling "shoe ties a penny a pair," at every corner, and then betaking himself to Virginia water, try whether he can find anything interesting in the *new ruins*, erected there by that model of bad taste, George the Fourth, which having been built with all due consideration to the irregularities and "sweet neglect" which characterises natural decay, should, according to Dr Macvicar, be looked upon as quite as expressively beautiful and interesting as Tintern or Melrose Abbeys, since it is his theory that it is simply the irregularities it displays, and neither the appropriateness of its situation, nor the associations which it awakens which bestow these qualities on any ruined edifice.

Within the space to which we must limit ourselves, it is impossible to follow all the arguments which Dr M. advances in support of the va-

rious theories promulgated in the volume before us on the subject of the beautiful. Suffice it to say, that while acknowledging the justness of his ideas as *partially applicable* to some departments of art, it would be no difficult task to prove that he has advanced no nearer than his predecessors, in this field of inquiry, to the discovery of any governing *law* of Beauty, as his suggestions are not only very far indeed from being of universal application in the regions of the beautiful, but are contradicted at every turn by the commonest objects on which we can cast our eyes. And the truth of the matter is, he seems himself to have felt the insecurity of the foundations on which he built his arguments, for we find he has no sooner seemed to settle one point to his own satisfaction than the difficulty of maintaining his position appears to strike him, and flying off at a tangent, he tries to prove the very reverse of the proposition he has just laid down. In this way his readers, on closing the volume, find themselves left in a most perplexing uncertainty whether the straight line, which he asserts is expressive of the infinite, or the spherical form, which he tells us is the aim and end of Nature in her dynamical operations, is the fittest subject for our admiration in the objects in which they predominate, or whether the rectangularity of the Greek architecture, or the rhomboidalism of the Gothic, has the higher claim to our homage. By the bye, we wonder what the doctor meant when he wrote this passage: "There will be no Greek temples where there is no heavy material. *There will be none in heaven.*" He surely did not intend to hint a contradiction of St John's assertion, "that there is *no* temple there," and that for the complete beatification of souls like Mr Ruskin's, which we suppose would not think heaven *was* heaven without them, we shall find in the upper spheres fac-similies of Cologne Cathedral and York Minster, where they may for ever delight themselves in the rapt contemplation of mediæval masonry! If such be the doctor's idea, it was too bad of him to give it expression, as if he believed in it. It is apt to make poor deluded sinners like ourselves, who plead guilty to a predelection for the rectilinear temples of the pagans, to arraign the even-handed justice of the celestial arrangements for our future accommodation. But we take comfort in the hope, that should the divine seer have been mistaken in stating that heaven possesses no such temples as we build on earth, that the probability is, the doctor is wrong in supposing that the rhomoidal form will be preferred in the construction of those he expects to find there, as we know on the authority of Scripture, that that temple which, it is expressly stated, was "a pattern of things in heaven," and built by heaven-inspired workmen from a plan furnished from heaven itself, was past all question strictly rectangular, so that we think the classicists have at least as good a chance to have their peculiar tastes gratified, as those who see no beauty in any thing but stained glass and lancet windows.

But to return to the serious. While agreeing with him, "that considered as a *place of worship*," much more may be justly said of the Gothic cathedral "than of the Grecian temple," we by no means grant to the author, that the latter possesses less the charm of religious expression; on the contrary, it seems to us to bear more impressively the

solemn aspect of a temple or abode of the Deity than the other. We think indeed that the Gothic cathedral has more the air of a *place of worship*,—its solemn aisles being peculiarly fitted for religious meditation, and its springing arches, and tapering spires rising towards heaven, and seeming to bear the prayers of the worshippers upwards on their beauty, telling in every stone of religious aspiration and heaven directed hope. But while the Gothic church speaks of the worshipper, does not the majestic impassive grandeur of the Greek temple impress our souls with the thought of the Deity himself? The feeling expressed in it is, that there the Divinity would descend in person to announce his will to his assembled votaries; and it was to impress upon the Israelites the certainty of that awful fact being realised amongst them, that the most glorious temple the world has yet seen, raised its *rectangular* form in the midst of them. Let it not be said that the Gothic prevails over the Greek temple in religious expression: into the first we would enter to confess the sins that cleave to us, and seek for help against them; but it is in the last that with awful dread we would wait “to hear what the Lord would say unto us.”

After all, however, these are matters of mere individual taste and feeling, and it is futile to attempt to reduce them into any system which shall embrace all that comes under the category of the Beautiful, and so bring all mankind to a unanimous verdict upon it. Rather acknowledging that Beauty exists in infinite variety, let us love her in every phase of her existence,—and striving, with humble reverence, to discover the laws which govern her several manifestations in their highest perfection, let us endeavour, with all diligence, to follow in her steps, and purify and ennoble our own souls by the contemplation, and the souls of others by the production of what “has some taste of her quality.”

It would lead us into a disquisition more suited to a philosophical quarto than the pages of a magazine, were we to attempt any discussion of Dr Macvicar's pet crotchet, that *reticulation* is the almost sole and universal agent whereby beauty is imparted,—producing not only by its presence on the epidermis the beauty of smoothness, and in the lofty cathedral the infinite charm of its *harmonious variety*, but by undulæ of the air, and of the ether flowing in crossing currents, conveying the fairest tints to the flower, and the sweetest melody to the ear. There is no little ingenuity and a great deal of learning displayed in the endeavour to establish this theory, but as such speculations must be in a great measure purely fanciful, and as it is absolutely impossible to test the truth of them by practical experiment, we consider it a mistake to introduce them into a work which professes to treat this subject philosophically.

Having frankly stated in what we disagree with Dr Macvicar, we take our leave of him with much respect for his great and very varied attainments, and the earnestness with which he has evidently pursued the object he had in view, and with sincere pleasure at seeing so much learning brought to bear upon a subject to which we have been too long indifferent in this Modern Athens of ours. Let us hope that it may be the dawn of a better day for us, that induces such men as Dr Macvicar

to lend us the light of their knowledge and abilities to clear the darkness in which we have been so shamefully contented to remain regarding a matter of such universal interest.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

(Continued from page 277.)

"**B**EHOLD he cometh with clouds." This imitation of Daniel, vii. 13, we shall here merely treat generally, not textually, as will be done at Rev. xiv. 1, where the subject is fully introduced. Christ has had many advents, and will have countless advents more, public and private. The one here is a spiritual inauguration or induction into the throne of His providential glory, such as He exhibited on the day of Pentecost, and at the final destruction of the typical Jerusalem. Since then, every eye has been and will be upon Him, whether of friend or foe. From that day, especially since the dawn of the Reformation, it has been becoming plain to all that He has been holding a day of providential judgment, so dividing mankind into flocks, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats, according to their spiritual character as friends or foes, wolves or lambs; that in the language of the 8th Psalm, He is crowned with glory and honour, having all things put under Him; all sheep and oxen, all the different parts of His own flock, all of whatever degree that come within His proper fold, whether the leader bulls, the mid-class rams, or the humbler kids,—not only those, but the beasts of the field; all the parts of that larger flock so carefully tended by the Prince of this world, whether lions, tigers, wolves, or bears; all who are more respectable in their hatred to the chief shepherd and His little flock, or the swinish and reptile races, whose grovelling enmity may at any moment be made to run violently down any steep place, and be drowned in a petty sea. The fowls of the air are His admirers. Their soaring wing is the emblem of that favoured class whose enraptured communion cannot be detained by any earthly weight of care or tinsel joy; but waiting at the gates of an unclouded heaven, till Christ who is their life shall appear, they long to be changed into the same image from glory to glory; to stand with Him no longer even on the earthly Zion, or the ordinance Jerusalem, but in the heaven of heavens, where they shall behold Him no longer as He was, but as He is; there He will be for ever their sun and shield—they shall stand in the light no longer of His earthly ordinances, but of His own dazzling countenance, and be for ever with the Lord. These soaring doves are they that feed upon the promises, and could live on this one word, "My beloved is mine and I am His." But the fish of the sea are also His admirers; all who, thinking the dry land too high or too light are contented to sink into darkness, and live as much as possible below their privileges,—O ye of little faith. When then, *at any time*, Christ sees meet to take to Him His great power, and *make it evident* that He doth reign, *then* he comes in the clouds of heaven—that

is with power and great glory ; and then all parts of His gospel dominion are forced to eye Him. The sheep and oxen eye Him ; the beasts of the field, (witness Nebuchadnezzar) are obliged to preach His Gospel, the fowls of the air eye Him, the reptiles in the depths of the sea eye Him. These all wait on thee. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in *all* the earth. Isaiah ii. 2, 4.

“ They also which pierced Him.” It is the peculiar work of Christ to turn the beasts of the field into the flocks of His pastures. It was certain of those beasts that smote the Shepherd when the sheep were scattered ; but by the divine gift of repentance, the piercers are formed into the Christian Church, so that in the typical language of the Scriptures here imitated, Zechariah xii. 10, it is Jerusalem that is in great mourning for her having pierced her Shepherd. Now, we know that the typical Jerusalem never had this honour or favour conferred upon her. It was the ungracious office of the typical Jerusalem to pierce ; it is the privilege of the true Jerusalem to look upon Him whom their sins, if not their hands, crucified, and are always crucifying afresh.

“ And all the twelve tribes of the land shall wail because of Him.” As in the typical church Christ had His twelve tribes, all varying in their natural tempers, localities, employments, talents, opportunities, and consequent responsibilities, some like Judah and Benjamin with their five talents, others like Ephraim with three, and others like Asher with one ; and as these, in the wilderness plan of the church formed what Ezekiel has called a wheel or orbit of nations, *orbis terrarum*, whence a quota of Militia compeared on the enclosed parade and pasture grounds, around the central tabernacle of God, to discharge the military duties of that militant church, as more fully to be explained, chap. iv.,—so, from the four quarters of the gospel land, many from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, shall come and sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the heavenly kingdom, the gospel Church on earth, and the former children of the kingdom shall be cast out. They who, to serve a typical purpose, were, to the end of typical time, called the seed of Abraham, and heirs of the kingdom, shall be cast out. It is their Christian successors, their supplanters, from whom the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and who like Jacob, their type, took it by storm, it is these returning prodigals, these younger brothers, that wail with a repentance that needeth not to be repented of ; these are the parties who require and are solaced with the forgiving assurance,—“ And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it.” Ye are pricked in your hearts ; ye say unto us, men and brethren, what shall we do. Our answer is, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved,” for the promise is to you and to your children, and to as many as are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

“ I am Alpha and Omega.” The bride has, in verses 6 and 7, most scripturally expressed her entire obligation to her Redeemer for her whole existence, and all its comforts and honours, and especially has expressed her confidence, that all his promises for the future are yea and amen ; it only remains for her husband to assure her that her confidence need never be shaken—as his power is, especially in the last appeal “ Amen,” identified

with his veracity. As if he had said, true I am your first Maker, and your last protector; I have begun the work of grace, and there is nobody but myself to end it. As I live, saith Jehovah, as I am Almighty and everlasting, I will never forsake them till I forsake myself. Thy thrice blessed marriage is secured for ever—I will never never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

How then, it may be asked, did he come to desert the seven churches very soon? In a very few months or years, all their candlesticks were removed out of their places; the bride abandoned if not divorced; and left to be married to any *imposter* that might chance to arise. The answer to this important question is obvious, and in the interpretation of this book, all important. If the typical church, in all its reverses, teaches anything, it teaches us this, that this world is not the place where the unqualified promises of Christ receive their full accomplishment. The elements of prospectiveness, hope, future reward, endurance of tribulation, perseverance, are necessary, essentially necessary to the gospel system; a system where patience produces experience, and experience hope; a system of faith, believing that from what instalments of divine favour have been already paid, the rest will in their due time and place. This prospectiveness, being a general feature of the gospel, is systematically treated of in its place—Heb. iv.,—where at verse 8, the general proposition is expressed in the form of a conclusion in these words:—"If Joshua, upon entering Canaan had given them rest, then would he not afterward in the times and Psalms of King David, have spoken of another day." It is a principle then, every where taught in the model, "that there *remaineth* a rest to the people of God." Mosaic rest was a type of gospel rest, gospel rest is a type of proper or eternal rest; a rest however, which is no where the subject of Bible description; 1 Cor. ii. 9, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

We cannot be too careful of this, that all the things described in Scripture under the name of the kingdom of heaven, are things connected with the gospel kingdom *on earth*, that suffering kingdom which prepares for the undescribed unsuffering one, the church militant on earth, which alone prepares for the church triumphant in glory—glory indescribable, especially in the book of Revelation wholly undescribed, *nor ever once alluded to*. The same John who writes the Apocalypse, the survey of the gospel Church's varying fortunes upon earth, as typified by those of the extinct Hebrew Church, says of the unsuffering kingdom, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth *not yet appear what we shall be*, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

The reason of this arrangement is as obvious as the fact of it. In the church below the bride is always in company with others, before whom Christ cannot shew His attachment to her, as He can afterwards when separated and taken home unto Himself. His courts below are but the place of occasional and *much interrupted* courtship preparatory to the marriage supper of the Lamb, when once and for ever He takes home the bride, and no one but the bride, into His eternal rest. The ungodly

and profane, who mix with every congregation of the saints on earth, as goats in the same pasture with the sheep, derive benefit enough from that external communion; but it is not meet to allow too much of the children's bread to be devoured by the dogs, whose presence is always a discomfort, distracting the mind of the flock from the love of the shepherd. When the separation day comes, familiarity begins to last for ever. Then without fear of distraction or annoyance your husband will say, "Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair; thy neck is like the tower of David; thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse. How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse."

Verse 9. Part of this verse has already been explained. The clause, "I who am your companion in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," may be explained in various ways, all admitting of large discourse; at present we shall only mention two. One, wherein the patience is the Christian's, the other Christ's own. 1. Where the patience is that of the Christian. In this sense, we may understand St John as saying, you and we, you in Lydia, and we in Judea, have suffered persecution for our Christian principles from widely different parties, but our principles, and supports, and aims, are the same. Paul, the founder of your churches, fought as with wild beasts at your Ephesus, and yourselves at the outset at least, had a similar struggle to maintain, lest the enemies of our cause should do with your infant churches what the civil power sought to do with the infant Saviour. "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience." They are in every way the same as our own; you boast of Antipas the faithful martyr, I of my brother James, who with Stephen and others, have been the first to follow the Lord into glory. The only difference between us is locality. But even that is removed, for at the expense of the Roman government, I have had a free passage unto you, though I am not the first of the ambassadors from Christ. Let us then know our position, and as brethren concert measures for our common safety and final triumph.

Everywhere the civil power views us exactly as it did our types the Hebrew captives in Chaldaea. Shall we then, forgetting the example of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall we, at the bidding of the Nebuchadnezzar of the day, worship the carcase of his namesake predecessor, or call himself the king of kings? Or will we not rather brave the furnace and the lion's den? The latter course, will now, as then, convert our torturer into a gospel preacher, Dan. iv. 34, and our patience in maintaining the headship of Christ teach the twelve Caesars, the twelve Apostles of the other kingdom, in spite of themselves, to proclaim, His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion is from generation to generation. Upon this view of the combined phrase kingdom and patience, Paul is large in various places; thus, 1 Cor. iv. 9, God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death. Col. i. 24, I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh. 2 Cor. iv. 10, Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus; for we, which live, are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake.

2. Where the patience is Christ's own.—It is ever to be remembered and preached that all the endurance or patience of Christians is but a shadow of Christ's own sufferings. That is the means whereby he, as Messiah came to his kingdom, 1 Pet. i. 11. The Spirit, in all the prophets, testified beforehand the sufferings or patience or endurance of Christ, and the glory that should follow. If the man of sorrows could be detached from the conqueror of death and hell, much of the offensiveness of the cross would cease, and the world be prepared to hosannah the King of kings; but the gallows of the King of kings is a combination of elements whence the natural mind revolts; and therefore endurance or patience of persecution will ever be the penalty of preaching a suffering king, though without these sufferings there could have been no Christian kingdom, Heb. ii. 9. We see Jesus and must preach Jesus, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour. It became him to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings.

"I was in the isle that is called Patmos." Though it was as far as possible from their intention, neither did their heart mean it so, "yet I would that ye should understand, brethren, Philip. i. 12, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel, so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all" the best cities of western Asia. On the highway of the sea, which rather unites than separates the eastern and western continents, the schools of Ionia, Lydian, and Attic, the wharfrage of Smyrna and the traffic of Corinth, my Patmos is the very watch-tower of communication between the two favoured families of earth, the hitherto God-blessed Shems of Asia, and the enlarging and ever to enlarge families of Japheth, who here learn from me how to come at their promised blessing of dwelling in the tents of Shem, and, as a younger brother supplanting him from his spiritual superiority among the nations.

Whereas, unlike most of my fellow-apostles, now dead, I have had my martyrdom changed into exile on this desert rock, the effect is, an opportunity of conveying Gospel truth along a greater number of communication lines, and I am the correspondent of the universal church. Thus in a sense whereof I never dreamt, I am at the right hand of Christ in his lower kingdom.

As an exile I have every bodily comfort I could desire. It is not to be supposed that so many Christian churches, seated along the adjoining shore, at a respectful distance from the rocky seat of their hoary preceptor, could see me want in carnal things, while I administered to them of my spiritual things—so that here it were ill to learn how to want. But this is not all. Can it be supposed that one who ever companied with the Lord of Glory, who witnessed his transfiguration, and stood alone at his cross, should not be sought unto by the merely curious soon as they heard of my banishment from the land of miracle to their classic shores? Great were the throngs and varied the characters that flocked spontaneous to the other John, to hear of the universally expected Saviour. Equally various have been the visitors to a rock unvisited before, where I sometimes have more bearers than letters for them to bear; and thus independently of the willing churches, I have all my wants abundantly supplied.

Verse 10. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." There would be as much absurdity in Christ continuing the seventh day for a Sabbath to his church, as in the Jews' throwing back theirs to the sixth,—each would be a working day. It was an important part of Christ's work that he should be in the state and place of the dead ; now this was done mainly on the seventh day, the Jewish sabbath ; it would therefore have been very awkward to ask us to commemorate his finished work of suffering, on the very day which did not see it finished, but appeared to see him finished, and all his high pretensions for ever laid in the dust. Suppose then, for a moment, that he had not the same right to change the day, than he had to make it ; the continuance of the seventh day, the tomb day, would have been as much a day to commemorate Jewish triumph over Christ, as Christ's triumph over the last enemy,—death.

The retention of the seventh day would besides have had quite a *Judaizing tendency*, encouraging the lingerers about the ceremonial parts of the Mosaic law to continue that intolerable burden upon the Jerusalem which is free. The Lord's day, then, the resurrection day, the first day of the week, has a lustre about it, that eclipses not only the Jewish sabbath, not only the Mosaic ceremonial, but the Jewish nation.

On this day of days, whereby the *Jewish nation* "*was finished*," on one of these days, I stood on the beach, lest some of my more ardent hearers might have ventured out, in spite of the storm, to hear the story of the dying love of Christ ; but on that black day no bark could near me. Alone amidst the vast billows, and a black mist more agitated than they, I thought of the beloved pair, who with their own hands cast out the tackling of the ship, when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away. Next, of that still darker night, that blackest of nights, we spent upon the high mountain, when the dazzling brightness of the Redeemer's face and raiment was too strong and too sudden, whether to our eyes or hearts, and we fell on our faces and were sore afraid. Amid the roaring seas below, the howling clouds above, how puny the voice of man when nature speaks ; how loud then and overwhelming the voice of Him whose voice alone is as the noise of many waters.

Thus musing in stormy solitude, I was not long alone. A special influence of the Holy Ghost, with whose effects upon my mind I had become familiar, and these cases all resembled the one of Pentecost, (Acts ii.), an immediate inspiration filled my soul. Time died ; for the past was vividly present, the future was present without disturbing the past. I felt this Sabbath-day of rocky solitude was to be another transfiguration. But of what subjects I waited to see. I looked to the sea, lest thither duty might first call. With my back to the mountain rocks, and my face to the sea, like Moses, when he left Jehovah on Sinai-top and addressed himself to the stilling of the tumultuous crowd below ; like Moses, I heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet ; I felt I was to be the Legiator of the newly ransomed church, the Moses of the better covenant. Aged as the three-lifed faster,—like him I felt equally nimble to ascend, either bodily or mentally, any Sinai or Tabor, (perhaps my

Pisgah) but it was not till the second vision, chap. iv. 1., that the marshal trumpet of the Lord of hosts commanded, "Come up hither."

I heard the trumpet voice,—it drowned the roaring elements ; I think it stilled them ; but I heard them not ; and though the voice waxed louder and louder I fainted not. Like Ezekiel I heard the voice *behind me*, but, receiving the divine strength before hearing the voice, and so strengthened with all might by his Spirit in the inner man, I did not faint as that ill-fed captive did. It was the voice of the Redeemer-husband, assuring a scattered and apparently annihilated church that within his everlasting arms she was infinitely safe and might keep herself quite composed. Her seasons, says her Lord, may vary, her summers of spiritual prosperity and rapturous communion dwindle into the darkness of winter, and even in some cases her candlestick be for ever removed out of its place, but her summers of life, and joy, and fruitfulness, and peace, will as seasonably return ; for I, says Christ, am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, who change not. Thou, John, who hast for all occasional absences of the bridegroom written my parting addresses to the bride, to be studied during the gloom of needful separation, now, like Moses, write in a book, the Book of the New Testimony, the statutes, precepts, principles, the blessing and the cursing, suited to the varying character of my varied and universal church ; write in transcript from the pages of the already written word, her duty and its reward, her sin and its punishment, her pride and needful fall, her penitence and returning favour, her fates and fortunes already embodied in the law and the prophets, serving as a sample till the end of earthly time. For what the model or typical church once was, the Gospel Church will ever be.

Of the eternity beyond, of marriage-love unbroken, thrilling, endless, undisturbed, of joy unspeakable and full of glory ; of gladness which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, nor thou nor angel nor archangel may write or think to write ; these it is not lawful to utter, they are unutterable ; and if they could be in part conceived, the effect would be to injure, not to bless, the human mind. Once and once only, my Paul had to be translated from the body, before he could endure a glimpse of the third, the highest heavens. Write thou of the lowest heaven, the footstool heaven, the kingdom of heaven below, where saints will be trained for unchanging glory above. Write thou of the painful struggles of the general church on earth, which Paul has so well described of the individuals composing that church,—the fight of faith, the strife to be maintained till the end of time, with the triumviral world, the devil, and the flesh, whose antagonism I will ever employ to develop in my people the graces of the militant Church, doomed to enjoy no permanent rest, till translated at death into the disembodied and unsuffering kingdom.

As the Mosaic church now gone, was my carefully prepared emblem of the Gospel church, so let the sevenness of the Lydian Churches, to whom thou art my ambassador in bonds, represent the complete sets of churches which I may any where plant along the more favoured portions of the earth.

A ready thou knowest in part the varying character of these churches,—write to them all, not for their sakes alone, but for them also who shall hereafter believe in my name, and thereafter pollute my name; write to the filthiest, that saints in every age may see what a church is, when destitute of the Holy Ghost,—a name to live, and dead. As there is a pollution out of which a church may rise, so there ever will be on earth a depth of pollution into which a church may sink, and; by *always* allowing such original pollution to reappear, and form a *part* of the probation *church*, each saint will feel the less secure, and the more anxious to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit, perfecting holiness in the *fear* of God.

“Write what thou seest.” Thou wilt see nothing but what has been seen exhibited and experienced before—an abridgement of Old Testament History is all thou art to review and write. Of that history thou art now to see the summary. The topics will be select and few; the words those I have already inspired my prophets to compose. I will pass before thy purified and therefore clear-sighted mind a review of the *varying fortunes of the model church*, as these illustrate, and were all intended to illustrate the Gospel one. Thou wilt see (chap. iv.) an abridgement of the model constitution, to be more fully studied in the law; a constitution which will no longer in literal form, but in serious reality, be copied into the corresponding part of each Gospel nation, and that with a fidelity proportioned to the relative elevation I mean to assign it among the nations of the earth. Thou wilt see how such nations, even the most favoured, will, after a series of minor (chap. viii.) and major (chap. ix.—x.) chastisements, pass, piece-meal, into a temporary degradation; some improving under the chastisement, coming forth from the furnace of blessed affliction (xi. 15) seven times purified, while others, unbenefited by all the discipline, are like dross doomed to continued disgrace, and lasting, perhaps everlasting, reprobation. Thou wilt see that as Lord of *all* hosts I ever keep in my providential service large kingdoms of ungodly men, ever watching the moment when I will allow them to spread their destroying armies, or still more baneful principles, over the God-deserting, and therefore God-deserted churches, the succession and successes of these selfish, fiendish, yet Christ-led invasions; the short-lived triumphs of the ungodly, whose different parties are mutual checks, sometimes mutual destruction; and finally, the general tendency of all these earthly strifes, the establishment of my character as the only Saviour of nations, churches, men.

“Write to Ephesus.” I name her first, not for her great and notable eminence among the cities of Western Asia, but because I would have the world to know that they were among the *first*, who against many, and some of them brutal adversaries, yet with wonderful simplicity of mind, trusted in me. Early return of love for early offered love is what no lover can resist or forget. I will not be behind this law of love. I was equally early with the tokens of my love. When an Apollos, eloquent indeed, but partially furnished himself with the truth, preached no more than the baptism of John, they received the partial truth with a *naïveté* I never can forget. I sealed them therefore with the Holy

Ghost, blessed them with a larger share of my Apostle's care, and prayer, and zeal, made them a part of myself, that in the ages to come I might shew the exceeding riches of my grace in my kindness towards them. Ages to come! alas! upon how many careless readers of the word will this story of early love and its recompense be lost. In proportion, of course, to the favour shewn them is the envy of the tempter at work to seduce them, lying in wait to deceive, and will deceive; but by my Paul I have duly warned them of the tendency of their besetting sins, the tendency of the gnostic dream,—the pantheism, the last and lowest degeneracy of the classic schools.

No appliances, natural or preternatural, have been wanting, if possible, to prevent their fall, but to be always happy, I instructed my martyred Seneca to say, is to be ignorant of nature's half. Ephesus is the queen of Asia the West, politically, commercially, spiritually; upon her head my deputy Apostle, as myself on Zion, set a crown of twelve stars, each more brilliant than ever sparkled on the head of the Egypt-born maid. Ezek. xvi. 12. By the gifts of tongues, by Tyrannus's school, by the special miracles, by Sceva's seven sons, by books of witchcraft burned, by Demetrius outwitted, by the star-crowned elders at Miletus, met, addressed, implored, by the great and effectual door there if anywhere opened for the conversion of Asia, I swear by my own unchangeable fidelity, if Ephesus allow herself to be seduced and fall from grace, I cannot pardon her,—she falls for ever.

"Smyrna" should be a better Ephesus. Protected by its promontory from every storm, its fleet moored and watered by the Hermus flood, her wharfrage almost as extensive as her gulf; if Smyrna will retain those principles which alone give nations or men permanent importance, she may one day drain away the resources of Western Rome, and wield with ease the tri-fraternal trident over the reunited, because evangelized, offspring of Noah's sons. At present I have her undivided heart; if she divide it, I will divide and scatter her interests, and leave her in part to an ignorant impostor's love. These two are queenlike cities; and as I have made men gregarious, and the more will ever follow the mightier, the responsibility of these two maritime cities is as enviable as it is awful. Upon the fidelity of Ephesus and Smyrna depends that of all the neighbouring towns.

"Pergamos." The most refined minds that ever I formed in pagan Rome, thought it their noblest privilege that they had been made acquainted with the literature and chiefly the poetry of Aeolia. All this coast indeed was at once the early centre of commerce and her leisured daughters—literature and art. While Homer taught in disguise the graver doctrines of theology and Providence in the central cities, the immortal songs of Alcaeus and Sappho purified and elevated the Pergamos and Thyatira mind; and thou wilt have observed that in proportion as this tasteful training prepared the soul, opposition to the directer truth of my gospel has ever been less vulgar, less violent. Had the opposite been the case, I would have sent the invading columns of the gospel force along Ethiopia and the lands of Ham, where no authors have

ever written or poets sung, no pencil paints, no chisel mimics the living form.

My satrap Attalus collected at Pergamos a better library than my own Solomon ever thought of gathering into one. If the sedentary habit of the student there pass into the indolence of the sensualist, Pergamos will need a more stirring life, and will not long be allowed to rest on her lees.

Of "Thyatira" I need not now say much, my epistle will shew what she is, and what fate she inclines to have. She is, in one city, Judah and Israel restored; one party keeping by my worship, the other and larger vainly attempting to serve two masters,—to be at once Christian and idolatrous. So did Ahab's house. The day of screening cannot be long deferred; but trust to my omniscience to distinguish between the gold and the dross. As, in the model, I threw off the ten tribes, and retained and so far purified the single tribe of Judah; so of them that are mine in Thyatira, a hair of the head will not be unnecessarily singed, nor the smell of fire pass upon their coats. (Dan. iii. 27.)

At "Sardis," the gold mines of Mount Tmolus, washed by the golden sanded Pactol, made my early satrap Croesus a proverb for his wealth; the still earlier wisdom of my own Solomon hither imported under altered name (Solon), and here discussed by the collective intelligence of the neighbouring palaces, gave to national government a science and heavenliness, which, if traced up to its divine original, and practised as the unalterable policy of their realm, would have resulted in the historic fact, that by Me Lydian kings *still* reign, because their princes still decree justice.

Write to "Philadelphia," the city of brotherly love. The Hebrew-born Greeks, the only civilizers of the classic shores, in order to remember Zion, the city of their solemnities, or at least to retain that unity which was their common strength, did here, as their western brethren at Delphi, hold their feasts of love. Thou John must have remarked the similarity of Christian affection in Ephesus and Philadelphia; they arose from a common cause. As Ephesus, the New Jerusalem of their adopted country, was built at the joint expense of the Grecian states of Asia, so was Philadelphia the place of their more retired communion, and enjoyment of their returning feasts; which, some attempting to continue after their use is gone, and even their character as Mosaic rites almost obliterated, constitute the synagogue of Satan, which I will not much longer allow to pester the more loving and considerable part of that church.

Lastly, to "Laodicea" write; and what thou sayest unto them is intended for Colossae and her churches too (Col. iv. 16); whatever the one enjoys or suffers, the other is sharer in the joy or grief. Named from those of the earlier dispersions who forgot me, yet retained the name of the righteous people, "wholly a right seed," they at first called their new settlement, the city of Jehovah, Diospolis; thus in every age has the blood of my martyrs been the seed of my church. If they will increasingly be what their name expresses, a people of righteousness, they

will shine as the stars of the firmament for ever ; if they become a self-righteous people, they will sink into ignorance and be unchurched.

What is written to one of the churches is intended for all ; whoever, in any church, has an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith, not to his church, but to the churches ; for all are preparatory parts of one church, my body, the fulness of myself who filleth all in all.

(To be continued.)

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH'S BURNETT TREATISE.¹

A TREATISE ON "Theism" must be allowed to have timed its appearance well, without reference to the motive of "fee or reward." The foundations of religious truth have been tested, if not damaged, by new and peculiar assailancy, within the very cycle of forty years, at the end of which the Burnett Prizes were expected to emerge from the wheel. So far circumstances may be judged favourable to the intention of the pious testator, and to the interest and importance also of the works which his bounty may have been the instrument (or the *cause*) of bringing forth.

It was about the very commencement of this quadragesimal term that the socialism of St Simon began, at least in this country, to attract any attention, and that the systems of Germany began to replace, we mean in notoriety, the other continental infidelities, and that the harmonious civism of Owen became the popular substitute of the political justice of Godwin. And there has been ever since so rich a succession of experiments in the same field, that he who gleans even for specimens of the kind and quality of the produce, is more likely to be embarrassed with his riches, than to be at a loss for samples of what he has a mind either to bring to market or to throw out of credit.

At the same time it must be allowed that this state of matters opposes some formidable difficulties to the task of the investigator, whose purpose requires him to assort and arrange the motley variety, and to bring its components to any settlement of test or detection. It is hard "to catch the Cynthia of the minute." And after all, he who may seem to have disposed most triumphantly of the godless elements that have fallen in his way, may turn out to have been trampling, or chasing, a mere matter of moonshine, which, if allowed a little time to waste itself, would soon have vanished away of its own accord. Like our symbol—moonshine, and most of all moonshine in water—the errors of the time are apt to fill a space in the eye, and to flaunt their light with a transparency that does not properly belong to them, and the philosopher who gives himself too much trouble about them, may be as unthriftyly employed as the child who has yet to learn by experience what shadows they are that he pursues.

¹ Theism : the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator. By J. TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Professor of Divinity, St Mary's College, St Andrews. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1855.

With every disposition to allow that it was Dr Tulloch's part—indeed his duty—to deal rather with the recencies than the archaisms of his subject,—we are much of the opinion that he is engaged in not a little of this childish play, and that in dealing so earnestly, almost so exclusively, with Mill, and Comte, and the author of the “*Vestiges*,” he has laboured most where least was necessary. We are far from insinuating, what however may occur to the minds of others who have less charity to spare than ourselves, that he has satisfied himself with commenting on what he found ready to his hand in an easy and popular course of reading, and was almost sufficiently dealt with already, by way of answer and refutation in the same accessible quarter.

At the same time we heartily allow at once the difficulty of selection, where the purpose was to defend the outworks of the faith, at the latest and strongest points of attack,—and the very considerable merit both of the plan of defence, and (on the whole) of its execution, on the present occasion.

Dr Tulloch—as the manner now is—has in a way introverted the old-fashioned distinction of *a priori* and *a posteriori* evidences. The object of the first part of his treatise is to open and apply this out-gate of his argument. We are, it seems, to have principles instead of the famous mathematical steps of Dr Clarke, and the demonstration of the Cartesian syllogism. We are rather teased than enlightened by these new names for old things. Dr Clarke has no doubt been convicted of introducing, among the foundations of his elaborate reasoning, truths that are rather empirically than intuitively recognised; and the improvement upon this is, as we are now taught, that *all* our intuitions are experimentally ascertained,—that our consciousness, in short, however invariable as to what are called first truths, is nothing till it is awakened, or has its work before it. So that, in a sense, Hume and others of his school are in the right when they say, that all knowledge is founded on experience, however wrong they may be in the application of the doctrine.

We do not charge this view of the case with unsoundness. We know that Dr Clarke has laid himself open to various good objections in the conduct of his celebrated argument,—and we hold that not he alone, but Euclid himself, and every human reasoner, may be charged with taking for granted, some truths that are empirically, and not intuitively, perceived. But does this render it necessary that we should cease to distribute truths into the two well-known classes of certainty, the one of which *compels* assent, and the other only *requires* it? Moral truths—truths ranging over all the degrees of the probable—may be as cogent in the motive, and as imperative in the responsible reckoning, as any intuitions whatever, and so the full end of truth is answered.

We do not answer for it, that the evidence of God's existence and attributes, is to be sought in the mathematical territory—moral motives, and none other, are concerned in the application of every thing relating to our concern with that great Being,—and perhaps nothing beyond moral evidence has been supplied, or is intended to be supplied to us, in reference to him. But we are not to be perplexed by a process of introversion, which forces our essayist continually back on his “*Principles*,” after he

has taken us on to final causes, and to the very fields of nature where we are employed in contemplating them. There are surely some limits to that rage for unity which threatens to leave us without names for what we intend to express. It was provoking enough to be warned, that as the mind or spirit is *one*, we had no business to be talking of its faculties and operations, its emotions and affections, and so dividing and subdividing, analysing and assorting that which was indivisible; and that the sole exponent of its activity was *suggestion*. And now we cannot reason without melting the *a priori* and *a posteriori* in each other, use our intuitions till we have used our eyes, or use our eyes till we have got the leave of our intuitions.

We shall be told, we have no doubt, that we are deviating from the language of philosophy; that we have no understanding of what it teaches; and that we are as helpless amidst these researches "as a whale in a field of clover."¹ But we know what these gentlemen mean well enough; or at least we know that all that their philosophy has done for us, or for ought we can tell, for them, is to *hide* their meaning, if men are mistaken in it.

But without taking farther note of his "Principles," to which our chief objection is connected with their formal presentation, we proceed to say, that much of what Dr Tulloch has written on the subject of Causation is so excellent, that we are not surprised that such an outset of his argument should have powerfully arrested the attention of his judges, and predisposed them to a favourable judgment of his essay. The subject indeed has been so far set right to his hands, since the thinkers both of England and Germany are so unanimous in their testimony to the causal efficiency of mind only, and to the evidence which the will supplies of that efficiency,—that Hume, and his ally Mill, and even the subtle Thomas Brown, have their answer ready at the mouth of every boy metaphysician. But we are not prepared to say that we can refer the reader to a more luminous and popular essay on Causation than that which forms the contents of Dr Tulloch's second chapter. We extract a paragraph or two from its animated conclusion:—

"We will now be able to understand the true character of the causation which we apprehend in nature. In the light of our spiritual consciousness, we everywhere perceive in nature a deeper meaning than it contains. We apprehend a living power in its continual flow. This is the general expression of what reason demands. It never stops short of this. But already it contains a higher and more explicit truth. Already, in its lower indications, it points to one original, comprehending will. The savage or childish apprehension of nature as animated in its different movements by separate voluntary agents like ourselves, is a mere dim and temporary expression of the rational necessity which knows no satisfaction till, drawn upwards, it rests in the idea of one all-pervading Power—an Ultimate Cause.

"According to the whole view there is no such thing as mere physical causation. What is so denominated, is, of course, a reality; but inasmuch as it is only in virtue of our spiritual life that we could ever find a cause in nature, this term is truly inapplicable to physical phenomena *per se*; nature

¹ Ferrier.

cannot give what it does not contain. Physical causes, apart from the idea of a will in which they originate, and which they manifest, have no meaning. Remove the one idea and the other disappears. It is assuredly only in the reflection of a Power beyond them, and in which they are contained, that such causes are, or can be to us, anything but antecedent phenomena. It is only as the expression of such a Will or Power that the physical order of the universe is recognized as caused. And this recognition is truly ineradicable and necessary; in no way affected by the discoveries of science; still asserting itself by the side of the most extended of these discoveries. Let science expose the domain of physical order as it may, Will is still present, as its implicate and only explanation. And this Will, according to what we have already said, is no mere naked potentiality. We know nothing of Will apart from Reason; the one is to us merely the peculiarly active, the other the peculiarly intelligent side of the same spiritual energy. They unite and form one, in what we comprehensively call Mind; which we, therefore, recognize as the only adequate source and explanation of the universe.

"It will be observed that we have confined ourselves to the fact of causation; what it implies. Our aim has been to find a true and final explanation of what we mean by a 'cause.' The principle of causality in its characteristic of irresistableness and necessity, has been rather assumed than dealt with, and rightly so; for the principle, under one form of operation or another, cannot be said to be in dispute. The real and important subject of dispute is unquestionably what the principle—admitted to be one which conditions human intelligence—involves. What is its import? Does it lead us upwards merely from one link of sequences to another; or does it necessitate our finding, in all sequences, a higher element in which, alone, they inhere? Is Cause, in short, Antecedence or Power? This is the essential question, and it is this to which we have endeavoured to give an answer."—(Pp. 37, 38, 39.)

We wish this fine passage, and the discussion of which it is the finale, had owed less assistance to the spiritual consciousness. It is not—our essayist may rest assured—from this new faculty, that positivism is to meet its death. We know quite well that Dr Tulloch ascribes no other or higher function to it, than an irresistible apprehension of a supreme original or object of worship. But *he* knows as well—that it is by this very faculty, that all we hold most precious in spiritual truth, and vital in spiritual life, is proposed to be virtually superseded—and that it is only another *school of development* that attributes to the soul the power of growing *here*, even beyond revelation's self, in spiritual progression in virtue of the searching appetencies by which it pushes forward in the line of its wants and aspirations. We wish the disciples of the school of Grace would content themselves with the *spiritual* of which the Scriptures teach us to think and speak with respect,—that they would recollect that it is not to material things alone that the Bible ascribes the quality of natural; and that a law of conscience, which the belief of a Creator must be allowed to be, is *not* a spiritual consciousness.

Having applied his causal test to positivism, Dr Tulloch proceeds to apply it with much address to the theory of development. He seems to have some tenderness for the thrice-slain expounder of the "Vestiges;" and we hope, from not thinking it worth his while, like the magnanimous Falstaff, to cut off the head of this down-fallen Percy, he is willing

to depart from the charge of Atheism, and to allow him the dividend which, in a late edition, he so humbly craves, of Theism. Yet this does not stand in the way of a very telling, and sufficiently sharp, excision of the law-theorist's pretensions, and those of his fellow world-machinists, without creation or providence. We must gratify our readers with another extract :—

“ If we hold by the clear conception of the course of nature—or in other words, Providence—being nothing else than a continued forth-putting of original Creative Energy, we shall see nothing to surprise us in the gradual rise and ever-expanding development of new forms of being along the march of creation. These will seem to us, on the contrary, just what we might expect, so far as our expectations have any claim to be regarded in the matter; only brighter flushings, as it were, of the Divine Presence here and there, along the extended scroll of creation, telling more directly of the radiant power which it everywhere reveals.

“ It is the same vicious metaphysical assumption which we have seen to underlie the reasoning of the positive school, as to the direct action of Divine Will being something necessarily irregular—being what is called in language which concentrates the whole perverted essence of the assumption—an ‘interference.’ It is undoubtedly the vicious idea, as to a necessary opposition between law and creative will, which lies at the root of the whole reasoning of the *Vestiges*, and forms the most vital question between the author and his opponents. But why, we may surely ask, should direct creative action be necessarily conceived of as an interference, and, as such, unworthy of the infinite repose and majesty of God? What is law itself, according to the clear admission of the writer, but a mode of the divine efficiency—an expression of the divine mind or will? What is it that constitutes the permanence which we peculiarly ascribe to law—to the order of Providence—but the continued forth-putting of efficiency? Were this forth-putting to cease any moment, the law would disappear,—the course of Providence would dissolve and vanish away. Now, because God, for obvious reasons, maintains this forth-putting of his efficient energy, after certain modes, which, collectively, we call nature, why should this exclude new and special forth-puttings of that energy when he may see meet, in other words, when fitting occasions may arise? Why should such fresh expressions of creative power be supposed to be irregularities,—‘interferences,’ in the great plan of creation—and not, as according to the genuine theistic conception they truly are, parts in the development of that great plan contemplated from the first? Is not the former supposition the one which truly degrades that Infinite Being, who knoweth all His works from the beginning to the end?

“ The truth is, it is only the most deep-seated anthropomorphism (which is yet the peculiar contempt of Materialism) that gives rise to the imagination of a conflict between law or order, and the special action of the Divine Will, in any case. For if we remove the wholly human element of imperfection, all such possible discrepancy disappears. In this conception of the Highest, all arbitrariness vanishes, and the whole order of nature is apprehended as simply a continued efflux of Infinite Power and Wisdom.”—(Pp. 77, 8, 9.)

We are now brought by Dr Tulloch into a part of the field in which he appears to less advantage—the inductive—or as he chooses to call it,—the illustrative. We by no means take our cue from his own modest disclaimer of any pretensions to natural science, when we say that this portion of his work is a sad falling off from the promise of his outset. There is nothing that we know of, to prevent an unscientific man

from presenting the results of science in a popular and interesting form and application. Paley was an amateur anatomist; and Goldsmith something less than professionally acquainted with natural history, notwithstanding his claim, (however gotten) to a medical bachelorship. Yet the first was no whit—and the other not very far—behind the science of their day in so far as it came within their plan. It is well known that to not one but both may be allowed the merit ascribed to poor Goldie, of clothing their illustrations with all the graces of a fairy tale. Why should Dr Tulloch, with such examples before him, have presented us with an unclothed skeleton, by way of making us in love (we suppose) with the original, from a sample of his works? We have known a lawyer from his brief acquainting himself with technical matter enough to answer his purpose of a luminous reproduction of information, which a professor might have laboured in vain for weeks to explicate to the understanding of the same audience. And ten doctors, in a case of lunacy, have often left a jury of common men in possession of a case, which the learned body could not have decided half so well. The very person to apply scientific truth is an intelligent examiner of scientific witnesses—however little of an adept in science himself may be. And if we expect anything from a man speaking from his brief, or the deposition of his witnesses, it is that he at least will impart some breadth and distinctness to what he has undertaken to bring to the test of common apprehension. It is intolerable to find ourselves engaged with a jargon as hard and difficult, as if we were called upon to bear it, in order to do justice to original discovery—when our instructor avows himself to have been under a necessity of cramming preparation, in order to become our teacher. What was Dr Tulloch afraid of—when a hundred scientific anecdotes—the very efflorescence of the field in which he was glean—ing—or to vary the simile, the very gems of the mine in which he was digging—were ready to his hand, and would have served every purpose of his painful analecta of scientific forms? And we sincerely grieve to find a man of his candour—not we trust by way of avenging himself on those who have continued to fascinate us by their inductive labours—joining in the cry, that these serviceable expounders of the volume of nature, with Paley at their head, are deficient in *philosophy*. Be it so, that his “watch,” is not more a triumph of design than his “stone;” be it so, that in proceeding with his illustrations of design, he has assumed, what he should first it seems have proved, that design or contrivance is the character of the events which we observe in nature—who is misled, or who is not instructed by his argument? His argument is popular—yet contravenes no truth of philosophy. He means to say that a clown, nay a sage, might *never* think of design in relation to a stone—who, the moment he saw it, would have the evidence of design thrust upon him by the watch. The contriver, then, comes in for his title to the contrivance. The designing efficient, asserts his claim to the designed effect; and the basis of natural theology is as securely, nay as philosophically laid, as if the trowel of the Metaphysician had been employed upon it. We do not perceive that Dr Tulloch reasserts the old charge of Paley's having based his argument on a *petitio principii*,—“inasmuch as when

he says, there cannot be design without a designer, contrivance without a contriver, he takes for granted that which he should prove, viz., that design or contrivance exists."¹ But he brings a general charge against his philosophy, or rather his fitness for philosophizing; and exemplifies it by nothing that we can see, other than by the fifty-times repeated objection to making the stone a foil to the watch, in the argument on behalf of design.

Suppose that one of his own very best illustrations were dealt with in the same style, and instead of being (what it is) a most striking specimen of the line in which we should seek our proof, when we intend it to be direct and inevitable—suppose it to be tried by its metaphysical merits. He tells us in another part of his work, that the goodness of the Deity for the first time appears in the phenomena of organization. We have had wisdom and power before—but not till then, goodness or benevolence. Now, what would the essayist say if we were to charge him on the head of this illustration, with teaching that wisdom and power, without goodness, are of the possibilities of a first cause? Are we not told on authority which we believe him to respect as highly as we do—that every successive work of creation was an exponent of the Creator's goodness? Organic being comes far on in the series, and there is no exclusive place allowed it among the works that God saw with a holy complacency, and behold they were all very good. Our essayist will perhaps tell us that he is speaking of the goodness of benevolence; but still we take leave to say, that whatever God saw with pleasure, was the exponent of His benevolence, and was delightful to him for the ends which it was to serve on behalf of His sentient creatures, as for its expression of His wisdom and power. Sensation and its accompanying pleasures are a proof of the Divine goodness immediate and inevitable no doubt—but goodness, yea the very goodness of good-will, or benevolence, was as certainly present at the creation of the first plant, yea at the creation of the first stone, as at that of the first sentient nerve. True, the Divine goodness was not appreciated before sensation, if that be the meaning; but it is not appreciated in many cases even *then*. With regard to its *forth-putting*—that is contemporaneous with the first fiat of existence, from which goodness was no more absent than was wisdom or power. Now, that a Christian Theist should seem to hold the language of Bolingbroke and his school, in desiring to separate in any case the physical attributes of Deity from the moral—can only happen from infelicity, or overstretch of illustration; and Dr Tulloch will do us no more than justice, if he believes us when we say, that from not one sentence of his book are we led to suspect his genuine theism, or his sincere Christianity,—and that all we mean is to interpose a caveat, that however carefully his metaphysics may be meditated and disposed, he is not to flatter himself that his philosophy has saved him from at least one more serious blunder than can be laid to the charge of Paley—who, to be sure, in this instance, is a sort of fellow-offender with himself, in so far as he *describes* the first manifest tokens of goodness in the organic system, and the phenomena of sensation.

¹ Quarterly Review of Meadley's Life of Paley.

We believe after all, that it is more for convenience' sake, than from any reliance on metaphysical distinctions, that Dr Tulloch reckons himself entitled to advance from the proof of divine wisdom and power in the inorganic, to that of divine goodness in the organic department. The illustration at least, of effects, should be sought in the quarters where they are most manifest or best developed. But we know not that philosophically the creation of air is less an expression of benevolence, than that of a lung; and the believer in final causes will do well to beware how he takes it upon him to seem, even, to subject the divine character to chronological development—as if for instance, goodness could have tarried for its objects to a lower point of time in the series of existence.

In illustrating his subject from the intelligent and moral nature of man, Dr Tulloch resumes his vantage ground. He always in fact reverses the fable of Antaeus; and rises strongest, not when he touches the ground, but when he escapes into another region. Principles are the atmosphere of his domain—and when he comes to speculation he finds his wings again. His argument from the Human Personality to the Divine, is conceived and expressed in his best manner. Our quotation is not strictly continuous, but so abstracted as, we think, to do the utmost justice to his reasoning.

“The exact character of the fact to be carefully kept in view is of this sort. Is man's rational being essentially distinct from nature? Does it constitute a source of activity in a sense altogether unique and contra-distinguished from any other movements we perceive in nature? While the latter, through all its range, is a mere series of sequences, of arrangements and re-arrangements in the same unbroken flow, is there in man something wholly different, which cannot be restored into any mere play of sequences, but which constitutes a source of power? This seems to us the simplest and best reduction of the question. According to the affirmative view of this question, mind in its full meaning is not only something specifically different in its manifestation from matter, but something in its root and character essentially contra-distinguished from matter. In the various forms indeed in which it expresses itself, or becomes phenomenal, it obeys the same law of sequences which obtains among all other phenomena, but in its spring and source it wholly evades this merely natural law, and refuses to be bound by it. It is only in this apprehension of mind that we found that fact of efficiency with which we set out, and without which our argument has no rational basis whereon to rest. This fact of a free rational activity or soul in man, is implied in every form of spiritual philosophy, and appears to constitute the basis of all theology. . . . What then is the bearing of this fact on our subject? We have already seen in what respect it lies at the root of our inductive evidence as the source of our ideas of cause. The strange relation of affinity and yet conflict which thus emerges between the principles of personality and causality were an interesting subject of consideration, but cannot occupy us here. We have at present simply to do with the direct import of the fact of personality in the enlargement of our theistic evidence. In the very act of expressing itself, it is found to be its essential characteristic, at the same time, to express another. It only realizes itself in another. The more we sink back into the depths of consciousness, and the more vivid force and reality with which we seize on personal being as something unconditioned by nature and rising above it, the more directly and immediately do we at the same time apprehend ourselves as relatives and dependents. The more we become self-conscious, the more do we feel,

at the same time, that the ground of our existence is not in ourselves, but in another and a higher. Our personality in asserting itself to be distinct from nature, yet with equal force asserts itself to be derived, or in other language, to take its rise in a principle above nature. The human self, in a word, irresistibly suggests a divine self; the limited cause, an absolutely original and unlimited cause. It is true that we thus in the last analysis bring into special prominence the logical incomprehensibility which meets us in the testimony of consciousness. We realize ourselves as free and yet dependent. Nay, in our very freedom, we at the same time realize our dependency. The more we sink into ourselves, the more do we feel ourselves to rest on a higher. Just as we accept the testimony of consciousness in giving us liberty,—the soul's efficiency for its own acts,—so do we accept its testimony in giving a relation to this efficiency in the All-efficient. Let it be that we cannot construe to ourselves this relation intelligibly,—cannot compass it in thought,—this is no valid ground for rejecting either term of it. We can only do so by trampling on consciousness, and exposing ourselves to the whole peril of scepticism. The facts must be accepted as given, however impossible it may be for us to join them logically together; and, for this obvious reason, which, if it does not give satisfaction, ought yet to give resignation, that our mere capacity of thought, cannot, in the nature of the case, be the measure of truth, here or anywhere. Great master in its own sphere (in the evolution and determination of all the forms of science), it must yet be content to be the minister of reality. It is necessary to observe the full import of our conclusion. Our own personality not only gives another personality, but another which is at the same time absolute. It is in fact the special rational intuition of the absolute in the relative,—the infinite in the finite,—which carries us beyond the self within to the self without and above us. How vital, in a theistic sense, this intuition therefore is, must therefore be obvious. But it is not our aim at present to insist upon the reality of the infinite which thus dawns upon us. This reality will afterwards engage us separately. We would now rather simply fix attention on the fact of Divine personality so vividly brought before us.

"Of all the facts of theism, this may be said to be the most fundamental, as it is that in which all the others inhere, and find their life. It is a fact which already we had virtually found in the theistic conclusion which we established in our first section. For an intelligent First Cause, according to our mode of reaching and authenticating the idea, could only be a living personality. This great truth of the divine personality, however, comes before us here with intuitive brightness. It reveals itself as the clear reflection, the *abglanz*, as the Germans expressively term it, of our own personality. The Thou of our prayers rises in solemn reality against our own hidden self-consciousness. Our deepest life centres in another, in whom alone 'we live, and move, and have our being.' In comparison with every other apprehension of God, this apprehension of Him is immediate and decisive. We rejoice to trace him also in nature; we *gladden* (?) to meet his presence in every bursting flower, in every curious organism in the heavens and in the earth. But while we only search in nature, we search as with veiled gaze, 'if haply we might feel after him and find him.' It is only in the depth of self-reflection,—within its most secret chambers, that we become conscious of his immediate presence, and know that 'he is not far from every one of us.'"—Pp. 254-55, 262-66.

If this is not very original, it is at least clearly and popularly expressed; and supplies the ordinary reader with a portable answer to a great deal that is insidious and plausible in sceptical philosophy.

We have thought it just to Dr Tulloch, and to our readers who may

not have the same direct and immediate opportunity with ourselves of gratifying their curiosity about a work which has certainly appeared under circumstances calculated to stimulate attention, to give a considerable sample of his manner of dealing with his subject. It is now more than time, however, to pass on to our proper function of reviewers, and to bring the essayist to some of the tests which it is our duty to apply to every literary performance. We have felt some delicacy all along in disputing with Dr Tulloch any of his principles or arguments; because there is an awkwardness in the appearance of theist warring with theist, on the very field of which it is their duty to fortify the defences. The awkwardness would not have been diminished in the present case by the ludicrous fact that it would have been our duty, in not a few instances, to prop up reasonings and refutations, which the essayist presumes himself to be able to convict of weakness and insufficiency in their management of his theme. He, to be sure, is not slow to insinuate the plea, that the state of science and philosophy calls for a revision of the theistic argument; which not merely implies a re-writing, but a re-ratiocinating process of exposition. It may be so to some extent, though we are not prepared to answer for the necessity or the success to all the extent that would seem to be challenged by any new light to which Dr Tulloch has assisted us. But, on our part, we certainly shall decline to repeat the Peachum and Lockit entertainment of two theistic philosophers collaring each other, at the expense of interests in which both parties are equally concerned. Yet so far we shall use the freedom, of which the essayist has set so frank an example, by touching on a few of the defects of his own way of making out a case; since, though the operation may be one of some delicacy, infidels are not to be left to the supposition that they are the only persons qualified to *set* the joints of a halting argument.

Dr Tulloch appears to think that he has established a strong case against the Cartesian Syllogism; which forms the most approved basis of the *a priori* argument. Now what will our readers think of the form in which he has cast his own syllogism; the foundation of the reasoning by which he has sought to supplant all that Descartes, and all that Dr Clarke, have so elaborated? Here is his formula:—

“Order universally *proves* mind;
The works of nature *discover* order; ergo
The works of nature *prove* mind.”

We take leave to say, that of all the syllogisms we have ever seen, not purely sophistical, or viciously ambiguous, this is the most informal in figure, and the most insufficient in meaning. In the name of all that it is most to the purpose to invoke in such a question, why should *order* of all things be the universal exponent of mind? We all know that *design*, in the place here assigned to *order*, is the scoff of every sciologist who has been taught the parrot repetition of the words, *petitio principii*,—but here is the veritable *petitio*, with a witness. By the calculation of chances, everything comes in time to be in order, but who connects this with the direct agency of mind? Or, how is it possible, supposing that mind *SHOULD* come to be discovered empirically in the plan by which all things are reduced to order at last, that anybody should be expected

to receive it as a first principle of intuitive perception, and of universal application, that order proves mind? With respect to the shaping of this famous formula, we have also to complain of the banishment of an old friend, the *verb of existence*, in favour of a couple of clumsy words in the active voice, which express their meaning with so rare an ambiguity, that the whole construction is, and is not, according to truth, and logical inference. The blemish is indeed innocent; because the principle is obvious, and, with some difference of expression, true, and not unmeet to be the substratum of an argument. But let Dr Tulloch beware of innovating on an old form, till at least he has learned the language in which new and better ought to be substituted. Let him depend upon it, neither Descartes nor Clarke,—nor even Paley, whom he holds so cheap on some accounts,—would have been so caught in their dialectics.

With a great deal that is truly excellent in our author's defence and illustration of the divine perfections, there is not a little crudeness and want of care in this department of his work,—and the haste with which he runs on to their development in the disciplinary system, and the Christian hope of immortality, would seem to bespeak either the necessity of coming quickly to his conclusion, or an unconsciousness of the most important application of his subject. At the same time he has expressed himself on this part of his high argument with the distinctness, caution, and moderation, that we have a right to expect in the sound thinker and Christian theist. He neither deviates into Optimism, nor into Manicheism. He is far from thinking this the best of all possible worlds; nor does he think with the dull German, or the lively Frenchman, that it is a bungled world, and of worlds one of the worst. At the same time, he is too fond, with King and Paley, of adjusting the measure of happiness by compensations; and of seeking the justification of Divine goodness in the greater good and comfort on the whole of our system, and the creatures that have an interest in it. This is his obvious leaning, though he formally protests against being shut up to the principle. The true justification of the divine goodness, so far as finite beings are the qualified judges of that perfection, is unquestionably to be sought in the manifest (as many of them are) uses and even pleasures of discipline; and in the ultimate compensation to which we are taught at once by nature and revelation, that they lead the way. In this point of view, the world might physically be a great deal worse than it can be pretended to be, and yet the divine goodness stand sufficiently vindicated to our imperfect judgment. And with regard to the exponent of his moral nature in the scene around us, we may in the same way venture to affirm that men might be ten times as wicked as they are, and yet the God of love and of righteousness not deserve to have his character impugned. The wonder perhaps is, that men are not more wicked; and that without saying a word tending to their excuse, or to the morality of the great Law-giver. So far as Hz is concerned, the existence of one universal moral sentiment in the human breast, is sufficient to prove his holiness,—for why should he have set up such a standing rebuke to his own nature, in a single heart, as a virtuous thought, if he were not himself the fulness and perfection of virtue? So, if there be

one physical good, not presumeably accidental, in nature, this too is sufficient, in that department of his work, to prove him good ; for otherwise, why should such a thing (if not an accident) be there at all ? It is not, then, the question, as some on both sides wish to state it, whether the good or the evil predominate in nature, or in man—or whether happiness or misery be the nearest approximation to a maximum. God is vindicated in his moral character by one stereotyped law of mind or matter of which the nature and end is proveably good. He challenges this judgment at our hands, whatever may be, or may seem, the kind and nature and number of the exceptions.

This leaves him free to evolve his own mysteries ; and entitles him to our assurance that they will be full developed in his good and fitting time. This too should lead to our surpassing feeling of obligation to him for that Word which so far has made the mystery clear already, in the declension which accounts for man's proneness to evil—in the uses of discipline to which all matter and mind are subservient, and in that revelation of life and immortality, by which such complete justice is done to the Creator in the blended love and rectitude which constitute his righteousness.

There is a whispered rumour, that the hasty winding up of Dr Tulloch's treatise, which leaves the Christianity of theism in so skeleton a form, is to be compensated by the richer theology of the forthcoming and more successful prize essay. We hope ere long to be in circumstances to apprise our readers how far the case is so.

In the meantime we have said probably quite enough to warrant our taking our adieu of Dr Tulloch. We are heartily glad of his success, because we hope its effect may be to encourage his diligence and to promote his popularity as a theological professor ; and because it becomes us to be thankful that a dividend of Mr Burnett's munificent prize has returned back to Scotland. We no doubt expected a richer result of the long-gathering accumulation of forty years, when it should come to be stored in the garner of theistic evidence. But we are not quite sure that our disappointment is any part of Dr Tulloch's fault. The labours of the competitors were in presumeably competent, and certainly impartial hands,—and we have no right to fancy that any one-sided rule of judgment was concerned in their award. It must have been greatly in this essayist's favour, that of two¹ of them at least (the two best known as writers) the reading has been in books pretty much like those which he has used for his purpose. We do not call that reading superficial,—but at least it is not extensive, and not far derived, either from the east or from the west. But, like his judges, he is an agreeable writer ; and, if he chooses, may be a still more useful one than he is likely to prove on this occasion. He has arranged his outline well,—so well that it might form an excellent syllabus of a course of lectures on natural theology. We have no doubt of his ability—leisure and inclination fitting—to clothe these dry bones, and to give the public a far wealthier specimen of his powers of instruction and entertainment. His discourse has had its reward ; and we do not encourage him to trust that this single

¹ Isaac Taylor and Henry Rogers.

effort will be remunerated with a higher. Of the old Burnett Treatises neither would have supported the fame of the writers, if the encouragement received had not prompted *one* of the two to farther exertion. It is enough for good Dr Brown to have been first where the excellent Sumner was second,—and even this distinction has failed to save his treatise from the *scumbri*. Neither is Sumner's book, though far superior for its time to Dr Tulloch's *for ours*, and though the judgment that ranked it second to Brown's has incurred universal censure and surprise, to be placed on the shelf appropriated to standard works. Prizes, if they call forth, are somehow never found to reward, the powers, which have done such extraordinary service in the theistic field. Whether Paley would have *fallen*, or been *set*, aside, in such a competition, it is impossible to know ; but the effect of this bequest has not hitherto been such as much to encourage future Burnett's to leave an endowment for the encouragement of all the nameless who believe in their fitness for the task, to come out in defence of natural and revealed religion. Dr Clarke, and the other Boyle Lecturers, were indeed rewarded with something like forty pounds, we believe, for their illustrious labours, but they were *named* for the task, and designed for future deaneries and bishoprics according to their success, and found stimulus enough, if they needed such in addition to their own sense of duty, in the garland which was bestowed by their very nomination. If the Burnett bequest is to have its designation and conditions changed, as has been suggested, an opportunity will be given of singling out the trust-worthy champion to whom the defence of the Christian outwork should be confided. But even this expedient may be insufficient to insure good execution—as, with a rather doubtful exception or two, the Bridgewater Treatises bear witness. After all, enthusiasm is born, not made ; and good, at least perfect, work is always voluntary,—and we are not, at taking leave, inclined to blame Dr Tulloch, or to throw dish-water on the ardour of his youth of promise, for not achieving a measure of success which never yet, we suppose, has come at the bidding of a pecuniary premium.

LINES ON THE FRENCH ATTACK OF 22D AND 23D MAY, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

I.

The pall-like clouds were hovering
 O'er the leaguered fortress tower,
 And the evening star was shining
 At the twilight's stilly hour ;
 Hushed is now the battle's thunder,
 Ceased the cannon's sudden boom,
 For night's misty veil is mantling
 Friend and foe in silent gloom.
 Nor meets the Russian warder's ear,
 Aught except his own lone tramp,
 Or wonted hum at vesper hour,
 From the foeman's distant camp.—

But hark !—the clarion loud and shrill,
And warrior's gathering cry,
With clash of steel and echoing tread—
Hark !—the gallant French are nigh.

II.

From his lair amid the thicket,
When he scents the timid roe,
Bounds the tiger not more fiercely
Than these heroes on the foe ;—
For ere a moment's space was passed,
Onward poured the eager band,
While the Russian Host right bravely,
Sternly meet them hand to hand ;
And on either side the foremost
Soon are numbered with the slain,
As rank on rank, and line on line,
Struggle o'er the corse-strewn plain.

III.

All last night the Gallic cohorts
Charged the foeman at this place,
And shall their partial victory,
Be *now* followed by disgrace ?
Ah no ! not yet,—for fate decrees
That ere dawns to-morrow's sun,
The valour of our noble friends
Shall result in victory won.

IV.

Like as an angry tempest's power
Sweeps along the river's course,
And shattered trunk, and root upturn,
Yield aneath th' o'erwhelming force,—
Ev'n thus the hurricane of steel
Swept the shattered Russian band,—
Vain, vain, their best and boldest aims
'Gainst such bravery to stand.
Lo ! they turn and quick retreating
From that sad ill-fated fight,
Seek the shelter of their fortress
From the hot pursuers' sight.
And before the faintest glimmer
Of the morning's early dawn,
While still the sombre veil of night,
O'er the mountain peaks was drawn,
The noble tricolor unfurled,
To hail the advancing sun,
Waved o'er the ruined Russian works,
O'er the field of battle won.

V.

Oh ! Britain, 'mid thine own distress,
Weep, oh weep ! at other's woe ;
Spare, spare, oh ! be it but *one* tear
O'er thy Ally's sons laid low.

Too well thou know'st the pangs of sorrow
 For thy bravest and thy best,
 Weary with the strife of conflict,
 Mid its carnage, sunk to rest.
 Weep then for the fallen heroes
 Of thy valiant Sister land;
 Weep, oh weep! for those who with thee,
 In defence of justice, stand,
 O'er Oppression's iron sceptre,
 Long may French and British Son,
 Side by side, as friend and brother,
 Boast of glorious victory won.

LEITH, June 1855.

R. H.

"THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED."¹

AN interest peculiarly genial has ever attached to the memory of St John the Evangelist and Divine. His gospel is one of the most magnificent portions of the Holy Scriptures. His epistles are charming from their simple, kindly, familiar tone. And the canon of Scripture concludes with those glorious visions which he had—in which the past and future in the history of the Church—and as many think of the states and kingdoms of this world—are depicted in hieroglyphics of living light. Alone by supernatural power—alone possessed by a heaven-inspired strength and wisdom—could the simple fisherman of Galilee have become what he was—and what will be recognised and honoured through all time—the historian of the greatest and best of all who ever wore our nature, and trod our world—the instructor in truths, the most sublime and important of all generations, and the seer whose mystic pictures will ever fascinate the eye of fancy while they engage the most profound inquiries of intellect and learning. But the more familiar, and, as we might term it, homely and human interest which connects itself with this admirable person, arises from his intimacy with the Saviour of mankind while He tabernacled in the present world. He was the "Disciple whom Jesus loved," and this of course implied qualities of the most amiable and kindly description—not perhaps so much the great as the good in personal conduct—not so much superiority in intellect as in the more humble but more benign and genial features of the honest, worthy, and affectionate nature. Such a one realised "the good man" of St Paul for whom one would "even dare to die,"—and mere wisdom, talent, superiority and influence, will not command such self-sinking devotedness. It is necessary, however, to attend more to the sense than to the sound of the predicate we have quoted. Our Saviour loved other disciples besides John. He loved His own who were in the world, and to the end. But there was in this happy case of human worth and acceptableness, a special singular regard exemplified. What was given to this favoured disciple, was not given to

¹ "The Disciple whom Jesus Loved,"—being Chapters in the History of John the Evangelist; with a preliminary Sketch. By JAMES MACFARLANE, D.D., Duddingstone. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.

others—though others had regard, and affection, and sympathy, as well as he. This is of course, the only right way of regarding the matter. But even when the case of the beloved disciple is so qualified, it has about it a special charm. And while all, in the contemplation of the Christian about so eminent, and good, and amiable a man, is venerated and admired, and as we might say envied—the great painters in their pictorial representations of the beloved disciple, have exhausted their genius in exhibiting in the countenance of St John, the softer and gentler virtues of humanity sanctified by religion, and lighted up by the milder rays of that goodness which has its source and inspiration in the Divine nature—which the disciple whom Jesus loved has told us is "*love*." The ancient traditions (not always to be disregarded), are rich in allusions to the history of St John the Evangelist. We know that he was banished to the isle of Patmos for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus, and we are indeed to believe, that he died without tasting of the bitter cup of martyrdom in a very old age—anticipating and hastening unto the glory which his brethren and colleagues had attained before him. It is related, that happening to enter the same bath in which was the heretic Cerinthus, who denied the Saviour's divinity—the apostle fled away in horror. And this narrative is intrinsically feasible—for the greatest amiability and high spirit are quite compatible, and often dwell together, harmonious in diversity. Further, it is said that St John, when old and feeble, and unfit for the more active duties of the assemblies of the Church, used only to raise his hands and exhort the brethren to love one another. A little story this which all will believe, for it is so like the temper and spirit of the man who had so often inculcated brotherly kindness and charity. It is most probable, that both the martyrs—Ignatius and Polycarp—were disciples of St John. The learned Usher may be mistaken in supposing that the latter was the angel of the Church of Smyrna addressed by our Lord. But both were illustrious Christians—and both sealed their testimony with their blood. The doxology of Polycarp pronounced at the stake, demonstrates his primitive faith in the orthodox doctrine of the Godhead.

The life of the disciple whom Jesus loved forms a study to the Christian, and may well engage the special regards of the public teacher of religion. The call, ministry, virtues, errors, and social position of St John in the church presided over by the church's Head and Ruler, are all themes which may be profitably discussed, and may become suggestive in important respects to such as would be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Hence we find pleasure in bringing under notice the new work issued by Dr Macfarlane, Duddingstone, a well known minister of the Church of Scotland, and who has of late made several contributions to our sacred literature. But the present is certainly the best of all our reverend neighbour's productions. It is written in a peculiarly pleasing and graceful style, abounding too in a rich and scriptural piety. Nor is the lesson of the teacher given in a general and pointless way, but is enlightened by much knowledge of the world, and deals faithfully with the individual conscience. This is just the way to act in such cases. Glowing descriptions of character, eulo-

gies on illustrious persons, and celebrations of virtue, are all well enough in their way ; but it is necessary to bring to view the errors of the human heart—its deceit, its perversity and wickedness,—and to show how, under the guise of religious profession, and using its nomenclature, great evils may be latent, or rather developed in their full malevolence—self-ignorance producing worse evils than hypocrisy itself.

We are tempted to transfer to our pages a large part of the contents of Dr Macfarlane's new volume, but must restrict ourselves to a very few extracts. John along with James had, on a certain occasion, urged upon their divine Master to call down fire from heaven to consume certain Samaritans who had behaved in an inhospitable way to the company. This had been done by Elias, and the two disciples reasoned that what had so authoritative a precedent could not be wrong. Too many have dealt in such logic, and our forefathers in matters of religious administration would rather appear to have kept in view the severity of the prophet under the law, than the benignity of the Saviour under the gospel. Dr Macfarlane in commenting on the inconsistency or error of the beloved disciple, remarks :—

"By no wide space are bigotry and persecution separated from each other in the history of any whose souls have bowed to their thralldom. The zealot who shuts himself up from the fellowship of others to-day, may be seen to-morrow calling down fire from heaven on their heads ; and all history proves how often men have lived and again disappeared—otherwise mild and gentle—otherwise tender and amiable in every office and relation in life—and yet who, under a false sense of duty, or acted upon by the irritation of passion, have misrepresented as foully a beneficent Gospel as they have mistaken its spirit. It may be that, like John in the company of Christ, they flee for refuge to Elias. The law, in certain moods of mind, is more pleasant to them than the Gospel ; and in gratifying what, after all, is nothing else than an ebullition of their own temper, they may have some fragment of Scripture to which they can flee—some prophet, forsooth, of Old Testament times they would call from the dead, reviving again the long-extinguished fires of Sinai's mount, and disturbing the serenity of the heavens. But this is not Christianity. We have the highest of all authority for saying, that Christ came 'not to destroy men's lives, but to save them ;' and with such a shield in our hands, furnished nowhere else than from the armoury of heaven, how are John's thunderbolts quenched over that village of the Samaritans ; and with these all the fiery darts of the avenger, forged nowhere else than in the enemies' camp ! Yes ! blessed be God, whatever passion may say, Christ cannot be wielded by any of His servants as a conducting rod to bring down fire from the clouds. Rather is He hailed as Jacob's ladder, through whom angels ascend and descend on the children of men ; and with such a commentator beside me on His own errand of love to a guilty world, I can read all history, even as I read the history of the disciple John, and pronounce that man, whoever he be,—be he prophet or priest—be he the monk in his cell or the monarch on his throne—a recreant to the truth who would bare the sword of vengeance against his fellow, or hurl at his head the thunderbolt of his wrath. It may be true, that, in certain cases, such misplaced zeal may carry with it its own rebuke, and, smitten in its impotency, may exhaust itself in fruitless efforts and useless prayers. No fire may come, at its bidding, from heaven ; and deprived of the means of gratifying his passion, the unhappy victim of such malignancy may be only striving to nurse a tempest in his own soul,—a tempest all the more

afflictive that it can find no vent in the destruction of others. But if Heaven be deaf to his entreaties, Hell has not always been unmoved. It is Satan, not Christ, who is the author of persecution, and the patron of revenge; and while the heavens have not been rent asunder even at the loudest call—while the sky above has been serenely placid as on a summer's day—how sad the spectacle, but too often realized on this earth's surface, of those volcanic eruptions of cruelty which, with the name of Christ for their watchword, are nothing else than the outbreaks of Satan's kingdom, and the apostles of his cause! In these laboratories of our corrupted nature, other fire is generated than that taken from the altar of God, and, charged with the elements of destruction, the vials of wrath have been emptied, covering not a solitary village only, but kingdoms, with the tokens of dismay. The very bowels of the earth swelter and are molten—the jagged jaws of the pit are sundered—torrents of fire rush up, and fling their vapour to the clouds; and what, I ask now, is the liquid stream, submerging in its course the olive-yard or the vine,—what the desolating earthquake, receiving into its gulf the smiling hamlet and Christian shrine, compared with the torments and imprisonments—the conflagrations and famines—the 'mourning, and lamentation, and woe,' of the roll of persecution, whose story has been wafted to the ends of the earth on the shrill cry of suffering humanity? Witness the Inquisition with its horrors, and war with its desolations, and the footprints of the solitary soldier traced in characters of blood,—whose memory is embalmed in an immortality which no poetry can gild, as the fell demon of persecution, and the foul scourge of his race. Oh! how thoroughly, brethren, is history purged by that beneficent statement of Jesus, rejected and despised as He was: 'I came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them!' How is the murky atmosphere cleared up by that one gracious sentence, and the reproach of religion wiped away! John's hand is stayed by it; and if the hand of others has not been held back at the bidding of that Gospel which proclaims 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to men,' then let them not usurp the name of Christians. It is Christ himself who disowns them; and, at the judgment of the great day, there will rise up against them that village of the Samaritans, to condemn them as the aliens of a kingdom which, like the 'emerald throne' in the heavens, is ever encircled 'with the rainbow of mercy.'

At the last hour of our Saviour's bitter sufferings, St John was found beside the cross, and there also was the mother of the glorious victim who had been born under the law, and born of woman. This adherence is strikingly emblematic of the believer's spiritual position. It is well observed by our author:—

"And is it not still the mark of faith in its liveliest exercise thus to be found by the side of the Cross? In affirming this, we do not invite any of you to the exhibition of any pretentious piety—any extravagant zeal. Nothing can be more easy than the assumption of this when no real danger accompanies it, and nothing more common in certain morbid states of the Christian mind. To throw ourselves into the foremost ranks of the Church—to make ourselves the self-constituted guardians of the name and honour of Jesus, as though we alone could face the infidel and the blasphemer—to court the gaze of thousands as the single-handed champions of the truth—in short, to bustle through the crowd that we may stand apart, in bold relief against the sky, as though on our arm there depended the triumph of Christian doctrine in some benighted neighbourhood or degenerate age,—this has been done a thousand times by those who have gone forth to the battles of the Lord under other panoply than what is divine. Nor have there been wanting others who, whether courting singularity, or blinded by

ignorance, have ever sought to distinguish themselves from others, to say the least, not less devoted and holy than they. Making a monopoly of the Cross with all its high and holy associations, they will scarcely allow room to others on the same platform with themselves. Giving place, perhaps, to a few women, of whom they take little count, they must, in their own person, be held as touching the very precincts of heaven, where Jesus now reigns,—in closest affinity with all that is holy below, and all that is perfect above. Familiar with Christ's mind, they are the only interpreters of His Word; companions of His journey, they are the only guides to others travelling the onward road; and standing by His Cross, they must sever themselves from the company of many as near it and like it as ever were they. But while no language of ours can too much condemn this self-assumed and arrogant position, into which a pharisaic religion will often throw itself, it is not to be forgotten, that there is another and very different mood in which a feeble Christianity will sometimes indulge. Though the cross has now been taken down, it is yet to be remembered by every disciple, that its reproach has not been wiped away; and if we have still to complain of the estimate of 'a world that is lying in wickedness,' whereby faith passes current for folly, and love to Him who died for us and rose again, for the vainest enthusiasm, then must we mark still that moral heroism which is cleaving to Christ even in the face of obloquy and scorn. And where is the place, or where the neighbourhood, where the possession of vital, decided religion is not thus, on many occasions, put to the test? Let a man demean himself with outward propriety in the world and in the Church—let him bear a fair name and reputation among his fellow-men—let him go the round of his duties with such decorum as gives no offence even to the ungodly—let him conduct the leading and master concerns of life with a general, though cold and indistinct reference to the Cross, like the attitude of the disciples when they stood afar off, and, perhaps, he will not subject himself to the sneer of the infidel, or the laugh of the profane. But let him once overstep the limits of this general and decorous piety—let him regulate his daily practices and pursuits, not boastfully, but humbly, by the maxims and motives of the Gospel—let him regard religion as the habit, not merely of the Sabbath and of the Church, but of every time and season—let him avouch his attachment to a crucified Saviour, where evil examples and evil maxims are pressing upon him on every side—let him break the current of ordinary converse, and with whatever modesty or humility advert to the glad tidings of salvation as the mainspring of his hope and joy—in short, let him take his stand, like another John, by the side of the Cross, and I am not uncharitable in supposing that he will incur no small hazard of drawing down upon his head the banter of the witling, or the contempt of the worldling, or the malice of the proud and sufficient Pharisee."

There is nothing uncharitable in this, unless truth be libel, and the voice of candour is to be drowned by the reclamations of sinister and unworthy cant. The circumstances of the times are fitted to create a paltry, worthless, otiose sort of Christianity in ordinary life,—a Christianity of forms and phrases, whose symbol and characteristic is attendance on ordinances, a formalism in some respects worse than Popery itself. It is fashionable to be religious—fashionable to go to church—convertible indeed with worldly profit in a certain sense, and hence multitudes hie off to places of worship on the Lord's day—multitudes figure on the roll of communicants in churches. Usually numbers are of the sect to which they were brought up, and their religion is a sounding brass and a tinkling symbol, much of an affair of tradition and ignorant

predilection. As regards high moral estimates of personal conduct, a felt sensibility to the demands of the divine law in their breadth and spirituality, and a trembling consciousness of responsibility, some of these professors may fall below virtuous heathens,—nay may at times have impunity in sin from religious position. There are various ways in which religion is dishonoured; but never is it more disparaged and injured than by the conduct of its specious and conceited but hollow professors. And it may be observed, in entire consonance with the strictures of our author, that at the hands of such people the thorough, upright, decided, but unpretending Christian, may receive his worst usage, and be instructed by the unworthy of the household of faith, that even now those who live godly in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution.

In dealing with parts of the sacred narrative it may be necessary to avoid exaggerating the import of particular facts. The gospels have their great and small events, and there is a temptation to eliminate out of small circumstances some matter of greater moment than be seems the history. St Peter had, on one occasion, inquired at his Master regarding the fate of his brother apostle St John. The answer received was in these words,—“If he tarry till I come, what is that to thee.” Commenting on this question, our author says:—

“The words, ‘What is that to thee?’ are enough to shew that there was that in it which required reproof. Not satisfied with the knowledge of his own duty and destiny—not content with the closing scene of his own life being expanded before him, that he might be the better prepared when it did come, Peter must needs pry into the lot of another—he must needs ask what is to become of John. In the twinkling of an eye he has passed away from his own doom, painful and affecting as it was, that he may gratify himself in hearing of another in what manner or way *he* should finish his course. This, in the view of Him who seeth not as man seeth, was an improper liberty—an ill-judged curiosity—a feeling, when indulged, as unprofitable in itself, as it is generally mistimed in its exercise, and pernicious in its effects. Accordingly, no sooner does Peter give vent to this feeling, than he is met by the answer, ‘If he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?’ Oh! for the folly of those who are evermore tampering with the veil which separates the known from the unknown, and which screens their neighbours from themselves! Oh! for the folly of those who are evermore turning from what is plain and important—perplexing themselves, and disturbing others, with what is too distant for us to read, too deep for us to fathom, too complicated for us to unravel, or too trifling to merit regard! What did it matter, in Peter’s case, for his work or his warfare, that he should be enabled to see the destiny of John? What did it matter to him whether, in the history of him whom Jesus loved, the wheels of Christ’s chariot should tarry or not?—whether, sooner or later, in the house or by the wayside, by a natural death or by a violent end—whether from a burning temple or from a burning world—his ascended Master should call him home to the many mansions of His Father’s house?”

Now too much may really be made of both the question and the reply in those well built sentences. It does not follow necessarily that a question put by an inferior to a superior may be faulty in itself, or disrespectful in a relative sense, although the party be instructed that it is not convenient or proper to give the information desiderated. From the divines, at times, St Peter does not get all the justice he deserves,—yet

he was an admirable man and much esteemed by Him who knew what is in man, and who knew the secret heart of his impetuous but honest and devoted servant.

The world is apt to be imposed upon by swagger and pretension, and genuine merit is too often pushed aside to make way for the forward and worthless. There is a tendency to confound real courage with the vapouring airs, loud tongue, and insolent bearing of the coxcomb. But people who know human nature thoroughly will not so readily be deceived. The fable of a certain homely animal in the lion's hide has its moral,—and the ground which angels fear to tread is held to be occupied by fools. There is more to be said in this connection. Animal courage, which is certainly "no grace of heaven—no sign of the elect," may also be no pledge of moral courage, and the bluster of an overbearing character may be changed into the whine of puling infancy; when there is something to bear or to do which requires magnanimity, contempt of self-interest, disregard of misconception, and devotion to duty,—there may under such circumstances lie a total lack of manhood. St John was a very amiable and gentle-souled Christian; but we believe he was possessed of true greatness of soul. It is well to keep such ideas in view, and we would quote and ask attention to the subjoined observations of Dr Macfarlane in his preliminary sketch introducing the more formal matter of the volume:—

"Tell us not, then, in the review of a life like this, that the triumphs of Christianity are only to be won through the confessor's prize, or the martyr's crown. Far away in the wilderness I see the gentle but heroic missionary of the Cross. He has braved the horrors of sea and land. He has cast himself into a scene at which nature shrinks; and in the strongholds of idolatry, where the god of the world has entrenched himself for ages, he has proclaimed the name of the Lord. He has toiled, and suffered, and prayed; and then, having finished his course, he has died as he lived, an apostolic man—at the foot of the rocks and the foot of the mountains. It was so with John, in whose bosom the mighty stream of divine love, which took its rise by the lake of Galilee, rolled on, deep and calm, till it mingled with the waters of the sea. And so, methinks, it will be in the best and brightest days of the Church's history. Too long has this visible kingdom of the Messiah been disturbed by the clamours of controversy, and the noises of faction. It has been too long the fashion with multitudes, confounding passion with principle, and mistaking the turbulence of their own feelings for the fire of the upper sanctuary, to go forth to the warfare of the Gospel under other panoply than what is divine. The shield of faith, and the girdle of truth, and the breastplate of righteousness, have been exchanged for armour of another cast. The Furies have been mistaken for Graces. The weapons of an Elijah or a Paul—a Luther or a Knox—have been so much toyed with as to be brought into action in every petty church quarrel and parish brawl. The fiery zealot, compassing sea and land to make proselytes to his cause—the self-inflated bigot, constituting himself the arbiter of the divine decrees, and playing familiarly with the thunders of the Omnipotent—the contemptuous Pharisee, walking in the pride of a sanctimonious profession, and saying to thousands better than himself: 'Stand by, I am holier than thou'—the narrow sectarist, with soul so contracted as not to leave room for the most fractional section of the Christian world,—these have too long acted their part on the field of the world, to the disadvantage of all vital religion, as well as to the peril of their souls."

This is admirable writing—instructive, admonitory, consoling too to those who may be overlooked or contemned by the proud ones of the earth, so readily deceived, and duped, and befooled in the case of their favourite. Such moralising is worthy of Mason, or Foster, or of Robert Hall. The world requires the rebuke it administers,—and, as things go, the most requisite lessons are those addressed to the prejudices, conceits, follies, and delusions of people wise in their own eyes, and lacking nothing in the way of instruction or improvement.

THE WAR.—AUSTRIA.

THE attitude of affairs is somewhat changed within a month. Things have now taken a turn for the better; and the atmosphere is more clear at home and abroad. By our successes at the seat of war, and the exertions of the opposition in Parliament, a more active spirit has been infused into the ministry. To these causes—the successful operations in the Sea of Azoff and before Sebastopol, and to the motion of Mr D'Israeli, is entirely due the better state of things. By the perseverance of the Conservatives, the Palmerstonian Ministry have been obliged to abandon their continuance in the tactics of their predecessors, and that section of the late Ministry, which has been the chief cause of our embarrassments, has been drawn into appearing in their true colors. By the Report of the Sebastopol Committee, the proceedings of the Peelites have been exposed, and the case made complete against them. In truth, the declaration of the opinions of several of the leading men has been one of the beneficial results of the recent debates on the war in the Legislature. This is one of the many valuable advantages of free discussion. Much do we regret that Prince Albert should have been tempted to throw off his wonted prudent reserve, and to make the remarks which he did at the Trinity House. The occasion was most inopportune; for the country is convinced that, had it not been for the perfect liberty of speech permitted by our free constitution, an ignominious peace might now have been concluded, and the Palmerstonian administration might have gone on in the same course of procrastination which characterised the ministry of Aberdeen. It had been well that the Prince Consort had abstained from comparative remarks on despotic and free governments, seeing the war is regarded by this country as a war of liberty against despotism. Even the Germans, whose sentiments are very much akin to those of his Royal Highness, think that it would have been wiser to have left it unsaid. No less strange is it that the burden of the address should be an entreaty of favor and support for Lord Palmerston, the *quondam quasi*-liberal Foreign Minister. It is matter of notoriety that his Lordship was formerly no favorite at Court; and that it was only as a *dernier ressort* that he was entrusted with the formation of an administration. It may then be asked if the Prince or the Premier has changed opinions. If either, the probability is on the side of the Premier. The truth would appear to be that neither has; but that Lord Palmerston never has had

any distinct policy—an opinion justified by his numerous changes, and his want of a Parliamentary following. He has, by accidental circumstances, obtained a credit for liberal views in Continental politics which he did not hold. His antecedents in the Foreign Office furnish the proof of this. Often has there been a display of liberalism, and sometimes an attempt at bullying, well nigh approaching to an embroilment of his country; but it is doubtful if an instance can be found in which Lord Palmerston maintained a truly liberal policy. On the contrary, there is a prominent case in which the present Premier threw away a fine opportunity of advancing European liberty. It was entirely owing to him that Poland did not become an independent kingdom in 1830. Both France and Austria were agreed on this, but Lord Palmerston defeated this project.

His present position is evidently one of restraint. Otherwise, why did he not at once declare for the policy which made him the candidate of popular favor and gained for him the Premiership? Had he adopted the sentiments for which the voice of the country called him to power, he would have carried all along with him. He would have lost the support of those who have left him, but he would have more readily secured the waverers, and have obtained the aid of the most influential in Parliament, and of the country at large. Though we confess to having desired to see Lord Palmerston Minister at War instead of the Duke of Newcastle,—and we are still of opinion that he would have been then the right man in the right place,—we are far from being sanguine of his success at the head of the ministry. The remark attributed to the late Sir Robert Peel, seems to have been verified by the short reign of Lord Palmerston: “Endeavour to have Palmerston in every ministry, but never let him be Premier.”

The Opposition in Parliament and the successes of the Allies have not only contributed to the more vigorous prosecution of the war, but have brought the Vienna Conferences to a close, and placed Austria in a sort of dead lock. What is Austria's position, and what are the probable intentions of that Power in the present stage of the struggle, is a most interesting question. We had intended to have traced the progress of the Court of Vienna during the last two years—if progress it can be called,—for no advance has she made towards a more distinct mode of action now than then. Vain, however, would be the labor both to the writer and to the reader, as it would be an uninteresting recital of fruitless negotiations. It has all along been difficult to say exactly what Austria would do; and now as ever, the same mystery envelops her conduct. In one course she has been most consistent, her neutrality and want of active share in the contest,—proving beyond question her deliberate and well weighed policy of non-interference. Shortsighted she may have been, as selfish States as well as selfish individuals ever are,—yet she has throughout played her cards well for the moment. It may come to pass, however, that as she lost the opportunity of preventing the war, she may also finally find herself overreached and involved in the war, with ruin to herself. We have reiterated this opinion of Austria's part almost *ad nauseum*, but this repetition has been ever necessitated

in contradiction of the as often repeated assertion, that this State was on the point of taking an active share. Where now are all these high pretensions? What is the result of all the delay, of all the vacillation, of all the waste of time, life, and treasure, to gain this slippery Power, "this natural ally of Britain," according to the procrastinating Aberdeen?

The most promising feature in the present juncture, is the conclusion of the negotiations which had their centre at Vienna. By this, matters are brought into more workable order. The Allies are now free to prosecute the war untrammelled by irritating and useless attempts at negotiation; and the benefit is already apparent. The question, however, naturally occurs, what alteration will this defeat of the great object of the Court of Vienna have in the relations of Austria, with the Western Powers, with Russia, and with Germany? Have the Western Powers at last thrown off the interference of the Court of Vienna, and are they now resolved to act for themselves, and to leave that State to take what course she may think proper? In this event, what will Austria do; or, supposing that the conferences are simply closed, will she endeavour to re-open them? These are important questions. That the independent action of the Allies may be the result of the termination of these abortive negotiations is sincerely to be desired; for, unless this be the case, the matters in dispute cannot be satisfactorily arranged. The attempts which were ever being made, through the intervention of Austria, to accomplish peace, have throughout been most damaging to the interests of the Allies and of Europe. Through this ever recurring annoying impediment, we have never been able to become ripe for a peaceful arrangement of the *questiones vexatae*. In no way can these be effectively brought to an issue in the present crisis, but by the results of the war-like operations. The means of pacification were exhausted before the commencement of the war. It is, therefore, utterly vain and profitless to resort to devising terms of peace, till the appeal which has been made to the sword, be decisively settled. The treaty between the Western Powers and the two German States, is a vast anomaly. As the inevitable result of this vicious anomaly—this ill assorted and incongruous coalition—the two parties have been pulling different ways; and the natural consequence has been, that the two *neutral allies* have been dragging the other Powers, with whom they were in nominal alliance, into the adoption of their views. In these days of commercial civilisation, when the peace party will ever have the tendency to prevail over the war party, the result of the Vienna conferences may be regarded as evidence of the justice of the cause for which the allies have engaged in war, and as a cheering augury of the future.

If not before, the time seems now to have arrived, when the position of the several parties should be fixed—when no alliance can subsist, save an alliance offensive and defensive. The Western Powers have already suffered enough by the vacillating conduct of Austria, and by their foolish dependence on her aid; and the occasion now offers itself for bringing their relations with Austria to a definite understanding. Let them at once avail themselves of the opportunity, and strike the iron while it is hot. Prussia has very properly been shewn the cold shoulder in the late

Conference, and by her conduct has excluded herself from any title to participate in the arrangements which may be made by the Allied Powers. Austria has now placed herself in a similar position, and has forfeited all right to consideration in the negotiations which may hereafter take place. While these two States persist in their neutrality and want of active interference in the war; in fact, while they continue to be merely nominally our allies, at the same time that they are acting so as to benefit our foe, it is fair that they should be altogether excluded from any participation in the negotiations between the belligerents. What right has Austria shewn to the office of Arbiter which she has assumed? It is far more reasonable, that the principals should treat directly, than have the interference of an arbiter so evidently biassed, and so devoted to accomplish her own selfish purposes by the dispute. Russia and the Western Powers would have managed much better without the interference of the Court of Vienna. They would have never carried on peace negotiations and war operations at one and the same time, if they had been left to themselves—but the pretext for this singular mode of proceeding was afforded by the position of Austria.

There are several features in the conduct of Austria since the closing of the last Vienna conference which deserve attention, as in some degree indicative of the character of her intended policy, or, at any rate, of her leanings. The most prominent movement is the strange announcement of the proposed reduction of her forces by 145,000 men. It is indeed difficult to understand the object of this measure, at a period when not only warlike operations are going on around her, but when her own enrolment in the contest seems imminent. Unless it be altogether a ruse, it distinctly expresses her confidence in the safety of her neutrality, and her want of fear of attack by any of the belligerent parties. If it be a genuine movement, and if these be the motives, it is a declaration that she is determined to abide by her neutrality, and not to unsheathe the sword at all. There is no doubt that her exchequer is very low, and that there is a deficiency of 81,000,000 florins on the revenue, and the reduction may be alleged as a prudential measure. It can hardly be believed that this cause alone, in the present crisis, would induce her to take a step so important,—indeed, without some other motive, this reduction is impossible. Whatever be the intention,—and that we pretend not to be able to discover,—yet we may be certain that it is a scheme planned and matured with her wonted diplomatic skill. It behoves us, therefore, to be on our guard, lest she be yet enabled to steal a march on our simplicity. Let us not be longer deceived by German tricks. Whatever may be the pretext of this reduction, it cannot in any view be favorable to the Western Powers; for if there ever was any honest intention of carrying out the understanding of the treaty of 2d December 1854, and of forming a close offensive and defensive alliance with us, this shews that this is now abandoned. The movement at once overturns any supposed object of this kind, and points in a totally different direction. If, then, it be not favorable to the Allies, it must be, if not directly advantageous, at least not unfavorable to our enemy. Another event equally worthy of notice, is the offer to confer with Prussia,—significant of a drawing

towards that State, in order that the two may again plot together. Prussia has for a considerable time been avowedly on the side of Russia; and, if Austria desires to act in concert with Prussia, it shews her distinct leaning towards Russia. Whoever doubted her leaning? Her selfish interest, as well as the grand purpose of despotism, however, are much better served by a pretended neutrality, than by an open declaration against the Western Powers. She has much to gain by her present double dealing, whereas she would risk all by joining either side. Russia, in the examination of Count Walewski's note on the four points, thinks that the door is still open for negotiation. If defeated in the field, the Czar will try his hand at diplomacy, well knowing that therein lie his strength, and the chances of success. The Czar, even though he may not have a secret understanding with the Court of Vienna, is perfectly aware of their willingness to enter anew on the work of negotiation, and will accordingly use Austria as his tool. While Parliament is met we feel pretty safe, but we dread the approach of the recess; because then again as before, every nerve will be strained, every exertion will be made, by our foe and our *quasi*-allies to renew the Vienna conferences. Unless the country is on the alert, the same procrastination will again be re-enacted. Let us be warned then by the fate which we have escaped by the Parliament being met, and let the Parliament not separate before extracting from the Ministry some distinct declaration of their policy. This want of policy has been the main cause of our many blunders; and until the Ministry have laid down some definite objects, the same weakness, vacillation, and disaster will characterise all our war proceedings.

Austria saw from the first her advantage in the occupation of the Principalities,—and well she has wielded this advantage to the injury of the population and the disadvantage of the Allies. This false step on the part of the Allies has been of vast benefit to Russia, by having these Principalities under the protection of a State not hostile to her, and by thus enabling her to use the troops which would have been required there for direct purposes against the Western Powers.

On the whole, the position of Austria is now more manifest. The evil consequence of our trifling with that State ought to be a warning to us to avoid getting into the snare again. She has been defeated in the meantime in gaining her object at the expense of the Allies; but she will still insist on her proposed neutrality, and wait the chances of the war. In this way she will be enabled to profit by the weakness of the belligerents, and will take part, if finally obliged to do so, with the party from which she will derive the most advantage. It is evident, however, that she is preparing for contingencies by strengthening her interest in Germany. Let her not be any longer the arbiter, but let us act independently till the time arrives when we can dictate to her, and oblige her to take an active part.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Clerical Misrule; or the Voice of Chalmers on Church Offices and Finance. Specially addressed to the Deaconship. By some of the People. Edinburgh: Thomas C. Jack.

Reform in the Free Church; or the True Origin of our Recent Debates; being Suggestions respectfully addressed to the Members of the approaching Assembly. By James Begg, D.D. Edinburgh: J. Nichol.

HAVE our readers forgotten a pamphlet entitled "Uncle Tom in the Free Church, or an Appeal against the Usurpation of Patronage by the Clergy," containing a withering exposure of the incipient clerical "selfishness and despotism" which has at length precipitated that Church on the brink of a second disruption? The author—a probationer of the church—was blackballed and virtually excommunicated, and his character assailed in a way by no means characteristic of Christianity. Will it be credited that Dr Begg has boldly homologated the charges of Uncle Tom,—for we know not how we can better introduce his *brochure* to public notice,—and laid bare "*the real root of bitterness which festers beneath all our (F.C.) difficulties, and the true key to the recent contentions which have startled the country and alarmed our people,*"—viz., that "*the Free Church is as completely managed by an Oligarchy at this moment, as ever the British Government was* ; and as a necessary consequence certain Crimes and Balaklavas are beginning to startle and alarm some of the other members of the Institution who are *capable* of thinking and can *dare* to think. I use these expressions, because I have lately met with some of our younger Ministers who profess not to see the evils which are obvious to all the rest of the world. This may arise partly from their inexperience. They do not know, by any previous experience, what Presbyterian parity and liberty really mean; they 'did not see the glory of the first house.' Besides, a vast number of our ministers are miserably dependent. Out of 750 Ministers, only about 190 are self-sustaining. The rest are carried more or less on the shoulders of others. Some with rich congregations carry, of course, a large burden of them, and this is all very well; but it is not very consistent with the rigid maintenance of Presbyterian parity. Many of the Ministers exhibit a painful sense of dependence. The evil is greatly aggravated by our loose system of Committee administration, and was consummated by the 'Rating' scheme, which virtually gives the power of absolutely fixing the stipends of three-fourths of the clergy to a few leading men. Even our Eldership does not save us from this kind of domination, for they are all clerically elected. In the United Presbyterian Church the Elders are elected by Sessions, as their Synod is not representative, and this, as well as the absence of a central fund, saves them from any such danger. In the Established Assembly there are at least between 40 and 50 burgh Elders, who are independent of the clergy, and all the clergy are independent of each other. In the Free Church Assembly not only are three-fourths of the Ministers dependent on a few, but all the Elders are nominees of Presbyteries, in which the majority of the members who attend are invariably Ministers; and some Presbyteries have lately turned out of the Assembly men of the highest respectability, simply on the ground of their differing from the leading managers."

Could any other result have been anticipated in the circumstances? Did not the Free Church start into existence under the despotic rule of a clerical oligarchy, an oligarchy whose incessant agitation for ten years drove the excited multitudes in an hour of passion to perpetrate the schism which rent

asunder the national Church of Scotland? Has it not usurped the patronage, crowded the pulpits with its slavish supporters, crammed the Assemblies with clerically elected elders, and thus carried its odious measures in spite of dissenting and protesting minorities? Who knows not that these would-be imitators of an Established Church, have erected colleges at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow; and why, but to seat themselves in a professor's chair, the highest object of ecclesiastical ambition, though at the risk of saddling a disendowed church with an *incubus* of lazy incumbents destined to prove its early dissolution? Who knows not that they pounced upon the treasury of the church and squandered the funds wrung from an impoverished people, till bankruptcy startled their victims into the exercise of reflection and common sense? And what do they after all demand? Simply that the clergy shall, in conformity with Scripture and the standards of the church, confine themselves to preaching,—that the elders as spiritual office-bearers lend their effective assistance in the visitation of the sick, in the amelioration of the social condition of the masses, and that the deacons henceforward manage ecclesiastical finances,—especially that grand bone of contention, the Sustentation fund.

Of course the reformers of the so-called Reformed Free Church have been denounced in no measured terms by the Buchanan and Moncrieff cabinet, the representatives of spiritual despotism. But Drs Hanna, Guthrie, Begg, and Mr Thorburn, who have cunningly supplanted Mr M'Craw and his party, and thrown themselves at the head of the popular movement, have so ably demonstrated to the astounded people the inefficiency of clerical management, (admitting even "*as a general rule*" as is done by Dr Begg, "*that ministers are not great in financial matters*")—that the aristocracy of Britain trembles not more for the tenure of their prescriptive privileges than do the Free Church ministry for the guardianship of the "golden apples."

What now do our readers think is the amount of "administrative reform" that is demanded by the doughty Doctor, after hazarding an *exposé* of "the Reformed and Protecting Free Church of Scotland?" That he should have buckled on the armour of a Layard, and lustily clamoured for the abolition of oligarchical clerical patronage and influence in the settlement of vacancies, in the election of representatives,—in a word for "the right men in the right place," and for the definition of the official duties devolving upon the respective church-officers, viz., upon the Clergy, Elders, and Deacons? Far from it. It is only, give us a "place of reasonable size," that some "dear doctor" may no longer overpower the reason and common sense of the weaker brethren by floods of eloquence, and handkerchiefs, and thunders of unremitting applause. Give us due notice of the introduction of new measures, information from minute books and from head quarters at our pleasure, and a reasonable modicum of financial reform! Has he then blinked altogether the real question at issue? No; not exactly. He reluctantly casts a glance at the golden apple of discord—the management of the Sustentation fund,—the darling object dandled so long by pious Doctors of Divinity, till they have believed it their own peculiar treasure, and half in despair, half by way of an attempt at Christian magnanimity, more in sorrow than in anger, concludes as follows:—

"There is one thing that has especially struck my own mind with deep pain during recent years. Our ship has been drifting instead of being steered. Our Church is getting more narrow and sectarian in its position and aims. Instead of standing forth as a leading champion against Rome—as a broad basis on which the sound-hearted Presbyterians of Scotland might meet—foremost in the ranks of Christian patriotism,—hailing with a kind and brotherly spirit all who seem bent on doing good, no matter under what banner they are found—we seem chiefly bent on glorifying our own denomi-

nation; and in the same proportion the world is gradually losing sight of us, and the prestige of our primitive glory is departing. Our Church Courts are filled with unprofitable wrangles about money, and our time and tempers are wasted with fruitless and acrimonious debates. It is high time that a conclusive end were put to this, even if it can only be secured by turning all these temporalities out of the doors of our Church Courts, and leaving them to be managed by a Committee largely composed of thorough business-men."

Forgive us "dear doctor" if we feel inclined to reiterate an old commonplace—

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus!"

in comparison with the reforms which constitute the *desiderata* of "Some of the People" in "Clerical Misrule." Does the Free Church oligarchy dream that their people in these times of enlightenment can be humbugged out of their common sense as easily as out of their money at the proclamation of party shibboleths, or blinded to the worldly diplomacy and tactics by which they have been tricked out of their indefeasible rights? Will the eldership and deaconship, headed by Mr M'Craw, be content to be contemptuously ignored, and a Begg, or even a Hanna, arrogate to themselves the honour of effecting a reformation of the Free Church? "Ye blind leaders of the blind!" did you not appeal to the *vox populi*? To the *vox populi* shall you go! and what do they propose?

We are sorry that our limits wont admit of a thorough review of "Clerical Misrule," presenting as it does within a brief compass, a *coup d'oeil* of the tenets and history of Presbyterianism. Suffice it to say that they appeal to the "primitive model" of the Christian Church,—confirm its correctness by quoting Neander, Bunsen, King, and Vaughan,—corroborate it by the express averments of the Standards of the Church of Scotland, and of Chalmers on Church-offices, as well as in his latest pamphlets on the Subject of Finance, and, portraying the disunited and factious conditions of the Free Church, demand in conclusion the restoration of the distinction of offices specified by the above-mentioned authorities.

We do not profess to homologate every sentiment conveyed in the pamphlet, but who shall refute the proposition that the management of the Ecclesiastical Treasury should be wrested from the Clergy, and that they should be thrust back into their original and Scriptural position of ministers, i.e., servants of the people for the performance of the duties of public preaching and prayer? that the eldership should be regarded as their assistants in the discharge of their spiritual duties among the people in their homes, and finally that the deaconship, not however without a few representatives of the ministry and elders, should manage the secular affairs of the Church?

When sweeping reforms such as these are propounded as the only effectual remedies to quash the threatening disruption of "the Church of the Disruption"—when popular progress and liberty takes its unfaltering stand against clerical despotism and prescription, we can only of course, in common with others, anticipate the consummation of the scenes that have startled Christendom into one finger of scorn, and the retribution which cannot but be visited upon the men who ruthlessly sacrificed the peace and happiness of a nation, to their insatiable ambition.

Our limits forbade the insertion of the above notice in last month's issue. The Free Church Assembly has, in the meantime, held its sittings in Canonmills, and although the "consummation" we anticipated has not startled the world by an explosion, they must have been blind spectators who did not observe its premonitory symptoms. Did not Mr Nixon of Montrose inspire the audience with terror in expressing his contempt of the eldership, who

desire in accordance with apostolic authority to disburden a grasping and ambitious clergy of the mis-management of the secular affairs of the Church, and reveal the fact,—the grand secret of the unflinching opposition of Candlish, Buchanan & Co., to Mr Dunlop's proposed measure as well as of the ultimate state of the vote,—that they tremble at the loss of influence and power which they will inevitably sustain by yielding up the administration of the Sustentation Fund? And did not the severe yet merited and gentlemanly rebuke inimitably administered by Sheriff Monteith, lend it confirmation? but above all, has not the Association which has been formed by Mr Dunlop's party, convinced every one that the doom of "Clerical Misrule" is fixed—and that Reform in the Free Church shall be accomplished, though at the risk of the disruption of "the church of the disruption?"

Works of the late Rev. John Paul, D.D., of Carrickfergus, with a Memoir and Introduction by the Editor, STEWART BATES, D.D., Glasgow. Belfast: Shepherd & Aitchison. 1855.

Who, out of Ireland, knew Dr John Paul of Carrickfergus? Dr Bates of Glasgow, in a brief preliminary memoir, supplies us with the information, that he was born in the neighbourhood of Antrim,—studied at Glasgow University,—was a minister of that portion of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland, known by the name of the Eastern Synod, and that a "numerous body of subscribers, including a large proportion of ministers, have united in expressing the desire, that these works should be reprinted more than thirty years after the first of them issued from the press," a fact, continues he, which "supplies a testimony to their value, that cannot fail to be gratifying to the surviving friends of the author, and to many others who admired him while living as an able defender of orthodoxy, and of civil and religious liberty."

We have perused his "Refutation of Arianism," which forms the bulk of the work, and though we must state that it provides the Trinitarian with no arguments which he will not find amply supplied by older and standard polemical writers on the same subject, it is satisfactory to learn, that orthodoxy is defended in a style which does honour to Protestantism. It is true, that the characteristic humour of the Irishman pervades to an extent, greater perhaps than consistent with the benignant spirit of the gospel, in the paper on "Creeds and Confessions defended." We have no objection, however, to be reminded that as "doctors differ," so may standards of judgment.

In illustration of what we mean, take the following quotation:—

"My reverend and dear Presbyterian, I am extremely sorry for your calamity. Before you attacked the advocates of creeds and confessions, you were doubtless an excellent scholar, an accurate grammarian, an acute philologist; but now, alas! your learning is fled, your talents are blasted. As an atonement for your sin, by which you have brought upon yourself so awful a judgment, I shall take the liberty of prescribing for you a course of penance. It is this:—that, at the first meeting of Synod, you come forth from your lurking place, with tears in your eyes, and the Battle of Dialogues in your hands, confessing yourself to be the author of that performance. 2; that in open Synod you fall down on your bended knees, humbly begging the pardon of all the advocates of creeds and confessions, professing, at the same time, the deepest sorrow for the scurrilous manner in which you have treated them. 3; that you bring forward a motion to the following effect:—That no member of the Synod of Ulster shall, on pain of public

censure, presume to attack the Westminster Divines, or any of the advocates of Creeds and Confessions, till having previously studied Murray's Grammar, he is able to write a couple of pages without committing any material blunder."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—*Whitehall, June 8.*—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. William Stobbs to the church and parish of Gordon, in the Presbytery of Lauder, and county of Berwick, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Patterson.

Presentation.—The Queen has also presented the Rev. Cornelius Giffen to the parish of Dailly, in the Presbytery and county of Ayr, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. William Montgomerie Walker.

Presentation.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Neil MacKinnon to the church and parish of Criech, in the Presbytery of Dornoch and county of Sutherland, vacant by the deprivation of the Rev. John Gunn.

Presentation.—The Rev. Mr Macintyre, has been presented to the *quoad sacra* church and parish of Rothiemurcus, vacant by the demise of the Rev. Mr Rutherford.

Gourock Chapel.—On Thursday evening last, a meeting was held in this chapel for the purpose of electing a minister in room of the Rev. Robert M'Nair, who lately demitted his charge in consequence of his having been appointed as one of the missionaries to the sick and wounded in the hospital at Scutari. John Burnet, Esq. of Mileburn, was called to the chair, and, upon his motion, the Rev. Mr M'Corkindale, at present assistant to the Rev. John M'Rae, of Hawick, was unanimously chosen as minister. It is gratifying to find that so much harmony has prevailed in the election on this occasion, and it is hoped, from this circumstance, that Mr M'Corkindale will fully realise the expectations which have been formed of him, and prove of great service in supplying the spiritual wants of this fashionable watering-place.

Death of the Rev. Dr Brewster.—It is

our painful duty to announce the death of the Rev. George Brewster, D.D., minister of the parish of Scoonie. The deceased, though failing in health these twelve months bypast, had been able to perform the duties of his charge till within a few days of his death. Last Friday afternoon he was taken unwell, and continued indisposed till Wednesday, without any very alarming symptoms, but at three o'clock on that afternoon the rev. gentleman got worse, and very suddenly was called to his last account. This dire stroke has, we need hardly say, thrown his family into deep affliction and distress, and not merely his family, but also his numerous and affectionate parishioners, and a large circle of clerical and lay friends, both in and out of the country. By one and all the deceased was dearly beloved as a faithful pastor and an attached friend. His able pulpit and parochial ministrations will long be remembered with delight. Of his talented family the deceased was not least talented. While studying his profession, he had not been inattentive either to general literature or science. His public services were much appreciated by one of the most numerous body of worshippers to be found in a country parish. Inducted in 1813, he had gone in and out among them for the long period of forty-two years; and by one and all was regarded with affectionate attachment and respect. To his family and people, and to his brethren in the Presbytery, the loss of the deceased is a most severe bereavement. Many will miss the good counsel which his clear head and vigorous intellect was always able and ready to bestow.

Died, at Edinburgh, on the 16th inst., the Rev. George Hislop, Chaplain of the Jail.

INDEX.

- Advocate, the Lord, his Educational Measure, 247.
- Austria and the War, 375.
- Barclay, Hugh, his Thoughts on Sabbath School Teaching, noticed, 255.
- Begg, Dr, his Reform of the Free Church, noticed, 380.
- Beautiful, the Philosophy of the, by Dr Macvicar, reviewed, 337.
- Butler, Sergeant, his Life and Travels, noticed, 126.
- Burnett Treatise of Principal Tulloch, reviewed, 354.
- Clerical Misrule, 380.
- Cochrane, Rev. James, his Last Things, reviewed, 284.
- Conception, the Immaculate, 47, 81.
- Confession, the, of Faith, noticed, 320.
- Crichton, Dr Andrew, his death, noticed, 54.
- Cuthbert, Rev. A., his Infants Asleep in Jesus, noticed, 255.
- Dewar, Dr, his Divine Revelation, noticed, 250.
- East India Company, Civil Appointments of, 117.
- Educational Measures of Mr Stirling and the Lord Advocate, 247.
- Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64, 127, 191, 256, 320, 384.
- Essay on Indian Literature, 129.
- Eternal Punishments, a Letter on, 301.
- Faith, the Confession of, noticed, 320.
- Ferrier, Professor, his Institutes of Metaphysic, reviewed, 152.
- Free Church, Dr Begg on Reform of the, noticed, 380.
- Genesis and Geology, 223.
- Gilliespie, William, his Necessary Existence of God, reviewed, 176.
- Gordon, John, his Sabbath Question, noticed, 61.
- Indian Literature, Essay on, 129.
- India as a Mission Field, 13.
- Irving, Washington, his Wolfert's Roost, reviewed, 111.
- Literary Notices, 61, 126, 250, 320, 380.
- Lucan, Lord, and the Battle of Balaclava, 211.
- Macintosh, Rev. S., his Sermons, noticed, 252.
- Macfarlane, Rev. Dr, his Disciple whom Jesus Loved, 368.
- Macvicar, Rev. Dr, his Philosophy of the Beautiful, reviewed, 337.
- Manse, the, of Sunnyside, noticed, 62.
- Maurice, F. D., his Doctrine of Sacrifice, noticed, 254.
- Metaphysic, the Institutes of, by Ferrier, reviewed, 152.
- Montgomery, James, his Life and Writings, reviewed, 240.
- Nebular, the, Hypothesis and Modern Geology, 90.
- Notes on the Book of Revelation, 269, 344.
- Pastoral Charge of Bishop Gillis, 49.
- Paul, Dr John, his Works, noticed, 383.
- Philip O'Flaherty, the Young Soldier, noticed, 126.
- Poetry.—The Black Sea Storm, 47. Sebastopol, 48. British Troops in the East, 109. Peace or War, 110. The Czar Nicholas, 179. Death of Em-

peror of Russia, 180. The Sortie, 239. Raise the Siege † 240. " Vita Vitabilis," 182. Peace or War, 301. Lines on the French Attack, 366.
 Popery, Temporizing with, 22.
 Prayer, the Duty of, by Rev. A. Whyte, reviewed, 278.
 Pray, Should Sinners † 142.
 Psalm, the Scottish, and Tune Book, 255.

Reminiscences of Eastern Travel—
 Chap. 5. Hindoo Character, 1. Chap. 6. Hindoo Mythology, 65. Chap. 7. Indian Missions, 193. Chap. 8. From India to China, 257. Chap. 9. China and its People, 321.

Revelation, Notes on the Book of, 269, 344.

Stars, the, their Purposes and Language, 291.

Stirling, Mr, his Educational Measure, 247.

Theism, the Burnett Treatise of Principal Tulloch, reviewed, 354.

Theological Tendencies of the Age, by Principal Tulloch, reviewed, 34.

Tulloch, Principal, his Inaugural Discourse, reviewed, 34.—His Burnett Treatise, reviewed, 354.

War, the, 57.—Inquiry regarding the Conduct of, 120.

War or Peace, 183.

War, the, Our Present Position, 316.

Whyte, Rev. A., his Duty of Prayer, reviewed, 278.

Wolfert's Roost, by Washington Irving, reviewed, 111.

ORDINATIONS.

Rev. James Ingram, Levern.

" William Williamson, Lochmaben.

INDUCTIONS.

Rev. David Nicol, Dalgetty.

" David Ross, Kiltarlity.

APPOINTMENTS.

Lord Belhaven, Commissioner to General Assembly.

Rev. Dr Rogers, Stirling Castle.
 " Mr M'Nair, Scutari.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

Rev. Peter Chalmers, Dunfermline, D.D., Glasgow.

Sheriff Barclay, L.L.D., Aberdeen.

Rev. James A. Wyllie, L.L.D., Aberdeen.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. John A. Macrae, Trumisgarry.

" Thomas Leishman, Linton, Roxburgh.

" Mr Irvine, Crimond.

" W. Walker Montgomery, Dailly.

" Neil M'Intyre, Rothiemurchus.

" George Stuart Burns, Urr.

" Alexander Young, Westerkirk.

" Henry Wallis Smith, Durrisdeer.

" John Clarke, Knockando.

" John Milligan, Twynholm.

" William Findlay, West Church, Stirling.

" James Pennel, St Andrews, Dunfermline.

" Dr Stevenson, Ladykirk.

" J Cruden, Gamrie.

" William Stobbs, Gordon.

" Cornelius Giffen, Dailly.

" Neil MacKinnon, Crieach.

" Mr M'Corkindale, Gourrock.

DEATHS.

Rev. Andrew Rutherford, Rothiemurchus.

" Mr Brydson, Kilmalcolm.

" David Strong, Dailly.

" James Scrymgeour, Canongate, Edinburgh.

" W. A. Corkindale, Ladykirk.

" Thomas Wright, Borthwick.

" Dr Mitchell, Meigle.

" J. M. Robertson, Livingston.

" G. M. Burnside, Urr.

" Mr Bryden, Sandsting.

" Dr Brewster, Seonias.

" George Hialop, The Jail, Edinburgh.

MACPHAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL

AND

LITERARY REVIEW.

VOLUME XX.



EDINBURGH:
MYLES MACPHAIL, 11 SOUTH ST. DAVID STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1856.

H. & J. PILLANS, PRINTERS, 7. James's Court, Edinburgh.

CONTENTS TO VOL. XX.

No. CXV.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. X., China and its People, 1.—Guizot, 19.—Confessions of an Ex-Verse Maker, 25.—Notes on the Book of Revelation, *continued*, 33.—Lines on the Death of Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, 41.—Calvin's Character and Correspondence, 43.—The War—Ministerial Policy, 55.—Literary Notices, 60.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 64.

No. CXVI.—The Novel and Cheap Literature of the Nineteenth Century,—its Ideal, Sensational, and Sceptical Tendencies, 65.—Lays of the War, 76.—Thompson's Burnett Treatise—The Accepted and Rejected, 82.—The Mission—Lands of the Bible, 103.—Ode to the Highland Brigade, 113.—Wylie's Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber, 114.—Tennyson's New Poems, 120.—Literary Notices, 125.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 128.

No. CXVII.—Characteristics of Modern Literature, 129.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. XI., Homward Bound,—Overland, 142.—A Month in Arran, 150.—Poetry :—The Half-witted Laddie, 164 ; The Death o' the Gairdner's Boy, 166 ; The Sardinians at Tchernaya, 167.—Sir Isaac Newton, 169.—Literary Notices, 187.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 192.

No. CXVIII.—Buckingham's Autobiography, 193.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. XII., the Red Sea and the Desert, 199.—Notes on the Book of Revelation, *continued*, 206.—A Month in Arran, *concluded*, 223.—Poetry :—Lays of the War.—The Bonfire at Craig-Gowan, 234 ; " My Mither's Death," 236 ; The Sea King's

Funeral, 237.—Noctes Ambrosianæ, 240.—The reckless want of Principle of Reynolds' Newspaper, 248.—Lines on the Fall of Sebastopol, 9th September 1855, 249.—Literary Notices, 251.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 255.

No. CXIX.—Our Scottish Pulpit, 257.—Poems by Alexander Carlile, 266.—Poetry :—"Widow Effie's Boy," 269 ; "Callias the Daduchus," 272 ; To the Memory of our Fallen Heroes, 272.—Native Education in India, 273.—Our Easy Chair,—Bowles and Thackeray as Poets, 280.—The Noctes Ambrosianæ, and contemporaneous Criticism, 286.—The Condition of our Working Classes, 300.—Notes on the Book of Revelation, *continued*, 302.—Anti-Maud, 315.—Literary Notices, 319.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 320.

No. CXX.—The Education of the Idiot and Imbecile, 321.—Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.—Chap. XIII., Through Egypt and Home, 336.—Poetry :—Phemie Gray, 344 ; Darkness and Light, 346 ; A Turkish Slave Girl to a Gazelle, 348 ; "Gloria in Excelsis," 349.—The late Rev. Dr Thomson of Eccles, 350.—Notes on the Book of Revelation, *continued*, 354.—Internal History of German Protestantism, 363.—The Universities of Scotland and Higher Instruction, 370.—Peace or War, 379.—Ecclesiastical Intelligence, 384.

MACP HAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXV.

AUGUST 1855.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER. X.

CHINA AND ITS PEOPLE.

LET us now take a look at the Chinese themselves. When I reflect on my past intercourse with them during a residence of several years in some of the principal towns and cities on the coast of China, and in numerous journeys to villages and secluded country spots in the interior, a thousand strange reminiscences are summoned up within me of my wanderings in that strange land. In this chapter, I shall endeavour to bring together some of those customs and striking features of character, which mark out the Chinese as diverse from all other people. Every traveller is found to add something new to the information previously communicated to the reading public at home, and I am encouraged to contribute my quota to the stock of knowledge which all feel it desirable to possess respecting this remarkable people, by the welcome with which every fresh contribution on the subject is received.

The Chinese have been called the hermits of the world, Solons asleep, scholars in a trance, somnambulist sages, men moving in a mystery. China has been long regarded as the great sleepy hollow of the world, and its people as a nation of Rip Van Winkles. The sentiment of Milton,—“one year in ancient Europe is worth a cycle in Cathay,”—has continued to be echoed up to the present time. But the spell seems to be now broken. The enchantment has been somewhat rudely dissolved, and China is at last awake.

Some have conceived a dislike to the Chinese national character, and it must be acknowledged, that in certain aspects it is not amiable. Their manners also, though not in all cases repulsive, are yet, to us, reared in

VOL. XX. A

a totally different civilization, far from being agreeable. I am bound to say, that I have met with much genuine kindness, friendship, and hospitality amongst them. For some whom I knew intimately, I had reason to entertain the most sincere respect, and the fragrance of their memory still lingers pleasantly with me. But I do not think that I ever heard any foreigner confess to a liking for the Chinese in general. I have repeatedly found cases in which an utter aversion was entertained towards them. For one thing, they are not cleanly in their habits. Their houses and their cities abound with filthy odours; and the smell of a pure unwashed Chinese, even though respectably attired, is, it must be admitted, disagreeable to the olfactory nerves. I have known a foreigner refuse to sit down in a chair recently occupied by a well dressed scholar; "how can I seat myself there after a man who has never been in a bath in his life?" If I were asked what is my own feeling on the subject, I should say candidly, that I did not like them so well as I liked the people of India. And yet, I acknowledge that the Chinese are in many respects a far superior race. But compared with the Hindoos, they are a plodding, dull, matter-of-fact, worldly-minded people. I liked the dark skins and the flashing eyes which I saw on the plains of Bengal, far better than the dull yellow complexion and opaque oblique eyes of the Chinese. Not a grain of poetry or enthusiasm enters into the composition of a Chinese, while it is inseparable from the Hindoo character. He who would live among the Chinese then, must make up his mind to endure an oriental people not at all fashioned in the oriental mould. They are the Anglo-Saxons of Asia. They possess a sturdiness of character, a vigour of body, and a self-managing, independent, and business-like cast of mind, which mark them out as superior to all the other nations of Asia.

Their vast antiquity as a nation, invests them with unspeakable interest in our eyes. In contemplating a pure unmixed race such as they are, living and moving before our eyes as they have lived and moved for more than four thousand years, and in beholding their unchangeable customs and stereotyped manners, which we are sure are a living picture of what their forefathers were many ages ago, we feel carried back to Noah and the flood. But even in this view, strange to say, about the most interesting view in which we can regard them, they have been looked on as an object of horror. De Quincey, in one of his morbid dreams, tells us that if he were compelled to live in China he should go mad, and he is convinced that the causes of his horror, which lie deep within him, must be common to others. "The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individuals. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix through such immemorial tracts of time. . . . It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man

is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals."

There is undoubtedly a striking antagonism between their manners and ours. A feeling of repulsion may thus very easily exhibit itself in a close intercourse between them and us. To instance a curious, and, at the same time, a disagreeable illustration of this, I may relate that old Leang-afah, who came to my house every morning at Canton, to assist me in receiving and conversing with visitors, was one day enlarging to a countryman on his superior acquaintance with foreign manners. "And these English foreigners," he went on, "actually take off all their clothes every night when they go to bed. Far from sleeping as we do, in the same clothes they wear through the day, they even strip off their inner garments and put on night ones." His friend was, of course, gaping open-mouthed in wonder and astonishment at this strange recital. We, on the other hand, cannot but regard their habits in this respect as very filthy. Having divested themselves, those that have a silk gown, of this outer garment only, they throw themselves down on their bare boards or on a rush mat, and cover themselves with a greasy cotton quilt. The common people never change their clothes, but continue to wear the same clothes day and night for a great length of time. And yet we have reason to believe that they are not singular in this respect among oriental and partially civilized nations. Even among the Jews this custom appears to have existed. In the book of Exodus, it is said, "If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down; for that is his covering only; it is his raiment for his skin; wherein shall he sleep?"¹

The dietary of the Chinese is remarkably extensive. They eat things that we should never think of eating. I have seen monkeys hung up and quartered in the market-place for sale, frogs skinned alive, the young shoots of trees, fresh roots of ginger; and even putrid ginger, though most nauseous to the taste and smell, is esteemed by them a great delicacy. Addled eggs are freely eaten. Dogs and cats being regarded as most savoury morsels, are very much in the habit of being sent to pot. I have seen a coolie trudging homeward of an evening, grinning with delight over a fine fat rat which he had caught, and of which he was going to make his supper. The animal hung wriggling over his shoulder, suspended to a stick. I recollect, at a Chinese dinner at Canton, being regaled with fish-maws, a ragout of shark's fins, and a stew of bear's paws. What else I ate of that night, I know not. Among the jellies, preserves, and other delicacies, there may have been birds' nests for any thing I know to the contrary. The dinner began at six o'clock, and ended at ten. Being detained beyond the hour appointed by some committee

¹ Ex. xxii. 26, 27.

business with the other missionaries, I arrived in the middle of the feast, about eight o'clock, but was still in time for twenty or thirty courses. There were troops of servants. Every thing was handed up in small bowls, and all the dishes of which I tasted were remarkably good. There were no intervals of twenty minutes between each course, as Soyer recommends, but course succeeded course with amazing celerity. The portly Chinese gentlemen around me, had actually been guttling and gormandizing for four hours. In the course of the feast, they often belched in a loud and most ostentatious manner. These noisy eructations, so far from being avoided on the part of a guest, are actually cultivated as a polite accomplishment in a Chinese gentleman; like sighs long drawn out, they are studiously lingered over as a delicate compliment to the host, so that he may have audible demonstration of the excellence and abundance of his feast, and of the satisfaction of his guests therewith.

However extraordinary it may appear, the Chinese actually eat gypsum. They do not eat it by itself, but in a finely powdered state, and mixed with a sort of bean jelly. The bean flour having been first boiled and strained, is then allowed to settle into a curd or jelly. After the gypsum is added, the whole acquires greater solidity. It is then cut into small squares, and sold to purchasers in the streets every day. The Chinese freely eat it, and it does not seem to do them any harm. They are not singular, however, in their use of this substance. It is known that large quantities of this mineral, dug out of the gypsum quarries in the north of England, are sent to the manufacturers of mustard in Durham, and to the pastry-cooks and confectioners in London. Those of us, therefore, who have been on the point of pitying the Chinese for being compelled to eat stones, have very probably more than once ourselves eaten of the same. After all, there is nothing wonderful in the fact. It is known to geologists, that limestone quarries are entirely composed of the exuviae of innumerable aquatic animals firmly compacted together. The bergmehl, or mountain meal of Sweden, a kind of edible earth freely eaten by the people in times of scarcity, is composed of the silicious shields of the diatomaceæ, creatures which once had a living organization. The pulse jelly thus composed, when placed in water, sinks to the bottom, and we should think it a hard and indigestible article of food. To us, it would appear, that it must sit heavily and uncomfortably on the stomach, but the Chinese seem to think differently. Rice, which is their ordinary food, is so light that they must feel the want of something that will keep the stomach and stay the appetite for a while. When warmed up and cut into thin slices for dinner, it glides down the throat with ease, and coaxes the dry rice along with it.

The less a nation knows of medicine, the greater veneration do they have for it, and this is the case with the Chinese. Some of their prescriptions are truly preposterous. The powdered horns of certain animals, the scrapings of long used tea-pots, dried human placentas pulverized, and all sorts of recondite herbs and minerals, form part of their pharmacopeia. Every thing bearing the name of medicine, is regarded with intense veneration, and swallowed with religious faith. The more bitter and nauseous the drug, the more powerful is supposed to be its efficacy.

A coolie begged his master at Hong-Kong one day to give him some English pills. Having got them, he would by no means swallow them whole, but must needs chew them well, thinking it necessary to do this if he would derive the full benefit from them. The hideous faces and horrible grimaces which he made during the process of mastication, were truly ridiculous, and as the pills stuck about his teeth, he continued to enjoy the flavour of them for a long time.

The Chinese at an English dinner, and the English at a Chinese dinner, are very much in the relative positions of the fox and the crane in the fable. They use no knives and forks, but handle their chopsticks with great dexterity. The chopsticks are made of bamboo, and sometimes of ivory or ebony. They are about twice as long as a lead-pencil, and not quite so thick. With a pair of these instruments held between the fingers and thumb of the right hand, they manage to convey the morsels of food to their mouths with the greatest ease. When they want a mouthful of rice, they lift the bowl to their lips, and, by the aid of the chopsticks, shovel in as much as they want. With the chopsticks they can separate the flesh from the bones of a broiled fish, take off the shell of a hard broiled egg, and even eat peas. Often at first did I drop some savoury morsel after I thought I had got it securely between the points of my chopsticks. Frequently I found the proverb verified about many a slip between the cup and the lip. Most foreigners have felt the same awkwardness in using the chopsticks at first, and, though practice gives greater proficiency, yet I could never feel quite at home with these two round pieces of wood. When the Chinese, on the other hand, are invited to an English dinner, they are sadly at a loss how to manage the knife and fork with ease and propriety. Once I saw the awkwardness all on their side, and if the crane was not at home at the fox's feast, no more was the fox at home when feasting with the crane. A fine stately old Chinese was one of the guests at an English dinner. He watched us very gravely, got his knife and fork into proper position, and began to saw away at the piece of meat before him for some time. Having achieved the feat of cutting it up, he laid down his knife, shifted his fork to his right hand and picked up one of the pieces on the point of it. So far he had got on pretty well, but he now paused, afraid apparently of bringing so formidable an instrument too near his mouth, and very deliberately took off what was on the point of his fork with his fingers, and so conveyed it to his mouth.

Rice is their principal article of food. Vast quantities of this cereal are produced in China. So fertile and so well adapted is the soil for its production, that, not unfrequently, two crops are raised in the year. Ship loads of rice are also annually imported from the United States and from other countries. To encourage its importation, all such ships are permitted to enter duty free. Rice is used at every meal. A small bit of salted pork or fish, a few vegetables, a little soy—an excellent sauce produced from a kind of bean—to give a flavour to their food, together with the invariable bowl of rice,—such is the diet, morning, noon, and night, of the vast majority of the millions of China. They use no bread. Corn and wheat do not grow in the south of China, and the nearest approach to bread that I ever saw consisted of small rice cakes sold in

the streets. They have no pasture lands and no dairy, and hence they use neither milk, butter, nor cheese. A bullock or two at each farmhouse for the purpose of drawing the plough, is all that is to be seen of the bovine race. The whole of the soil is kept under constant cultivation, and they think it would be great folly and great sin to allow useless flocks of sheep and cows to devour the produce of the ground; when human mouths wanted supplies. Gutzlaff tells us that some Chinese sailors asked him once if the Western nations ate rice, and, finding him slow to give an answer, they exclaimed, "oh! the sterile regions of barbarians, which produce not the necessaries of life! Strange that the inhabitants have not long ago died of hunger!"

So highly is rice esteemed that their very salutations are founded on its constant use. It is said of the Dutchman that his salutation is, "How do you navigate?"—from the abundance of canals in his country. The common salutation of the Chinese is, "*Yak fan*," or "*Seik fan*," "Have you eaten rice?" Imagine the whole population of an immense country opening their mouths to each other all day long whenever they meet, only to put this inquiry, and hallooing earnestly, "have you got your rice?" There are two or three other phrases in use among them as salutations, but this is by far the most common. They never remark on the weather, nor say, "good morning," or, "how are you?"—but always, "have you eaten rice?" And when any person dies, they say of him, "he would eat no more rice—a whim that cost him his life."

They have neither sheets, shirts, nor tablecloths. They wear simply grasscloth and cotton jackets, and trowsers of the same. The better class of people wear silk gowns and overalls, and, in cold weather, quilted vests and outer garments lined with fur. They use no fires in their houses for the purpose of warming themselves, and hence their dwellings have a cheerless aspect. In cold weather they put on one jacket above another, to the number sometimes of a dozen, so that in winter they swell out in their dimensions like Dutchmen, and waddle along like porpoises, with their arms stuck out at their sides like fins. They even measure the cold by the number of jackets they have on, thus, for example, they say, "it is eight jackets cold." In summer the use of the fan is universal. They even take fans to bed with them. I have seen a Chinese preacher take one to the pulpit and there fan himself occasionally, which appeared to me a proceeding decidedly cool. The pillow in common use is a hollow rush cylinder, and sometimes it consists of a solid block of wood. I remember seeing one of these rounded rush pillows given to a boy as a prize at school. In the morning the Chinese wash their faces, but it is with warm water. In this process they use no soap, and rub themselves with a piece of dirty cloth. Their sleeping apartments are close and crowded, and saturated with the smoke of oil lamps and tobacco pipes. Consequently, all the Chinese have sallow complexions, varying from pale white to yellow and olive, and sometimes approaching to a copper colour. A vast nation like this, spread out over twenty degrees of latitude, exhibiting such a dull pale uniformity of complexion, is a singular phenomenon. Some of them are naturally fairer than others, but, under the influence of the habits above mentioned,

which are universal, they are all, sooner or later, reduced to pretty nearly the same hue. A substitute for soap has been of late years seen exposed for sale in some Chinese shops at Canton, but it is not in general use except for cleansing the hair. It is made of the chaff of rice, mixed with a powder obtained from the refuse of Camellia nuts and hemp seeds after the oil has been pressed out of them. These ingredients are made up into thin cakes. Saw-dust sometimes forms part of the composition. The detergent properties of this soap are better than might be supposed, but it feels gritty and unpleasant to the touch.

For ages, they have been brought up as a nation in the belief that they are models of wisdom and patterns of propriety to the whole world. Some amusing specimens of Chinese courtesy are to be found in a small work, "*A Glance at the Interior of China*," published a few years ago at Shanghai. "When the chair-bearers, who travelled faster than the coolies with the baggage, passed the latter on the road, there was a great deal of complimentary language lavished on both sides; the one party protesting that they were verily guilty in thus passing their brethren; and the other party exclaiming that they could not think of detaining their honourable companions; at last they settled it by the chair-bearers saying, 'you come along quietly, and we will go a little slower to wait for you.'" Again, "On quitting our hotel, the host and his clerk accompanied us to the door and took leave, with many protestations of the high consideration in which we were held, and of the gratification it would afford them to have the honour of entertaining us again." The house of entertainment here mentioned was a common road-side inn where nothing but tea and rice could be obtained, and the travellers were all either Chinese, or, dressed in Chinese costume, passed for such.

It is not an uncommon thing in China for two persons to be betrothed to each other before they are born. Two women mutually promise each other that if their expected offspring be of different sexes, they shall marry. Agreements to this effect are formally drawn out, and mutual pledges are exchanged. In most cases children are betrothed by their parents long before they have grown up. If a young girl is not betrothed before the age of ten, it is accounted a disgrace to her and to all her connections, and, after that, there is less chance of her contracting a good marriage, as the market is then said to be dull. The price of a wife varies from £8 to £20. The great object of a young man on entering into active life, is to gather together the sum requisite to purchase his betrothed. It is counted but fair that her parents, who have had all the trouble and expense of bringing her up, should be remunerated to some extent by him who carries off the prize.

In the business of marriage, the mutual predilection of the parties for each other is never consulted or even thought of by the parents who negotiate the matter. All parties seem, however, to be perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. There is, of course, no such thing as courtship before marriage. They have no idea of such a thing, and it would be in their estimation an unnecessary formality. All the trouble is taken off the young people's hands by the old folks. According to strict etiquette, the bridegroom never sees the face of his bride until the day

of marriage. She having been conveyed to her future husband's house, he then steps forward, and, with considerable agitation, opens the door of the sedan and removes the veil from her face, to ascertain what she is like. If she is handsome and pretty, he is delighted with his good fortune. If, on the contrary, she is ugly, blear-eyed, or deformed, he must make up his mind to bear his disappointment, for she is now his lawful wife. The system works tolerably well upon the whole. The parties learn to like each other after marriage, as they have had no opportunity of knowing each other before it. But disappointments, jealousies, domestic feuds, and suicides on the part of unhappy women, are not uncommon, and may partly be ascribed to ill-assorted unions. The people as a body, however, esteem their marriage institutions as the perfection of wisdom. I once overheard a Chinese schoolmaster admonishing his scholars on the obligations they were under to their parents and the filial piety due to them. The boys stood grouped around his desk, and listened with open mouths and ears to the long catalogue of blessings for which they were indebted to their parents. It was their parents, first of all, that brought them into the world. Secondly, their parents provided for them all along; gave them shoes and caps, and tea and rice. And by and by their parents would be looking out for wives for every one of them, thus sparing them all the trouble of doing these things for themselves. The boys heard all this with the greatest gravity and seemed quite impressed. Some were smirking and simpering with satisfaction, especially at the closing part of the address.

Custom requires that there shall be a great deal of weeping and wailing at a marriage. The bridegroom may be seen snivelling and blubbering because he is going to leave his father and mother and get a house of his own, with all its responsibilities on his head. At Hong-Kong, a young man was heard roaring vehemently on this account, although he was only going a few doors off from his parents. In like manner, the bridal procession accompanying the sedan, set out with loud cries of distress. If the distance to the bridegroom's house is considerable, they cease from their lamentations, and only resume them again when drawing near the end of their journey. Some curious superstitions are observed on the way. One is that of casting a large piece of pork on the road, so that any malignant demons who might be watching to bring ill luck on the marriage may be appeased, and have their attention occupied in devouring the meat. Meanwhile, the marriage party is supposed to proceed unmolested. At the marriage, the bridegroom and bride bow before the tablets of their deceased ancestors, and invoke the blessing of former generations in the same line on their posterity. After the marriage, on a set day, the bride is subjected to a very severe ordeal. All her neighbours come to see her and to criticise her in every possible way, and with the utmost severity of language. The husband makes a speech on the occasion, lauds the perfections of his wife, and makes a pompous enumeration of her attractions, calling attention especially to her pretty little feet and beautiful hands. The women are particularly spiteful in their criticisms, from having formerly gone through the same trying ordeal themselves. Any imperfection in her person or indiscre-

tion in her conversation is maliciously dwelt upon and exaggerated. The poor bride is all the while in the deepest confusion and distress, and hardly dares to open her eyes or her lips. This is a time-honoured custom, and must by no means be dispensed with. The shackles of custom bind a Chinese hand and foot from the hour of his birth to the last moment of his life. Its laws are more unalterable than those of the Medes and Persians. And if the sacred institutions of their revered ancestors were to be set at nought, the world, in their opinion, might as well come to an end at once.

No sooner is a person dead than a hole is hastily broken in the roof of the house, to facilitate the escape of the departed spirit. The Buddhist priests are then called in to chaunt a mass for the repose of the dead. After a variety of incantations, they pretend to give the departed soul a letter of recommendation to one of the ministers of Buddha, so that it may obtain easy admission into heaven. Strange to say, on the occasion of a funeral there are great rejoicings. At the marriage there was wailing, but now there are fireworks, and rockets, and crackers. The corpse is dressed in its best clothes, composed of different colours. All the mourners are dressed in white, for white is the symbol of mourning in China, and not black as it is with us. All along the road to the grave there is an incessant discharge of fireworks. Great quantities of paper money are burned on the occasion, for the benefit of the departed soul in the other world. It is despatched thither by the agency of fire, so that he may not be penniless in hades. On the road to the grave, persons are provided with red pieces of paper in small bundles, which they throw on the ground as they proceed, to purchase the favour of evil spirits who might otherwise malignantly refuse them a passage. Every one who has resided in China must have witnessed these sheets of coloured paper, fluttering in the breeze or blazing by the road side, in the wake of a funeral. This is the explanation of the matter. After these ceremonies are finished, and the body is deposited in its Omega, for, curiously enough, Chinese tombs are invariably constructed exactly in the shape of the last letter of the Greek alphabet,—a great feast is then made, to which all the poor in the neighbourhood are invited.

It has been remarked that Chinese customs are in most cases diametrically opposed to ours. As has been observed above, white is used only for mourning in China. The wearing of white garments by foreigners in the hot season at Canton gave rise, on one occasion, to a singular mistake. The viceroy, Sung, met by appointment an English official thus dressed at the British factory, and, supposing that he was in mourning, began to pour forth his condolences on the melancholy bereavement which he supposed the Englishman had sustained. Among us the seat of honour is on the right hand, with the Chinese it is the left. We take off the hat as a mark of respect, they keep on their caps from the same motive in the presence of superiors. In riding we put our toes in the stirrups; Chinese ladies and gentlemen put their heels in the stirrup instead of the toes. With us a pen is sometimes seen behind a tradesman's ear; in China nothing is more common than to see a cigar placed there to be at hand when wanted. We wear but one watch; Chinese gentlemen

commonly wear two, one in each fob, probably for this reason, that if one goes too fast and the other too slow, they may be able to strike mean time. Their own explanation in broken English is, "suppose one no can go, the other can walkee." Our boots are raised at the heel and depressed at the toe ; in China it is exactly the reverse ; the heel is low and the toe points upwards. Chinese shoes are thus very uncomfortable to foreigners. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting are amusements found in Western nations ; in China they have fighting quails and fighting crickets. School boys carry the latter about in little boxes in their pockets, and each bets upon his cricket. The tiny combatants fight desperately until one or other is killed. Offenders in England used to have their feet put in the stocks ; in China the offender gets his head put in the stocks. The *Kea*, or cangue, a large square instrument of wood, is put round his neck and secured with a padlock. With us the desert follows the more substantial part of an entertainment ; in China, fruits, sweetmeats, and preserves, together with wine and tea, are set down first, and the more substantial viands are served up afterwards. Cold water quenches our thirst ; warm tea is used by the Chinese for this purpose, morning, noon, and night. They have a horror of cold water, either for drinking or washing with ; they say, "dogs drink cold water." Rings are worn on the finger among us ; they wear rings on the thumb. Who but a Chinese would think of boasting that he had long ears ? "Our eyes are very sharp, and our ears are very long," is a phrase frequently to be found in official proclamations. It is to be allowed, however, that the asinine development to which they thus claim is wholly figurative, and is intended to strike evil-doers with terror.

It is a curious fact, that many things which have been recently adopted as discoveries among us, have been known and practised among the Chinese for ages. Paper made from wood has been lately vaunted as a wonderful discovery among us ; the Chinese have never made paper from anything else. They have known how to make it from the bamboo-tree for more than two thousand years. We hear a great deal in modern times of the enriching effect of repeated ploughings, the steeping of seeds, sowing in drills, artificial irrigation, and other recent improvements in agriculture ; the Chinese have practised all these for ages. Even Mechi's latest and most boasted discovery of the art and benefit of using liquid manure, has been long known to the Chinese. They have suspension bridges, and mechanical contrivances for the driving of piles. They possess some knowledge of music, poetry, and painting. They adopted a calendar, and had astronomical instruments four thousand years ago. They have long possessed a metallic currency of their own. The drama has long been cultivated. The use of the moxa or cautery in rheumatism and other disorders is well known among them, and the principle of counter-irritants I have seen frequently applied. Xylography has long been in use among them. They possess treatises on hollow shot, rockets, and bombs, as they were used in the ninth century. They have works on metallic currency and the banking system, and even notices of the same date on the power of steam and its practical application to useful purposes. Nor are they destitute of amusements. They

have cards and chess, ventriloquism, natural magic, and even a Punch of their own, and Marionette shows. It is a singular fact that in Chinese books certain phonetic sounds and proper names are enclosed in a cartouche, or line drawn all round them, in the very same manner as the names of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies are in Egyptian hieroglyphics. The Chinese banking system is not very general, but I have seen and possessed a bank-note of Ningpo, very neatly executed, for the sum of four hundred tseens, or about one shilling and eightpence. And, very wonderful to relate, they have—what administrative reformers are only now clamouring for among us—a system of competitive literary examination in order to entrance into, and promotion in, the civil service of the country. They have possessed such a system for more than a thousand years, and it is allowed on all hands to work well. All the talent and learning of the country are draughted into the service of Government, which is far from being the case with us. Three generations of men,—son, father, and grandfather,—have been known to compete together for literary honours at the same time. The old man, though about eighty years of age, had not abandoned hope. Many never pass, and consequently never obtain honours and office. The unsuccessful candidates commonly sink into schoolmasters. I remember of a Chinese scholar questioning me as to the truth of the report which he had heard, that our government officials obtained their situations without any literary examination. When I replied in the affirmative, his eye sparkled with a look of triumph, as if he had now obtained a most important admission, and as if any lingering incredulity about the truth of the fact was now swept away, and we really deserved to be set down as barbarians.

A few further remarks may be made on Chinese art. In their drawings and paintings there is often displayed, as is well known, a remarkable recklessness of perspective and proportion, so that you behold boats flying through the air, and pagodas nestling among the clouds. But I have seen some portraits of Englishmen by Chinese artists, who had profited by the instruction of foreigners at Canton, executed with the fidelity of a daguerreotype. These native artists never flatter, and their portraits are often ridiculously like the original. Their rice paper paintings have been greatly admired for their accuracy of outline and beauty of colouring. The substance on which they are executed, is, however, erroneously called rice paper. It really consists of the pith of a certain kind of tree obtained chiefly in the island of Formosa. The sheets, when narrowly examined, show the successive incisions of the knife, in the process of cutting round the pith of the tree into the centre. The famous ivory balls, cut and carved, one within the other successively, to the number sometimes of a dozen, are no deception, as has been affirmed. I have seen the process of cutting them, although, when a foreigner enters the manufactory, the workman generally drops his tools into a drawer before him and shuts it up. By means of sharp crooked instruments the artist works his way through the numerous round holes with which the balls are perforated, cuts away the substance between the inner and outer balls, and thus detaches them one from the other. In

the manufacture of artificial pearls, the Chinese anticipated the French, and have now arrived at a great degree of excellence. What is still more curious, in effecting the growth of true pearls at will, they anticipated by hundreds of years, the famous discovery of Linnæus, for which, among other things, Holland liberally rewarded and ennobled him. By means of a bifurcated bamboo stick gently inserted between the shells of a large kind of mussel, small pellets of dried mud are introduced and placed in parallel rows on the mantle or fleshy surface of the animal. These form the nuclei of pearls. Successive layers of nacre continue to be deposited until the shells are taken up and the pearls gathered. By the introduction of colouring matter among the shell fish, the Chinese can produce pearls of different colours; and, by altering the form of the mud pellets which constitute the nuclei, they can obtain pearls of any conceivable shape.

The female sex in China are not so destitute of recreations as might be supposed. Chinese ladies occupy themselves with painting, embroidery, chess and card playing, the care of an aviary, and fishing in artificial ponds for gold and silver fish. The daily adorning of the head is a work of great labour. With the help of female slaves they comb, fold, and plait the hair into beautiful and fantastic forms. After the tire-woman has adjusted the hair, disposed the wreaths of pearls, and inserted the gold hair pins, then comes the process of painting the hair. Liquid gold vermilion, and other colours are used in forming representations of flowers and birds, and the effect of the whole is very fine. Every body smokes in China, old and young, ladies as well as gentlemen. Every lady has a slave girl to wait upon her, and whose business it is to fill and prepare the pipe for her mistress. Gay colours in dress have been noticed as characteristic of Oriental nations, and the Chinese are quite up to the mark in this respect. Kitto, in speaking of the sombre hues of our dress, and the nearly universal black in which we are enveloped, says, "It is not one of the least obligations we owe to womanhood, that they in their own persons have afforded no countenance to this innovation, but have consented still to enliven by pleasant colours in their raiment the heavy atmosphere in which we dwell." But the ladies are not alone in China in their preference of gay colours in dress; the costume of both sexes is much more cheerful than ours.

In making our observations upon the Chinese, our attention is always angrily directed to the scurrilous terms in which they speak of us and of all foreigners. Heavy complaints have been made against them on this head, but I may observe that they are not over nice in their choice of language amongst themselves occasionally. I once overheard some grave elderly men conversing together respecting two of their neighbours who had recently died, and I must say there was no sort of squeamishness or delicacy manifested in alluding to their memory. "So these two poisonous serpents are dead," said one. "Yes," said another, "it's a good thing for the world that they are gone." "Certainly it is very well." The men had probably borne no good character in their life-time, and their friends thought perhaps that I did not understand them, and therefore talked with greater freedom.

In a book published a few years ago, entitled "*Broad Grins from China*,"* abounding at once in delicate wit and coarse caricature, some amusing representations are given of Chinese manners which are upon the whole correct. The book, like the *Porcelain Tower of Nanking*, contains nine stories. The personages who move here before us have been dubbed with names which, however Chinese-like, are themselves provocative of a grin. Wee-Ping and Wa-Ling, two unfortunate lovers; So-Sli, a young lady; No-Gho, an obdurate old uncle; Lee, a historian; Bo, a philosopher; Fang, a great critic; Sting, an ingenious satirical writer; No-Wun and Hou-de-Kaw-Lim, two anonymous writers; Djim-Kro, a famous Chinese tumbler who lived in the days of Yu; Steoo-Fin, a cook; Chin, a barber; Hum-Drum, a poet, moralist, and historian; Boo-Bee and Ni-Ni, two celebrated Wretches of China; Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung, two great mandarins; the Emperor Ho-Ho, his father Ha-Ha, and the heir-apparent He-He, are among the characters introduced to the reader.

But the Chinese have broad grins of their own. However sedate and grave as a people we may think them to be, yet they have a lively perception of humour and a strong sense of the ridiculous. A Chinese Joe Miller would be a curiosity. As it would be a sorry portraiture of any people which omitted some principal feature of the character, we make room for a few specimens of Chinese broad humour. In the Sung dynasty, a countryman finding that the sun warmed his back, and ignorant that in the palaces of the rich there are spacious halls and deep apartments, said to his wife, "People do not know that the sun is able to warm them. I will go to the Emperor and report the fact to him, and he will give me a reward." The story entitled, "*A large mouth*," is thought a very great stretch. Two men were telling stories to each other. One said, "There's a man in our village whose head reaches to heaven, while he stands on the ground." The other said, "There's a man in our village larger than that; his upper lip reaches to the clouds, and his lower lip lies on the ground." The other asked, "Where's his body then?" "I have only seen his big mouth," replied the other. A rich old man one day said to a covetous fellow, "I will give you a thousand taels if you will let me beat you to death." The man thought a good while, and replied, "Will you give me five hundred taels for beating me half-dead." A man once went to a temple to cast lots, asked a Taoist priest to divine for him. The priest said, "First lay down the money for the incense, and then the response will be good; but if there be no cash, the answer will not be at all to your liking." The next is considered a remarkably broad joke. A poor man was boasting to a number of friends thus, "My family is not so very rich, but I have all sorts of things at home;" and, counting on his fingers, he continued, "there is wanting only the imperial car and phoenix chariot. There are all kinds of eatables too; the only things wanting are a dragon's heart and a phoenix's liver." A boy standing by knitting his brow, rejoined, "There's no bed in your house, for we sleep on a pallet of straw, and we didn't have a grain of rice to-day; and now you're telling these lies before the world." The

* Bentley, London.

man lifting up his eyes, added, "Very true, just so; I forgot; there's everything in the house we want except a phoenix's liver, a dragon's heart, some rice for supper, an imperial car, the phoenix chariot, and a bed to sleep on." And the moral of this story is, To be poor is not ridiculous, but to be poor and lie so about it is contemptible.

Some of the preceding representations of the Chinese may possibly be objected to. A Chinese might be disposed to demur to some of our conclusions. But when we proceed to draw a picture of the Chinese from Chinese sources, and hear them speaking, and see them acting, as they have been described by one of themselves, then there can be no mistake about the matter. A glimpse into their domestic life will probably be welcomed by the reader, therefore, as conveying more accurately than any accounts can do, a faithful picture of Chinese manners. It is taken from a native work, and may, therefore, be relied on as correct:—

"The noble Yung family had very extensive connections. In the town mansion alone, I may say, there were three hundred and odd mouths to feed daily, so that they had to keep up a large establishment. The old Duke Yung was now dead, and his second son, Mr Kea-Yung, had married Madame Wang, a most benevolent and kind-hearted lady. A very distant and poor relation of this family, named Kow-Urh, a husbandman, lived with his wife, Dame Lew, and their two children, in a small hamlet at some distance from Peking, and honest Kow-Urh had invited his mother-in-law, old Goody Lew to come and live with them. The poor fellow, instead of getting on in the world, had been gradually falling back for some time, and, now that winter was approaching, and his family but ill provided to meet it, he could not help being very much troubled at heart. He therefore drank a few cups of wine to drown his sorrow, and stayed at home idly looking for something to vent his spleen upon. Now old Goody Lew, though a poor widow woman, was well versed in the affairs of the world; and, perceiving that her daughter did not dare to speak to her husband upon the state of matters, for fear of running her head against his, could endure it no longer, and thus addressed him, "My honoured son-in-law, now don't be offended at my too much talk. As for us homely country folks, which of us is not honest and plain-spoken? As we hold a large or a small bowl, so do we eat so much or so little rice. In your younger days you depended on the old man's meal-tub, and ate and drank till it became quite natural to you; now, however, what you've got to rely upon is not so certain. When you have money you only look at the beginning and shut your eyes to the end; and when you have not got money, you get into a fury like a blind man. What great hero, what fine strapping fellow, will you ever make at this rate? Remaining at home thus, and kicking your heels about, will be of no service to you."

"Kow-Urh, having heard her to an end, said, 'Old woman that you are, what nonsense you are chattering! Belike, you want me to take to the highway, do you?' Old Goody Lew replied, 'Now, who was telling you to go on the highway? But if we would all lay our heads together, and think of some plan it would be well. Otherwise you think that the money will know of itself to come

running in at our door, eh?' Kow-Urh gave a faint smile, and said, 'Ah! if I only had a plan; but I have no friends at court.' Goody Lew rejoined, 'Man lays his plans, but it rests with heaven to give them effect. I'll sketch out a chance for you, and may the gods bless my scheme. In bye-gone days, when your ancestors were connected with the powerful Wang family at Nanking, they were disposed to treat you kindly. But now you are struggling with a false pride, and don't like to go and bend and bow before them, and so the connection has begun to grow distant. Thinking of former times, I and my daughter there went once to see them, when Madame Wang was exceedingly frank and agreeable. She knows how to treat people kindly, and does not put on any haughty airs. Now she is become the lady of the second son of the great Yung family, and I hear people say, that now-a-days, as she's advanced in years, she more than ever compassionates the poor and pities the aged, and much likes to prepare vegetable diet for the bouzeas, and to do acts of charity. Now, why don't you go and take a stroll in that direction? She may remember old friends. I only wish that she would put forth a little of her good-heartedness upon us, and pluck a single hair from her body, which would be thicker than our waist!'

"Dame Lew, who was at one side, caught up the word and said, 'Old mother, what you say is very true. Only, for you and me, with such coarse mouths and faces, how would it do for the like of us to present ourselves before their door? I fear that the servant at the gate would not like to announce us. Better not go. It would be as if we had our faces slapped before the world.' Kow-Urh, however,—who would have thought it?—smiling, said, 'Good mother! why shouldn't you go to-morrow and endeavour to see the noble lady? Take a walk in that direction, and try how the wind is likely to blow.' Old Goody Lew exclaimed, 'Lack-a-day! truly it may be said that the nobleman's door is like the wide sea! What sort of a person am I to go there?' 'Don't be alarmed,' said Kow-Urh, 'take Pan-Urh, my little boy along with you, and inquire first for Mr Chow-Suy, who is a dependent of the family and an old friend of my father's.' Goody Lew said, 'I know that too.' That evening their plan was agreed upon, and next morning before daylight old Goody Lew got up, combed her hair and washed her face, and said a few sensible words to her little grandson, who was to accompany her. Pan-Urh was a boy of five or six years of age, and, hearing that they were going to take him into the city on a ramble, was very glad of it, and there was nothing that he wouldn't promise.

"After entering the city, they arrived at the street of Tranquil Glory, and then before the great door of Yung Hall. Beside the stone lions which guarded it, were to be seen sedan chairs and horses in rows like plants. Goody Lew did not dare to go in, but squatted down near a side door, from whence she observed a number of servants idly strutting and lounging about at the street door and talking of every thing but their business. She edged herself forward, and, with a coaxing smile, said, 'Gentlemen! may happiness attend you! which of you gentlemen may I trouble to direct me to Mr Chow's house?' But they paid no attention to her. After waiting a long while she inquired of some boys who were playing

near by, if any of them knew where Mrs Chow lived. 'Which Mrs Chow do you mean?' said one of them; 'We have here no less than three Mrs Chows, besides two married ladies of the family name Chow.' Old Goody Lew said, 'She is the waiting woman of my old lady here.' 'That is easily done if you'll follow me,' he said. Then conducting her down a back court, he pointed out a house, and at the same time bawled in at the door, 'Mother Chow! here is an old lady inquiring after you!'

"Mrs Chow received her old gossip very kindly; and after some conversation upon old times, brought her into the great hall of the family mansion, and then into another apartment, when a most fragrant perfume was wafted in their faces. It was impossible to divine what the scent was, but it seemed as if they had been transported among the clouds. The articles of furniture and ornament shone upon the sight, rivalling each other in glory; causing one's head to swim, and one's eyes to dazzle. There were couches of deep-red flowered silk, damask pillows, and sitting cushions of watered lutestring with a gold embroidered centre, and by the sides were spitting pots of silver. Old Goody Lew could only all this time nod her head, lick her lips, and mutter prayers to Fo (Buddha). After a time she could do nothing but listen to a mysterious tick-ticking sound which caught her ear and made her look towards the east and stare towards the west. Suddenly she spied in the centre of the hall, placed on a pillar, a curious box with a beautiful face, and a pendulum which kept unceasingly wagging to and fro. Goody Lew said within herself, 'What thing in all the world is this? What can be the use of it?' Gaping with wonder, she suddenly heard the sound 'dong,' as if proceeding from a golden bell or brass symbol. She now started on her feet with fright, for she had never seen a European clock before, and, in the twinkling of an eye, were continuously given some eight or nine strokes. A very genteel waiting-maid, Miss Ping-Urh, now entered, whom Goody Lew imagined, from her elegant appearance, to be one of the members of the family. Her whole person was covered with silks and laces. She had gold hair-pins in her hair, and silver ornaments on her head. Her face was beautiful as a flower and resplendent as the moon. Tea was then poured out and some viands served, on seeing which, little Pan-Urh made a great noise, being very eager to taste the pork, but old Goody Lew gave him a slap in the mouth and bade him remember his manners.

"By and by, Lady Fung, Madam Wang's niece, entered the room. She had on her head tassels of strung pearls. Her dress was of peach-red flowered satin, her vest of slate-blue stiff silk lined with grey rabbit-skin, and her petticoat of deep red foreign crape lined with ermine. Her face was resplendent with pearl powder, and her lips brilliant with carnation. Madam Wang being now infirm, the whole care of the establishment devolved upon her niece, who was a most talented and clever young lady. Having been privately informed by Mrs Chow, through her waiting-maid, of old Goody Lew's visit, Lady Fung received her with great kindness and acknowledged the relationship which subsisted between the two families. Goody Lew was giving an account of the circumstances which had occasioned her visit, when the boys in waiting at the door

suddenly announced a visitor, 'Our young master from Ning Hall is coming this way.' Lady Fung, on hearing this, hastily stopped her and said, 'Goody Lew, there is no occasion for you to say a word just now;' while, at the same time, she asked the servants, 'Where is your young master, Mr Yung?' Instantly in the passage was heard the sound of booted feet, and there entered a youth of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whose face and eyes were clear and beautiful, and whose person was slender and graceful. He wore light but costly furs, and a girdle of value, rich clothes and an embroidered cap. Mr Kea-Yung, smiling, said, 'Father has sent me here to beg a favour of my dear aunt. He says that on a former occasion our grand-aunt gave you an ornamental screen of glass, and, as he has invited a guest of distinction to-morrow, he wishes to borrow it just to make a display; he will send it back immediately.' Lady Fung replied, 'You are too late by one day. Yesterday I already gave it to a person.' Kea-Yung, on hearing this, laughed most heartily, and bowing, said, 'If my dear aunt won't lend it to me, papa will then scold me for not knowing how to speak properly, and I'll have to stand a hearty beating besides; surely she cannot but compassionate her nephew.' Lady Fung, laughing, replied, 'Well, I never saw the like! The things belonging to our family are all very good, no doubt; and the moment you see any thing, you then wish to make off with it.' Kea-Yung smiled and said, 'I must really beg you to have a little mercy.' Lady Fung replied, 'Well, you shall have it, but if you break or damage a single atom of it, you had better look out for your skin.' Kea-Yung was now exceedingly glad; his eye-brows expanded, and, bowing, he took his leave. But Lady Fung, happening to think suddenly of something, called out at the window, 'Master Yung, be good enough to come back.' He immediately returned the way he went, with his hands hanging down respectfully, and stood waiting for her commands. Lady Fung, however, just slowly sipped her tea, and, after being lost in thought for a long time, at length smiled and said, 'That will do; you can go your way; after you have had your supper you can come back, and we'll talk of it again. Just now I've people with me, and, moreover, I'm not in spirits.' Kea-Yung thereupon very slowly made his obeisance and retired.

Old Goody Lew, who all this time had been exceedingly ill at ease, and wished to hide herself if she could only have found a place, now felt somewhat relieved after the departure of this gay young gentleman. Lady Fung then gave her a present of twenty tæls (nearly seven pounds sterling), upon which Goody Lew, with a thousand thanks and ten thousand blessings, said, 'I know that you have very much to do indeed with your money, but the proverb saith truly, 'the camel even when he's dying of leanness is always bigger than a horse;' nevertheless, be that as it may, the single hair which you have plucked from your body is bigger than our waist even.' Chow Suy's wife, who was standing at one side, hearing her speak in this vulgar way, gave her a wink and stopped her. Lady Fung smiled and took no notice of it, but said, "Some other day when you have nothing else to do, you can come here to take a ramble, and that will manifest the good feeling which relations ought to cherish.

It is now getting late; I do not wish to keep you longer uselessly. When you get home, present my kind inquiries to all whom I am bound to wish well to.' As you do now know, gentle reader, what occurred after the departure of old Goody Lew, then listen to the explanation in the following chapter, &c."

We may now conclude with an extract from a Chinese discourse on the harmony which ought to exist between husbands and wives, taken, as most of the preceding extract has been, from translations published at Ningpo, by Mr Thom, late H.M. Consul at that place:—"Look at the case of Sung-Hung! He was so honourable that he held the post of a great minister of state. The emperor wished to take the princess of Chaou-yang and bestow her upon him, thus making him his son-in-law; but unexpectedly he uttered that remarkable sentence,—'the friendships formed in poverty are not to be forgotten; the wife who formerly ate husks with you is not to be degraded from her place in the hall,'—so that even the emperor could not force him in this matter. By this example may be seen that even he who was so noble as to be prime minister, and was invited by the emperor to become his son-in-law, would not change the object of his affections; how much less then should you, who have not yet attained to be prime minister, nor have yet been asked by the emperor to become his son-in-law? Why then should you despise your wife on account of the poverty of her origin? If you look upon her face as ugly, I have often seen with these eyes of mine, let me tell you, many ugly women and girls who have enjoyed a great degree of happiness. This it was that gave rise to the saying of our forefathers,—'happiness is to be found by the side of an ugly person.' Of the womankind who are fascinating and lovely, too many, alas! are bad. The proverb saith truly,—'of pretty faces, the majority are unfortunate!' There is not the slightest mistake in this.

"Now, as the husband must certainly live harmoniously with his wife, so must the wife still more esteem her husband. Some women are idle and extravagant, and take no delight in managing their houses with diligence and economy, consulting only their own pleasure and not their husband's interest. The women of Yan-chow, as they neither rear the silk-worm nor weave cloth, allow the sun to be high in the heavens while they have not yet got out of bed. Out of a single head of hair, they make the peony-flower head-dress, and the pyrus-flower head-dress, the head-dress 'a la two dragons playing with the pearl,' the head-dress 'a la two phoenixes threading the flowers,' and a great many other names besides. They comb themselves during half the day, they look at themselves in the glass, and then take another look, till evening comes, and then they drink their wine and indulge in idle talk. There is another class of women who take pleasure in rambling among the hills and going to see re-unions, they play on wind instruments and on stringed instruments, they sing and they chaunt; in short, there is no wickedness that they will not commit. Ye womankind, you must quickly amend and repent! There is a class of wives too, who, having no children themselves, look upon their husband's concubine, whom he has brought home for the purpose of continuing his posterity, with the most jealous

hatred and the most venomous malice. They may give a forced consent to the arrangement, but, in doing so, they are as it were drinking vinegar and taking up what is sour. They beat Mrs Chang that it may serve as a scolding to Mrs Lee, so that the inner apartments are far from peaceful. Now husbands and wives must live in harmony, they must love each other tenderly, they must mutually bear and forbear. Even when faults occur, both parties must cover them as with a mantle, must make allowances, and must not storm, give way to their temper, and get angry. Finally, the male must be firm, and the female flexible. But, in this world, there is a class of husbands who are foolishly afraid of their wives, and thus the woman becomes 'the roaring lioness of Ho-tung,' or 'the female fowl that announces the morning.' Such is by no means a happy omen in a family!"

GUIZOT.¹

THIS pretty little book came into our hands under circumstances that—we admit—created no great expectations of interest or instruction. We took it to be one of the small tribe of "good books," that, rather to our provocation, have supplanted, on parlour and drawing-room tables of the second rate order, the Nourjahads, and Rasselases, and old English Barons of the Walker and Suttaby edition, the sight of which used to feast our eyes, and a dip into which used to regale our hearts, from the first moment of acquaintance up to the sad hour of their disappearance, in favour of the little literature (of ambiguous profit) in question. To our surprise we found ourselves almost immediately pinned between the ornamented pair of tiny boards, in a complete arrestment of pleasure and thoughtfulness. Here we found one of the last labours of the powerful mind of Guizot,—and the very last touches, (we believe,) of the pen of the religious and gifted Marquis of Ormonde. We hope to say something before we have done with this product of the industry of such an author and translator, to prevent the risk of this *livrette* being tossed aside amid the other lettered and gilded rubbish with which by its form it seems so inappropriately associated. We even take the liberty of suggesting, as a desirable result of our notice, that no one shall rashly neglect to search for the little gem, in the litter with which such tables as we have indicated are usually covered, lest he should be wasting a lounging hour, in a valueless research into matters of lesser profit and delight.

Here then we have three of Guizot's best essays, on the most important subjects that have ever occupied his pen; and it turns out that rendering them acceptable to the mere English reader, occupied some of the later hours of an excellent nobleman of our own country. The occasion of the first publication of the work is curious. The ex-statesman

¹ *Meditations and Moral Sketches.* By M. GUIZOT. Translated from the French, by John, Marquis of Ormonde, K.P. London, 1855.

had employed an hour of his useful leisure in opening a Bible Society meeting with an address. This was commented on in certain French newspapers, in the Catholic interest, to the effect of insinuating an inconsistency between some of the principles of the speaker and his advocacy of the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures. These remarks led to the reproduction of some papers, which it seems he had formerly composed, and of which the chief purpose seems to be to prove how submissive to authority in the better sense, and yet how unfettered in his freedom of research and thought, a religious philosopher can afford to be. There is perhaps something whimsical in the self-imposed necessity which seemed to call for such a speculation. Guizot's position, when he was composing the papers, was that of a protestant statesman, who was bound by his office to prop a Catholic establishment. And the result of his attempt looks at first view like a sort of universalism in the patronage of beliefs. We are reminded of the kind hearted Emir in one of D'Israeli's novels, whose anxiety for a sick friend, with the particulars of whose own faith he was not acquainted, moved him to pray for the patient in *every creed* that he could hear of. But it may be easily conceived that a thinker like Guizot does not leave his reader long to imagine that he is dealing with a useless, or parasitical paradox, got up merely to propitiate the government of Louis Philippe, and to engage that timid monarch to trust the pillars of his throne to a protestant minister.

Hear with what a voice of intellect he assigns the several provinces of authority and thought—freedom.

“‘Christianity,’ says M. Venillot, ‘is authority.’ It is true, Christianity is authority, but it is not authority only; it is the entire man, all his nature, and all his destiny. Now, moral obedience is the nature and destiny of man; that is, obedience in a state of liberty. God created man to obey his laws; he created him free that he might morally obey. Liberty, like authority, is of divine institution; the work of man is revolt and tyranny.

“In the social state, authority and liberty need *protection*; and have a right to it. There is need of control, both for the governor and governed, for both are men. Hence political laws and institutions which now sustain, now limit power; that is, which decide on what conditions and by what means authority is to be exercised and liberty secured.

“When Christianity appeared in the world, appeal was first made to liberty, the moral liberty of man. This was necessary, as it came to abolish creeds which were protected by the established powers. In this struggle, not only did growing Christianity never attack or question the existing authorities, but it formally acknowledged their rights, and while respecting them herself ordered others to respect them also. But at the same time, as regards the relations of men towards God, she appealed to the free consciences of men, and affirmed in principle the same liberty which she practised. ‘We must obey God rather than man,’ &c.”—Pp. 12, 13.

“At the creation, God prescribed obedience to man, under penalty of death; in the day of regeneration God set man's liberty in motion to begin the world of salvation.

“Christianity began by invoking liberty and giving her action. She then overcame, and set forth her authority. She then accommodated herself to the various forms and degrees of authority and liberty which the course of events brought out here and there in the world. Associated with the destinies and deeds of the human race, Christianity has suffered for our mistakes

and faults, and has been often altered and compromised by the waywardness of human liberty and authority. But by her origin and essence she is beyond the reach of these struggles, inexhaustible in her virtue to heal contradictory evils, and always ready to afford help on the side where danger threatened or redress is needed.

"In the actual state of society and disposition, it is authority, and with authority, order, which are in danger: Christianity owes them all her support. I know of no greater falsehood or more gross perversion than that of the men who in this day strive to turn the Christian religion to the promotion of the brutal and foolish anarchy which they term social democracy. The gospel, and history, are equally repugnant to this absurd profanation. The cause of civil authority and of the Christian religion, is clearly common. Divine order, and human order, the state and the church, have common dangers and common enemies. May God grant them common wisdom; for while at the same time each separately, and both in concert, must re-establish authority in the common right, they must also solve another and newer problem, and satisfy other and pressing wants."—Pp. 13, 14.

"I have nothing to say to those men who think that for many ages society in Europe, and especially in France, governments as well as the minds of men, have pursued a totally wrong road, and that there is nothing in the prevailing character and tendency of our actual civilization, but error, corruption, and decay. I understand, that thinking thus, they deem such a grand reaction necessary, as well as legitimate, and venture upon it accordingly. As regards such, I can but express my profound conviction, that they will have no success. If they were right, modern society would be condemned to perish; we should make progress in decay; but we should not return to what is past. But they are not right. No one is more convinced than I am of the immense mistakes and errors of the day. No one more fears and abhors the influence which the revolutionary spirit exercises among us, and the danger with which that threatens us; a human Satan, at once sceptical and fanatical, anarchical and tyrannical, eager to deny and to destroy, incapable alike of creating aught that can live, or of allowing aught to be created and exist under its eyes. I am one of those who think it absolutely necessary to overcome this fatal spirit, and to replace in honour and power, the spirit of order and faith, which is the spirit of life and safety. But I do not believe that this revolutionary spirit preponderates in most minds. I do not believe that our civilization has been for ages mere mistakes and corruption. I do not believe in the irremediable evil, or inevitable decay of my time and country. . . . I know how much there is of evil and danger, of intoxication and miscalculation. These, however, are not the symptoms of decline, they are those of greatness and futurity. . . . Where there is strength, by natural harmony, and in a certain measure, power and liberty follow. What hereafter will be that measure? What share of influence will man, each individual man, exercise on his own, and the public destiny? That is the problem; it may be solved, it cannot be divided. The spirit of liberty has entered society in the train of the labours and progress of humanity; it may be kept in its proper sphere, it cannot be expelled. . . . Christians, or philosophers, Catholics or Protestants, we have all had, and still have, even amidst the most civilized nations, need to invoke in our turn, religious liberty, as that which opens the cries for liberty, most surely arouses in the heart the idea of a sacred right and necessity, that which excites the most lively susceptibility and most general sympathy.

"I feel a profound respect for the Catholic Church. She has been, during centuries, the Christian church of all Europe. I look upon her dignity, her liberty, her moral authority, as essential to the fate of entire Christianity;

and did I believe that the Catholic Church could not, without self-abjuration, accept in the state, the principle of religious liberty, I should be silent ; for above all things, I detest hypocrisy and subtlety. *But it is not so.*—Pp. 16, 17, 19, 20.

Very well said, Monsieur Guizot. But we fear it belongs rather to your own charity, than to the genius of Popery, to attempt the reconciliation of untrammelled freedom with that system, and this without having recourse to *hypocrisy and subtlety*. There can be no doubt that Christian superstition (the character both of the Papal and Greek Churches,) has been the most formidable enemy at once to Christianity's self, and to the sane development of thought and progress. But the difficulty remains as to what sort or degree of aggression on these huge systems can be prosecuted with safety to religion or liberty. Suppose these mighty mountains to be suddenly removed and cast into the sea—earthquakes and convulsions would accompany the movement ; and most likely swallow up quick all that remained which might have been worth preserving. Such was erst the effect of a sudden aggression of this kind, on a small scale—and hideous is the warning which the example has as it were stereotyped on the face of the map of nations. But that Popery, or Catholicism, as Mons. Guizot courteously styles it, is ever to go on lovingly along with social progress and spiritual freedom, is more than his eloquence will suffice to convince us of. Yet hear him once more addressing himself to this point :—

“ Let the Catholic church maintain fully her fundamental principles, her permanent inspiration, her doctrinal infallibility, her unity. Let her, by her laws and internal discipline, interdict to her faithful followers all that may tend to the injury of these ; it is her right as well as her faith. But let her at the same time fully admit, not of the separation of Church and State, that clumsy expedient which lowers and weakens both, under the pretext of freeing both, but of the separation of the spiritual and temporal order, of the civil and religious state, and acknowledge the illegality of all forcible interference in spiritual order, albeit in the cause of truth. Let her thus accept religious liberty as a law, not of religious society but of policy, as a right, not of the Christian, but of the citizen. At once will the pretended incompatibility between modern society and the Catholic Church disappear. The problem of peace between civil and religious society will be solved.”—(P. 20.)

We fear all this reasoning to reconcile Popery and rational liberty can only serve to remind the reader of a comparison which was once applied to an attempt to dulcify a treatise on Scotch law by a copious infusion of metaphysics. “ It is like trying to compound an agreeable preparation by a mixture of honey and aloes.”

There can, however, be no doubt that other interests are at stake than those involved in aggression upon Popery ; though some of our religious compatriots would seem to think that a Christian man's whole proper vocation is to employ himself in the demolition of that enormous system. The common enemy, infidelity, is, we apprehend, stalking on to her conquest of a large share of unprotected territory, if not of the citadel of faith, with too little resistance or notice on the part of those to whom, at least, the Christian cross should prove a common rallying point.

"Protestantism," says Guizot, addressing himself to this question, "has in a purely religious point of view, much good to do in France; not by drawing France to her standard, by converting her, to use the customary phrase. Conversions on either side are, and will henceforward be, few, and the importance which some persons attach to them as a matter of joy or regret is somewhat puerile. It is a step, and a most important step, for the individuals, but one of no social moment. France will not become Protestant. Protestantism will not become extinct in France. One reason among many is decisive. The struggle of these days of ideas and empire is not between Catholicism and Protestantism. Impiety and immorality are the enemies which both have to resist. To restore the spirit of religion is the work to which both are called. The work, like the evil, is immense. A slight probing of the wound, a short but serious glance at the moral state of the masses of men,—whose minds are so fluctuating, whose hearts so empty, who desire so much and hope so little, who pass so rapidly from the excitement of fever to mental torpor,—and the observer will be penetrated with sadness and alarm. Catholics or Protestants, priests or laymen, be ye whom ye may, do not, if believers, be uneasy about each other; reserve this for those who believe not. There is the field for work, there the harvest. The field is open to Protestantism as to Catholicism; work will not be wanting to either; each has the aptitude and peculiar qualities to enable it to labour with success."—(Pp. 97, 98.)

This is wisdom dressed out in her best attire of comely sense and exposition. It must, nevertheless, be allowed, that Mons. Guizot's *zeal for moderation* has occasionally betrayed him into something like downright optimism in religion; as if all were almost well in spite of differences, and nothing that is disputed about much worth unsettling from its actual position. There is some truth, certainly, in what follows, but it holds *in gremio* more than one fallacy.

"In general, I believe, controversy is but of little use, and has little religious effect. In every age it has taken but a small part in the triumph of great moral truth. They establish themselves, especially at their first appearing, by direct and dogmatic exposition. We have in the gospels the most remarkable and august example. From their earliest day, neither motive or occasion of controversy was wanting, with Jew or Pagan, yet we scarcely meet with it in the preaching either of Jesus Christ or of the Apostles. They lay down their rule of faith, their precepts; they knock without ceasing at the doors of the hearts which they desire to enter. They do not trouble themselves to argue with their adversaries. Controversy arises later, and when it does, it soon disfigures the truth, for it distributes it in fragments among parties, sects, men; and each holds fast, with the intractable blindness of self-love, to the fragment which has fallen to his lot, in which he wishes to see, and that others should see, truth in her entirety."—(P. 100.)

Now it is true that the *forms* of controversy are avoided in the gospels; in truth they were scarcely at the time among the inventions of language or argument. But then, every *oracle* is a virtual *controversy*—an answer to some fallacy or error—when it happens not to be a mere spontaneous discovery of hidden things. In this view *all* the parables are controversial, and were put apparently into that form, *because* they were personal and allusive,—intended to cut into the marrow of hypocrisy, and self-righteousness, and Pharisaism, and Saduceeism, without allowing the pretext of outrage and violence by way of retort. Again, the apostolic

writings *are*, many of them, designedly controversial ; and are couched in the very forms of argumentation that were used in discussing questions of doubtful or difficult solution in those times. The Epistle to the Romans, and that to the Galatians, are almost entirely controversial ; and contain answers to every possible sophism that could be devised in defence of legal justification. In another way the Epistle of James is partly controversial ; and actually abounds in that most delicate and pungent expedient of controversy, the *argumentum ad hominem*. There can in truth be no defence without warfare ; no establishment of truth without debate,—if opposition be offered. We have no favour for the scolding part of controversy ; nor for its platform achievements, where Greek meets Greek, upon the debated points of faith. But what is worth having must be worth defending ; and cannot be kept, on occasion, without defence. What has been corrupted must be worth restoring ; neither, upon occasion, can it be restored without a process of effervescence. What are reformations but controversial results,—mere dogmata have never wrought them,—nor can be expected to do so, so long as reason has a right to deal with them in the way of sifting their truth, or their evidence.

We shall conclude what was intended for a notice, but has swelled into a review, by calling attention to the exquisite little essay, " On the state of Men's Souls," which is fairly worth all the trash that has been written on this delicate theme since spiritualism came to be a name and a fashion,—and under that name to be administered by the Carlyles, the Newmans, and the Emersons, after oozing out its subtleties from the native *brunnens* of Germany. Here is a sample of the right kind of *Psychic* philosophy, and worth fifty " Over-Souls."

" Man was the god of the eighteenth century, the object of worship as well as of love. Thence a great and deplorable leaving to human nature to its leanings and inclinations. It was loved, but with a blind weak love, which could only approve, caress, and promise, having nothing to advise, nothing to require.

" Thence an immoderate thirst in the name of, and for, man, of immediate worldly and palpable happiness. Loving man truly, and having nothing to offer him in the world superior to the world's happiness, nothing better or eternal beyond, it was necessary that man should be happy, that all should be happy here below ; as here below their destiny and their treasure were contained. To accept the imperfect condition of humanity, may be the part of selfishness, which cares for nothing, and of faith which hopes for everything ; but he who loves men, and yet can only dispose in their favour the blessings of this life and this world, cannot resign himself to a lot for the most part so rude, to progress so slow, and always incomplete. He is compelled to find much more to bestow on men, to distribute something, and at once, to all. And as spirits imbued with so noble a longing, do not dream of the impossibility of satisfying it, they are compelled to assign to the sufferings and hardships of the human race an accidental and fictitious cause, one which human wisdom and power can overcome. Hence the other maxim of the last century, that left to themselves and their natural equilibrium, men and things go on well ; that evil proceeds not from our innate nature and state, but merely from the ill-regulated state of society, where

¹ Emerson, Essay IX.

the few have substituted their will and interest for the wills and interests of the many; that it is society and not man that need reformation, as the latter would not need it had not society corrupted him.

"A maxim which has given rise, and naturally, to the sorest and most plausible of modern grievances, that incurable impatience of whatever is, that insatiable thirst of change in the pursuit of a social condition which shall give at least to man, to every man, all the happiness to which he aspires."—(Pp. 34, 35.)

Yes; it is to that rage for maximizing happiness, the child of the philosophic optimism, which was the first of our German importations of the last century, (although Leibnitz meant us nothing less than damage by his speculations) that we owe the vicious secularism which at this moment has plunged the whole manufacturing kingdom, so to speak, in the most dangerous of infidelities, the utilitarian. The god of this world has fairly carried the war into the sentimental region; and there, by trying to quash the feelings, and quench the affections,—and by discouraging men to look behind either curtain, that at which life begins, and that at which it ends,—seeks to reduce to insignificance all but the chase of the hour, after pleasure, and after gain.

The Sabbaths are grudged to God, because man conceives himself to have nothing to do with God. Crystal palaces unfold their gates to compete with the sanctuary doors, because spiritual life is nothing but a mere expenditure of the emotions which are better bestowed on the promotion of social increment by courtship, and of social harmony by gaiety. Why does not the well-wisher of mankind seek more to deserve well of his race, by nipping these budding infidelities close, and looking out for their varieties early? The battle of Armageddon has yet to be fought; and it need be no great surprize to any who survive to see the conflict at the hottest, to see some of the wings of the enemy led by future Brights in drab, and future Cobdens in Huddersfield sads.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-VERSE MAKER.

It is with no little effort that I have braced up my resolution to make the confession which I now intend to lay before all who are concerned; and, I think, some readers, at all events, will be inclined to bestow that praise on my courage and good intentions, which they may refuse to the manner in which the attempt is carried out. "Confessions" of all kinds, I am aware, should not be thrust upon the public without some definite and valid purpose, and I think in my case, I may assume this ground. We have a great poet among us, whose works have gradually won their way forward to the foremost rank of English poetical literature. We have also a swarm of echoists incessantly pouring forth servile imitations. I have been one of these—I have passed through the dark gulf, and, more fortunate than many other adventurers, emerged once more into the light of natural day. And on this account I conceive that a short detail of the circumstances attendant on my dismal and perilous excursion, may sound an alarm to some who are wistfully approaching the brink, and

perhaps, even reach those who are struggling in the deceitful slough. As my story will, I hope, carry its own moral along with it, I need say nothing farther in the way of preface.

I think the notion that I could write poetry dawned upon me at the age of twelve, the English tongue having, by that time, become sufficiently-familiar, to induce a suspicion, that rhyming after all, was not the work of magic. My elementary versifying training was very much after the usual fashion. I went on, making my rhymes neater and neater, and my measures more exact, until at length, at the age of fifteen, an effusion appeared in the poet's corner of a provincial newspaper, in all the glories of dirty printing and mis-spelling. I repeated the experiment a good many times, and as the editor duly received ten stamps for two copies of the paper, I presume he spoke quite sincerely, when he referred to our esteemed correspondent. I tired in due season of this, and finding that editors were mere mortals after all, and newspapers rather uncertain vehicles for the transmission of name and fame, my initials abruptly disappeared from their weekly post beside the advertisements of an enterprising draper. I then devoted myself to a long serious poem, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*,"—of which I do not now remember a single stanza. After this comes *the* period, during which I wrote verses of quite a different nature. Were I yet under the influence of the palsied heart and jaundiced eye, I have no doubt I could say something very fine, even in prose, about the momentary gleam that flashed and died along my path, leaving naught but ashes and barrenness; but such emotions being now rather torpid with me, I refrain.

By a timely, or untimely, coincidence, while yet smarting beneath the fresh anguish of the wound, (my dear brethren, need I say what "ghastly rift?") I chanced to renew a slight previous acquaintance with Tennyson's poems, and fixed with natural instinct on "*Locksley Hall*." The sometime dormant tide of rhyme soon began to leap and eddy in responsive echo, and dark visions of bitterness and scorn, and rolling thunder peals of upbraidings, floated dimly about. While thus brooding over "the blindfold sense of wrong," forth came Alexander Smith, with his "*Life Drama*," and happening to fall in with it, I, like a few wiser men, and a great many equally foolish, fell into the snare, and took him to be a true and genuine star of song. As I went over Mr Smith's melodious ravings, a spirit of light broke in upon me, and I clearly saw to what the Locksley Hall portents had been pointing. The tide of dammed up passion waxed bigger and bigger, till at last (having in the dread pause before the storm concocted a slight variation in the usual form of the fifteen syllable torrent), the long pent woe began to gurggle out—for I cannot say that it "dashed onward in a cataract.

I suppose an indistinct recollection of a scene in Locksley Hall suggested the following affecting picture, in its vague suddenness affording a lightning glance into that cell where forlorn Memory loved to brood:—

"Now, she lieth with her first-born and she thinketh not of me,—
While a sinless bosom meeting, on her throbbing breast is beating,
And her heart is in a flutter, with a joy she cannot utter,
As fond fancy casts his horoscope for happy days to be."

After admiring sufficiently this truthful and pathetic effusion, I began to wonder,—what next,—and burnt my soles on the bars of the grate, and wriggled about for half-an-hour without being able to say. All who have been in my plight, will, I think, bear me out in saying, that the real facts of the real case on which the “woe” is founded, are of marvellously little aid to the imagination, in arranging circumstances gracefully. Finding myself unable for the time to conjure any guiding clue out of the verse, I concluded I had made too sudden and abrupt a plunge *in medias res*, and that I might perhaps get on better, if I left the young and beautiful wife and her sinless cherub to their repose for a season, and started at another point. I recollected too, that I had read somewhere, something about all great poems beginning at the end or the middle, (I forget which), which I took as a favourable omen,—my picturesque description evidently requiring some previous explanation. A sort of hazy glimmer of what this explanation might be, gradually dawned upon me, and with a sudden revulsion of tone, my heart-stricken Muse forthwith transported the beautiful adored one from her child’s cradle to her own, over which I kept watch (newly breeched, I suppose,) in mute adoration :—

“As I looked upon her sleeping, with her golden curls o’er sweeping,
Her features smiling inwardly, with gentle dreams beguiled.”

Being now rather sleepy myself with my exertions, I deferred beginning to work out the skeleton into form and limb, and locked up the two experimental stanzas with great satisfaction.

At my next sitting, coming fresh to the task, and with the way partially cleared, I was rather surprised that I only achieved four additional stanzas, while in the composition of the *de omnibus rebus* poem, sixty to a hundred lines was the average. To be sure it was a measure novel to me, and I was more fastidious mayhap, in rhymes. I give them here in their ultimate form, and I daresay some good-natured reader will heave a gentle sigh of pity, when he thinks of the time wasted in bringing them to *perfection* !

“And she grew around the hearthstone, making light the household floor,
Ever radiant, ever flitting, as the sunbeams thrown unwitting
Through the cheerful chequering lattice—she was Queen of our Penates,
Never lovelier idol worshipped, in the dreams of olden lore.

“Like a vision yet she rises, as we strayed together then,
By the verge of gnarly forest, by the hawthorn blooming hoarest,
O, the magic in the shining of her blue eyes joy divining,
As we wandered clasping fingers, in the path along the glen.

“There in memory liveth ever, clad with summer sky and flowers,
Where a rill from sedges oozed, into crystal pool pellucid,
Where we sat and told the shadows, racing o’er the wavy meadows,
Swift as they, and bright as sun-gleams, those irrevocable hours.

“And the charm ’twixt child and maiden in her face began to dawn,
And her mirthful glee grew quieter, and her footstep gliding lighter,
And the spirit blent of Nature, in her alight and airy stature—
Sweet retiring, timid graces, half unfolding, half withdrawn.”

As Dr Johnson has given us an elaborate detail of the variations through which Pope's *Iliad* passed into its present form, I will leave the general process of my manufacture to be inferred from the following reminiscences connected with the production of the first of the above four stanzas.

"Now, I've at last got a start,—*And she grew beside the roof-tree. No, hearthstones better,—shedding sunlight all around,* (long pause). *Ever radiant, flitting ever, as the sunbeams when they quiver.* Hum, I don't know if that'll do. Sunlight and sunbeams clash; (pause) never mind, I'll see about it when the verse is finished—(very long pause, during which the feet are twisted, the hands clenched, and the eyebrows knit in intense agony. A sudden flash illuminates the countenance, but dies partially away.) I thought I'd an idea just now, but I doubt it's slipped through my fingers. Half the next line is, *Through the cheerful checquering lattice.* Now, what could it be, I was going to rhyme with *lattice*? I thought I had made a good hit. Let me think, ("a great thought strikes along the brain, and flushes all the cheek.") *Penates, Penates*, there's the word,—in with it. *Through the cheerful checquering lattice, smiling queen*—no,—no use of 'smiling,' *she was Queen of our Penates*—(long pause). *Never lovelier idol knelt to—in the dreams of olden lore.* Now, let's try and revise a little. 'Lore,' of course, won't mate with 'around,' but that first line must be altered at all events—(a few wriggles.) *And she grew around the hearthstone, shedding sunlight on the floor*—won't do, but it's given me the rhyme. Try again, (pause). Here it is—*making light the household floor.* Now, how does the whole read? I'm not satisfied with the first double rhymers, *Ever radiant, flitting ever, as the sunbeams when they quiver.* I don't like that—too unfinished. (Knuckle buried in the cheek for a while); *unwitting* isn't a very common word, and I think I may venture *flitting* along with it. So the line runs, *Ever radiant, ever flitting, as the sunbeams thrown unwitting.* Well, that stanza will do surely. Better say *worshipped*, for *knelt* to though. Now, for the next."

I had a good many anxious cogitations, however, as to whether English readers would not spoil the effect of the "lattice" and "Penates," by reading *ates* instead of *aktes* in the latter, but as I could not think of giving up what had cost me so much grinding, I resolved to take the risk—in any case they would do as sight rhymes. The variations of the next three stanzas, both during and after composition, I need not detail, though the initiated may easily guess that such combinations as "gnarly forest," and "hawthorn blooming hoarest," and "oozëd," and "pellucid," were not attained to at once. To give an idea of the nature of my difficulties, I may just say, that in the last of the four stanzas, I was placed on the horns of indecision, as to whether it should be *airy* or *fairy* stature, and was well-nigh driven to my wits-end in getting up the fourth line, in place of which there originally stood one ending with *fawn*, a term quite sufficient to indicate the nature of the context.

Perhaps the exhaustion consequent on this exertion exercised a deleterious influence on what followed, inevitably thrust as I was into that barren region of commonplace, the gradual rise and progress of first love!

I may be excused from presenting any quotations about the love which "from vagrant yearnings gradual deepened in its tone," &c., when I confess that even then, in wild delirium, I regarded the half dozen stanzas succeeding, only as props to be pulled out when the edifice was completed. This idea I found somewhere surely in Longfellow's *Hyperion*—a noble work, but one from which, with perverse ingenuity, I contrived to suck nearly as much poison as from the *Life Drama*. Under its influence I blurred out the terrible explosions of wrath and scorn—swinging the scaly horrors of their clattering tails,—to which I had previously given vent, and became clothed with all sorts of meek, gentle, sentimental sorrow. But I am going too fast, and must pause a moment to bring the mournful tale up to this point, which I must do chiefly in prose, as I find in the fair copy, a long string of asterisks representing the props. So far as I recollect the story myself, my boyhood passed into youth, and the golden haired one's childhood into girlhood, and then, why, of course, we parted. I went to the great city, whatever it was, probably London, and she remained among her flowers, to grow in beauty with them, until, as I fondly dreamed, I should return rich in honours and emoluments to transplant her. How these honours and emoluments were to be acquired in a space of time necessarily so limited, I never was quite clear. But no matter about these dull realities :—

"On the eve before departing, in the garden bower we sate
With the twilight o'er us creeping, all a stilly silence keeping,
And our voices very lowly, talked in tones of melancholy,
On the past so sunny parting, and the future at the gate."

It may be supposed from this romantic parting, that vows and tokens were duly exchanged ; but no,—“I spoke not of the vision folded up for years to come,” probably because my tone of feeling being now changed through the medium of *Hyperion*, I foresaw that it would be most in accordance with the spirit of the “second part” to leave her purity unsullied by any profession of other than a sisterly affection for me. If the reader has taken the trouble (though it is expecting too much) to attend to the scattered details already given, he will see how all my long cherished dreams vanished. “The probation almost over,” I receive the tidings of *her* marriage with the clergyman, or the sportsman, or the surgeon, or some such person in the locality. A long string of stars follows this intelligence, until a year having been supposed to elapse, a second announcement calls forth the “Now she lieth with her first-born,” &c. After this the “props” on which I leaned amidst my unutterable misery, are so numerous, that I must pass over in silence the remainder of the “first part” and proceed to the second, in which I prove myself wholly free from the black bitter hatred and scorn which animate “Locksley Hall” both against husband and wife. Towards the former indeed I am so unjealous that I never give any hint of his existence save by implication.

Having duly consulted “*Hyperion*,” and some of the milder passages of Tennyson, I composed myself to the proper mood, taking as motto the following extract from the former :—“The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of

evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming, lonely, night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise and the night is holy.”

Seating myself at the window of my imaginary solitary chamber, somewhere in London, and overlooking an imaginary churchyard, in an imaginary winter evening, I continued for sometime fruitlessly grinding rhymes round and round for the opening stanza. I had a hazy idea of the Edinburgh Dean Cemetery and Greyfriars' Churchyard in partnership, and a country steeple somewhere in juxtaposition, with due allowance of dial-plate and gilding, to catch the rays of the departing sun. I made two unsuccessful attempts to commit this idea to rhyme,—intending first to combine “bloody” and “ruddy,” and when this would not do, “lingers” and “bloody fingers,” but finally relinquished my sanguinary intentions, and was content to describe the sunset after this fashion :—

“It is Winter evening closing, and the West is slowly creeping
O'er the sun, and waxing dimmer, palls the gilded steeple's glimmer,
In the distance lofty looming, and beneath the shadows glooming,
Mantle o'er the silent churchyard, o'er the mansions of the sleeping.

“Tall cupola and tablet, rusty railing, sable stones—
Many an eve I've sat to view them, many an hour I've wandered through
them,
From the graves of young and hoary vainly sought to draw their story,
Vainly tried to link together vanished spirit, withered bones.

“Yet I've often turned with longing, and I turn with deeper now,
To that resting place where never more shall pang or pleasure quiver
Through the bosom dead to feeling of the mourner o'er him kneeling,
To the tears that wander downwards, fondly seeking him below.”

This, and a good deal more after the same fashion, I knocked off with considerable fluency, the form of verse having, I suppose, become more familiar. I had some talk about an imaginary sister of the Eva species, and lamented that I had not, like her, departed this life sooner, “knowing only death by dying.” But it is now too late, and all I ask, is silence and forgetfulness,—

“No, the cup of Lethe only,—in a grave unknown and lonely
Let me wrap myself in silence and an everlasting rest.”

At this climax, very naturally, a few asterisks serve to veil the thoughts that cannot be uttered, and the mind is understood to sink gradually into a sort of lethargy, through the intensity of the mental anguish it has encountered. But now the awakening is at hand :—

“All absorbed in gnawing sadness midnight finds me musing still ;
Sinks my languid weary eyelid in a sort of mental twilight,
And though still the one theme pondering, fancy back and forward wan-
dering,
Mingles real and ideal, thronging by the passive will.

“And the shadows as they flicker on the figures of the wall,
Over many a shape and gesture fling their strange unearthly vesters,—
Whence is she before me lingers beckoning me with spirit-fingers ?
Has she bent to me from heaven—still her brother—at my call ?

"Now irradiated with glory—now withdrawn in dim eclipse,
Drawing nigh and nigher slowly, with her features pale and holy,
With the sweet and calm expression of her dying, last confession,
When I saw her spirit parting with 'Our Father' on her lips.

"Not a word,—but O, the silence—well my conscience knows its meaning,
Not of well deserved scolding, but of pitying love and warning—
All the past at once returning, with a heart o'ercharged with yearning,
Vain I strive to clasp the vision, weep the fullness on her leaning."

I surveyed the above with a good deal of satisfaction, and now seeing land, cast about for some general axiom on which I might cross from dark despair to renewed light and life. Luckily I recollected the well-known verse in "*Wilhelm Meister*," "Who never ate his bread in sorrow," and adopting Longfellow's construction of the sentiment, I gave utterance to it thus:—

"Love by sorrow sounds its deepness, life by dying proves its worth;
He who never ate in sorrow, never wept the lagging morrow,
Knoweth not grief's final prizes, feebleth not the calm that rises
By its withered fibres fostered into second purer birth."

By this piece of philosophy I hint pretty plainly that my passage through the dark valley has exercised an ennobling and purifying influence on my character, which I am necessarily enforced to exemplify in the concluding stanzas. But I have quoted enough, more than enough, and, as Goldsmith says,—“the company of folly may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of making us melancholy.” In short, I become perfectly resigned to see Alice (as I christened her to supply a rhyme to chalice,) growing up in matronly dignity, surrounded with honour, love, obedience, troops of children, “selfish sorrow conquered wholly,” &c.¹

Now that I had produced a poem I thought in some degree worthy of my genius, my first care was to make as fair a copy as my handwriting (clumsy as Alexander Smith's) would allow of. This was all the more needful, as I considered “Alice” quite above taking her chance with any magazine. I had visions of a neat little volume in the most approved style of binding, entitled, “Alice, and other Poems.” These “other poems,” I concluded, should be short effusions, and in short measure,—the truth being that I was rather tired of the versification I had been rolling forth so long. I got up some imitations of Shelley, Keats, and Longfellow, but these not being sufficient for the volume, I paid another visit to Tennyson, and after skimming backwards and forwards through what took my fancy in “*In Memoriam*,” caught the *tone*, as it then seemed, to my heated brain. I quote a few stanzas for the reader's satisfaction on the subject:—

¹ Perhaps this one stanza more, which I select from some of the rejected ravings, may indicate as “a little flash, a mystic hint,” one source of my resignation:—

“Well said Landor (he, the Savage), youths romantic fond adore,
Pretty friakers kitten sporting, quite forgetting that as courting
Merges into sober marriage, so the light ethereal carriage,
Like its feline representative, grows plump and padded o'er.”

- "To-night I wandered forth—the sun
 Had set,—the western sky was gray,
 The rainy clouds that fringed the day,
 Had lost their swollen and hazy dun.
- "And showers half sport and anger blent,
 Falling had gladdened all around,—
 The freshness breathing from the ground,
 My pulses quickened as I went,
- "And half returned the nameless thrill
 Which bounds and eddies in the soul
 When life is starting from the goal,
 Like currents in the new born rill.
- "The dewy smell from leaves and grass,
 The silence resting over all,
 The trees above o'er-arching tall,
 The distant water's moveless glass,
- "Seemed to withdraw their presence fair,
 And outward half unreal seem,
 And in my brain, a mingled dream,
 To flood the haunts of memory there.
- "The murmur of a village clock
 Comes stealing through the sleepy air,
 I see the fields so cold and bare,
 The long thin curve of straggling walk.
- "The dusky grove that stands alone,
 Beneath, the trunks encircling set,
 Above, the green beech foliage met,
 And blended wholly into one,—
- "Save where a rent admits the heaven,
 Through which the moon doth love to peep,
 And see her features' radiance steep
 The water in a lustrous leaven,
- "That lies beneath in rounded gleam,
 Silent, and dull, and moveless spread,
 Dull sleep from sullen stillness bred,
 Cold torpor numb, without a dream.
- "So is it now—an Autumn night,—
 But Summer scarcely left behind,
 When in the air there breathes no wind,
 And lazy clouds are fringed with light."

I cannot say how long I continued in this style, under the strong delusion that I was a poet. Sometimes, however, a "spectral doubt" would trouble me, and though I shook it off again and again, it would return and intrude its cold clammy presence amid my dreams of fame. I had outward assailants too. I could not enter a coffee-house but there seemed to start from every page a sarcasm aimed at my species, (of course I considered myself an exception—as every one else does!) but as the writers often attempted to be witty with Tennyson himself, I turned a

deaf ear to them. I am pleased to think I owed nothing to these petty scribblers. I began to suspect that in my efforts to catch the letter, the spirit of Tennyson's poetry had escaped me, and that I had been lingering along the beach picking up pretty shells and pebbles instead of diving for pearls. To be sure I was about as well employed as the critics, peering with spectacles over the surface, in order to detect all the floating straws of error. But I need not dwell on the process which emanated from this suspicion, and through which I came at last to have some conception of the poet's mind, though I could not wholly fathom it. Suffice to say, I awoke—not with a start, but—as one awakes from those placid lethargic dreams which haunt the easy-minded pillow, slowly, gradually, till you are half conscious you *are* dreaming, and finally, wholly conscious that you *have been* dreaming.

And now I have done. I might have made this paper double or treble the length, it is true, with comment and advice, but I am afraid that if I have not succeeded in making the desired impression by the plain, simple, unvarnished recital already given, nothing else will.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

(Continued from page 354 of Vol. XIX.)

Rev. i. 12—17. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last.

Old Testament Passages Reflected.

Hab. ii. 1. I will watch to see what he will say to me.

Exod. xxv. 31. Thou shalt make a *candlestick* of pure *gold*, beaten work, his shaft and his branches, 32. three branches out of the one side, and three out of the other; (so one at top) all pure *gold*. 37. And thou shalt make the *seven lamps* thereof. xxxvii. 17. He made the *candlestick* pure *gold*; and he made his *seven lamps* pure *gold*. So Numb. viii. 2. 2 Chron. iv. 7. Solomon made ten *candlesticks* of *gold*, and set them in the temple, five on the right hand, and five on the left. (This is the basis of the parable of the ten virgins or churches, whereof five were wise and five foolish.)

(Luke ix. 29. As Christ prayed, the fashion of His *countenance* was altered.)

Exod. xxviii. 8. The curious *girdle* of the ephod, shall be *gold*, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen. 31. Thou shalt make the *robe* or *garment* all of blue. 39. Thou shalt make the *mitre* of fine linen, (fine linen is always *white*.)

VOL. XX.

C

Dan. x. 5. Behold a man clothed in linen, whose loins were *girded with pure gold* of Uphaz. 6. His face as the appearance of lightning; and his eyes as *lamps of fire*, and his arms and his feet like in colour to *polished brass*, and the *voice* of his words like the *voice of a multitude*. vii. 9. I beheld till the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the *hair* of his head like the *pure wool*. Ezek. xl. 3. Behold a man whose appearance was like *brass*. xliii. 2. The God of Israel's *voice* was like a *voice of many waters*.

Gen. xxxvii. 9. Behold the sun, and moon, and eleven *stars*, (my father, mother, and eleven brothers) made obeisance to me. Isaiah xiv. 13. I will exalt my throne above the *stars* of God; the princes of Israel, though God-helped. Dan. viii. 10. Antiochus Epiphanes cast down some of the host of heaven, (the Hebrew priests) and of the *stars*, their civil princes, to the ground. xii. 3. They that be wise and turn many to righteousness shall shine as *stars* for ever. Jude xlii. Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering *stars*, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. Num. xxiv. 17. There shall come a STAR out of Jacob, yes, a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel. (Mat. ii. We have seen his STAR in the east.)

Isaiah xlix. 2. Listen, O Isles, unto me, the Lord hath made my *mouth* like a *sharp sword*, and made me a polished shaft. Ps. cxlix. 6. The high things of God are in their *mouth*, yes, (like) a *two edged sword* in their hand; 9. this honour have all the saints. (See Heb. iv. 12.) (Luke xxi. 15. I will give you a *mouth* and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to resist.) Exod. xxxiv. 29. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, behold the skin of his *face shone*. (2 Cor. iii. 7. The Israelites could not stedfastly behold the face of Moses for the *glory of his countenance*. Matth. xvii. 2. Christ's face shone as the sun.) Ezek. i. 8. This was the likeness of the glory of the Lord, and when I saw it, I *fell on my face*. Ez. ii. 1. And he said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet. Ez. xliii. 3. The visions were like the vision that I saw by the river Chebar, and I *fell upon my face*. Dan. viii. 16. When he *came near*, I was afraid and *fell upon my face*. 18. Now I was in a deep sleep on my face on the ground, but he *touched me* and set me upright. Dan. x. 8. I saw this great vision and there remained no strength in me; for my comeliness was turned in me *into corruption*. 10. Behold an hand *touched me* which *set me* upon my knees, and palms of my hands. 12. Then said he unto me, *Fear not, Daniel*. 17. As for me, I said there is *no breath* left in me. 19. And he said, O man greatly beloved, *fear not*.

Psaln xvi. 10. Thou wilt not leave my soul in *hell*. 11. Thou wilt show me the path of *life*; in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy *right hand* are pleasures for ever more, (fulness of joy, behold! I am alive; at thy right hand, having the keys of my father David.) Isaiah xxii. 22. The *key* of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulders. Psalms lxviii. 18. Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led *captivity captive*; 20. Unto God the Lord belong the *issues from death*. Jonah ii. 2. Out of the belly of *hell* I cried, and thou heardest my voice; 10. The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land. (Math. xxviii. 6. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. Heb. vii. 8. Of Christ, the true Melchizedec, it is witnessed, that *he liveth*.)

Mal. iii. 1. Behold I will send my messenger or *angel*, and he shall prepare the way before me. Mal. ii. 7. An ordinary priest is the messenger or *angel* of the Lord of hosts. Ps. viii. 5. Thou madest the Messiah a little while lower than his own *angels* or ministers, the Levites, who attend around his Tabernacle. Ps. lxviii. 17. These Levite attendants are 22,000, whether called chariots, or *angels*, or messengers. (Heb. xii. 22. Ye are come to an

innumerable company of ministers or *angels*, corresponding to the Levite priesthood.)

V. 12. Having got instructions from a party as yet unseen, though not unheard, John turns to see who and where his instructor is; and being turned, he sees "seven golden candlesticks." In this first vision we are told, *once for all*, the meaning of the typical objects; that the seven candlesticks represent seven of the many Christian churches in St. John's present neighbourhood. The reason of this solitary instance of *explanation* is, not that the type was very likely to be misunderstood, or more difficult of discovery than the more advanced ones; on the contrary, it is about the simplest and most obvious of all the visions; but the reason of the *explanation* seems to be, that we are, *once for all*, to understand that all the types about to be used, are to be understood, not literally, but morally or figuratively;—that as, in the *first instance*, a candlestick does not mean a candlestick, but a church; so sun, moon, and stars do not mean sun, moon, and stars; but being left unexplained, we are to promote our mental culture, employ our ingenuity and previous Bible attainments, to discover what objects in the spiritual system the respective types in the natural one may be intended to represent, or were in their original constitution intended to illustrate. This is Christ's *head* lecture on metaphysics; for all his teaching is analogy.

When David and Solomon agreed to increase the original number of golden candlesticks from one to ten, with a corresponding set of silver ones, they probably, under God, meant that each of the ten tribes, exclusive of Judah and Benjamin, who had the main temple in their midst, should be *a church to itself*. This agrees with the ten trucks bearing their ten lavers, all in imitation of the grand twelve oxen laver, which, from neighbourhood, rendered two small lavers for Judah and Benjamin unnecessary. 1 Kings vii. 27 and 38.

Observe then that the seven candlesticks here are not the seven branches of Moses' candlestick broken up into so many distinct candlesticks. There is no dismemberment, but faithful imitation. The seven branches of the original candlestick remained and were exactly copied into each of Solomon's ten candlesticks; 2 Chron. iv. 7, "according to their form." Each of Solomon's ten was an exact copy of Moses' one, each having therefore 63 flames thus, $7 \times 3 = 21 \times 3 = 63$.

V. 13. "In the midst of the seven candlesticks (I saw one) *like* unto the Son of Man." What a propriety there is in that word *like*. For, supposing Christ to retain the corporeal part of our human nature, how *CHANGED* must be the countenance from that visage which was once marred more than the sons of men. When on the Mount of Transfiguration the countenance of the Man of Sorrows was altered into the splendour of the sun shining in his strength; what but divine power could retain the original features of the so-thought carpenter's son. Well then may the intelligent apostle say here, that he saw one *like* the Son of Man.

Christ's official dress would tend still further to increase the doubt. The high priest of our profession, the priest for ever after the order of

Melchizedec, was now arrayed as *Aaron*, his first typical and temporary priest. Clothed in the blue garment down to the foot, with pomegranates and bell alternating around the hem; mounted with a tunic of blazing white fine linen; the golden girdle of the ephod binding the names of all his people to his breast of love; his head topped with a fine linen *mitre*, as bright as snow, and bearing the imperishable motto, *Jehovah our righteousness*; his hairs below, in imitation of that unworthy servant who assumed the sacred dress at ninety years of age, and laid it down at 130 years; his hairs, so unlike those of the king of the Jews, who in the prime of life, expired on the cross at the age of thirty-three; his hairs, in imitation of the time-serving maker of the golden calf, were white like wool; but his eyes,—like those of Moses which waxed not dim, neither was his natural force abated,—were like lamps of fire. In such altered circumstances, how could John have said more than that Jesus was *like* the Son of Man.

The maxim, "a word is enough to the wise," must not be lost sight of in following John through the Apocalypse. One *part* of the high priest's dress is intended to suggest *all* the rest. This is one of the most obvious rules in sacred poetry, *e. g.* the girdle expressed implies the breastplate unexpressed.

V. 15. Still further to widen the difference between Christ as he was and Christ as he is, his feet were like fine brass, as if they had been burned in a furnace,—and so they had; not in the furnace of his own sufferings, but in that of his people's fiery trials, which were now advancing and to advance. When he, with the church, which is his body, removed into the Babylonish captivity, *he* was burnt to the purity of amber (Ezek. i. 27), not only from the waist downward, but from the waist upward; his whole spiritual body was thoroughly clarified, seven times purified. His walking in the burning fiery furnace with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, Dan. iii. 25, was only a momentary sample of what he will always suffer as long as he is connected with a church on earth. In all her afflictions he was, is, and will be, afflicted.

"And his voice as the sound of many waters." This clause is intimately connected with the preceding. While fiery trials will always tend to the purity and lustre, and thereby the *durability* of Christ's spiritual body, they will also and ever tend to its increase. Nebuchadnezzar was, by witnessing the steadfastness of God's people, converted into one of the ablest preachers of the Gospel. Portions of the nations that afflicted them will join the ranks of the redeemed. The many waters, as will again and again appear, are, Rev. xiv. 6, peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues. Isaiah, so early as his second chapter, v. 2, 3, says, "All nations shall flow unto it, and many people shall go and say, come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and he will teach us of his ways." Out of the abundance of their hearts their mouths will speak; and when whole nations speak, and speak joyfully, and all at once, the sound must be louder than many waters. Christ's voice, then, is not so much his own personal one, as that of his body, his people's. The same holds true of all the other attributes in the vision, given personally to Christ, as representative of the Christian community. The feet of fine

brass are more those of his people, who, *in all ages*, as long as Christ is their head, will be purified by no other means than such as were employed in model times. The spiritual nations will never want their Pharaohs on the one side, their Nebuchadnezzars and Epiphanes on the other, to heat the furnace as far as required, and further if allowed.

V. 16. "And he had in his right hand seven stars." It is Christ who telleth the number of *the stars*, he calleth them all by names,—Psalm cxlvii. 4. What a privilege, says David, to have the appointment of our *civil and sacred rulers* in the hand of Christ. "Great is our Lord, and of great power, his *understanding is infinite*." v. 20. He hath not dealt so with any other nation. As for those judgments whereby alone nations can be properly ruled, the other nations have not known these rules of government. Hence let professedly Christian nations learn to select their office-bearers upon Christian principles, and upon these alone. Let them consult with those who seem most to have the glory of Christ, or what is the same thing, the eternal good of mankind, sincerely at heart. Let appointments to honourable posts by family or party favour, be considered as the marks of a barbarous and falling people.

It may be objected that we were hardly prepared for church-pastors being called *stars*; a name in model times monopolized by the civil rulers, the princes of the twelve tribes. It must, however, be remembered that these men were princes of the congregation, a sacred people, a royal priesthood, in a special sense, sons of God. Besides the older constitution of things, anterior to the formation of the model church, that previous constitution of society, whereby Christ holds his three-fold office of prophet, priest, and king, the patriarchal state, where the same individual person was the angel, prophet, pastor, or instructor, and also civil ruler, magistrate, or king, and military commander, *that constitution is permanent*. Every family is formed upon it; it is the basis of all social government, and any needful subdivision of office will most wholesomely take place upon the same principle as that which subdivides all human labour; a subdivision not intended to serve the purposes of rivalry, but of mutual help, mutual relief. When the Apostle Peter, the most sparkling, if not the steadiest of the twelve stars, was, in name of himself, and colleagues, and their successors in every age, told to shew their love to Christ by taking first and special care of the lambs, without which they were not likely to have many sheep in the spiritual flock, an impressive lesson was taught regarding that important class of stars, teachers of youth. The same star who was to shew his love to Christ by feeding his sheep, was to begin with feeding the lambs. There is no transference of the laborious task to less eminent stars. The instructors of the old and of the young must be men of the same stamp, whatever that stamp may be. With the Chief Shepherd, whose understanding is infinite, the lamb-feeder is not less respectable than the sheep-feeder. Let us meekly judge ourselves, each candlestick apart, each church apart, by this divine rule.

"And out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword." The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any *two-edged sword*, piercing

even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, Heb. iv. 12 ;—but as appears in the parallel passages above, it is chiefly to be understood of Christ's people, in *whose* mouth is the word of the Spirit, the word of God. When, Acts vii. 54, the Hebrew council heard from the mouth of Stephen these things, they *were cut to the heart*, and gnashed on him with their teeth; but where Christ, in Isaiah xlix. 2, says his mouth is, (for the conviction of the Gentiles,) like a sharp sword, he says *also*, he is a polished shaft, and then he is a light. Hence we learn that though in the vision before us only *one* of the types is exhibited, it is for the purpose of suggesting *all* the rest, so that in expounding this text, the two-edged sword, we are *bound* to notice all the methods, bolder or milder, which Christ employs for conviction of sin. While Stephen's audience was cut to the heart by the sword of Christ's mouth, Peter's, a short time before, were by the *polished shaft* shot from the bow of him who goes on conquering and to conquer, only, but more savingly, *pricked* in their heart; the same day there was added unto them about 3000 souls; and in such ways of milder conviction the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved, Acts ii. 37–47.

“And his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.” Everywhere, according to the analogy of Scripture, and therefore everywhere in this Book of Revelation, the *summary* of Scripture, the *sun* is the emblem of *sovereign power*. When that ruler of the day shineth in his strength, what becomes of the lesser lights, the stars; they are eclipsed, extinguished, for the time annihilated. Where now is the sparkling glory of Orion (Aaron) the clustered brilliants of the Pleiades (Palad, the lamp of seven stars), where Castor and Pollux, the twin-like brothers? (Aaron and Moses);—they seem for ever drowned in the light of day. Such is the overwhelming power of Christ, and such therefore are *Christ's people* among the nations; all other distinctions are lost, as worthy only of the night, drowned in the radiance of the Christian day. What has that sun not done to the former stars of our own land? Where now the few shivering and painted savage chiefs that not many years ago picked their food from the weeds? where their murderous successors, the knights of nightly renown, who have left so many ruined dungeons in our now blessed and improving land? Let us remember that nowhere is either the natural or spiritual sun bound to maintain an eternal summer; but that as we had the blackness of darkness before, it depends much upon ourselves whether we may not soon have it again.

V. 17. “And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead,” &c. This verse is a carefully prepared imitation of the parallel passages quoted above. Ezek. i. 8, &c. The object seems to be to draw the attention of the church to the manner wherein Christ exercised his kingly power both *over and for* the model church, during one of her most remarkable periods of trial, that one so much referred to in this book, the Babylonish captivity. If we would see into his line of policy as a king, the character and offices of the different ministers of his crown, angelic and human, the Michaels and Gabriels on the one hand, the Nebuchadnezzars and Nebudzar-adans on the other; the one party the ministering

spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation, the other, the wrathful fiends in human form whose wrath He makes to praise him in the chastisement of his people, and then restraineth the excess of that wrath; then, says Christ, study the prophets; both those who foretel afar off the evil day, and those who bear their part in it, and minutely describe its different, its tragical, its gloomy, or its marvellous parts.

In the visions especially which I gave to Daniel and Ezekiel, which made these prophets again and again sink as dead to the ground, learn how all empires, spiritual and unspiritual, are, both of them, portions of my providential kingdom; that however antagonistic they may have seemed to the church which I have purchased with my own blood, and whose position among them has ever been, and ever will be, as that of lambs among wolves, know that they never have been anything more than my predeterminate counsel appointed them to be, to do; that for this cause, O Pharaoh, for this same cause, O Nebuchadnezzar, for this self same cause, O Epiphanes, have I raised thee up, that I might shew my power in thee, and that through thee, my name, the character of my monarchy, might be declared throughout all the earth. Fear them not, therefore, O my church, for the hairs of their heads and yours are all numbered.

V. 18. "I am he that liveth," &c. The Book of Psalms too, from the sixteenth of which I quote a leading passage in my mysterious history, will be found to convey in grand variety and beauty a comprehensive view of my regal character. Read and understand all these of me and mine; and our relations to all our foes. While the children of Zion are everywhere taught to repeat and love these songs of Zion, let the elders study their spiritual fabric day and night. Composed in greater part by the Father of Solomon, the Prince of Peace, *before* the Son built that model temple wherein they were to be sung, their early preparation, anticipative of the wants of a people as yet unformed, was intended to teach the lesson of *our* eternal prescience; the provision made for the wants of *our* Gospel Temple, before the typical house was framed. In those prior ages I was with him as one brought up with him, I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing (prospectively) in the habitable parts of his earth, and my delights prospectively, were with the sons of men. Prov. viii. The remainder of this chapter has been anticipated.

CHAPTER II.

V. 1. "Unto the Angel of the church of Ephesus, write; these things saith he, who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." As planets, if not stars, get their light from their central sun, so the angel-stars of the churches get theirs from Him whose "countenance is as the sun shineth in his strength." The peers of the spiritual realm hold their respective coronets of the great king. Ephesus' relation to the crown is, as already stated, superior to that of the other churches. Of this distinction the queen city is reminded in the opening of her chart. "These things saith

he who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand," at his own entire and righteous *disposal*. The same might have been said to any or all the other churches,—but has not ; and it therefore amounts at once to a notice of her high position, and a warning to act accordingly. For He who walketh among the seven golden candlesticks will not long suffer any thing offensive to remain about them.

In the typical candlestick the old oil and wick were required to be cleaned out every morning after sun-rise ; and to atone for the offensiveness of this cleaning department, incense and prayer were divinely required. In the nature of things, a similar nuisance arises out of the very holiest of our holy things ; and both are the stars unclean in his sight, and he is obliged to charge his *angels* with folly. The Phinehas of Moses' day may transmit both his name and office to the Phinehas of Samuel's ; but if the bold denouncer of Midianitish whoredom degenerate into the sanctuary whoredom of Eli's sons, the ark, candlestick, and all will soon be in the hands of the Philistines, and she, who boasted of being the greatest of the seven stars, will die in childbed of an Ichabod.

V. 2. Meanwhile " I know thy works," and thy parents should have told thee mine, what miraculous aid thou at first hadst to encourage thee to encounter the world of labour. Under the riotous oppression of Demetrius and the retainers of the pagan worship, I admired and fostered thy patience ; I was pleased with thy disgust shewn towards the unfortunate wretches who could not forego their supposed temporal gains, for the sake of entering into life. Thy courage in public debate in the School of Tyrannus with the Judaizing and Gnostic impostors, gave at one time the fair, the pleasing, the proud promise of thy attaining to a *permanent* headship among the churches ; for nowhere was there shewn greater dexterity in discerning spirits whether they were of God ; greater dexterity in wielding offensively from the mouth, the sword of the Spirit, and wearing defensively the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, wherein ye quenched all the fiery darts of the wicked. Ephes. vi. 14.

V. 3. And this was no temporary skirmish, but a long sustained and therefore a proportionately invigorating fight of afflictions, bearing and suffering with all long-suffering patience, and labouring till you finally succeeded in wearing out your persecutors and antagonists by the very stubbornness of your determination not to be beaten.

V. 4. But this very success has left the rising generation but little to do. The first generation had to plough and sow in foul weather ; the second, entering, not into their labours, but only into the fruits of them, reap that whereupon they bestowed no toil. Thus the completeness of the father's conquest has landed the children in leisured indolence. Bread thus procured without effort has no relish, and brings its bestower little thanks. Hadst thou known what thy parents knew, a dearth of the bread of life, thou wouldst have better learned who is that bread of life ; but now I, who have done all for you, and given you all, am coming to be less and less known among you. You have grown up amid blood-bought ordinances, and know not in many cases at what cost they were secured to your now both commercially and ecclesiastically prospe-

rous city. Thou Ephesus, who art with spiritual privilege exalted to heaven, art beginning, believe me, to slide down to hell.

V. 5. Remember, therefore, the human steps whereby ye attained to your proud eminence. I have done enough by miracle, I have purposely made you a Western Jerusalem, in order to convince all Asia that my Gospel is the truth of God. I mean no longer to furnish your elders with the miraculous power; use, therefore, with double diligence, all the ordinary means of grace; recover your steps; repent of your twofold sin, omission and commission, especially the former; do the first works; seek my love as your fathers sought it at the first, and that in troublous and distracting times. Marriage dresses do not constitute marriage; formality, pageantry, wealth, gaiety, lamps without oil, these are not the happiness of marriage life. Nothing but love to me, love proportioned to my love to thee, nothing but *love* can keep us one. My daughter, give me thy heart, as thy mother did.

V. 6. "But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitans, which I also hate." I have no occasion at present to charge thee with any of the second class of sins, those of commission; *but* the first class naturally leads to the second. If thou do not give me thy heart, thou wilt soon give it to another; for man is naturally a lover, and finds, with his Creator, that it is not good to be alone. If thou cling not to my embrace, thou wilt, in the nature of things, be drawn away of the enemy into the indulgence of one unlawful lust after another; and thus, O Desirable, thou who at present art praised for scorning and publicly denouncing the socialism of Nicolas, wilt be glad, in the absence of Divine Love, to take up with that which is fashionably and numerously courted in the chambers that lead down to death. Matth. xii. 43, When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, (and no better enters into fellowship with him), he taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Is it asked by what *steps* Aegistheus became an adulterer? the reason is at hand, he was indolent. No one is all at once the finished debauchee.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DEATH OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD RAGLAN, 28TH JUNE 1855.

RAGLAN rests,—his warfare o'er,
Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
War's wild crash, or cannon's roar,
Ne'er our hero's slumber breaking.

I.

Say, 'mid rush of charging squadrons
Tell this Leader of the brave?
And 'mid Slaughter's thickest carnage
Found our Chief a soldier's grave?

No—ah ! different far the closing
 Of our aged Chieftain's day,
 Far from battle-scene, his spirit
 Calmly winged its flight away.
 Yet no less in act of duty,
 Was the vet'ran Victor ta'en,
 Than beneath the foeman's volley,
 Had he sunk on battle-plain.
 With o'erwhelming Duty's burden,
 Gnawing Care his mind oppressed,
 Hardship-worn, our brave Commander,
 Age-enfeebled,—sunk to rest.

II.

Breathes there a Son of British soil,
 Who regards with listless eye,
 That long line of great lives stricken,
 'Ere one year of war passed by ?
 Russia mourns her Czar departed,
 France St Arnaud also dead,
 England now her lion-hearted,
 Oh ! but gentle, Spirit fled.
 By the Tyrant's death a beacon,
 Warning shines through every age,
 In that Heaven-sent warning precept,
 "Tremble" stamped on Despot's page.
 Ah ! how different is the lesson
 Taught when Heroes pass away ;
 Proudly Fame records each action,
 Prompting us to do as they.

III.

England ! many a Chief has perished
 Nobly, for his country's crown ;
 And on Danger's giddiest summit,
 Earned a wreath of fair renown.
 But no braver e'er departed,
 Than the Chief we now deplore,
 Sunk a prey to toil and duty,
 Far on foeman's fatal shore.

IV.

Toll for the mighty Leader gone ;—
 Grief,—Oh ! may thy sacred tear,
 Dew-like, shed on Victory's laurels,
 Drop around our Warrior's bier.
 What although no sculptured marble
 Mark the turf that wraps his clay ?—
 Raglan, living still in story,
 Needs no offering pomp can pay.

V.

Oh ! God is good ;—to us he'll send
 Hero-souls, in peril's hour,
 Who shall well defend their country
 From aggression's tyrant power.

Oh! my country! 'mid the havoc,
 And the din of deadly fight,
 Monarchs, heroes, thousands fallen,
 Pray that "God defend the right."
 Pray to him who answereth prayer,
 That he may, in mercy great,
 Backward roll the tide of battle,
 Surging darkly round thy gate.
 Still in the God of all confide,
 Still to Him commit thy ways;
 Thine is, Oh God! the power to shield,
 Thine alone be all the praise.

LEITE, July 1855.

R. H.

CALVIN'S CHARACTER, AND CORRESPONDENCE.¹

HAVE our readers ever been struck with the amount of what we would term fossil literature, which has ever and anon been exposed to the examination of the million since the commencement of the 19th century? or ever attempted to account for the phenomenon? It is a fact, explicable, doubtless, in some way. Has the study of geology,—a study initiated at the Institution of the Geological Society about 1807,—indirectly operated upon the mental habitudes of society to such a degree, that the archives of antiquity must be excavated and ransacked, loads of dust laboriously removed, and ancient tomes disembowelled, in order to gratify the public taste? Has the million pored *ad nauseam* over the stale "whipped syllabub" prepared by the literary public purveyors, and demanded the supplies which are now so copiously provided? or does the spirit of the age merely display itself in restless dissatisfaction with the current, and demand a different—be it an old or a new—literature for the world of the future, harbingered by these "signs of the times?" Be that as it may; the geology of literature has superseded to no ordinary degree the geography of literature,—the present is yielding to the past. Has not a Layard been transporting excavated slabs from Babylon and Nineveh to detail the hieroglyphical and not uninteresting story of the fallen empires of antiquity? Has not a Bohn been diligently dragging the literary remains of classical, standard, and long neglected authors to the light of day? Has not a Carlyle traced the footsteps of the hero of the commonwealth, and unveiled his magnanimity of soul to admiring spectators? and not to mention the untiring efforts of others engaged in the various departments of theology, philosophy, and science, has not the Calvin Translation Society laid the modern public under a debt of gratitude by the re-publication of the invaluable productions of the Genevese Reformer. Lastly, to conclude these preliminary observations, started by the perusal of a correspondence carried on three centuries ago, do not these letters, laboriously collected by Dr Bonnet during the course

¹ Letters of John Calvin, compiled from the original manuscripts, and edited with historical notes, by Dr JULIUS BONNET.

of five years throughout the libraries of Europe, form a fitting conclusion to the labours of the Calvin Translation Society, and entitle their collector to our warmest thanks for the presentation of "a genuine portrait of the Reformer drawn by his own hand?"

It is not, of course, as our literary readers are aware, the first occasion on which Letters of Calvin have been collected and given to the public. Jonvillers, like another Boswell, the docile disciple and aid-de-camp of Calvin, devoted, under the superintendence of Beza, 20 years to the reproduction of his friend and master's Latin correspondence—a correspondence published at Geneva in 1575, and reprinted at Amsterdam, in 1671, the latter of which editions, forms one of the sources of the work now presented to the English public.

Let Bonnet however prefer his own claims respecting the value of the letters presented for the first time in an English dress by a translator—Mr David Constable,—who has ably discharged a task, (involving the office of interpreter) the difficulty of which can only be estimated by those who have attempted to transfer the obsolete theological Latin diction into idiomatic modern English, and "revised by the Rev. Dr Cunningham, Principal of the New College, Edinburgh, with a degree of watchful care and enlightened solicitude that cannot be too highly appreciated."

"Here justice compels us to acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligations of this unpublished correspondence to the recent labours and investigations of several distinguished Protestant authors. We refer especially to the 'Life of Calvin,' by Dr Paul Henry of Berlin,—a pious monument raised in honour of the Reformer by a descendant of the refugees, and enriched with a number of Letters from the libraries of France and Switzerland; to the learned researches of Professor Bretschneider, the editor of the Gotha Letters; the important work of Ruchat, re-edited by the talented continuator of the great historian Jean de Müller, Professor Vulliemin of Lausanne, with an extensive Appendix, containing precious fragments of Calvin's French Correspondence, reproduced in the 'Chronicle' of M. Crottet. And now, having made these acknowledgements, we may legitimately claim for ourselves the privilege of offering to the public for the first time, a general and authentic collection of Calvin's Correspondence, the greater part of which has, up to the present time, been buried in the dust of libraries, and altogether unpublished."

The present volume forms the first instalment of the collected correspondence, which will be embraced in three future volumes, comprising altogether about 600 letters. Not that these will exhaust them. Far from it. But a summary will be affixed in the appendix, of those letters which it has been thought unnecessary to include in the present edition. Moreover, as a complete edition of the originals is in course of publication at Paris, any one can avail himself of it, by application to the publishers of the present work.

Let us now turn to the correspondence itself; dating not from the day of Calvin's birth, (at Noyon in Picardy, 10th July 1509,) as do the edicts of royal babes, but from May 1528, during his residence at the University of Orleans, to 27th May 1564, the day of his death at Gen-

eva, and embracing thus, with few intervals, to employ the language of Dr Bonnet—

“all the phases of his life ; from the obscure scholar of Bourges and Paris escaping from the stake by flying into exile, to the triumphant Reformer, who was able in dying, to contemplate his work as accomplished. Nothing can exceed the interest of this correspondence, in which an epoch and a life of the most absorbing interest are reflected in a series of documents equally varied and genuine ; and in which the familiar effusions of friendship are mingled with the more serious questions of theology, and with the heroic breathings of faith. From his bed of suffering and of continued labours, Calvin followed with an observant eye the great drama of the Reformation, marking its triumphs and its reverses in every State of Europe. Invested, in virtue of his surpassing genius, with an almost universal apostolate, he wielded an influence as varied and as plastic as his activity. He exhorts with the same authority the humble ministers of the Gospel and the powerful monarchs of England, Sweden, and Poland. He holds communion with Luther and Melanchthon, animates Knox, encourages Coligny, Condé, Jeanne d'Albret, and the Duchess of Ferrara ; while in his familiar letters to Farel, Viret, and Theodore Beza, he pours out the overflowings of a heart filled with the deepest and most acute sensibility. The same man, worn by watchings and sickness, but rising by the energy of the soul above the weakness of the body, overturns the party of the Libertines, lays the foundations of the greatness of Geneva, establishes foreign churches, strengthens the martyrs, dictates to the Protestant princes the wisest and most perspicuous counsels ; negotiates, argues, teaches, prays, and with his latest breath, gives utterance to words of power, which posterity receives as the political and religious testament of the man.”

Attractive as is the subject, and furnishing no ordinary amount of materials as do these letters, we disclaim all intention of even attempting, within our brief limits, to write the life of a man, whose biography would indeed form “the History of the Reformation in the 16th century.” Strange to say, a satisfactory life of Calvin is a desideratum : for, though Beza paid an affectionate tribute to his lamented friend in a brief memoir ; though Jonvillers and several of his earlier as well as later devoted disciples, have displayed their zeal in collecting his correspondence ;—though German industry, in the person of Dr Henry of Berlin, has offered its contribution to swell the mass of information already provided regarding the French Reformer, and though Dr Tweedie has lately added a miniature life, prefixed to his “Calvin and Servetus,” we are persuaded we only express the conviction of modern Calvinists, when we assert that a Standard Life of Calvin still forms a desideratum in English Literature. We do not deny that the translation of Rillet's little treatise executed by Dr Tweedie, and especially Dr Henry's work executed by Dr Stebbing, have materially tended to accomplish that revolution of opinion which is gradually claiming for Calvin that place in literature and theology so generally assigned to him by his cotemporaries,—not only by the friends of Protestantism, but also by his Popish adversaries.

It is true they have repelled, by the force of incontestable evidence, many of the heartless and groundless calumnious charges preferred against the character of a man entitled to rank high amongst political as well as ecclesiastical reformers and legislators. He may no longer be

pilloried to the world as the ruthless murderer of the arch-heresiarch Michael Servetus. Modern Christendom may smile at the idea of Calvin's being twitted with attempting to perform the miracle of raising the dead, and dare to doubt that he had recourse to the intercession of St Hubert to effect a cure for his son suffering from hydrophobia. But has the stigma so sedulously stamped upon the public mind been altogether erased? Have we been favoured with such a representation of the character of the Genevese Reformer, we ask, as extorts not only the involuntary admiration of hostile ecclesiastics, but that affectionate esteem, which he gained wherever he was known? Certainly not.

We trust however that the life of Calvin, in the preparation of which, Dr M'Crie, the son of the historian of Knox, is reported to be engaged, will at once supply the desideratum, and relieve Scotland from the disgrace attaching to her neglect in so tardily vindicating the character of the Master at whose feet her own Reformer sat,—of one moreover, to whom, under Providence, she is primarily indebted for that presbyterianism, which has so long rendered her rock-girt isle the peculiar home and refuge of Civil and Religious Liberty.

We do not even speak here of his compact system of theology elaborated in his Institutes,—a system which has been, and still is subjected,—witness Maurice's Essays—to the misrepresentation of injudicious advocates, not less than to the reproaches of open foes. "Truth is the child of time."

Our task is a far humbler one: we simply desire to take a glance at "the genuine portrait of the reformer,"—to form some acquaintance with the man not so much in the capacity of *a reformer*,—for Catholic as well as Protestant Christendom have frequently done involuntary homage to him in that capacity,—as *the man* John Calvin, the student at Paris, Orleans, and Bourges, the Protestant refugee at Basle, the Pastor at Strasbourg and Geneva, the comforter of the persecuted and the friend of divines.

We labour under the serious disadvantage of having only *one* of the four volumes of correspondence before us; *e.g.* we must necessarily defer the consideration of the extent to which Calvin was implicated in the execution of Servetus,—a subject which his enemies have greedily canvassed for the unworthy purpose of loading his memory with unmerited infamy, as is unanswerably demonstrated by Rillet's little work. To proceed, however. We already said that Calvin was born at Noyon in Picardy in 1509; mark well the date. The Crescent had supplanted the Cross on the dome of St Sophia at Constantinople in 1453. Literary men fled before the flood of Tartaric barbarism. "Westward Ho!" was the watchword of the tide of emigration. Europe hailed the revival of literature, and stood astonished, ere long, at the resurrection which hurled the "old clothes" of the man of sin to the moles and the bats, and invested the nations with that elegance of simplicity which characterises the spotless robes of "the man Jesus."

The God of order commissioned Luther, who first saw the light in 1483, to be the destroyer of the papacy. The miner's son spoke. He was recognised as "the man of the people,"—the mouth of freedom trumpeting

the proclamation of that "liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free." Europe was heaved with commotions when God introduced John Calvin on the stage of time to mould the system,—aye the destinies of Protestantism. Luther, we say,—destined to be the avenger of power and priestcraft, sprung from the people,—became the "man of the people;" and as Gervinus correctly observes, only refrained from a reformation of the church in accordance with the doctrine of "the priesthood being common to all Christians," because "he dreaded another Munster." "Luther" says he, "in his reformation, as in the first commencement of Christianity, and in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel, remained passive towards the State, and finally resigned the Church to its protection." Calvin, on the other hand, the son of the procurator-fiscal of his native county, brought into association with the families of the aristocratic clients of his father,—we refer especially to the Mommors, though he abominated ecclesiastical as well as political despotism, clung by association and education to the nobility, and became "the man of the aristocracy," designating by that phrase not only the hereditary but also the literary aristocracy—the aristocracy of talent and of sterling worth. "Calvin," says Gervinus, "by his collegiate education, by his classical and law studies, and by the perspicuity of his writings, attracted the higher and educated classes of society, more than the man of the people, Luther. From the commencement of his reformation, Calvin turned to the Courts of France and of Ferrara, and was from that time in constant communication with the higher orders in France, and for a long time corresponded with the nobles of Poland. It is well known that it was chiefly through the nobles that the Calvinistic reformation gained access to France and Scotland, while the lower orders of the former country always adhered to the mass."

Hence it is that the ecclesiastical politics stereotyped at the era of the Reformation, in England and Scotland, present the contrasts that never fail to strike the mind of the critical student and observer.

It was in company with the sons of the house of Mommors that the youthful reformer took up his residence in the University of Paris. Destined as he had been by his father to the profession of law, he prosecuted his studies also at Orleans and Bourges; but the death of his father, and association with the multiplying adherents of Luther, determined his future career. He resolved to devote himself to the study of theology, heart and soul to the ministry of the gospel.

We are not furnished with such ample materials regarding the early life of Calvin as of Luther. Luther is as familiar to us as our own brothers. Calvin appears only now and then, as it were, as our guest. Who has not run about the town in company with the burly little Martin—listened with delight to the sweet notes of that flute which won the heart of his adopted mother,—glowed with sympathy as he perused and re-perused the Old Bible found on a dusty shelf in the monastery—and pitied that manly heart as it struggled with convictions, the expression of which shook Europe to its foundations? But little John Calvin? who ever saw him until the Bishop performed the ceremony of the tonsure on the boy of 18 years of age? Did he smile at the solemn absurdity,

or tremble through every nerve on the awful occasion of being solemnly devoted to the service of the holy God? Nobody knows, though we do not hesitate to believe the latter, if we may judge from the record of his feelings, a few years later. How did he deport himself at College? We cannot tell. That he was, if ever any one was, an "earnest student," cannot be doubted. Even Audin, whose *Vie de Calvin* has been published as an antidote to D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, is compelled to confess that at Orleans, "he was the delight of the professors, assiduous, docile, and full of ardour." Melchior Wolmar, professor of Greek at Bourges, accounted for the strong attachment which he formed for his young and talented pupil by saying that he (Calvin) "combined the industry of a German with the vivacity of a Frenchman."

But who was Calvin's Staupitz? who directed the anxious inquirer? for inquirer he of necessity became, blinded as he was, like his contemporaries by the "dust of creeds," and the crumbling debris of a falling church, though he paid the strictest observance of all the rites of the church, so much so that it may be said of him in the language of Cowper,—

"Thou wast the veriest slave in days of yore
That ever dragged a chain or tugged an oar."

The answer forms an interesting episode in the life of our reformer. Lefevre,—"*homunculi unius neque genere insignis*"—says Beza, who had been born about 1455, at Etaples in Picardy, occupied at that time a distinguished (in the estimation of Erasmus, the first) rank among the professors in the University of Paris. William Farel (born in 1489) sprung from a noble family in the Waldensian valleys, who had entered the University, was attracted by the devoted piety of the aged Lefevre. The ardent student was welcomed by the professor. They were soon cemented together in the closest friendship, and "often might the aged Lefevre and his young disciple" as we learn from Farel's letters, "be seen adorning an image of the Virgin with flowers; and alone, far from Paris, far from its scholars and doctors, they murmured in concert the fervent prayers they offered up to Mary."

"The old doctor was engaged in a laborious task;" at that very time, is the graphic description of D'Aubigne, "he was carefully collecting the legends of the saints and martyrs, and arranging them according to the order in which their names are found in the calendar. Two months had already been printed, when one of those beams of light which came from heaven suddenly illuminated his soul. He could not resist the disgust which such puerile superstitions must ever cause in the heart of a Christian. The sublimity of the Word of God made him perceive the paltry nature of these fables. They now appeared to him no better than 'brimstone fit to kindle the fire of idolatry.' He abandoned his work, and throwing these legends aside turned ardently to the Holy Scriptures."

Farel imbibed of course the spirit of his master, and ere long inspired the youthful Calvin, as well as numbers of his fellow-students, with kindred feelings. From that period dates the Reformation in France,—a reformation, the spontaneous production of that same Spirit of truth,

who established the various "centres of distribution" in Germany, Switzerland, and Britain, from which the light of the Gospel radiated anew throughout the length and breadth of modern Christendom.

We shall not dwell in detail upon the history of the change of opinion effected in the mind of the youthful Reformer, and therefore content ourselves with referring to the unvarnished statement of what may be safely styled his conversion from Popery, introduced in the reply to Cardinal Sadolet's letter, which may be found, as it is well worth studying, especially by those engaged in the Popish controversy, in the first volume issued by the Calvin Translation Society.

Is it necessary to add that from that period also dates the commencement of Calvin's public career? that he soon drew down, by his fearless denunciation of anti-christian idolatry and superstition, the suspicion and anathemas of the Sorbonne, the parliament and the priesthood, upon his devoted head? that he fled, first to Angouleme, and, like several others, enjoyed the protection and favour of Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis I., and afterwards to Basle, where he published his "little book," as he termed the first edition of his "Institutes?" and that he latterly settled at Geneva, to which, after his factious expulsion and temporary sojourn at Strasbourg, he again returned, as his permanent abode?

It was no drawing-room ministry, the ministry of John Calvin in the 16th century. He had decided the grand argument between "Reverence for the Church," the stumbling-block of ignorance and superstition, and "Obedience to the Commandments of God." Did he not see, as Luther, as Lefevre, as Farel, as all men that had eyes to see, saw, that "everything upon earth was different from what is taught in the Scriptures?" Did he not, accordingly, as all the world's grand heroes have done,—as Moses did, as Christ did, as Paul did,—did he not, we say, brave the despot's wrath and the world's reproach? If ever thorough-going earnestness and indomitable perseverance inspired the breast of humanity in the accomplishment of a noble and philanthropic object, John Calvin assuredly was that man. Yet he was no bigot. No. Bigotry is the child of later centuries,—of lesser minds,—of degenerate times. "My perversity does not reach to such a degree," says he, "as to allow *myself* in a freedom of opinion, which I would wish to take away from *others*."—(P. 17.) "I perceive," says he again, "how many begin to flatter themselves under the title of the Church, *strongly condemning whatsoever is not like their own*, for which they will have to render account."—(P. 39.)

The reformation of the church *must* be accomplished. That is the sublime purpose of his life. Does "the eldest son of the church,"—the powerful Emperor of France, wield the sword and the rack against the little band of Christian reformers? Calvin attempts to conciliate him in their favour by editing his maiden work, the "*De Clementia* of Seneca." It is all in vain; "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Does his keen eye discern that "unity" in doctrine and government is essential to the Protestant Reformation? He presents, at 26 or 27 years of age, to the Protestant Church, a treatise which he modestly entitles a "little book," viz., "The Institutes of the Christian Religion,"—a

book so symmetrical and systematic in its structure, so complete and comprehensive, and scriptural in its embodiment of the scheme of Christian doctrine as well as of Church government, that modern Christendom, by almost unanimous consent, satisfied themselves with simply stereotyping the divine representation in their ecclesiastical systems. We say so advisedly, in spite of semi-Popish and Puseyite opposition. Does he discover that the calendar of the saints and their lying legends have been tossed aside, as devoid of instruction, by the inquiring people? Commentary after commentary upon the Old and New Testaments issues from the intellectual laboratory of "the Christian Hercules."

But we have suffered ourselves to be led into a digression from the more immediate object we have in view, viz., to illustrate the character of Calvin by some quotations from his correspondence,—and have thus anticipated the period from which the first letter of Calvin commences in the volume lying before us,—a letter dated Noyon, 14th May 1528, (being thus nineteen years of age,) addressed to Nicholas Duchemin, who had been his fellow-student at Paris, in which reference is made to the illness and approaching demise of his father, by way of apology for his delay in not returning to his friend.

We pass, however, from it to No. IX., addressed to Francis Daniel, in which we gain a glimpse of the condition of the universities of that age. "In the colleges," it is almost unnecessary to repeat in D'Aubigne's words, "they were more busily engaged in learning their parts in comedies, in masquerading, and in mountebank farces, than in studying the oracles of God." And behold the society into which the "earnest student" was plunged, on leaving his paternal home, situated amidst the fragrant and peaceful vineyards of Picardy.

"Although I have beside me a forest of materials which furnish most satisfactory evidence of what is written, yet I will restrain my pen, that you may have rather the leading features than a long narrative; to which were I to give way, it would grow almost into a goodly volume. On the first of October, at which time of the year the boys who pass out of the grammar class into that of the dialectics, are wont, for the sake of practice, to act a play, they performed one in the Navarre Gymnasium, which was unusually pungent with the sprinkling of gall and vinegar. The persons brought upon the stage are—a Queen, who, in womanly fashion, was taken up with spinning, and wholly occupied with the distaff and the needle: then the fury Megæra appeared, bringing lighted torches near to her, that she might throw away the rock and the needle. For a little while she opposed and struggled; but when she had yielded, she received the gospel into her hand, and straightway forgets all she had formerly grown into the habit of, and almost even herself. Last of all, she becomes tyrannical, and persecutes the innocent and unfortunate by every method of cruelty. Many other devices were introduced in the same style, most unworthily indeed against that excellent woman, whom, neither indirectly nor obscurely, they tauntingly revile with their reproaches. For a few days the affair was suppressed. Afterwards, however, as Truth is the daughter of Time, the whole matter being reported to the Queen, it seemed to her that it would set a very bad example and encouragement to their wantonness, who are always gaping after something new, if this impertinence were allowed to pass unpunished. The prefect of police, with a hundred officers, proceeded to the Gymnasium, and by his

orders, surrounded the building, that no one might slip out. He then entered with some few of his men, but did not succeed in finding the author of the drama. They say, that he had little expected such a proceeding, and had made no provision in the event of it; but that, being by accident in a friend's room, he heard the noise before they could get sight of him, and so hid himself away until an opportunity of escape presented. The prefect in command of the police captured the boyish performers; the master of the Gymnasium, meanwhile, resisted this proceeding; in the midst of their wranglings, stones were thrown by some of the boys. The prefect, nevertheless, keeps hold of his prisoners, and forced them to explain what parts they had acted in the scene before supper. When the author of the mischief could not be apprehended, the next thing was to enquire after those who, when they could have hindered, had permitted the performance, and had so long concealed the whole affair. One who is distinguished above the rest in authority and name, (for he is the great master Lauret,) sought that he might be imprisoned more respectably in the house of one of the Commissaries, (as they call them.) Another of them, Morinus, the second after him, was ordered to keep at home. Meanwhile, the inquiry goes forward. What has been discovered I know not: he is now summoned so appear on a citation of three short days, as they now phrase it. So much for the Comedies."

Need we wonder that Calvin should have been repelled from association with such wanton revellers and masqueraders, and been attracted to the aged Lefevre, who would grasp the hand of William Farel, and say in a serious tone of voice, "My dear William, God will renew the world, and you will see it."

Observe the modesty of true genius, as he speaks of his immortal book. "Although there was abundant leisure for writing," says he, "and the way or channel of correspondence was not entirely closed, yet I was kept continually occupied upon the French version of my little book."

Peruse now the following quotation extracted from a letter addressed to one of them whom he termed "dearer to him than life,"—William Farel,—who might have formed the original of Cowper's faithful pastor:—

"I wish that here I could have ended my letter, that you might be spared the hearing of what will be displeasing to you. But I shall not hesitate to inform you of what the Lord has done, who are yourself both learning and teaching others willingly to submit to His providence. Last Sabbath-day your nephew was seized with the plague. His companion and the goldsmith who bore testimony to the Gospel at Lyons brought me word immediately. As I had taken some pills to relieve the complaint in my head I could not go to him myself. Every thing, however, which was required for the preservation of his life was both faithfully and carefully attended to. A woman, acquainted with both languages, was engaged to sit up with him, and in some degree accustomed to the care of persons suffering under such maladies. Not being able to undergo the fatigue of constant attendance herself, she got her son-in-law to assist her. Grynée visited him frequently: I did so too as soon as my health allowed it. When our friend Du Tilly saw that I did not fear the danger, he insisted on sharing it with me: we were with him for a long while yesterday, and as the signs of approaching death were now evident, I imparted spiritual rather than bodily comfort. He wandered a little in his mind, yet had so much consciousness of his state as to call me back to his chamber that he might entreat me earnestly to pray for him; for he

had heard me discoursing of the benefit of prayer. This morning, about five o'clock in the morning, he departed to the Lord. Of his companion, who was afflicted with the same malady, we cannot yet write anything certain. Yesterday, there appeared to me to be some hope. I fear, however, that last night may have injured him : for although he occupied a separate bed-chamber and had his own attendant, he heard what had happened to his companion. I shall see him, as I hope, again to-day. That excellent man, the goldsmith, because he had intercourse with the infected, has been dismissed by his master. I have sent him, with my recommendation, to Strasbourg, that he may get a situation there. Concerning the wearing apparel and other moveables of your nephew thus you have it : The son-in-law of the old woman affirms that all his clothes, which, however, are not many, were left to him, but with no appearance of truth, since he could not have done so unless in the intervals of delirium under which he laboured during the whole night. He has a sword and a shirt with Wolf. I know for certain that he had no money when he fell ill. It was required, therefore, to expend somewhat for his support while living and what was necessary for his burial. I fear, however, lest any little sum of money which I conjecture to remain may be made away with. This I write to you somewhat minutely, since I consider it right to inform you that you may know all. His landlord, Wolf, who has this morning told me all these things, thinks that the story about the legacy of clothes is a pure fable. He is a decent fellow, and one who conducts himself uprightly. Adieu, excellent and most esteemed brother."

And tell us, are these the suggestions of a heart of steel, which could take delight in constructing a system of reprobation and damnation of corrupt and fallen humanity,—of consigning three-fourths of the human family to everlasting perdition in a lake of fire and brimstone, where no sound falls upon the ear, but weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth ? "I wish that you might be spared the hearing of what will be unpleasant to you." And yet John Calvin, in whose breast beats a heart so sensitively alive to sorrow,—so baptized with benevolence,—so sympathetic in suffering,—must be traduced as a heartless persecutor, a ruthless murderer ; nay, some men cannot speak of him but in the irritated style of certain cotemporary dames whose *licentiousness* he rebuked,— "Don't speak to us of Calvin,—he is a monster !" By the way, we are much mistaken if this latter fact does not afford the true explanation of the origin, not only of the groundless calumnies with which his personal character has been assailed, but also of the opposition his doctrinal system has met with in the world. Calvin was doubtless stern in the eyes of the licentious dames, nobility, and clergy of Geneva ;—not more stern, however, than the law of God, the standard in accordance with which he formed his judgments, directed his conduct, and administered ecclesiastical and even political discipline ; for Calvin admonished, as Gervinus remarks, "in the double character of a Grecian legislator and of a Christian reformer. He remodelled church and state together in the theocratic spirit of the old Mosaic law."

Again : take another extract, illustrative of that delicacy of sensibility which formed a leading characteristic in the disposition of the man who has been vituperated as "a monster !"

"On the Monday a circumstance occurred which had provoked my anger ;

for when the housekeeper, as oft she does, spoke more freely than became her, and had addressed some rude expression to my brother, he could not brook her impertinence; not, however, that he made any stir about it, but he silently left the house, and vowed solemnly that he would not return so long as she remained with me. Therefore, when she saw me so sad on account of my brother's departure she also went elsewhere. Her son, in the meanwhile, continued to live with me. I am wont, however, when heated by anger, or stirred up by some greater anxiety than usual, to eat to excess, and to devour my meat more eagerly than I ought, which so happened to me at that time. Whenever the stomach is oppressed overnight with too much, or with unsuitable food, I am tormented in the morning with severe indigestion. To correct that by fasting was a ready cure, and that was my usual practice; but in order that the son of our housekeeper might not interpret this abstinence to be an indirect way of getting rid of him, I rather chose, at the expense of health, not to incur that offence. On Tuesday thereafter, when the cough, as I have already mentioned, had ceased, about nine o'clock, after supper, I was seized with a fainting fit. I went to bed; then followed severe paroxysm, intense burning heat, a strange swimming of the head. When I got up on Wednesday, I felt so feeble in every limb and member, that I was at length forced to acknowledge that I was labouring under severe illness. I dined sparingly. After dinner I had two fits, with frequent paroxysms afterwards, but at irregular intervals, so that it could not be ascertained what particular form of fever it was."

As well as the following, dated from Ratisbon, when he must have been immersed in the business of the Conference.

"In the meantime, while I wait for your letter, a distressing event is announced to me, that our dear friend Claude, whom I singularly esteemed, had been carried off by the plague. Louis, the brother of Charles, followed three days afterwards. My house was in a state of sad desolation; my brother had gone with Charles to a neighbouring village, my wife had betaken herself to my brother's, and the youngest of Claude's scholars was lying sick in bed. To the bitterness of grief, therefore, there was added a very anxious concern for those who survived. Day and night my wife was constantly present to my thoughts, in need of advice, seeing that she was deprived of her husband. The bereaved condition of the very estimable Charles, who, within the space of four days, has been deprived of his only brother, and of his instructor, whom he revered as a father, grievously distressed me. I was aware, besides, that he was most tender in his affection. I could not think about Malherbe, but, at the same time, the excellent youths who took care of him came into my mind. Although, however, these events have produced in me so much sadness, that it seems as if they could utterly upset the mind and depress the spirit, you cannot believe the grief which consumes me on account of the death of my dear friend Claude. Nor need this surprise you. For these two years bygone, you can well conceive how much I stood in need of an assured and faithful friend, who might help to uphold me in the midst of so many and such varied troubles and causes of disquiet; he not only proved himself most faithful, but in every way so dutiful, and withal so kindly, that I could use almost the same familiarity in my intercourse with him as if he were my brother. When of late I left this place, as you know, in a state of suspense and irresolution, he promised, in the most sacred manner, that he would come wherever I wished, and that his friendship should never fail me. The more I consider with myself how much I stood in need of a good counsellor always at my side, and, on the other hand, how rare, in these times, is such an instance of affectionate goodwill and faithfulness, I cannot arrive at any other conclusion, than that the

Lord, in taking him away, has meant to chastise me severely for my sins! But while I only intended to touch upon the subject of my misery in a passing way, I am already running to excess. That is to be accounted for, however, as well by the recollection of a most excellent man, (which I wish may some time be as sweet to me as it shall ever be sacred,) as from a pious regard to those who are left."

We might easily have adduced numerous other passages which abundantly demonstrate the groundlessness of the calumnious charges preferred against Calvin. Our quotations, it will be observed, have borne reference exclusively and advisedly to those *traits* of character, the display of which constitute the most attractive graces of the Christian character. Sorry we are indeed to restrict ourselves, as our limits however demand, to the delineation of the merest outlines of the "genuine portrait" of a man, whose blended amiability and magnanimity, entitles him to the highest rank amongst Christian heroes. We cannot forbear adding one other attestation to the conciliatory disposition which inspired the Genevese Reformer in the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties.

"We have an intestine seed of discord in the city, as I have already mentioned; but we take special care, by our patient and mild deportment, that the Church may not suffer any inconvenience from that circumstance, and that nothing of that kind may reach the common people. They all know very well, by experience, the pleasant and humane disposition of Viret: I am in no way more harsh, at least in this matter. Perhaps you will scarcely believe this; it is not the less true, however. Indeed, I value the public peace and cordial agreement among ourselves so highly, that I lay restraint upon myself: those who are opposed to us are themselves compelled to award this praise to me. This feeling prevails to such an extent, that from day to day those who were once open enemies have become friends; others I conciliate by courtesy, and I feel that I have been in some measure successful, although not everywhere and on all occasions.

"On my arrival, it was in my power to have disconcerted our enemies most triumphantly, entering with full sail among the whole of that tribe who had done the mischief. I have abstained: if I had liked, I could daily, not merely with impunity, but with the approval of very many, have used sharp reproof. I forbear; even with the most scrupulous care do I avoid everything of the kind, lest even by some slight word I should appear to persecute any individual, much less all of them at once. May the Lord confirm me in this disposition of mind."

We must again remind our readers of the disadvantages under which we have laboured, in bringing the present stray volume,—comprising only one fourth part of Calvin's collected correspondence,—before them. Hence the fragmentary and of course introductory character of this article; an opportunity for the continuation of which will, however be afforded upon the issue of the second volume of the series. Meantime, who does not at once, we ask, even from the glimpse that *we have* obtained of John Calvin, recognise in him those characteristics which indelibly stamp the genius and the life of the true Christian hero? Not that we claim for John Calvin the possession of the attributes of a demigod. We have no inclination to follow in the first steps of a late *Dublin Reviewer*, who dare "blanch an incarnate fiend into an angel of purity," and Alexander VI., forsooth, into a chaste infallible and Christian Pope! *Credat Apelles!*

So far indeed rancour itself must acknowledge we have had no necessity, whatever may be demanded of us in the discussion of his treatment of Servetus. He stands prominently forward as an eminent representative of the highest style of man—the Christian ; nay more, of the Christian Reformer.

Say that “he wears the livery of the Old Testament,” to adopt the forcible language of Dr Henry of Berlin, in speaking of Calvin as a theologian, “and understands the holiness, righteousness, and omnipotence, more clearly than the *love* of God.” Say that he did resemble Moses more than he did John ; draw aside the “veil” that shrouds the glory of the Jewish legislator, and was he not “the meekest man that was upon the earth ?” Judge John Calvin by his theological system, by his ecclesiastical legislation, and you may perhaps term him “theocratic”——“stern”——“austere.” Yet “he had both facts and Scripture on his side.” Judge him however, by the Christian courteousness, the mild deportment, the tenderness of heart which characterised him in his frank intercourse with his bosom friends, with Farel and Viret, the friends “dearer to him than life,” with “his Philip” Melancthon, and with his harmonious family, with Idellette de Bure, “*exempli singularis femina*,” the terms in which he delighted to do her honour ; judge John Calvin, we say, in this manner, let it be the man moreover, not the theologian, and we are persuaded he will enshrine himself in your “heart of hearts.”

THE WAR.—MINISTERIAL POLICY.

THE monthly reviewer, in a matter of so many and so varied events as the war, is placed at a great disadvantage as compared with the daily or even weekly journalist. He cannot but repeat much of what has already been often said by these writers. Our main object in writing these articles has been to lay before our readers the views which, apart from all party considerations, appeared those most becoming to this nation in the present momentous crisis of European affairs. How far this attempt has been successful, we know not ; but, though many of the sentiments here put forth may not have been in accordance with those of the readers of this Journal, it has been our anxious endeavour to utter nothing with regard to the past, which was not warranted by facts ; nor to indicate anything as to the future, which either antecedent events or the evident progress of affairs did not seem to justify. In the pursuit of this line of conduct, we have ever endeavoured to point out and to advocate the course which was calculated to bring about a peace which would be secure and lasting. It has been necessary, therefore, to expose, from time to time, the conduct of those parties who, by whatever motives actuated, have sought to defeat what we have ever maintained to be the only proper end of this warfare. In this way alone, by the exposure of the motives of action of the opponents of a vigorous prosecution of the war, can the righteousness of the conflict in which we are engaged be satisfactorily proved. When the mistaken peaceful ideas of one, the

views of selfish personal aggrandisement of another, or it may be the indecision of others, whether inherent in their own individual character, or infused into them by the pressure of external influence, are laid bare, the course is cleared of all those extraneous means which were used for mystifying the simple question.

The necessity of such a mode of argument is now especially urgent ; for never indeed were there more attempts to make a question originally simple and popular, complex and unpopular. Every means of extrication from the difficulty having been exhausted, the popular cry was justly for war, because there was no escape from it. Now, by the exertions of the wiles and intricacies of diplomacy, by inaction of parties at home, by divided councils, and by foreign influence, the *origo mali* is nearly lost sight of, and these would-be peace-makers use their utmost to convert this just popularity of the decision to which the allies were ultimately driven of taking up arms, into an unpopular measure, by vauntingly exclaiming, "What are we fighting for?" This is a cunning device, and one at such a time not unlikely, as they well know, to mislead the public mind. Indeed strange it is that the public voice has been so firm and decided in resisting all the influence which has been applied, seeing that they are groaning under the weight of greatly increased taxation, a large expenditure of blood and treasure, no decisive success, and a harassing siege. Fatigue ever dulls the spirits, and nothing could have tended more to advance the peculiar views of those parties who were favourable either to peace at any price in itself, or peace which would not be in any way humiliating to the powerful State with which we are at war, than the anomalous game of peace and war which has been played by our Government ever since the declaration of hostilities. Amid all these difficulties and disasters consequent on the conduct of our rulers, how nobly have our countrymen, both those personally engaged and the great body of the people, borne it. As yet they have never flinched, notwithstanding the enjoyment of a long peace, and their acquired experience of some of the difficulties and even horrors of war. Nothing more distinctly proves the justice of the cause of war than this continued persistence of the nation in the demand for its vigorous prosecution, and their willingness to submit to every burden which will enable this to be done. How greatly increased then becomes the culpability of those to whom its management has been entrusted in trifling with the unmistakeably expressed desires of the nation. How incumbent also it is on all who have the true welfare of their country at heart, disregarding every other consideration, to use every exertion to aid those men who, animated by patriotic feelings, are desirous of promoting those measures which are most conducive to the attainment of the grand object.

It would be mere waste of time to traverse the field of topics which have, especially during the preceding month, been so ably and fully discussed both in Parliament and the public journals. These few remarks will be confined to the influence which is being exerted at home, and to the effects which the most recent doings of our rulers may have on our relations with foreign powers. The former of these will hereafter be found to have been the fundamental cause of the blunders which have

been committed, and if not soon either entirely removed or sufficiently counteracted, may be the means of bringing further disaster, or of unnecessarily prolonging the contest. The latter has already been very damaging to our character and our interests as a nation, so that while endeavouring to avoid humiliating our foe, we have degraded ourselves, and lost the place which we formerly held.

Though uninitiated in the mysteries of court intrigue, the wanderings of ministerial councils, or the chicanery of diplomatic circles, we can hardly shut our eyes entirely to the movements which from behind the scenes are directing the proceedings of the Allies. Few could be altogether ignorant of the contradictions which were, and are now going on in the cabinet, the camp, and the conference,—manifestly proving a want of unanimity and indecision at head-quarters. Had we been previously ignorant of the dissensions which prevailed, the revelations made by the recent discussions in Parliament, and the unveiling of Lord John Russell by the circular of Count Buol, leading to his unwished for explanations and abrupt dismissal, must have given us some insight into the strange way in which our affairs have been conducted. Complaints have been made by the ministerialists, and by many of the journals, of the unseemly conflict which has been going on between the legislature and executive. It has, with an attempted show of plausibility, been argued that the legislature has been venturing to over-ride the bounds of the constitution, and to arrogate to itself the powers of the executive. There can be no doubt that there are prescribed limits to the powers both of the executive and the legislature, and the assumption by either party of the authority properly delegated to the other, is at all times fraught with danger to the fundamental principles of our constitutional government. It must be narrowly investigated wherein lies the offence originating the conflict, and if the conduct of the executive has not caused the apparent encroachment of the legislature on the functions peculiarly appropriated to the executive. The specious plea set forth is that the public have not only concurred in the declaration of war, but have incited the government to its prosecution,—and that they have sought to interfere with and control the government. We deny entirely, that the action of the public on the legislature or the executive, has in any way exceeded the spirit and practice of the constitution, or that any motion which has been brought forward has violated the grand principles on which the executive government of this country has been founded. The process on the contrary has been most healthful, and the people, through their representatives, have only exercised these rights and privileges which have been secured to them. The country has been almost unanimous in favour of the war, and they are entitled at all times to express their dissatisfaction with the executive, and to urge for the adoption of their views, or a change of government. This surely cannot be denied. But further, there has been a double-dealing, whereby the ministry has wished to appear to be carrying out the views of the community, while they have been acting in a totally different manner. Is it to be supposed that the country is tamely to submit to such conduct as has been exhibited in the career of so prominent a member of the administration as Lord John Russell? We

should have been sorry if the convention regarding the Turkish guarantee had been overturned,—but is it not a grave question if the executive government have not, in this matter, exceeded their power? True it is that the ministry have the decision of the question of peace or war, but as true is it that to Parliament belongs the duty and the power of supplying the sinews of war. But in this, as in all money matters, was the administration not bound first to have consulted Parliament before the convention with Turkey and France was entered into? Throughout this war, the people, by their representatives, have most liberally granted the supplies which were necessary, and no doubt they would have as readily complied with this demand. They did not oppose the loan, but they resisted the mode in which the government sought to make an aggression on their privileges. The ministry brought this difficulty on themselves.

Considering, therefore, the non-carrying out of their wishes by the executive government, it is not astonishing that the representatives of the people should demand if the cause to be pursued is to be in accordance with the sentiments of their constituents. Their suspicions have been justly awakened, and it is natural that they should seek to have either the present ministry decided, or to have a change of government before the recess, as then their control is gone. This is the more desirable, as it is rumoured that some unwilling prosecutors of the war still serve under the banner of Lord Palmerston. Lord Aberdeen was driven from office because his policy was adverse to the wishes of the country, and Lord Palmerston was brought in because he was supposed to represent the popular feeling. His lordship has grievously disappointed these erroneously formed expectations, and it is a fair demand which is made, that he shall either discard any sympathisers who remain, or that he shall resign, because his sentiments on the war are not in unison with those of the country. There is considerable ground for these suspicions, after the secession of the Peelites, and of Lord John Russell. The former concealed their real sentiments till they left the ministry, and the latter disguised his till he was unmasked by Count Buol. There is not the same means of discovering those who may still lurk there; and, therefore, they resort to the only mode open to them, of continued questioning in Parliament. But a far more serious question than this arises, as to the real sentiments of the Premier himself. There is much in the whole conduct and manner of Lord Palmerston, since his accidental succession to power, as well as in the way in which affairs have been carried on under his rule, to give cause for the greatest anxiety. In a former article, we indicated that the Premier never had any policy, and consequently no parliamentary following; and it cannot be expected that in his old age, he would have more decision than in his younger years. This indecision of character, especially at this time, is much to be deplored in the head of the government, and clearly accounts for the facility by which any opinion of his better judgment may be swayed by adverse influences. This will explain the expression, which we, arguing from his antecedents, and the part which he has played since he became Prime Minister, ventured to use regarding

his present situation,—that it was that of restraint. There is no escape from the dilemma of his inevitable position, either that he is a minister under restraint, or that he holds opinions in accordance with the policy of his predecessor. Neither of these can be satisfactory to the country. In the one case, no good will have been accomplished by the expulsion of Lord Aberdeen, and the secession of the Peelites, and Lord J. Russell ; in the other, the influence to which Lord Palmerston is subjected both within and without the ministry, will continue to paralyse and injure the proper prosecution of the war. It must be evident to the most common observer, that the present ministry, while alleging their participation in the popular wishes, have been influenced in a contrary direction. The mismanagement, the cross purposes and vacillation, must be mainly attributed to the existence of this influence, an influence in every way opposed, not only to the popular feeling in regard to this momentous contest, but also to the whole spirit of the British constitution. Much is it to be feared, that the servile Premier, who was said to have so long resisted, has for the gratification of his ambition, also allowed himself to be drawn into the same power which has so much trammelled nearly every government of late years. It can scarcely be disguised, that by means of this, we have been gradually losing the commanding position which we formerly held among the nations of the world, and are being degraded to the level of those States to whom we were wont to dictate. As an illustration of our argument, we would refer to the position of Prussia. The Sovereign, though a man of great talent, liberal views, and of considerable popularity, is destitute of decision of character, and is swayed by family connection to Russia, though really inclined towards the Allies ; while the people are almost unanimously anti-Russian. This indecision of character, has been the ruin of him and his kingdom ; and lost to him the imperial diadem. Let this example be impressed on us, so that our previous vacillation may be exchanged for unity and vigor of action. Let Lord Palmerston pursue the course distinctly pointed out to him by the country, and not only will he have the energetic support of the people, but will be the means of bringing this contest to a successful issue.

The true origin of the war, was to arrest the aggressions of Russia. What sentimentalism then to be afraid of humiliating Russia ! How otherwise can the object of the war be attained ? The alternative at this advanced stage of the contest, is presented to us either of the humiliation of Russia, the diminution of her territory, and the consequent securing of peace to the world, or for the gratification of the peace party, and the satisfaction of court intrigue, the patching up of peace, involving the useless waste of blood and treasure, crippling of resources, and the degradation of Britain, with the prospect of a rupture at no distant period under less advantageous circumstances. Are then our interests to be thus sacrificed ? Are our welfare, our honor, and our rank among the nations to be jeopardised ? And all for what ?

We have only space to say a few words on the effect of our ministerial policy on our foreign relations. In this, as much as in their domestic policy, has the evil of vacillation and divided counsels been exhibited.

Instead of employing the period preceding the declaration of hostilities, in obtaining the proffered co-operation of the various states of Europe, so as to have effected the complete isolation of Russia, our government, with a folly and blindness inexplicable, gave them the cold shoulder, and trifled with the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. Not to say that the war, if energetic measures had been used, might have been altogether prevented, of what vast importance would have been the aid of Sweden and Denmark, and how different would have been our present relations with Austria and Prussia. We have now lost the co-operation of these Northern States, and the alliance of the Courts of Vienna and Berlin is more prejudicial than if they were our declared foes. At the conference of Vienna, much irreparable mischief has been done to the Allies, both in the camp and in the cabinet. By the atmosphere of that city, two of their most distinguished statesmen have been seriously damaged; and by the occupation of the principalities by Austria, Russia has been enabled to concentrate the most of her forces in the Crimea. We have not time fully to illustrate the altered position of our relations with Austria. We may only remark that the present occasion is very critical in this respect, and that the opportunity should not be neglected of fixing that wily vacillating State. By the energy of the conservatives in this country, and by the firmness of the European Napoleon, Austria has failed in accomplishing her purpose. She will, however, work with her diplomacy, and endeavor to lure the allies into renewed conferences, with her former bait, that if Russia does not do this or that, she will regard the refusal as a *casus belli*. Let us be warned in time, that the Court of Vienna may consider it a case of war, and yet, not enter into hostilities with Russia. Peace with territorial or nominal advantage is Austria's desire, but if that cannot be obtained, peace, simple peace she must have if her integrity is to be preserved. Mark then her present difficulty. The conferences are at an end; and if she cannot have them re-opened, she may tremble for the future. That calculating power must now be awake to the conviction that the basis of the war will be soon extended, and that there is little chance of the sword being returned to the scabbard, till there is a re-arrangement of the present European States. What then is the prospect for the House of Hapsberg?

LITERARY NOTICES.

Liber Cantabrigiensis. An Account of the Aids, Encouragements, and Rewards to Students in the University of Cambridge. To which is prefixed a Collection of Maxims, Aphorisms, &c. By ROBERT PORTER, M.A., Trin. Coll. Cambridge. 1855.

IN this little book we expected to find a feast—but it was after the manner of Tantalus,—a feast to make the lips water, but without any substance of enjoyment. We expected a mere provocative to our northern appetite—whetted, rather than regaled, as it ever has been, by a poor modicum of

college bursaries, supplemented by little livings. In the outset, we encountered a provident, if not providential, damper. In what form exhibited, good reader, only think! In the form of half a volume of *Maxims and Aphorisms*! We are told in the title, that they are here for the use of learners! So far as they are concerned, we could imagine no other service, at first, that they could be expected to do them, than by a little prudent preparation of philosophy, to prevent their heads from being turned by the riches about to be spread forth before them, of coming preferments and rewards. If we discovered another use of the sapient collection, before we were done with it, it will be time enough to divulge it by and by. We indeed might add a third, to which, no doubt, some of the idle young fellows for whom these pages of wisdom were intended, may be tempted to put a portion of the leaves which we delicately suppress.

But to dispense in the meantime with the *Aphorisms*, let us come to the University with its goodly list of *encouragements*. Nothing is so striking at first view as the moderation, and even slenderness, of these premiums for the encouragement of learning:—In Magdeline College, “prizes of books of the value of £2, 12s. 6d. are given to each of the most distinguished proficient of the three years, at the general College Examination in classics and mathematics, which takes place at the division of the Easter Term.” Alumni of the High School and Academy! Pets of Pillans! Junior Sophs of Sir William! are ye not ready, each one, to exclaim of the rewards of Cambridge,—*Non equidem in video, miror magis*. If ye only wish to be rewarded on a better scale than ye are, change not from the braces of Arthur to the rushes of the Cam.

But the scholarships of which we hear so much, must surely be good things. Take an example. “Matthew Parker, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, gave to the College £80, 13s. 4d., on condition that they should allow £3, 0s. 8d. per annum, to a *scholar* to be chosen by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, *sede vacante*, by the Dean and Chapter!” Why, the tear and wear of the *scholar's* nerves, in presenting himself before these august electors, is not half compensated by the money.

Exhibitions are usually on the same generous and affluent scale. “John Lyon, a *wealthy yeoman*, of the hamlet of Preston in the parish of Hanow, the founder of the school there, gave two Exhibitions of £5 each yearly, for two students at Gonville and Caius College, to be appointed by the governors of the school. At present each exhibitioner receives £10 yearly, for four years.”

Now for Fellowships. Who does not hanker after the dignity and wealth of the Fellow of a College.

“Dr Caius founded and endowed with 8 merks a-piece, and £1, 6s. 8d. for livery or dress, one Fellowship for a Student in Theology, and two for Students in Medicine, natives of Norwich or Norfolk. Also twenty Scholarships” on the same scale of liberality, but of course in a decent *descent*, to suit the rank of the claimants.

We take this *Dr Caius* (on the evidence of dates) to have been no other than the celebrated Master of the no less celebrated Mistress Quickly,—and he seems to have regulated the economy of his college (for he was the founder of a college, still called by his own name) on the same scale of moderation, with that to which, according to the testimony of that good lady, he adjusted the expenses of his own household. “I may call him my master; look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.” Simple.—“’Tis a great charge to come under one body’s hand.” Quickly.—“Are you avis’d o’ that? You shall find it a great charge,—and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, that’s neither here nor there.”

Truly the lucky gentlemen who feast on the Dr.'s *encouragements*, are about as hard worked, are up as early and down as late, and for about, we suppose, the same recompense of reward.

People who hunger and thirst after Cambridge, would do well to peruse this little book attentively, to see how differently its rewards look at a distance, from what they do on a nearer inspection. A Mastership of Trinity is, sure enough, a very good thing; but it is reserved for the Dr Whewells, who, in Prussia, would be counsellors of state, chancellors in the English law-courts, and court physicians of £10,000 a-year in the London medical profession.

With the exception of a few College livings of some value—and those of that description are very few—Cambridge seems to have little to reward industry or genius withal, more than its own wholesome diet of classics and mathematics.

There is some difference, certainly, between the Fellowships and Scholarships that are endowed with old grants in money, and grants of the same date in land. The reason must be obvious to every body. But even the land grants, except to the general purposes of the several colleges, are on a very moderate scale. The famous Seatonian Prize is endowed from the estate of Kislbury; but though the value of the land has arisen from about £16 to £100 yearly, the world has not yet reaped much fruit of the inspiration which it was designed to stimulate.

We have, by the way, stumbled, as we hinted, on our compiler's best, if not true, apology for his collection of Aphorisms. Surely it was meant to provide a fund of mottoes, for the extraordinary variety of prize subjects and titles which he has transcribed from the University books. No *sealed letter* need undergo the risk of being huddled off without due indorsement, at the stroke of the last hour of grace, when the student has such a fund of sentences prepared to his hand, from Democritus down to Lacon.

The collection must be ready to do good service in another way. There is a pest of an Epigram, of which the truly Edipean titles and subjects must have often struck and perplexed the readers of newspapers, and predisposed them to marvel at the ingenuity which could have converted them to the use of pointing a moral according to Martial. Now there are very clever things in the said collection of aphorisms, which might make very good fillings up of the interval between the exordium, of some of these given subjects, and the point. Reader, we are serious; and here we think is an instance fitted to our hand. Given, the subject—*Nesciunt quanto plus dimedium sit toto*. Some writers write nonsense in clear style, and others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can persuade without being able to reason; some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light; and some, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dry. We should labour, therefore, to treat with ease of things that are difficult; with familiarity of things that are novel; and with perspicuity of things that are profound—unlike the bungler—who knows not how much better a thing may be in the half than the whole.

"The Epigram," as a college exercise, was the happy invention of a Sir William Browne, M.D, who is supposed to have been incited to the liberality of an annual prize for the feat, by a success of his own in capping with a rejoinder a malicious joke of Dr Trapp. "After the death of a Bishop of Ely, his books were gifted by the Crown (which had acquired them by purchase) to the University of Cambridge; at the same time (it was about the famous 1715) that it was deemed necessary to overawe the Jacobite University of Oxford by a troop of horse."

TRAPP.

The king observing with judicious eyes
 The state of both our Universities,
 To one he sent a Regiment—for why,
 That learned body wanted Loyalty;
 To the other he sent books, as well discerning
 How much that loyal body wanted—Learning.

SIR WILLIAM BLOWNE, M.D.

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse
 For Tories own no argument but force;
 With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
 For Whigs allow no force—but argument.

We forbear to decide which "best deserves the cudgel for his pains."

The Messiah, as predicted in the Pentateuch and Psalms; being a new Translation and Critical Exposition of these Ancient Oracles. By J. R. WOLFE, author of "The Practical Hebrew Grammar." London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co. 1855.

WE confess we are somewhat surprised that Mr Wolfe should have hazarded the publication of a work treating the same subject which Hengstenberg has so ably illustrated in his "Christology," and quite approve of his withholding the remainder, embracing the whole range of the direct and incidental Messianic prophecies. Not that we mean to insinuate that he has failed in his exposition. Far from it. We cordially commend it to students as a *résumé* of the subject it discusses, enriched as it is, not only by numerous references to kindred works, but also by quotations from the rabbinical writings.

It will have served its primary purpose however, we doubt not, if it prove a Testimonial to the abilities of the author, who in common with Drs Candlish, Buchanan, Henderson, &c., covets professional preferment in the New College, which clerical ambition proposes to saddle as an additional *incubus* upon the Free Church, already exhibiting unmistakeable symptoms of premature dissolution.

Romanism, Rationalism, and Protestantism, viewed historically, in relation to National Freedom and National Welfare. By P. EDWARD DOVE, Esq., author of "Theory of Human Progress," &c. &c. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot. 1855.

THIS Essay is a reprint, if we mistake not, from the "Rock," in whose columns are at present appearing those Lectures on the "Heroes of the Commonwealth," which elicited the hearty applause of the members of the Philosophical Institution. Are our readers familiar with his "Theory of Human Progression?" or have they ever listened to his Lectures on "Nationalities?" or perused his speeches delivered on the occasion of the meeting of the "Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights?" If so, they will understand that he is peculiarly well qualified to fulfil the task imposed upon himself in the present pamphlet, viz., "to draw a parallel between the history of France and the history of Britain, and to exhibit the influences that have presided over the respective destinies of the two countries."

We recommend its perusal, more especially to those "liberal" Protestants who, smitten with judicial blindness, fondle "the Beast," whose deeds are stereotyped in natural decline and degradation.

The Church of the Millennium ; or a Glance at Present Times and Future Prospects ; containing a refutation of Dr Cumming's Argument on the End of the World. By the Rev. ALEXANDER ARTHUR, Milton Church, Glasgow. Edinburgh : Shepherd & Elliot. 1855.

MR A. has taken advantage of the National Fast to add his mite to the mass of prophetic declamation that has issued from the prolific imaginations of a people agitated both by foreign War, and domestic dissensions in Church and State. We are persuaded, it will be regarded as no slight meed of praise when we assert that he has permitted common-sense to regulate his views on this popular theme of discussion.

Sketches of the War ; being a Second Series of Letters, by PHILIP O'FLAHERTY. Edinburgh : Shepherd & Elliot. 1855.

PHILIP's first series has been already noticed, and we need therefore only add that the present Letters will not diminish the well-earned "reputation of this *protege*" of the Ballenglen Mission.

Little Jessie, or the Deathbed of a Young Believer. Edinburgh : Shepherd & Elliot.

The World, as seen by one leaving it. By the Rev. WM. LAW, A.M., author of "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." Edinburgh : Shepherd & Elliot.

THE titles of these tracts sufficiently attest their interesting and instructive character.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. John Alexander Mackenzie to the church and parish of Kettins, in the Presbytery of Meigle and county of Forfar, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. John Tulloch.

Ordination.—The Presbytery of Dunfermline met in Mossgreen Chapel, on the 19th inst., and ordained the Rev. James Young. Mr Young, who has been labouring at Mossgreen for several months, and who has recently received a unanimous call by the flourishing congregation there, was introduced to his people on Sabbath last, by the Rev. Dr. Steven, of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh.

Ordination.—The Rev. Thomas Hunter, the first Missionary to the Punjaub, was ordained in St Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, on the 19th ult. The Rev. Dr. Grant preached and presided, and Dr. Macfarlane gave the address.

Induction at Ladykirk.—The induction of the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, late of Bombay, took place in this parish. The Rev. Mr Drummond, of Houndwood, preached and presided. The Rev. Doctor received a cordial welcome from the members of the congregation. The Rev. Dr. Hunter, of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, introduced Dr. Stevenson to his new charge.

New Parish Church.—On Wednesday (July 16) the Court of Teinds gave deliverance in the application made by Trustees of the Gaelic Church, Greenock, for its erection into a parish church, when the prayer was unanimously granted.

The General Assembly's Colonial Committee.—Mr Walter Malcolm has been appointed Secretary to the General Assembly's Colonial Committee, in room of Mr William Young, W.S., deceased.

MACPHAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXVI.

SEPTEMBER 1855.

**THE NOVEL AND CHEAP ENGLISH LITERATURE
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,—ITS IDEAL,
SENSATIONAL, AND SCEPTICAL TENDENCIES.**

THE history of civilization bears unequivocal testimony to the overwhelming power of a true philosophy of man, for though we were to look no deeper nor farther than at the simple fruits of Christianity itself in modern society, the rich and sweet-scented perfumes which its blossoms have shed, and the comparatively healthy moral atmosphere which it has diffused around us, we must acquiesce in the view that all generalised truth, doctrine, or opinion has an incalculably great influence on mankind. It is difficult, however, to estimate the precise effects of the various schools of philosophy,—of idealism, sensationalism, and scepticism. When these systems were first presented to the world, it might be imagined that they would influence but feebly the conduct and destinies of man. They might have been conned over and treasured up by the learned only as curious philosophical speculations, and thus have affected but little the every-day business of life. But it is quite otherwise; for man's reason is no sooner made captive, even by error, than his thought is forthwith reduced into practice. Man does not investigate or evolve abstract principles for the indefinite purpose of contemplating their grandeur or admiring their beauty; but, on the contrary, that they may be his guides and directors whithersoever he would turn his steps. Accordingly, truth or untruth is no sooner promulgated as a generalized doctrine, than it anon becomes a finger-post pointing the way to man's happiness or misery. Hence the highest generalization of the individual man is the magic circle within which his whole actions are conceived and enacted. We can detect idealistic tendencies even in the humblest

workman in his persevering endeavours to attain comparative perfection in his labour, for he strives to square it with the laws of mechanical science, as well as in his unremitting efforts to bring his conduct more into unison with a higher and purer ideal. We can equally mark the sensationalist and utilitarian in the same rank of society, by his empirically following a beaten track of operation, unguided by any higher law than some definite end he has immediately in view ; or we see it in his every-day life, by his being swept away from the strict path of duty by every event calculated to awaken or gratify his passions. Thus the idealist in common life is directed alone by an absolute sense of law, while the sensationalist in the same sphere is impressed and influenced by every fluctuating wind of passion, doctrine, and opinion that affects himself or society.

It is probably necessary to premise, that in the following observations we use the term *sensational*, as descriptive of a purely emotional or sensuous state of intuition and feeling ; and the terms *ideal* and *universal*, as delineating that mental condition which contains in it as its leading characteristic an absolute law-seeing and law-feeling power ; and the word *sceptical* is used by us as uniformly implying a state of mind that has neither a theoretical nor practical faith either in man's higher emotional nature, nor in his absolute law-seeing capacity.

Besides the ideal and sensational schools of philosophy and their theoretical and practical disciples, we have in modern times likewise an ideal and sensational literature, which has sprung up simultaneously with the universal diffusion of letters. Thus idealism and sensationalism have assumed in literature a concrete form, for we now find them incorporated with every manner of literary production. With our plain definitions before him, who is so obtuse in intellect as not to be able to detect ideal, sensational, and sceptical tendencies in our drama, in our lyric, didactic, and epic poetry ? They are especially to be found more extensively diffused through our fictitious literature than in any other department, and here they probably exert a greater influence for good or evil than elsewhere. We accordingly propose to examine briefly the ideal, sensational, and sceptical tendencies of our *Novel and Penny Literature* ; for being addressed to the great masses of the population, it forms an engine of great power either for elevating and enlarging their intellectual and moral vision, or for sinking them lower in the scale of feeling and intelligence.

Passing over the great dramatic and epic writers of past ages, let us glance for a moment at the works of those authors who have contributed most to impress a character and tone on the floating literature of the day ; for in these we will find reflected the proportions in which idealism, sensationalism, and scepticism exist in society. These writers indeed are but the mirrors where the forms of feeling and thought of myriads of human beings are reflected, and whence, accordingly, we may glean the spirit and inclinations of the times. Among these the foremost is certainly Scott. Though far from being strictly artistic, and with much otherwise to condemn both in his poetry and novels, there is still a healthy and truth-breathing element that pervades him. In a world-wide sense, or in the sense that Shakespeare is ideal or universal, our celebrated

countryman has but slender pretensions to idealism or universality. His breadth and penetration do not embrace in their grasp the human race. Nay, he is infinitely less idealistic and spiritual than our national poet Burns. In Scott's delineation of character, there is a penetrating insight into the idiosyncrasies of the individual, rather than a comprehensive view of human nature. Although Burns's genius embraces no more extended field of view than the peasantry and humbler classes of his country, yet it is profound and far stretching. His deep intense glance into the nature of vice is like that of a demon, while his lofty conceptions of virtue are like those of an archangel. Burns in his lyrics, frequently, as Carlyle would say, compresses an Iliad into a nut shell. No poet, ancient or modern, in his own sphere, viz. that of the lyrical, ever approached him. We would not have mentioned Scott in the same breath with Burns, but for a rhetorical and influential M. P., in recently addressing the children of his constituents, placing Scott far above Burns both as a Scottish poet and Scottish genius, gauging no doubt their powers by the quantity of stone and lime erected to their respective memories. But though Scott is not comparable with Burns, yet he is a Colossus of himself. He is without doubt at the head of our novel literature, and has given birth to a host of imitators, none of whom, however, come near him. But of this anon. Though Scott cannot be regarded as universal in so far as relates to the genus *homo*, he is the most penetrating and far seeing novelist who has touched the subject of the Scottish character. His most truthful delineations of humanity, moreover, are those where the individuals are actuated by a lofty ideal, and possess at the same time, a deep inward sense of their inability of realizing it. It is true that he only pourtrays the ideal in a concrete form, but then it is a thorough incarnation of the ideal. Even in his poetry, there is utterly wanting an abstract knowledge of law. Accordingly, Scott never unfolds vividly the laws either of the physical or moral worlds. He merely paints individuals illustrative of the existence of such laws. His representation of Jeanie Deans, giving evidence on her sister Effie's trial, is one of the most effective examples of Scott's idealism. Here is an instance of a simple peasant girl sacrificing all her strongest affections at the altar of truth. Her subsequent journey to London and interview with the Queen, when she melts the proud and obdurate heart of Royalty by the simple eloquence of truth and nature, is one of the finest examples of the power of idealism in any language. The whole life of Scott's Jeanie Deans, indeed, forms a pastoral poem superior both in texture and quality to anything he has produced in verse. Numerous other of Scott's delineations of human life in his novels are equally deep and touching. It is this characteristic that places him at the head of the ideal school of modern novelists. Scott's types of humanity are not influenced by a passing and ephemeral sensationalism, for all his leading characters are uniformly impressed and actuated by a profound sense of law and duty. It is this which constitutes the charm of his works. It is here indeed that all Scott's real strength centres. Again, among his followers, the most notable and attractive author belongs to the sensational school of novelists. Dickens, though purely sensational, yet occupies so high a

place in the school that he may be more appropriately designated as a sentimental sensationalist. Hence with all his fine sense for humour, and a never failing power for evolving pathos, Dickens is markedly deficient in a sense of law. Accordingly all his highest characters are only strictly sensational. In their sensationalism however they are invested with decided points of deep pathos and strokes of humour, but the idea of duty, law, or principle, never seems for a moment to affect them. It forms no part of their mental framework. His *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Cheeryble* brothers, and the entire catalogue of his first class characters are only influenced by a given amount of amiable emotion for the time being. Dickens's creations indeed are thus frequently full of tenderness and the deepest feeling, but in his hands these attributes never become crystallised into a law to direct them by its brilliancy and universal diffusion. They are utterly wanting in that strong central light which, radiating out upon the universe, guides both the moral and intellectual vision of its possessors. All this, even with its superabundant sentimentality, is only the sensational philosophy of George Combe and this class of limited thinkers reduced to the illustrative form.

Thus Scott and Dickens are respectively at the head of the ideal and sensational schools of novel literature. We must always keep in mind, however, that Scott's view of man and the universe, is never like that of Shakespeare, large or universal; but we cannot help feeling that so far as it goes it is thoroughly truth-breathing and healthy. In his delineations of life and character he never grapples with the loftiest forms of idealism; we are never carried away by the grandeur of his characters. With him the ideal is always encrusted by some conventional notions, or idiosyncrasies, which diminish or limit its natural magnitude. Thus Scott's power lies in the possession only of a strong insight into certain phases of individual character. He recognises indeed the extent to which each individual is affected by ideal truth, but he never separates it from the alloy with which it is mixed up,—he strikes off his coin and issues it from his mint in the identical condition in which he found the metal in nature. Still Scott has a penetrating insight into the higher attributes of man, and his representations are always strikingly suggestive. Dickens does not approach him in truthfulness or a knowledge of man and nature. In his observations on man and character, Dickens looks no deeper nor farther than the immediate feeling or emotion by which the individual delineated appears to be actuated; he seems to have no clear idea that an element of universal and infinite breadth and extent, underlies man's emotional nature, which guides and directs it. Of the existence of this principle, Dickens takes no cognisance. He seems indeed to have no clear idea that any man is guided by a sense of principle, conscience, or moral obligation. Still Dickens is at the head of the sensational school of novelists, although his men, women, and children, all fight the great battle of life without this polar star of man's being. His characters are only endowed with a complexity of sensational feeling from the strength of which their whole actions emanate. Accordingly many of them are strikingly tender-hearted and amiable, but they seem merely to experience a series of kindly and fleeting impulses and act from

them. Hence many of his portraiture are loveable and pleasing to contemplate, but they never kindle our admiration, nor engage deeply our sympathies, being utterly wanting in the elements of moral strength and true greatness.

But it must not be imagined that the ideal spirit of our novel literature departed with Scott. Since his time a numerous host of writers have sprung up, whose works have done more to fortify and illustrate ideal truth than had previously been accomplished. Cowper, Washington Irving, and Mrs Beecher Stowe, in America,—Bulwer, Leitch Ritchie, and others, in England,—and James Grant, in Scotland,—all working in widely different departments, have done more to unfold the infinitely varied forms of man's spiritual nature than all the systems of philosophy and ethnology put together. In Cowper we have reflected the character of the American Indian, the Negro, and the Anglo-Saxon of America; in Washington Irving, much of the spirit of the olden time of English society; in Mrs Beecher Stowe, a thorough and searching insight into the power of the domestic affections in the Negro race, and their consequent title to freedom and independence; in Bulwer we have numerous faithful portraiture of persons both in the middle and higher walks of English society; in Leitch Ritchie, in his admirable romance of the Magician, a delineation of the dangerous influence in a dark and superstitious age of a little scientific knowledge in a wicked and perverted mind; and last, but not least, in James Grant, a deep law-feeling knowledge of the martial spirit of the Scottish nation, combined with a thorough insight into the feelings which actuate her sons and daughters in every station of life. Nay, this writer's knowledge of man and nature is not limited to his own country, for both his Spanish and French portraits are so life-like and truthful, unfolding all those idiosyncrasies of character which distinguish these people, that they appear to be the honest result of long, close, and unwearied observation. In perusing his *Romance of War* indeed, his pictures are so vivid and like reality, that one actually feels himself accompanying the British army through the stirring events of the Peninsular War, and rejoices or weeps with the good or ill-fortune of his hero. But we have no space to discuss further the infinitely varied phases of man which our best novel literature has unfolded since the time of Scott; suffice it to say, that although Scott formed the first ground-plan of the modern novel, yet other writers have arisen since, who have raised a superstructure whose proportions, for chasteness, grandeur, and effect, are superior to those in any other language; and whatever the future may have in store for us, that these will remain as lasting monuments of the ideal and truth-breathing spirit of the English Literature of the nineteenth century.

Some time after Dickens another writer appeared belonging to a different school from Scott or Dickens. Thackeray indeed is neither strictly speaking a sensationalist, and certainly far less an idealist. In novel literature, Thackeray appears to us to be the out and out representative of the sceptical philosophy. In some respects, this sceptical school in literature is even more lowering in its tendencies than the merely sensational. In the first place, its followers have no faith even in the form of sensation-

alism delineated by Dickens. They ridicule the idea that humanity is ever directed by those kindly and endearing impulses which distinguish the portraits of this author. And secondly, as for mankind being influenced by a higher law, this class of writers appears to treat the notion with sovereign contempt. Such is the theory of human nature illustrated by Thackeray. He sees nothing deeply good or true either ideally or sensationally unless it be regulated by a strong under current of selfishness. It is necessary for this view that he introduce a few delineations of an opposite sort in order to intensify and strengthen his sceptical views, and when he does so, although he evinces the power of representing the better side of the picture, he contrives to array all the intellectual power on the selfish side. All his moral pictures are blended with so much feebleness of character and want of genial power, that for the sake of truth it had been better they had never been written. Accordingly, in general, when he describes manifestations of benevolence or tenderness of feeling in his principal characters, it is certain to lead to or terminate in some selfish or sinister end. The whole burden of Thackeray's thought is thus to establish, that even sensationally man is all but uniformly guided by some strong selfish element that underlies and directs his entire nature; that his benevolent impulses subserve no higher purpose than to pilot him in the gratification of selfishness, and that hence his better feelings are never even sensationally pure. Now some critics plead for Thackeray that all this on his part is mere satire. But these critics forget that true satire must be made up of a faithful and complete picture. To be effective and telling satire must present simultaneously the many-sided aspects of man's nature. It must unfold the truth and love inspiring, and the lofty, alongside of the selfish and the grovelling, and shew the inevitable consequences of following these widely different paths. It is only indeed when selfishness is contrasted with a truthful and elevated nature that the delineation is recognised to be satirical. Now Thackeray, though he frequently attempts to describe man's higher sympathies, and sometimes not without success, yet he fails in representing them as possessed of that amount of power which all great thinkers have conceded to them. He delineates the moral nature of man only for the purpose of unfolding its weakness, and he portrays selfishness for the purpose of shewing its overwhelming strength and power. Thus the whole tone of Thackeray's writings impresses the reader that he has no faith in the power of goodness and truth. To characterise Thackeray's works therefore as strictly speaking satirical, is an empirical and vulgar error, for they are only faithful delineations of man's selfishness, vices, and weaknesses, which his limited and somewhat distorted powers of vision have enabled him to descry in the world around him. From these remarks it may be gleaned, that while Thackeray admits the existence of goodness and truth, he denies the unspeakable power which they exert on man's destiny, and that but for their existence, man would speedily lapse back into savagism. This simple law Thackeray tacitly and practically denies, and would inculcate the ridiculous belief that man in this world and his infinitude of doings are sustained and carried on by cunning trickery and selfishness!

Thus we find that three distinct forms of thought, not only distinguish our philosophical systems, but are practically diffused over the daily business and affairs of life. Accordingly, while we have philosophers to lay down the depths and soundings of the former, we have practical observers to note and delineate the operations and experiences of the latter. We have no objections whatever that the sensational or sceptical philosopher or novelist should unfold his limited representations of human nature, were it but kept in view that his pictures are only faithful delineations of himself in a different frame-work. We protest, however, against his portraits being regarded as correct or ideal pictures of humanity. When these narrow and exaggerated representations are put forward as the utmost stretch of man's capacities, or set up as the models of human thought and action,—when our mere emotional nature that subsides as soon as gratified, or our weaknesses or selfishness, is depicted as the highest form of our being, we turn with scorn upon the propounder, and bewail the ignorance and folly by which his vision is overshadowed. But the writers whose works we have shortly described, are respectively at the head of the ideal, sensational, and sceptical schools of Novel Literature, and we have now to call the attention of our readers to the innumerable host of followers and imitators, to which they have given birth, especially in the form of our penny literature, as well as to a few of their predecessors of less mark and distinction, and whose works have long since disappeared from the field of view.

Scott's Novels, participating largely, as they do, of the historical or antiquarian element, first awakened a universal interest in the history of the past. To satisfy this wide-spread craving, after their appearance there issued yearly from the press a countless number of works intended to satisfy the public appetite,—but these possessing no universal interest, excited but little attention beyond an ephemeral impressionism. They came almost still born into the world. The Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh first caught a glimpse of the true condition of the public mind, and adopted a new method of satisfying it. They were the first, indeed, to seize the idea, that an organ, at a small price, which communicated information and instruction to the upper classes, and tended to improve and elevate the lower, would supply a palpable desideratum. Accordingly, they started their three-half-penny Journal, on the principle that it must touch the sympathies of all classes, and thus possess an interest for the million. During the first years of its existence, it possessed a boundless field from which it drew its treasures. The obscurer features of history, the biography of men distinguished for thought or action, curious or interesting facts connected with natural history, delineations of Scottish life and manners, remarkable scientific phenomena, lives of artists, men of letters, and all sorts of notable characters, &c., formed some of the more striking features of this new organ. Although the words God and religion never appeared in its pages, still it possessed some characteristics of an ideal tendency. The lives of discoverers and men of genius, unfolding their infinitely varied methods of investigation, formed a practical and easy introduction to idealism. Thus, although the most ideal facts connected with humanity, viz., those of religion, formed no part of the plan

—nay, although the subject was specially kept out of view,—yet the purity of the design otherwise, and the irreproachable manner in which it was executed, secured its success. It was probably indispensable, that such an organ must first be more informational than instructive,—more matter of fact than ideal. Still its tendency, from the very character of its subjects, was more ideal than sensational. Down to a recent period, it preserved its original tone; but having exhausted all the sources of mere information, and to be more in harmony with the advancing thought of the world, it has lately assumed a more decidedly ideal form of thinking. It now professes to give brief accounts of all scientific discoveries. It ventures even occasionally upon the subject of religion. It embraces in its objects the criticism of works of history, poetry, and even the fine arts, and it has given tales delineating the manners of low, middle, and high life, the chief characters of which manifest Ideals peculiar to their situations and circumstances;—and God speed it in its onward progress!

The only successful competitor of Chambers's Journal, issuing from the Edinburgh press, was Hogg's *Instructor*. The *Instructor*, from the first, embraced in its objects the subject of religion, and assumed a higher standpoint than Chambers. It treated of history, biography, manners of different nations, poetry, painting, music, and all manner of subjects interesting to civilised man. While Chambers savoured strongly of utilitarianism with a mere ideal tendency, Hogg regarded all manner of subjects from the ideal point of view. The *Instructor* was less matter of fact than the Journal, but it was more ideal and instructive. The reader rose from its perusal refreshed with larger views of nature, and a more hopeful prospect of man's destiny. Thus, while it presented a larger view of the matters treated of, and opened up a more subtle and penetrating insight into man's nature, the *Instructor* for that very reason had fewer readers. It was less sensuously pleasing and amusing than Chambers, and consequently not so suitable for passing an idle hour. It is addressed indeed to a more select class of minds, for it embraces a larger form of thinking, and a more subtle method of investigation. It presents to our contemplation, the laws rather than the mere phenomena of the universe, and is probably the most instructive and elevating organ in our cheap literature.

Numerous other works possessing some ideal characteristics might be noticed. They are chiefly from London. Of this description, is "Household Words," and the "Family Herald." The former teems with graphic and vigorous pictures of life and manners, but it is too exclusively wedded to Cockney-land. It embodies merely a bird's eye view of London life, not of the world. It contains many correct delineations of manners and customs, but though true in themselves they want breadth and largeness. It is not the province of the observer of human nature, to examine it with a too microscopic eye, but rather to look at it so as to glean its broad and distinctive features. "The Family Herald" again, is full of pleasing representations of life and character. These two organs are more sensational and utilitarian than ideal and universal. But the most successful of all the weekly serials is the *London Journal*, which, though very unequal, is generally truthful in its portraiture, and aims at a higher standard than either *Household Words* or the *Family*

Herald. Several other cheap periodicals of the ideal school might be enumerated, but it is sufficiently easy to note them if the rules we have indicated are kept in view.

Simultaneously with our penny literature, Mr Nichol of Edinburgh, going back on the best productions of the past, issues six portly volumes yearly for the small subscription of one guinea, embodying some of the best poetry in our language, thus contributing largely to maintain a healthy ideal and truth-breathing literature. The works of Milton, Herbert, Butler, Thomson, Young, Goldsmith, Collins, Cowper, Beattie, Blair, &c., with spirited and characteristic lives and critiques by Gilfillan, are sufficient of themselves to impress a character on the series. We heartily wish success to Mr Nichol's gigantic undertaking, and trust that he will complete it in the spirit in which it has been commenced.

We have noticed Dickens as at the head of our sensational literature, and we had wished that its numerous organs had preserved the purity and elevation of Dickens. Besides this writer, there was a numerous host of the same school who preceded him, but whose works have long since been forgotten. Among these, we cannot omit to notice the novels of Professor Wilson. His "*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*," "*Trials of Margaret Lindsay*," and "*The Foresters*," were especially of this description. They were so deeply charged with a maukish sentimentalism, that even at the period of their publication, and with all the prestige of Christopher North's name, they failed to touch deeply the public mind. They wanted the vigour and real pathos which distinguished his *Noctes*. These works, indeed, were purely sensational without being marked by the artistic skill and knowledge of life and manners for which Dickens is noted. But even the highest writers of this sentimental school fail in holding the mirror up to nature, and reflecting her truthful pictures. There is no human being so thoroughly sensational, as to be uniformly actuated by any amount of mere fleeting emotion. A deep under-current of law exists, and manifests itself in a greater or less degree in the most markedly sensuous nature, and his least important actions indicate it on all occasions. We do not, however, attribute the defects of the school altogether to a narrow range of observation, although there is much truth in that view of the subject, for this class of writers themselves are decidedly endowed with strictly sensational natures, being deficient in that vivid sense of law which lies at the foundation of all observing power. But this is not their only fault. Nay, it can hardly be regarded even as their besetting sin. Connected with this defect, or rather springing out of it, there is even in the highest order of its writers, a constant straining after effect which mars their pictures. Losing sight of nature and her laws, and desirous only of representing the higher forms of human emotion, they become purely theatrical, and frequently delineate an intensity of feeling and sentiment that never existed. Such is the ideal which guides the sensational school of novelists. They leave nature behind them, and trust to the fanciful creations of their own ill-regulated imaginations.

But as moralists and critics, we should have had but little to complain of had the sensational school never fallen below the standard of Dickens.

Starting, however, with his idea of human nature, we have following in his wake a long train of writers, who, dragging from the obscure annals of crime, the names of the most loathsome and abandoned criminals, have invested their characters with a picturesque interest and effect which could not possibly have belonged to them. Of this description are the lives of Dick Turpin, Jack Shepherd, and other such worthies. At one time they are guilty of the most flagrant acts of criminality, evincing an utter destitution of all kindly emotion, and at another, they are represented as the authors of the most generous actions. Jack Shepherd's affection for his mother and the sacrifices he makes to gratify it are extremely touching, but they are utterly untruthful and unnatural in such a character. Still the tale as told raises Jack into the character of a hero, his criminality and worthlessness being kept in deep shadow. Were such pictures even sensationally true, which they are not, their representation would still form a strong moral poison, for the artificial mixture of truth and falsehood in the concrete form, is more poisonous than the statement of the most sensational and debasing philosophy. Thus, indeed, a sympathy in favour of this bastard heroism, speedily begets in untutored minds a feeling in its favour, which is followed by a desire to imitate the hero; and thus is laid the foundation of sensational recklessness. Hence delineations of benevolence and heroic action in such men as Turpin or Shepherd, not only kindles an admiration of their characters, but paves the way to following in their track. It unlooses in the masses all sense of law and moral obligation, and leaves the mind no higher guide than its fleeting and ephemeral impulses.

But even these latter works are not the worst productions of the sensational school. After them came Reynold's *Mysteries of London* and of the Court, presenting pictures of sensuality and vice, in so gross and, at the same time, so pleasing a form, that they may truly be regarded as the most immoral books in our language. In these works a dance of kindly sensational feeling, vice and crime of the blackest sort, is kept up, that none but the grossest imagination could have conceived. While reading them, the mind is in a constant whirl of excitement, and the whole feelings in a quasi state of disease like those of one under the influence of mesmerism. Hundreds of thousands of these productions have been sold to our working and poorer population, and especially to the young and untutored class of minds, and thus an amount of evil has been done that centuries may not erase. Like Reynold's *Miscellany*, another pestiferous production by the same author, they have been issued from the London press in the form of penny numbers, and have had a circulation that is incalculably great. To one Edinburgh Bookseller alone, there comes weekly from the metropolis several tons of literature of this description, and long before the end of the following week, these works have been distributed throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. We witness the seeds of immorality and atheism sown, but we may not live to witness the full growth of the vice, immorality, and crime which spring out of it. But happily for the world such productions though extensively read, are of themselves but short lived; but still during their brief reign they scatter an amount of poison which

produces its evil effects long after they are forgotten: Thousands of human souls are corrupted and debased, and their evil example corrupts and debases others, till their deleterious influence extends so far into the future, that no human imagination can gauge the range of its operation.

The sceptical school of novel writing is neither, in some respects, so elevating in its tendency as the higher sensational, nor is it certainly so immoral as the lowest. It occupies a sort of middle distance between the two, and although the territory possessed by it is far from debateable, yet it is as one-sided and limited as the most sensational. It proceeds as already indicated, on the false hypothesis that there is little or nothing good in human nature, and hence professes to hold up all goodness and truth as a tissue of flimsy and ill disguised selfishness. Thackeray, as already noticed, is the head of the school in this country. A careful perusal of his works unfolds the secret, that intuitively he has a natural aptitude for regarding chiefly the worse features of humanity, and that he has less capacity for viewing or estimating what is high, truthful, or ennobling. This view of Thackeray and his writings will be sufficiently well established by the perusal of his *Vanity Fair*; but we have neither time nor space to examine his works in detail. The perusal of any one of them will satisfy any reasonable mortal of the truth of our dictum. And Thackeray has his followers and imitators as well as Dickens, and some of these are not the least popular productions of our cheap literature. All that class of work which turns every thing it touches into ridicule, that looks only at the ludicrous aspect of the most serious truths, and invades them with irony and sarcasm, is strictly sceptical. Such works are decidedly immoral in their tendency. We refer to some of the productions of Douglas Jerrold. It is almost needless to say that we especially include much of the matter in *Punch* and *Diogenes* in the catalogue of these worthies. Some of them have obtained, by catering to the diseased appetite of the public, an extensive circulation, but they have no more permanent intellectual or moral influence than the most trifling organ of the day. An attempt was made by the writers in these sceptical organs to get up history upon a similar plan. Hence there issued from London comic Histories of Rome, England, Greece, and other countries, but they fell still-born from the press. A wag one day waited on the publisher and enquired when he intended to bring out his comic Bible! Not one of the numerous readers of *Punch* would read history regarded from its comic point of view, and the young spurned it from them as worse than nonsense.

Whatever form the sceptical school of thinking assumes—whether novel, historical, or facetious, it is equally levelling in its tendencies. The entire gist and spirit of its thought is to lower,—nay, to degrade humanity,—to sink it far below the point where the higher class writers of the sensational school leave it. The sceptical order of thinkers indeed have no strong faith in the existence even of man's sensualist benevolence, except in so far as this principle contributes to minister to his selfishness, and they certainly never conceived the idea that his entire moral nature is ever guided by a sense of law. Thus this class of writers are sceptical with regard to the existence of the fundamental attributes

of human nature, and are consequently as incapable of representing truthful pictures of humanity as they are of the angels in heaven. The higher attributes of man is quite out of the line of their observation. They have taken soundings of the depths of selfishness and crime, but they have never turned their eyes upwards to take the elevation and extent of man's nobler being,—and as for religion, it never for a moment came within their field of view. But we must dismiss them for the present, with this caution to our readers, to beware of the insidious tendencies of sceptical literature. It is sometimes vigorous and full of well-given details,—nay, mixed up with it for the sake of effect, we frequently find a considerable amount of high sentimentality, and even glimmerings of the ideal truth, but concealed under all its tinsel and trappings, is an unbelieving spirit leading to an unbelief in the best established laws of the moral and religious worlds, and its decided aim and object is to break down, or at least unhinge, our faith in all that is high and ennobling in human nature.

From this brief sketch it is no difficult matter to discover where the truth-breathing spirit is enshrined. That it dwells in our ideal and more spiritual literature, seems so plain that he who runs may read it. In our ideal literature indeed is included a delineation of all other forms of thought which exist. There is no denying the fact, that in every department of life there are sceptics, and persons actuated by no higher spirit than a merely sensational one. But while this is the case, such persons cannot be regarded as the spiritual guides and directors of mankind,—on the contrary, they themselves are floated down the stream of civilization by the amount of truthful and ideal thought that pervades society. The idealists and other law-feeling mortals are the true pilots, and but for their guidance and direction the mere sensationalists and sceptics would speedily suffer shipwreck on the wide ocean of life. The novelist or dramatist of the ideal school delineates all the variety of character that falls within his expanded field of view. Having a deep inbred faith both in the physical and moral laws of the universe, every observation made by him is in conformity therewith. The misfortunes of the mere sensationalist are as much the inevitable consequences of his form of feeling and thinking as the good fortune that attends the law-feeling and law-seeing mortal; and the function of the true novelist or dramatist is to point out these great facts in the concrete form. But to do so with effect he must himself preserve his integrity by living a normal and ideal life. As a sensualist or self-seeker at the tables of the great, or as the moody flatterer of men in power or authority, or as a caterer for the sensational appetites of the common or fashionable vulgar, the man of letters is not capable of descrying truth of any kind. In such relations he is enveloped in a mist of his own creating beyond which his intellectual eye cannot see, and in the midst of which he can discover nothing but moral and spiritual corruption. Let him beware of leading such a life, for he himself is the first and chief victim. Let him once feel that in a life of goodness and truth he can see farther around him, and that too with a more penetrating glance, and that here, moreover, he will not only find more true happiness for himself, but will impart more

to others, he is already a disciple of the ideal school. He has left the city of desolation and death far behind him, and begirt with lofty purposes, is pressing onward to fulfil his high calling and destiny. Thus it is that in following the highest truths man's only true happiness is to be found. It is only then that he is fulfilling the utmost requirements of his being, the thorough neglect of which, either in the man of letters or his readers, is inevitably attended with intellectual paralysis and spiritual death.

LAYS OF THE WAR.

By WM. SHAND DANIEL, Esq.

I.

THE HIGHLANDERS' "WAR-CRY" AT ALMA.

"The Russians fought well; but as soon as the *Highland war cry* was heard, away they ran." Long may these noble Scotch soldiers be the terror of all enemies!—*Standard*.

O'er the perilous edge of yon iron-crowned height,
Roll the sulphury fire-clouds of War;
Where the Gaul and the Briton their legions unite,
To tread on the neck of the Czar;
With the dead and the dying these banks are bestrown,
Like fields with the sheaves of the grain,—
And like thick-growing corn, when the harvest is mown,
Are falling fresh ranks of the slain.

But yonder a line of young warriors stand,
Whose hearts ne'er a despot could quail;
The high-hearted men of the old Scottish land—
The tartan-clad sons of the Gael:
"On, Highlanders! on," the old General cries—
"And you'll grant me one favour, I know—
Lads! fire not a shot, though your Highland blood rise,
Till you stand but a yard from the foe!"

The hosts of the Tyrant are thick on the height,
And like thunder their cannon-shot peal;
But swift, through the white-rolling clouds of the fight,
Bursts that torrent of tartan and steel,—
And high o'er the storm of the fray rings a "cry"
Which the grey hills of Caledon know—
'Tis the shout of M'Donald, M'Lean, and Mackay,
When they dash at the breasts of the foe!

Dare the Muscovites stand, when these red hillsmen sweep
O'er the crags, in their terrible scorn?
No—they waver—they break—aye, they flee, like the sheep
On the hills where these freemen were born:
Now one "cry," and a good one, ye bold Highland bands,
To give wings to the slaves of the Czar,
Who have quailed at the steel, in the free, stalwart hands
From Atholl, Breadalbane, and Mar!

Yes, a shout for the battle, my lads!—and a tear
 For the heaps of the bonneted slain—
 And a sigh for the friends in your valleys so dear,
 Whom you never may look on again ;
They lie in the gripe of dire Poverty's hand,
 Who may say, as she often hath said,
 They must leave the green straths of that fair mountain land,
 In whose cause your young blood hath been shed.

Alas ! that the race of the Brave should be torn,
 By fell Want, from their own rugged shore—
 Alas ! that the rocks of one valley forlorn
 Should re-echo "Lochaber no more ?"
 Oh ! leave them, ye great ones ! their hamlets so dear,
 In the nook of the linn-watered glen—
 And the Tyrants of Europe shall tremble to hear
 That "cry" in the battle again !

II.

THE MOURNERS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Tears, tears in strath and glen,
 Tears in the dark fir-wood,
 Tears, tears, in the haunts of men,
 And the rocky solitude ;
 Sighs where the mists of morning float
 O'er upland pastures dull—
 Sighs in the fisher's swaying boat
 In the lonely Sound of Mull !

Tears in the plighted maiden's eyes
 By her withered trysting tree,—
 Sobs from the widow, as she lies
 Crooning her lullaby ;
 Moans from the mother, old and wan,
 For him she bore in pain,—
 And deep sighs from the aged man,
 Proud of the lad that's slain.

Wrath, wrath in the young and strong—
 Knit brow and clenched hand,
 Curses, curses, deep and long,
 On the Czar and his caitiff band ;
 Pride, pride in the kindling eye—
 For the kilted clansmen's might ;
 The lads who bore their bonnets high,
 Aye first through smoke of fight !

Want, want of the father's hand,
 The children's steps to guide ;
 Wail and woe on hill and strand,
 Want on every side.
 Want, want of the crofter's field,
 Want of the daily bread,
 Want of the cottage roof to shield
 The widow's aching head.

Hark, Hark ! to the sound that thrills
Over the Black Sea wave,
Trembling through Crimean hills
From the red mounds of the brave.
'Tis our fallen Warriors' call
To the living here—
Call for food and home to all
Their near ones and their dear.

Scotland, Scotland ! leal and brave,
Let your full heart glow,
Like your heroes', when they gave
Their bosoms to the foe ;
List to cry, and sigh, and sob—
Never be it said
"Scottish hearts have ceased to throb
For the orphans of their Dead !"

Food, food for the soldier's boy,
A roof for his widow's head,
And the noble spirit will look with joy
From Glory's crimson bed ;
Let not the liberal purse be spared—
Give, and give again—
What is gold, rich gold, compared
With Scotland's precious Men ?

III.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOW'S THANKS.

Thanks, oh ! thanks to the open hand
That hath bought the Widow's bread—
Thanks, oh ! thanks to the Mother-land
Of the gallant man that's dead !
My grateful tears fall thick and fast
On my baby's cradled brow,—
The tree hath snapt in the wild war-blast—
I've nought but the sapling now !

I saw them march in brave array,
To leave their native ground,
With plaids and waving tartans gay—
While thousands cheered around ;
And my own dear lad was the fairest there,
With his tall plumes in the wind,—
But sad he looked when rose the air
Of "The girl I leave behind !"

And now he lies in foreign clay,
In a soldier's bloody sleep,
And through each weary night and day
I wring my hands and weep.
Grim Want stared in my pallid face,
With his cold unwinking eye,
And nought seemed left in this lonely place
Save to clasp my babe and die :

But Caledonia's guardian Sprite
 Shot through the murky skies,—
 She filled my wretched cot with light—
 She bade the mourner rise—
 And carolled o'er the heather, wet
 With morning's diamond dew,
 "My Scotland's generous sons are yet
 The leal men and the true!"

Yes, all have *given*! The high-born Lord
 Hath led the patriot band,
 And the princely Merchant's gold hath poured
 From wealth's o'erflowing hand;
 Old Scotland rises in her might,
 With a warm-hearted joy—
 (To help the feeble to their right)
 Man, woman, girl, and boy!

The smith hath stayed his hammer-hand,
 His patriot debt to pay,—
 And the ploughman, on the furrowed land,
 Hath given his wage to-day;
 The fisher on thy wave, Lochfine!
 Hath sent his gift to me,—
 And the fair-haired lass, that milks the kine,
 Her scanty "penny-fee."

Shall such a land obey the beck
 Of yon Imperial knave—
 Shall such a people bow the neck
 Save in a freeman's grave?
 Forbid it Heaven! Yon kilted line
 Shall still the foe defy—
 For they hear across the stormy brine
 Their country's cheering cry!

And I, a soldier's widowed wife,
 With his boy upon my knee,
 Will rear him up for future strife,
 To keep old Scotland free;
 And the lad will do a soldier's part,
 Like a true, bold Scottish man—
 For who e'er heard of a craven heart
 'Neath the plaid of the Campbell clan!

IV.

THE DIRGE OF NICHOLAS.

Hark, hark! to the telegraph bell!
 There are news on the trembling wire,
 That well their mighty message tell
 In words of living fire;
 A man lies dead,
 On a royal bed,
 Who hath spilt Man's blood like rain,
 But his hour is come,
 And his lips are dumb,

And he'll never shed blood again :
Coffin him, coffin him under the sod,
Nicholas Romanoff meets his God !

Speed the news, by the swelling sail,
And the hoof of the desert steed,
To darksome nooks where mourners wail,
And fields where brave men bleed ;—
Speed the news to the freemen's strand,
And the captive's rayless cell—
Breathe them o'er Siberian land,
Where the Despot's victims dwell,
Crushed in body, seared in heart,
By the fell tormentor's art,—
And whisper low
O'er the silent snow—

“ Exile ! raise your drooping head,
The Monarch of the Knout is dead ! ”

Send the welcome tidings forth,
O'er the pinewoods of the North—
Finland ! arm you for the fight
With the hated Muscovite—
Swedes ! whom great Gustavus led,
Claim your own—the Tyrant's dead !

Bear the tale to Schamyl Bey,
The grey old Lion of the Hill,
Where amid his wild array,
He defies the Russian still ;—
And the Lion's whelps will roar,
Like the waves that lash their shore :
Launch the news, like darts of fire,
To fair Warsaw's shattered wall,
And let every trembling spire
Thunder forth the tocsin-call :
Up, thou gallant Polish land !
Back the steed, and grasp the brand,
Let your lances shine like flame,
On ! in Kosciusko's name !
Lord and peasant, boy and man,
Forward, forward to the van—
He who on your birthright trod,
Stands before wronged Poland's God !

Mourning Woman ! lift your voice
From the black abyas of woe ;
Let your stricken soul rejoice
That the Spoiler's head is low—
Ye, who blistering tears have shed
For brothers, lovers, husbands dead—
Georgian, Turk, Circassian fair !
Dry the cheek and braid the hair,
In the festal song take part,
Send the chorus from the heart—
Polish lady, Polish lass,
Sing the dirge of Nicholas !

THOMPSON'S BURNETT TREATISE.

THE ACCEPTED AND THE REJECTED.

Rev. R. A. THOMPSON—Rev. P. BOOTH—Rev. J. C. WHITE.

THE specimens now in the hands of the public enable us to subscribe without much hesitation to the opinion of the judges, that the first of the Burnett Treatises is by an appreciable interval, superior to the second; and the samples that have appeared of *the rejected*, cannot fail to predispose us to the belief, that the appreciable interval has not been less between both, and all the others to which they have been preferred. The distance is indeed pretty wide, if not exactly between the two successful competitors, certainly between them and the gentlemen who as yet have printed (shall we courteously say *published*) their *failures*.

It would be very uncandid to pretend that all our expectations have been answered by Mr Thompson's more elaborate treatise—however reasonably the judges may have given it the preference to Dr Tulloch's. It would have been preposterous no doubt to have rewarded with the higher prize a performance which, without being more skilfully executed, or more argumentatively conducted, had skimmed the surfaces of a subject which the author of the competing treatise has delved with so much industry and elaboration. Yet the *appreciable* distance between this and any standard work on natural theology, which is to be found on the shelves of the library, is still sufficiently disappointing. The process by which Mr Thompson's treatise has come into *shape*, if not into existence, may account for the rather piebald appearance and less than mosaic regularity, of its very various contents. "Though ultimately directed to meet the appointed thesis," he avows, "it is in some parts founded on notes which had been made without this reference, and before I had heard of the expected competition." We had not read far on, when we lighted on data more than sufficient to have led us to this very inference for ourselves. The notes indeed are so employed that without a title to the book, the reader would have been left in perfect suspense as to the kind of inquiry that he was pursuing, or the particular walk of science which he was invited to enter. We are rather curious to know to what plan, or to what theme these same "notes" were originally proposed to be adjusted. They might very well, for aught that we can perceive, have been of the materials, designed for a history of philosophy, or a treatise of metaphysics, or a ground form of ethics, or a history of man, or,—a theory of the world. He somewhat rashly, we think, quotes Locke to the effect, that "it is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line." And he says, in his own words, "every inquirer must begin by measuring the length of his line, at least as soon as he shall have assured himself that he has a firm stand point at the surface and a line to throw." Whatever may be the essayist's opinion of the advantage of his footing, we are of opinion that he has at least provided *line* enough for his ability of *cast*. For in the very next sentence, we find to our no little alarm, (and that by way of comment on the marginal title, "*existence of ones-self and of*

the world.") his line rolling off the reel to this purpose:—"In examining the nature of the mind, and its procedure in the discovery of the supreme mind, we must consider our knowledge of the self, or soul, and of the external world, before we can examine our higher knowledge of the deity." Why, at this rate, thought we, we are in a fair way to be pushed through the whole realm of metaphysics, not to say travelled far "through the visible diurnal sphere," before we are to get to the outset of our subject. And on looking back to a very index-like table of contents, the most minute and copious we believe that ever appeared at the beginning of two octavo volumes, our fears were no whit abated. For we there found ranged under books, chapters, sections, and *margents*,—notes, or titles, literally exhaustive of every topic of conceivable human speculation. It was some comfort indeed to find that such light reading as "*atheism in its relation to morality*," had but two pages assigned to its discussion; "*marks of the divine character in nature*," as many; and "*the immensity of nature*," not more. So far so well; yet had we not sufficiently shaken off our terror at such premonitions of universal inquiry, as not to be tempted still to sympathise with Rasselas in his abrupt treatment of his interminable friend. "To be a (*writer on theism*) is indeed very difficult," quoth Imlac, after a dreadful survey of his toils. "So difficult," replied Rasselas, "that at present I will hear no more of his labours." We have a homely Scotch improvement on Locke's simile of the *line*, which we recommend to Mr Thompson's attention, when next he meditates a book, the rather that it requires no vantage of *stand-point*,—"not to venture beyond his tether."

It will perhaps surprise the reader to be told, after all this, that on proceeding to the actual examination of Mr Thompson's treatise, he will find himself in the hands of a scholar, a philosopher, and an enlightened Christian. If his use of his *notes* may seem a little too irregular and intemperate, under, we shall suppose, the temptation at which he hints, of being hurried in his preparations, and therefore forced to use what he had prepared before he "heard of the expected competition," he has in some respects compensated the reader by the richness of his materials, and even by the frequent felicity with which he illustrates his actual subject. He thus sets forth his theme:—

"The subject of the present work is one, which, in some form or other, has excited the attention of every man who has entered into the possession of his birthright as an intelligent being. Few may have considered it deeply, none can have exhausted it; but the man has not lived, at least as man, to whom the question has never presented itself in some form. 'What am I, and what is this marvellous universe to which I belong.' If the inquiry be not pursued reflectively, yet in some feeling at least, however vague, it perpetually recurs,—whence am I, whither do I go, and what is the cause and the purpose of my existence here?"

"These questions constitute the great problem of human thought, till the timid inferences of reason are confirmed by the discoveries of revelation. Not but that both in man and nature testimonies abound to the sublime truth,—there is one God and Father of all; but they are perceived with difficulty and doubt, till human reasonings are confirmed by a voice which we can know to be from God.

"It is a truth which belongs to philosophy as well as to theology; to philosophy as an ultimate conclusion, to theology as a fundamental truth. Natural theology has its origin in the constitution of the mind, with its innate powers and tendencies. Even revelation must be void of meaning, unless with reference to an intelligent mind. For as colours are nothing, unless to a certain constitution of the eye and nerve, through which they are perceived; as a moral law is nothing without an inward moral sense to appreciate its distinction, and to be subject to its judgments; so revelation is unfounded and unmeaning, unless to a mind which can understand and estimate its evidences, and form the conception of a Supreme Being.

"Such a mind must possess faculties and capacities for general speculation and research; and of all the questions which can engage the thoughts, it is at once the most interesting and the most momentous,—whether that great Being whom we are accustomed to regard as the first cause and abiding principle of all things; the first anticipation of ignorance, the highest result of philosophy; the beginning of existence; the end of thought; the Lord of creation; the Father of mankind; the hope of the righteous, the dread of the ungodly; whether that Being do really exist, as it is unquestionable that these thoughts of Him are perpetually recurring to the mind. . . . Since then this evidence is to be sought in universal nature, and in the constitution of the mind; and since knowledge is continually increased, and the study of ourselves the most intricate and difficult in which we can engage; it follows that no human intellect, or progress, can ever exhaust the subject, or exhibit its evidences in their fulness. The difficulty is much increased when we take account of the disturbing causes of human judgment. The love of knowledge and the fascination of systems, sometimes lead the inquirer to transgress the natural limits of his faculties, to build upon groundless assumptions, and to mistake partial views for the whole truth. Various theories of existence, each involving its peculiar speculations, and resulting in its peculiar forms of unbelief, have been from time to time current in the world. Moral obliquities are a still more prevalent source of error. It is the interest of the wicked man, at least he thinks so, that there shall be no God; and men easily believe what they wish to be true. On the other hand, it is not without example, that the false shew of religion in nominal Christians, who are practical atheists, may lead more honest, though perhaps sensitive and hasty minds to treat as a delusion, a belief which is manifestly insincere.

"Such considerations of the ignorance and imperfection of human nature, may account for the various and inconsistent theories of atheism which has deceived or amused the world. Every imaginable system would seem to have had its advocates. It has been attempted by theories of dead matter, and of living matter, and of a senseless inanimate God, to supersede the doctrine of the living God. Positive atheism has often tried its atomic and its hylozoic theories, with chance or necessity for its deity. It has deified the universe, and assumed the more imposing name of Pantheism. Negative atheism professes to acquiesce in unavoidable scepticism respecting the causes and the purpose of existence, denying all knowledge of the first cause, and affirming it to be impossible."—I. Pp. 1—6.

We pronounce this to be a favourable specimen of Mr Thompson's manner, not before, but after having read his whole book. The reader will readily perceive that he has adopted a style not unsuited to his subject; a style not un-Saxon, yet sufficiently after the classical model to render every fair ornament of composition available; eloquent yet free from Teutonism. To be sure this general praise falls to be considerably qualified in the course of our progress; where we oftentimes find, assumed we fear, from the *notes*, certain Teutonic forms of thought and language

which we could well have wished away from, upon the whole, an honest, sincere, and *parsonlike* piece of Anglo-Saxon, and at the same time college-bred composition. The specific difference between his style and mind, and those of his competitor Dr Tulloch, comes out incessantly and amusingly. On plain ground the parson puts out his fore-foot frankly and intrepidly, and carries on his reader very pleasantly. But let a stone (Paley's for instance) come in his way he begins to stumble, and the first (metaphysical) thicket he enters, he is constantly feeling for new metal, breathing hard with anxiety, and in his terror for his *footing*, getting more perilously off his road, and driving more bewilderingly into the darkness, which can have no other recommendation to him under the circumstances than that he cannot see his danger or his fear. On the other hand, the Principal is one of those horses who are popularly said to see in the dark, and are trusted by their riders accordingly; *he* is never so brisk or so assured as when he finds himself in the dingle; he is aware that his rider—reader—is more than willing to slacken the rein, and let it gently fall on his neck, and on his part he engages to carry you quite securely through the densest labyrinth, traversed here and there by the direst quag that can come in a traveller's way. Dr Tulloch is at home in metaphysics; so deft in his step, so seeming soft in his progress, that if you are not quite sure that you have got much farther on with him than when you began, you cannot find it in your heart to impute the blame to himself.

We cannot, however, pretend honestly that the reader is always really a gainer by Mr Thompson's way of clearing his ground when he would seem to be on a plain road. His illustrations are, in several cases, as unlucky as a propensity to the *bathos* can make them. We defy Sir Richard Blackmore, out of the full store of his improvements on Scripture imagery, to match the following amendment of a very celebrated comparison. "It appears then, that the mind, at the commencement of life and previously to their first experience, ought not to be compared, as by Locke, to a *sheet* of blank paper; nor yet as by Kant to a sheet written all over with hieroglyphics. It would seem to resemble not so much the *manufactured paper* as the *pulp* of which it is to consist; this, however, not lying in a shapeless mass, but spread out in a wonderful machine, which proceeds at once to roll the sheet, and to impress on it indelible characters. To complete the comparison, we may imagine the pulp and the machine to possess, each of them, certain *chymical properties*, or, through the agency of a Wise Designer, to be *imprinted* with certain *chymical substances* which have an affinity for one another."—P. 70. Now the original simile by which the mind was compared to unwritten, and the second by which it was compared to written paper, was sufficiently and daringly *material*, not to mention other objections, to have deserved all the criticism through which it has passed,—but it was a happy thought to have helped it by substituting the *paper-mill*. So the imaginative Sir Richard was not content with *manna*, but he must have it *chemically* prepared.

"Heaven in the wilderness a table spread,
And in its airy ovens *baked* their bread."

We have again, as we hinted, Paley's unlucky stone discussed; and cannot but repeat our concern that, in the midst of a very elegant amble, it should have come in our theistic philosopher's way. We dismissed it rather summarily in our notice of Dr. Tulloch, but we beg to have a word or two more to say about it on the present occasion. "The stone which Paley passes by," says our author, in words which we have surely read before, though they are introduced without quotation marks, "*may tell a more wondrous story than the watch that he picks up*. Its structure may contain the record of slow changes or sudden convulsions which took place at some distant part of the earth, ages before the existence of our race. But the mind may go beyond its structure to its varied properties, chymical, mineralogical, and others, and from these to its bare existence as matter, and unless content to rest in ignorance, can refer them to the agency of an unchanging and eternal God." Certainly;—who doubts it? The stone is teeming rich with the marks of design, and, unlike the watch, of an almighty Designer to boot; so is a straw, so is a splinter of dead-wood. But it is in the advanced state of science that *their* design is appreciated or even perceived. The evidence of design in the watch is direct, immediate, and irresistible; and we do not for one moment doubt that it was from such popular instances, and strictly mechanical facts, that philosophy itself was led to surmise, and ultimately to prove design in even the meanest familiar that crossed its path. Paley's mistake in the case is in introducing the *ego* into his simile, his *superlative philosophical* self as passing the stone on the heath without notice or inference; but let the *I* stand, as it was intended, for the universal genus *man*, and who can say if there was but the stone on the heath to bear witness to God, if any man would have *thought* of looking for him there. This is of course all the question, and it is mere impertinence to ring so many changes on a great man's illustration, which surely must be allowed to answer well all the purpose for which it was invented. We wish the invention were successfully imitated by any one of these young theists who are so ready to comment on it. It might outweigh all the worth of their book, to treat the world to a single new comparison of equal worth in aid of any single great subject. We have indeed much to say on behalf of this same Paley if there were time or occasion. When a protest is taken against our being misled by illustrations from clocks and watches, from the little arts which indeed shew human brains and human hands to have been busy, but which can bring us no nearer the true theory of an universe,—our defence is that we are not borrowing our ideas from art. Art has been foremost in borrowing; and is in every case indebted to some archetype. But it is in its turn that archetype's most direct and palpable exponent. Art is in truth the imitation of design, a mere plagiarism from the dispositions of nature, and because that great mistress has taught the secret of regularity, must we not speak the language and use the ideas that have been actually learned from her study and inspection when we set about accounting for her works; or rather must we refrain from connecting with design those works of *God* of which it is the height of human contrivance to make even the faintest transcript? In fact natural design and human art reci-

prostate assistance in the conduct of this high argument in such a way as to make it evil completely thrown away, to object to *examples* taken from either domain, for such purposes as those which the illustrious author of "The Natural Theology" had in view.

We turned with not a little interest to the part of Mr Thompson's Treatise in which Dr Clarke's argument was proposed, or rather expected, to be discussed. To our dismay we found nothing there, but Dr Reid's celebrated sneer "at these speculations of men of superior genius," of which he declines to say "whether they be as solid as they are sublime, or whether they are the wanderings of imagination in a region beyond the limits of human understanding," to which Dugald Stewart, in the next paragraph, says Amen, of course; and the charge, so irreverently revived by Brougham, of having borrowed his argument, or the best of it, from Spinoza! We do not admit that what is in a sort common to Clarke and Spinoza, the conversion of space and time into attributes of divinity, constitutes the strength of Clarke's argument,—nor that he was shut out from pointing the Spinozan battery against itself. The strength of Clarke's argument is in his use of a principle which, if there be an axiom out of mathematics, is surely one—that something must have been from all eternity. The main use of this axiom to the theistic argument seems to us to be, that it can be employed with every advantage as a sort of *argumentum ad hominem*. The moment an atheist claims a common property in it, which, if he be not a nihilist, he must do, he is *planted*. For his eternal something begins to contradict itself; whereas the eternal Being of the theist comes triumphantly forth as the only kind of eternal being that is not flux, and changeable, and otherwise disqualified for the part assigned him. When Clarke sets about inferring every attribute of the divine nature from the axiom of which he requires the concession, he perhaps loses himself and his reader—but only *loses* both, and never lands in palpable absurdity or error. The atheist is instantly gravelled, whereas the theistic demonstrator never strikes his foot against a stone in his descent, though he may never reach the *depths* which he is seeking to sound. The severest thing that was ever said perhaps at the expense of Dr Clarke and his Demonstration, which was, that he teaches us "to reason downwards till we doubt of God," contains a kind of compliment, for when the atheist reasons downwards it is to find *contradiction*, not to God, but to atheism,—he is scarcely in, but he is stopped, and landed in fifty contradictions. It is time that Clarke's argument should be estimated anew, and its real importance set right, its real irrelevancies detached,—the rather that we are certain that not one of five hundred who pretend to set it at nought (we should be sorry to think that either of the accomplished essayists are of them) have done the demonstrant the justice to read his argument in his own language.

Mr Thompson does his work better, and does it well, when he proceeds to dissect and dispose of the several atheisms of the time. For this part of his work he is evidently all the better qualified by his reading, which seems to be extensive and sound in the works of the ancients,—since, as he justly says, atheism is incessantly reproductive, and there is nothing in this wide world in which there is so little new. If the things

to be exposed or answered have so little that is new, the answers are of course just as ready; but the essayist has done himself very great and distinguished credit, by the readiness and clearness with which, without perhaps greatly overstraining his faculties, he has contrived to provide good antidotes to the several poisons which have been extracted in such copious quantity from old *fungi*. He is not always indeed equally happy,—and he very ingenuously confesses his obligations to one of his judges, (Baden Powell), for directing him in the revisal of his comments on the development of atheism, since the first draught of his treatise was prepared. We have some grounds for doubting whether the product of the revision be altogether satisfactory, or even unexceptionable in some rather grave respects. But we must give our unqualified approbation to that part of the work which deals with the miserable atheistic paradoxes which are in vogue with the too rising sect of secularists. Their refuge is negative atheism,—of which the maxim is, knowing nothing,—therefore fearing nothing,—of consequence *caring* nothing, but for the things of this world. We crave attention to the following passages which we have culled from the many good things that are said with reference to this dreary substitute for Christian hope.

“Negative atheism avoids all questions of man’s origin, his destiny, his relations to God. It sees that nature has some tremendous secret to unfold, but the veil of Neith is still spread over all, and we hear only the riddle of the sphynx. ‘Nature,’ says one, (viz. Holyoake) ‘acts with a fearful uniformity, stern as fate, absolute as tyranny, merciless as death; too vast to praise, too inexplicable to worship, too inexorable to propitiate; its silence is profound, and when we ask its secret, it points to death. But nature refers us to science for help, and to humanity for sympathy; love to the lovely is our only homage, study our only praise, quiet submission to the inevitable our duty, and work is our only worship.’ They look to science for help; and it adds a year or two to the average length of life, and accelerates their powers of locomotion; to humanity for sympathy; but it is to companions in suffering, who need consolation like themselves. Love to the lovely is their homage; and, if their knowledge rest in sensation, we will still believe their feelings to be a higher part of their nature, though unhalloved by the anticipation of immortal fellowship. Study is then praise; but it excites only an adoration of barren wonder and mute astonishment. Others also can submit to the inevitable; though they believe not in inevitable evil. Others have said, work is our worship, *Laborare est orare*, though they have not thought that work is to every one, but the fruitless bustle of a few short years, which must prove to have been labour in vain.

“And is there no unavoidable feeling in the breast of man, that the material universe, with the wonders of order and beauty, with its all but infinite and eternal existence, is yet inferior to his own soul? Is it a mere egotistical illusion that a creature of yesterday, can cast his eye towards the immensity, and feel, though newly sprung to life, I am more fearfully and wonderfully made than this great universe of worlds; more wonderfully, for I can observe it and calculate its movements, but it sees not me; more fearfully, for its order is fixed and stable, and it has no power to depart from it; in myself there is an awful choice to be made between order and disorder, and I am not bound in the necessity of nature.”—Pp. 163, 4.

The negative atheist’s transit from affected humility to real dogmatism is well exhibited.

"Negative atheism makes professions of humility. 'The language invented by Pope,' it exclaims, 'that we may look through nature up to nature's God, has no signification for me, as I know nothing besides nature, and can conceive of nothing greater. The majesty of the universe so transcends my faculties of penetration that I pause in awe and silence before it. We stand in the great presence of nature, whose inspiration should be that of modesty, humility, and love.' That the grandeur and magnificence of nature must impress the thoughtful observer with a sense of littleness, and a feeling of humility, the theist will readily allow. But what is humility? Is it a sceptical doubt upon every question not immediately cognizable by the senses; or a disposition to believe what nature teaches; to be consistent in the application of those mental principles on which all knowledge depends; and to apply them to the interpretation of all the facts of consciousness? To ask no questions though nature prompts them; to repress the instinctive curiosity; to silence the universal convictions of the soul, and pronounce them delusions;—is this the submissive modesty that becomes us? A child is naturally humble, and shows its humility in its disposition to be taught. Humility is not less open to the instruction which lies before it in the book of nature, than unwilling to dogmatize on the pages which are sealed. In the presence of nature, and those powers of nature which are of God, man is ever a child. It becomes him, then, to be humble, and to be consistently so; to be humble both in his examination of facts, and in pronouncing his judgment upon them.

"The atheist is inconsistent with his profession of humility, when without strong support in facts, he confidently ascribes the universal belief in gods, or in the One God, to a delusion. There can be no better reason for pronouncing this universal belief a delusion, than might be alleged to discredit the universal knowledge of an external world. It is at least as conceivable and as probable, that all we see is a delusion; that nothing exists but one's self, and all the rest are but the figures of a vision; as that those very principles of the understanding, which are called into existence, before we can be aware of the world without us, are deceived in ascribing that existence to the power of a first and living cause.

"A similar observation applies to the same reasoner's theory of the eternity of matter. 'There must always,' he says, 'have been something, or there could be nothing now.' In one respect this argument is satisfactory. It is gratifying to find that *something* which the dullest feel is allowed to be true. They feel that out of nothing nothing can arise; that everything phenomenal must have its cause. But is this assumption of the eternity of matter one to still their unavoidable feeling? Has it existed externally in all its diversities? Is it a genus of eternal beings? Then the very principle of reason which has just been acknowledged demands a cause of the relations and combinations of its various kinds. These can no more originate in nothing than the matter itself. Or does it exist without its properties? And are these generable and corruptible? Then, to pass over the question,—what do we know of matter without its properties? Again, the same principle demands a cause of these properties themselves, as well as of their mutual relations, and especially a cause of the origin of mind in matter. . . . Thus the position of the negative atheist is untenable. He cannot but believe in something, and choosing eternal matter shelters himself under a theory of *positive* atheism. He thus at once discards his humility and exposes himself to all the difficulties of those systems."—1. pp. 154—59.

We are not a little concerned to have to contrast this able and complete down-set of a plausible atheism and its defender, with the timid treatment of the sorry atheism of development, and its Coryphæus, to

whom we really cannot allow a higher measure of ingenuity or of honesty than may be afforded to Mr Holyeake. The elaborate discussion of the fire-mists, and primeval fogs, and electrified albumen of the *Vestiges*, however much it may have owed to the obstetrical assistance of Mr Baden Powell, does not edify us so much as to reconcile us to such careless platitudes in the management of the general argument, as observations like these :—

“ The geology and natural philosophy of this *able* and popular work have been sufficiently examined, and scarcely fall within the purpose of our subject. There can be no doubt of the gradual development of the material world. It has not arisen into being in its present condition, but through a progressive creation by law. But even as regards this world of matter, it has been made evident that much is to be learnt to put us in possession of a scientific system of cosmogony; far more before it will be possible to say, whether in any degree, and how far, the system of development can be applied to living beings. . . . This work makes a constant and reverent profession of theism, and *there can be no question of the author's sincerity*. A theory of progressive creation and development, though often made the basis of atheism, is quite compatible with true theism, provided the forces of nature be regarded as subordinate to the first cause of all, and the law of development as the law of the Divine agency. But the mechanical fatalism of the work is certainly atheistic.”

Was ever so meaningless a see-saw of defamation and praise, of concession and condemnation? Verily the *sincere theist* and *atheistic fatalist* are pleasantly met under the same mask. Nor is it much less surprising to find a development theory, modifying itself into a fit element of a set defence of Christian theism. The next time Mr Thompson embarks in a theological venture, we advise him to row, or at least to steer his own boat, without the ominous assistance of Mr Professor Powell. But is it possible that he does not perceive, that progression, and development are not convertible, either as terms or as things? To be sure every development is a progress,—but every progress is not a development. The egg develops into an insect or a bird,—and there is progress here, because there are on-going steps or stages. But progress does not *imply* such processes of evolution,—and in point of fact is rarely taken for the same thing. Progresses are of every length and degree of continuousness,—developments, in so far as we are acquainted with them, or entitled to speak of them, in animated nature especially, are commonly facts that have a brief, compendious, ascertainable, history. The progress of nature is not carried on, so far as has ever been perceived, in the way assumed by *any* theory of development. Where are the remains of man, in the third, or half, or three-fourths stages of his development into the being that he is, except in the collections of the anatomist? In the *known* vestiges of creation, in the settings of rocks and earths, his progressive stages are never written, there are no remains of him as he was a third part developed, and so on,—nor is there any form that can be taken or mistaken for his growing likeness, until he actually appears full made. One would think that creation was full fraught with nondescript attempts at limbs, &c., corresponding to the fatal approaches to completeness, while man and other creatures were *a-making by law*; where-

as, not one specimen or indication is to be obtained of such a progress. And progress self is almost as vain a fable in any theory of creation. It is taking for granted what cannot be proved,—that the farther on in space or time aught is, it is *therefore* the more perfect or developed. Nature has no such *necessities*, whatever her more frequent or familiar usage may be. So that law, or no law,—law assigned, or law innate,—and its condition, development, or even progression, as a universal exponent of nature's working—is a baseless vision, and undeserving of one genuflection of all the courtesies which our author, with others, has been at the trouble of honouring it withal.

We now come to a kind of isthmus, which is intended seemingly to connect the proof of the existence of God with an estimate of his character. This passage between the two capital divisions of the subject is occupied with a variety of discussions, embracing inquiries into the nature and relations of *space and time*; *the province of reason*; *fatalism and free-will*; *freewill and inertia*;—a region, of which we can only say, that shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it. Here we seem, with the celebrated pilgrim, to be travelling through the very valley of the shadow of death. It is not alone that we are beclouded and mystified. Our imagination becomes peopled; hobgoblin phantoms, and transcendental forms crowd about us, affright us with their shapes, and stun us with their names; of *antinomies, theological ideals, proofs ontological, psychological, cosmological*—till, like our friend Moses in the immortal Vicar, we are at a loss what to receive and what to dispute, and we are left helpless in the hands of the logician who has undertaken to guide and convince us. From these dark metaphysics, it may be enough to extract one specimen:—

“No knowledge of objective existence can be founded on a subjective condition of sensibility. On such a basis, we can establish nothing more than an ideal of the reason, but an ideal, if we may so speak, of the pure intention. But the foregoing principles will lead to a somewhat different conclusion upon space. Every distinct perception must have its own cause external to the mind. Every single object has its own proper nature, and contains within itself the causes of its action on the sensibility. But external objects and part of the same object, are perceived as separate from one another, and the separation is wholly independent of the mind. Hence, whether the primary qualities of body—those which depend on its space relations—be regarded as essential in the *deep* nature of things, or only relational, still, it is evident that we may conceive each part of matter to have its own causes of sensation, either statically undergoing or dynamically generating its separate phenomena in different parts of space.”—Pp. 233, 4.

This seems to us the exact counterpart of “Very well,” said the squire, speaking very quick, “the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the con-catenation of self-existence, proceeding in a duplicate reciprical ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.”¹

We do not mean to bring our author to a reckoning for *thinking* nonsense; but such a style of discussion is the next thing to writing it. To what class of readers is this way of philosophizing meant to be instructive?

¹ Vicar of Wakefield.

We doubt, extremely, whether philosophers themselves are agreed on the use or expediency of these hard words and phrases as a vehicle of communication between one another. Can there be anything more preposterous then, than to darken words, which were expressly intended for general edification, and for which premiums were awarded, that they might be universally serviceable, and help to protect successive generations from successive atheisms, with phraseology, which might seem fitter to carry the equivocations of the subject to the ear or mind of "the general," than to expose sophisms, and to render the exposure telling and complete?

We might not have reckoned it our duty to deal an admonition so severe, if this author were not obviously capable of better things; and if we had not suffered from the provocation of seeing a great deal of goodly matter, properly and intelligibly expressed, alternating with "this perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart" of the wise, to nauseate; and of the ignorant, to vex and to oppress.

Who could have been prepared by such a laborious "darkening of counsel by words," (we shall not complete the reference) as we have just exemplified, for such a step of clearance from the misty isthmus of which we have spoken—or this which leads us directly to our author's happier treatment of his subject, in the subsequent division of his work, viz.—that which treats of the divine character and government:—

"The method of theism is humble, and such as becomes man on such a subject. Pretending to no geometrical proofs, it finds that evidences of a different kind have complete certainty, to convince man of the existence of beings like himself. Habit has taught him to infer the existence of another, from certain general appearances which are constant. He needs many additional observations, and long experience of words and deeds, before he can add to his knowledge of a man's existence, that of his character and disposition. We may well be content with the same kind of evidence of the Nature and Attributes of God. We cannot deduce all his knowledge from some single conception, such as that of the Self-existent Being, or the All-real Being; for this were to comprehend the Divine Nature with the limits of the mind. It is probable that God may reveal Himself to His creatures, and thus communicate a true, though imperfect conception of His nature. But to found a demonstration on conception, we must here trace the processes of creation from the commencement to the evolution of the mind, and the generation of its unavoidable ideas.

"This, however, were an impossible task. Man must be content with humbler methods of knowledge. He must test his results by the common and allowed principles of all judgment. He must inquire whether they are corroborated by the various facts of consciousness, in all the diversified manifestations of man and of the world.

"This then is our method of procedure, and thus far it hath been carried out, though imperfectly and unworthy of the subject. Deeper and more accurate thought will be able to establish the conclusion on an immoveable basis; that although we can make no pretension to demonstration of a deductive logic or geometry; although assumption of equality with God, and the demand for such a proof, equivalent to an assertion that we will not believe in God, because we are not gods ourselves; although the evidences of natural theology must be collected with labour and attention; and must be examined in the conviction that we are infinitely little, in comparison of him

whom we seek ; yet we have, in ourselves and in the world around us, in bare material existence and in the abiding laws of the universe ; in its order and stability, designs and adaptations to ourselves—and these not only in its more palpable manifestation of fitness, but in those deeper adaptations which make it a world of possible perception to the mind ; in the vast abysses of astronomy, illimitable ; yet full of harmony in the immeasurable periods of geology, often broken by catastrophes, yet ever evolving new forms of being, and higher manifestations of life in all the processes of nature, whether of material or of vital existence ; in the powers which excite, and in the powers which restrain, the pestilence and the tempest ; in the powers which bind together the universe, and shut up the sea within its bounds ; in those which give life and beauty to the snow drops, and in those which have hung up the earth on nothing, and strown its firmament with the golden dust of suns ; in man individually and socially ; in the ideas of reason and in the instincts of feeling ; in the law of conscience and in the aspirations of the soul ; in the mystery of evil, with its moral retributions in ourselves, and in history ;—we have in all,—evidences less palpable indeed, than the first appearances of sensation, but not on this account less easy and natural to the mind,—evidences sufficient, according to the common principles of reason, to give us as cogent a proof of the existence, a far more full and complete demonstration of the Attributes of the Most *Highest* (*sic*) than we can ever gain of the existence and character of any one person like ourselves.”—I. Pp. 294-7.

The field thus beautifully sketched, the essayist proceeds to occupy with a marvellous improvement, in many respects, on his former exertions. For this, very likely, his professional habit of popular exposition, may serve chiefly to account. It is impossible at any time to question the extent of his research, or his capacity of thought. But here, it is his fortune to think his thoughts aloud ; after, no doubt, the benefit of many rehearsals. He has nearly done with his abstractions, and the crabbed menstruum in which their virtues sought exhibition and conveyance,—a jargon worse than the *organon* of the schools. He works his English mind, and wags his English tongue, to such good purpose, nearly throughout his second volume, that we are almost tempted to wish that he could have spared us his first.

Mr Thompson seems to us to have judged wisely in bringing the illustrative part of his argument, or its *à posteriori* development, to bear on the *character* of God, rather than on the fact of his existence. It will be seen that he has trusted chiefly to those laws of the human constitution which lead as surely to the discovery of God, as to that of man—other, that is to say, than oneself—for the evidence of the truth that God exists. And he seeks out his *character* in the stamp of the works which he has made, as well as in the moral phenomena which blend themselves everywhere with these works. Here he avoids altogether the indecency of which we found reason to complain in Dr Tulloch's illustration of the divine character, as if it too were a *development*, passing from the stage of wisdom *on* to that of power, and from the stage of power on to that of righteousness and benevolence. It is perhaps scarcely possible to treat of the divine attributes at all, without some appearance of giving a precedence in point of evolution, and even perhaps of importance, to some above the rest—but when we see what the lower and

irreligious school of optimism, by which we are sorry to be compelled to own that we mean the *Anglo-deistic*, has made of a feigned divorce between God's wisdom and power, on the one hand of which they hold that there are acknowledged traces; and of his justice and benevolence on the other, of which they reckon the proof to be defective or none;—we are glad to see the argument properly pursued, on the footing of seeking the *same* glory of perfection in all the works, which discover the maker's heart, as universally as they discover the maker's hand.

In his brief run over the phenomenal traces of the divine existence and character, Mr Thompson travels boldly and freely. He writes like one who has not the elements of physical science all to learn. He neither affects the use of terms in which scientific men are in the habit of interchanging their thoughts, and revealing their discoveries, nor does he discard them, as if, Mrs Marcet-like, he were addressing little girls and little boys. He does his subject, in this respect, all the brief justice of which it is capable, within the bounds to which he is restricted by his plans. There is to be sure something of the hardness of the syllabus, rather than of the luminousness of the lecture, here too, as there is in every similar effort to cover much scientific ground at once. But what else can be looked for, where *chemistry*, *astronomy*, and *geology*, are expected to contribute their several aids to a single argument?

So far as the goodness of God may, so to speak, be superficially inferred, that is, inferred from general aspects; and so far as its seeming exception too may be superficially accounted for, that is, by the laws of interpretation which the outside of nature supplies the mere reasoner withal, we do not know that much more can be said than is so clearly stated in the following large extract:—

"The benevolence of the Creator is everywhere manifest in the universe, both in the arrangements of nature, and in the constitution of living beings. It everywhere underlies the confusion with which the sin of man has overspread the surface of human life. Beneath the varied troubles, and the shifting turbulence of evil, the laws of harmony and order remain unchangeable. It is but the surface of the ocean, and but a little portion of the surface, that can be seen at once; and while the clouds and storms sweep over it, and darkness covers its face, we may imagine it to be in commotion through all its depths. But beneath the varying tempests, and the fitful agitations of the surface, the great deep remains ever the same. So is the goodness of God beneath the evils of life. These are constantly changing and shifting their forms. New blights, new pestilences, are continually rising in place of old. Pests hitherto unknown attack the fruits of the ground; new and strange diseases lie in wait for the lives of men. Plague and small-pox are checked by human improvements and ingenuity, and malignant cholera springs up to do their work.

"But God is unchangeable, and the laws of his universe are abiding. No derangement can be permanent; no ills can establish their dominion over the course of nature. The thorn and the thistle may overrun the fields of the sluggard; the tempest may sometimes carry desolation to the most diligent; or, on the other hand, man may increase and improve the productions of nature by attention and ingenuity; but the laws of nature on which he depends retain their constancy from age to age. The gifts of a munificent Providence are shed forth in abundance from year to year. Famine is the exception and does not overpower the rule. . . . It is not less true that

things confessedly evil tend continually to beneficial results. Whatever causes may have brought the human constitution to be what it is,—whatever account be given of its degeneracy,—it needs no proof nor illustration to show, that man, as he now is, gains innumerable advantages from that economy of the world, which admits suffering and pain. He is little acquainted with himself who sighs for a life of undisturbed ease and enjoyment, or imagines that such a condition would be one of happiness. If all pleasures were as common as the air, they would be as little enjoyed, and as little noticed. The moral improvement of the race, as well as of individuals is effected, in a large measure, through suffering and sorrow. Nay, they are a mainspring of that exertion, and that exercise of all the faculties, which are necessary to rescue man from the wretchedness of indolence, and to engage him in the various pursuits which are the chief means of happiness. He needs the incentives of suffering to awaken him to life; the pleasures of activity are superadded.

“Thus far then on the general agency of the divine goodness. But it must be admitted that when we pass from the general course and constitution of things to the condition of individuals; still more when we look at the actual state of large portions of the race, we meet with difficulties which some minds cannot reconcile with infinite goodness. Can it be known that he is not merely the Ordainer of general laws, which aim at beneficence, but are perpetually frustrated, or ensure happiness to some favoured portions of the race by making victims of the rest; but that he cares for every one individually,—that his love is upon all his creatures? Must not infinite power and goodness secure the happiness of all by laws unailing as well as universal?

“In answer to these questions, it must be observed, in the first place, that their force is often greatly exaggerated. Men are apt to judge of the happiness of others by comparing their condition with their own. Nothing can be more fallacious. In fact there is no more striking evidence of the divine benevolence, than in the ability of the mind, not only to struggle with elastic power against the feeling of adversity, but also to adapt itself to wide varieties of circumstances. It must be admitted, however, that we do not then touch the root of the difficulty. We can but curtail its thick branches, and lessen the dark shadow they cast upon the sunshine of nature. The laws of nature are rigorous and un pitying. No calamity can interrupt them; no suffering can make them pause. There were an end of the doctrine of infinite goodness, if this were all that could be said. Infinite wisdom may work by general laws, and though there should be much waste in nature, may be conceived to accomplish its ends. The minute seeds of the ground, the stupendous globes of the sky, may, many of them, be superabundant productions of general laws. They may be imagined to be sparks from the anvil of creation, or shards from the footsteps of the Creator, and many minds will think it no disparagement to infinite wisdom. But goodness cannot be conceived to be infinite, unless it reach to individuals and to all. It may work by general laws, but if the laws be unequal in their results, there must be an affectionate purpose superior to them. . . . One has no reason to think otherwise. There is no opposition between laws of nature and a particular providence of goodness. The origin and the continued causes of the laws, are equally beyond the reach of knowledge. Every event of general laws may be as much determined by the divine will as if it stood alone. And natural religion may find a purpose in afflictions; though often uncertain, till it is supported by the assurances of revelation. The highest forms of virtue—mental energy in bodily weakness, patience, fortitude, trust in God—are nurtured in suffering. It may be seen on the face of things, that man is not only to be happy, but that holiness is before

happiness in the purposes of life. No higher privilege or nobler destiny is allotted to man, than to be made perfect by suffering, to overrule evil for good. . . . In the noble qualities which the soul acquires through affliction, it has an instinctive feeling, that, as it has been fitted for a better life, and advances in its preparation till the time of its departure from the world, so that better life will be given it, which it is calculated to fill. Such a spirit has often been found happy in afflictions, and has exulted under the prolonged agonies of a death of torture.

"But in considering the physical evils of mankind, are we not precluding the vindication of the divine goodness, in view of the moral evils which abound? . . . Vicious propensities are transmitted in the blood, as well as bodily disorders. And how many are shut up in vice, or find the escape from it far more difficult than it is to others, through penury, or ignorance, or the force of example and habit. This is true of multitudes in this Christian land, much more of the millions of heathendom who have sunk in degeneracy through the vices of past generations.

"Is there then notwithstanding the worst phase of human misery,—worst in reality though not what may be felt the most by its victims, is there still infinite goodness over all? There is still no evidence to the contrary, not even in the moral evils of life. That mankind suffer morally as well as physically through the sins of others, is a part of the constitution of things for which it may be difficult to assign a sufficient reason. But we cannot know that no such reason exists. . . . That creatures may be morally accountable, it is not necessary that they should possess equal endowments and opportunities, but that each be responsible in his measure. . . . The human family is bound in the ties of consanguinity, and the consequent fellowship of sin and suffering; but the moral evils of the race give the occasions of probation to individuals; and if all be not capable of the same advancement, all have some talent which they may improve, and all will be responsible in their measure. The preparatory life may be imperfect; vice and degradation may be allowed, for wise reasons, to run their course; but the sense of right in the soul is an assurance from him who implanted it, that none can ultimately fail to be happy through any defect in the constitution of things, or any failure of general laws. Whatever may be the fruit of wilfulness, none will be the victims of an imperfect nature, nor of the overpowering force of circumstances. Such considerations may satisfy reason,—scepticism cannot so easily be silenced."—II. pp. 97–109.

Here we come to the old question of the Origin of Evil, which for the sake of its modern application and solution, it falls undoubtedly within the province of the work very carefully to discuss. We were sorry to find Mr Thompson setting out rather rashly and unluckily in proceeding to deal with this most difficult and delicate subject; and but for some previous experience of his good sense, and power of setting himself right with his reader and his theme, we might have been in considerable pain for his extrication from difficulty. To "one of the first resources of imperfect theism," viz., "to regard the beneficent Creator as limited by self-existent evil, and therefore less than absolute omnipotence," he considers "the answer ascribed to Basil sufficient so far as it goes." That answer is, "that evil is no real thing, but a mere negative. It may generally be seen to consist in a confusion introduced into the relations of things which are not evil in their essential nature."

Now the Fathers were so irresistibly struck with the force of crotchets like these, when they occurred to their minds, that they never failed to

serve them instead of a universal key to difficulties. And it so happens that this foolish notion derives some degree of modern consequence from its relation to the well known optimistic maxim, "*Order is heaven's first law*," of which our author apparently approves without any qualification. That order is heaven's *first law*, we deny,—because it is either a *fiat*, or the *RESULT* of laws. If a *fiat*, it is both an original and perpetual act of the divine will, maintained, because it is his pleasure, by the Supreme Governor; or it is the general *effect* of the laws which he has ordained, an effect to which they all contribute. To exalt order into a law, is to approach too near the hypothesis that accounts for the universe by a "principle of order,"¹ which is supposed to reside in and rule all matter. Instead of being heaven's *first law*, it is, if a law at all, about its last,—a final cause, not a first. And how then does disorder account for evil. Because *disorder*, we suppose, is the breach of heaven's *first law*,—and, as all know, evil is a *breach of divine law*! Rare reasoning, but, we take it, too much allied to the quibble to be worth a sentence of answer, or one moment's consideration. That confusion is an effect of evil, along with fifty or fifty thousand others, may be readily granted; but that it either *is*, or *is the cause of evil*, is about as true as that fire *is* heat, or that Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands. But let us hear our author's defence of the Fathers and of himself:—

"In the physical world evil is nothing real, but a confusion of things real. The same is true of the moral world. No power of man's nature is evil of itself. God has bestowed on him no faculties of mind or body, and allows him to possess none, but such as have their good application, and are intended for their proper use. It is true that man is naturally prone to evil. This is a matter of experience, as well as a truth of Scripture. But it does not mean that he possesses any powers or faculties which are essentially evil, but that he is prone to misapply his good powers, and to transgress the bounds of temperance imposed by nature," &c.

What; is there no *φρονημα σαρκος*, no *law* in the members warring against the *law* of the mind,—no rooted evil needing extirpation, to prevent the choak of goodly growths. Verily, Mr Thompson, you see things outside and in, with a subtler than the Berkleian telescope. No *evil*, but *absent good*. Could Stoicism have gone farther?

"But the answer though true," continues the apologist of Basil, "though true thus far, does not approach the common difficulty of the subject. The question is, Why are finite beings permitted to *disorder* the works of God?"

To disorder,—and why not *add* at least, to *defile*, the works of God. There are companion theories like unto this, that would still be calling the evil one and his works to *order*, instead of branding them with the infamy of corruption. We have somewhere seen a laborious demonstration to prove that good and evil are but the *straight* and the *oblique* lines of moral and physical relation.

Evil, we presume to consider, just as a fact, and like every fact, to have a history. Many facts have their history unwritten. Not so evil—and it must always have been presumeable that its history would be

¹ Hume.

forth-coming. Nor has gracious heaven failed to supply the desideratum. It is the merest affectation, now at least, to treat the subject as if we had got no farther than the philosophers who received, among other solutions, the very probable one that *matter* and *evil* were identical!—We are in circumstances to be thankful for the very difficulties which led us first to the point where they can be resolved,—the historic origin of sin, and its historic redress.

Our author is indeed admirable when he reaches this most desirable verge of his latest state of progress. And we readily do him the justice which we should have failed to do, if we had served up more of his speculations in the field from which we are now to hasten his emergence. His step is firm and sure the moment he places his foot on Scripture territory. And we cannot but anticipate much future triumph to such a writer, and much future service to the Christian cause, if he shall be spared to prosecute hostilities with the enemies of the Word of God after their several kinds. He very properly does not go mincingly to work with the tribe of anti-scripturists and anti-naturalists; nor accept the brotherhood of the Parkers, and Newmans, and Martineaus, and Hennels, as fellow labourers with him in the theistic field; but deals with them stoutly as enemies of the truth which has its sources in reason, and its issues in revelation. They have here met with their match in a new writer, who is not unlikely to give them as much trouble as any one whom they have hitherto had to answer.

The *purgers of the word of God*! from fanaticism and weakness, are well rebuked.

"Infidelity had long affected to treat the Bible with disdain, and the Saviour of mankind as an impostor. This form of unbelief could only become popular in countries where the Scriptures had been concealed from man by an unfaithful church, and were but little known. Its unfairness was too palpable for those who are familiar with Holy Writ and accustomed to judge for themselves. . . . Recent scepticism has here an advantage over its motley predecessors. It assumes that tone of candour and universal toleration, which always appear enlightened, and are in this age so popular. It admits all that is good in Christianity, it only seeks to purify it of its errors,—errors however which may well be excused, for they are human, and were to be expected at the time of its origin. They are sure to give way before the advancing philosophy, the higher moral development, the refined criticism of this later age of the whole world. . . . This attempt to retain the name of Christianity without its substance will appear to many a dishonest artifice. Its holder maintains that his is the true view and effect of Christ's mission, and that of Christians in all ages mistaken. And he may consider that his deistical scheme has at least as good right to the name of Christian, as the belief of the many nominal Christians who are practically atheists. . . . To false professions and empty forms of religion, wherever they may be found, an infidel school like this is the natural and proper connection. If there were nothing better than these in the Christian church, the infidel might well about his *to triumph*. It would be time to look for another dispensation. But very different is the Christianity of the Bible, and thanks to God, of numerous Christians who adorn their station in life. False religion always sows the seeds of unbelief. The great apostacy of the latter days, will be a judgment on the false pretences of religious prosperity.

But the true church throughout the world ever survived the tempests of opinion, and if need be, also of persecution. . . .

"It will also outlive this modern school with all its candid admissions, and confident assumptions, though one may tell us that 'the world is in a state of transition from the belief in Christ as God;' another, that 'miracles and prophecy are losing their influence over the minds of men;' that 'there has been a great mistake for God's Works and these only are his Word;' and another, 'that the God of revelation is finite and malignant, its theology dreadful, and the days of its foul doctrines numbered.' It will survive what are more dangerous by far, the coldness, the indifference, the false and treacherous adherence of formal and self-interested professors. . . . Self-seeking secularism under the guise of religion—a more odious form of it than atheistic—will soon have had their day. 'They' may live on in impunity, and in high station, while intelligence is confined to the few; for churches, little faithful to their divine commission, have, in many countries been powerful instruments of ambition, and convenient safe-guards of abuses. But the mind of man with powers yet untried and unknown, is beginning to rouse itself from the sleep of ages. The mind of millions long dormant, already moves as though it lived. The moral and spiritual power of the race, will one day be as great as the material power which has already been set in action. In that day,—and once dawned it will quickly rise,—the light of heaven will discover the dark corners of the earth. It will then be seen that immoral professors of Christianity are worse atheists, and ought to be so accounted, than men who openly deny the truth; as an open and honest enemy is not so much to be dreaded or despised, as a hypocritical and self-seeking friend. False and empty forms of religion will fall no doubt; and the sooner the better. The world will be freer, and wiser, and happier for the change. But Christianity will not fall. It is the reunion of man with God. It is the beginning of that perfect religion which fits him for a higher life. It is the fulfilment of the eternal purpose of God in his creation and in his relation to other intelligent creatures of the same Creator."—II. 232—7.

The man who could write thus, is a man who can write very nobly. He has earned more than his literary garland—we will not dishonour his work, by saying, more than his *fee*. He owes it to his country, and to the good cause which he so well defends, not to pause on this single effort.

Passages of equal, or still more striking merit, though too long for extract, will be found under the heads of, *the development theory of human nature*,—*are eternal sin and suffering compatible with the goodness of the Creator?* and, *the practical efficacy of the doctrine of the atonement*. These, with the luminous winding up of the work, concluding with several pages of uncommon eloquence, compel us to regret more and more the inequalities on which we have been obliged to animadvert in this able work. As the author is, so far as we are informed, new to publication, it may even yet be rendering him a serviceable though unwelcome office, to touch on a sort of failure to which we would not willingly see him exposing himself again. The persons with whom he occasionally contends, and the topics that he frequently takes up, necessarily carry him into the field so conspicuously occupied by the able author of the *Eclipse of Faith*: Without perhaps exactly meaning to be complimentary to that accomplished person, he has stepped aside more than once into a style, which but too painfully forces upon us, not only a de-

ficiency, but a weakness and infirmity in dealing with controversy, after his model. We only hope this precious morsel of satire may never reach the eye or ear of the scoffer, whose pretensions it seems to have been contrived to demolish.

"And this is subordinating man to the universe! But it is idle to argue in such a case. There is no such man as M. Comte. He is altogether an imaginary personage. The name is found, it is true, on the title-page of certain books. But those books declare the intelligence of none except their readers. They are not the productions of a human mind. Even if they shewed consistent evidences of an intelligent author, we should not be justified, on their own principles, in concluding that he exists; far less when they exhibit one side only of the human intelligence, and that the lowest. Reason is inductive as well as deductive; and the mind must be stripped of its unavoidable aspirations and feelings, before it can imagine its destiny to be fulfilled in the pursuit of science. Assuredly the work is from no intelligent human author. It is a rebuke to the metaphysical dogma, *ex nihilo nihil fit*. It has come into existence of itself."

Well may M. Comte and his positivist compeers exclaim,—*Are we alive* after all this satire?

One value in its way the two successful Burnett Prize Essays have in common, or rather, between them. They form a sort of register of the names and pretensions of the systems of infidelity now in vogue. We believe we were hasty in charging Dr Tulloch with paying his devoirs too assiduously to names of little mark, but now that Mr Thompson has supplemented and completed the list, we perceive that the volumes will be at least useful to the future gatherers of materials for the same task, because they will find there, *forgotten* things and persons, in amber preservation for their purpose, as we find the wrecks of the Celsuses and Porphyrys preserved in our patristic remains. These Roman rationalists do not seem to have much more than outlived their century, if much more than their forty years, in their original and complete shape,—and had their fragments also perished, we should have wanted the satisfaction of knowing how objections could be answered to recent Christianity, and also of being convinced how little now remains to be said, in after ages, in addition to the first suggestions of doubt. Most unquestionably the Parkers, the Holyoakes, the Hennels, and the Newmans—even the Comptes, the Hegels, and the Strausses, will leave few reliques to early posterity, not to say late, except the crumbs which have been collected from their works for critical and controversial purposes. And there will remain a motive for fishing up from deep libraries, the tomes of Thompson and Tulloch, so long as Burnett is a memory, or his prizes an *object*. So that new atheists and new rationalists, will be readily convicted of anticipated nonsense, and some labour saved of finding superfluous argument to meet them. Besides, the very abnormalities of the human mind, have a sort of value to the curious in anatomies moral or intellectual,—

"Pretty in amber to observe the forms

Of flies, and grubs, and straws, and wriggling worms."

So that we have to thank our ingenious authors, if not exactly for what

we expected at their hands—standard contributions to theistic science,—for a record at least of systems and opinions, refreshing to our own recollections, and not unlikely to be the substitute of our present intercourse with them, to future inquirers.

It will be perceived from the *title* of this article, that the competitors for the Burnett prize are not all content to sit down with the disappointment in silence. Two of the unsuccessful essays have appeared, and we understand more may be expected. We shall render our countryman the *Rev. Patrick Booth*, the justice or the grace (whichever of the two they may seem to him, or others, to prove), to devote most of the little space that we have reserved, to his little volume. We have read it with a good deal of pleasure, as a short, simple, and very intelligible piece of argument. He has done what neither of his competitors have taken the trouble to do, gone over Dr Clarke's argument very carefully ; with a discriminating perception also of its several points of strength and infirmity, as the following extract may suffice to prove:—

“ From self-existence Dr Clarke has deduced ubiquity of existence ; but here we are called on to remark, that in so doing he has introduced necessity of existence in a manner which is calculated to lead to confusion of ideas, and to give an aspect of questionableness to his arguments, as if it depended on a perception, and even on an imagined *a priori* perception, of the necessity, neither of which it does, and as if it were on the same principle, and for the same reason, as in the case of necessary truths, that a self-existent object has no particular local habitation, and is everywhere the same. He is indeed, so far as we can judge right in saying, in the following passages, which are not nearly so liable to these objections as some which might be quoted, that a necessity which is absolute in itself, and not depending on any outward cause must be everywhere the same ; and that a necessity which is not everywhere the same, is plainly a consequential necessity only, depending on some external cause, and not an absolute one in its own nature. But what is it which makes him right in saying this ? It is not the necessity, but the independence of the necessity ; and his statement would have been just as true and conclusive, and much more distinct, if he had left out the word necessity, and substituted the word existence. Necessity, in fact, is itself nothing. It is merely a condition or quality of some truth or substance to which it belongs, and it is the former which depends on the latter, and not the latter on the former. Self, in short, is the word which marks the starting point for the argument, both for the necessary existence, and for the omnipresence of a self-existent object. We know that it must be, and must be everywhere, just because we know that it has the ground of its being solely in its own nature.

“ But here we must certainly confess that the reasoning by which we deduce the ubiquity of an object from its self-existence, is not so thoroughly level to our faculties as to warrant us in saying that the conclusion is quite indisputable. We feel that a closer conception and firmer grasp of the object are desirable, but we cannot at the same time avoid feeling that our minds have touched the truth, and that we are moving in the right direction, however we may long for a brighter light and a more stable footing.”—*Booth—Existence and Attributes of God*, pp. 11, 12.

The solecism of fitting *self-existence* with a *cause*, and that cause *necessity*, has not escaped some of the ablest and soundest friends of religion. “ This is a kind of reasoning,” says Bishop Van Mildert, “ which

can hardly without arrogance be applied to the subject, unless we presume that our understanding and knowledge are commensurate with those of the Supreme Being." And with regard to the point in question,—the ubiquity of the Deity,—the atheist has certainly some reason to protest that it does not appear an *irresistible* truth to the mind, that an atom might not exist of itself, without being present in all space and all time. The original existence, whatever it was,—unless indeed space and time be allowed to have been of its essential and invariable attributes,—as to be sure Dr Clarke contends,—does not at once, to say the least of it, force from the mind an assent to its necessary *ubiquity* in time and space. The mind may be wrong in denying such a conclusion,—but it is doubtful how far it can strain its faculties with all their effort, to perceive its certainty.

Mr Booth, after acknowledging that his essay was sent to the judges of the Burnett Prizes for competition, expresses his apprehension, or rather his careless scorn, that "lightly they'll talk of a production of which such is the history." We shall do no such thing; and are happy to own, that nothing could be more unjust than so "to talk" of a performance, which is everywhere respectable, and nowhere,—so far as we are informed, and qualified judges,—otherwise than carefully and accurately reasoned. After this Mr Booth must not be angry with us, if we offer a remark or two on what we conceive to be the duty of gentlemen in his peculiar circumstances; the rather that we are anxious to be spared the probable and indeed threatened *gardylow* of Burnett Treatises, that may descend upon our heads from the many Attics within which they are now pent. Every man who is disappointed believes in his heart that he "does well to be angry." But in this particular case, the world may have good reasons for refusing its sympathy to what may in some respects, be a proveably righteous indignation. In the first place it is impossible that it should expect to be a gainer by a multitude of Burnett Treatises. At the cheapest valuation, the whole number of two hundred and eight, would cost the reading world somewhere about a hundred pounds a set. This we state on the supposition that all the candidates might feel themselves justified in carrying their cause into a court of appeal. Again, besides the cost, the world has a dislike to the settlement of differences. A brush of controversy, or a battle, it may be persuaded to watch with some degree of interest. But its interest in such matters is soon exhausted; and it can no more be moved to consider the question at leisure, *who* should have gained the Burnett Prizes of many competitors,—than it can be got to review the question, *who* should have gained the battle of Zama, or who should have gained the battle of Waterloo. Enough that Scipio should have gained the one, and Wellington the other, though at the expense of Hannibal and Buonaparte, and at the expense too of certain approved principles in the conduct of military operations. Alas! with a fickle world, *success* carries it against *demonstration*,—and Messieurs Booth and Whish, must satisfy themselves with having carried their *argument* to the highest pitch of perfection, without hoping to carry the *world* along with them. The world, however, has *reason*, to use the continental phrase, in such cases. Sup-

pose that it should take the trouble of *revisiting* the decision of the judges. This were to incur, without notice or result, the *peine forte et dure*, for which we have no doubt been pitying the original umpires with all our hearts, during the twelve months and more, in which they were employed on their thankless task. How many of these luckless treatises must they have left unread! We have had the chance to overlook prize essays which no mortal *could* have read,—or guessed at,—so peculiar was the guise in which their mysteries were shrouded. We have known a tailor's needle so cunningly interposed between an author's words and his sense, as to make it literally impossible to guess at the tenor of his meaning, for *any* five pages in succession. Well, *that* competitor's luck might have been better certainly; but the chances, many chances, might have been against himself. And then, what *can* mankind profit by more of these performances. They will all prove to have travelled over the same ground; and it may happen, as in the competition of Messrs Booth and Whish, with Mr Thompson and Dr Tulloch,—that not one illustration, not one argument, not a single *lumiere* of any consequence has accrued to the general argument, that has not been supplied by the weakest and worst of the competing parties. To the rejected then we say,—Good gentlemen, be patient and forbear. Permit yourselves to lose with a good grace. Your failures are not so discreditable but that they may yet lead to successes. In making his toilet the celebrated Beau Brummel was in the habit of spoiling many of the starched neckcloths of which he was the inventor. What are *those*? said an inquirer,—who found his valet on the way to the washerwoman with a brilliant tray-load of seemingly untarnished muslin. *Our failures*, was the answer. The failures had touched the point of perfection,—but *that* was yet to be attained. And then, gentlemen, consider your own profit. Many of you have doubtless been more enriched by your researches, than you would have been by both the Burnett Prizes. You have realized the fortunes of the countryman who dreamt that a treasure was hid somewhere in a neglected field,—and in searching for the gold, the peasant became a farmer,—turned over his field to such purpose as first to enrich himself, and then to enrich many successors. Messrs Booth and Whish, may his portion be yours! May you have cultivated and improved your *own* minds in the meantime, to your exceeding profit and delectation; and may the time come, when a distant posterity shall have cause to thank you, if not for successful Burnett Treatises, for still more satisfactory, and still more profitable results of your explorations in the field of Natural Theology!

THE MISSION-LANDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE title of our article may be illustrated upon the ground that the Bible is intended and fitted for the instruction and conversion of all people, and that missionary operations, as conducted in all countries, are founded upon the declared object and purposes of a divine revelation. The spread

of the Bible, even regarded as simply a book of information, can have no limits, because its grand truths, like the all-diffusive light, are bounded by no localities. The Bible, unlike all other tracts and treatises of merely human knowledge, exercises its influence over the human heart and social condition of mankind, irrespective of climate and physical circumstances. Other works are limited in their scope and empirical in their matter. The Bible has God for its source, the universe for its theatre, the immortal soul of man for its subject, and eternity for its end. The Bible cheers the path of man in the desert, and produces moral order and domestic happiness in the most savage wilds of nature, in China as in Britain, in Siberia as in the South Sea islands; there is nothing too rude that it cannot polish, and nothing too stupid that it cannot enlighten. The Bible pours riches and honour, comfort and peace, wisdom and goodness on every spot of nature where its voice is proclaimed; and, circumscribed by no limits, its lessons of truth and righteousness shall fall like the dew on Hermon-hill, and refresh and beautify its mission-lands under all climes and skies of earth.

Men who cannot understand this Bible aspect of our missionary operations, are ever tauntingly demanding of their supporters a categorical account of their proceedings, and justly, when put in the right direction, are they entitled to an answer. But counting our converts head by head merely, and estimating the value of Scripture truth solely by its realised and visible effects as accumulated in numbers, they enumerate those in China, in India, in Tahiti, and in other pagan lands; and then say, see how useless are your efforts, how few and scanty the gleanings of your missionary harvest. Now this is not the way that scholars and trained philosophical minds are accustomed to estimate the value of learning, and the progress of ascertained truth in other matters, in its ever onward advance from age to age and from country to country. Since the days of Copernicus how many understand or ever care at all in this boastful age of knowledge, for the Newtonian system of the planetary worlds? Since the days of Linnæus, how many understand, or care at all, even among otherwise well-educated people, for the structural forms and classification of plants, so as to know the simple difference between the Natural and the Linnæan system of botany? Nay, how few comparatively are able to appreciate a hundredth part of the discoveries that are yearly made in the various walks of science, and are filling the great heaving mass of life and commercial competition in our marts of trade with wonderment and exclamations of self-satisfied vanity and pride, that they are born in such an age, and live in such a community of intelligence? But so nevertheless it is, the discoveries *are* made, the seed of knowledge *is* sown and *has* germinated, and remain in ignorance of the principles who may, the age thereby is benefited, the truth accumulates, and the torch of knowledge burns with a brighter and a purer flame. And so in like manner it is with the light and soul-reaching influence of Christianity. The heralds of the Gospel are now, through our missionary exertions and those of other churches, implanting their divine seeds in all lands, schools are opened for Bible instruction among all people, the church spire rises over the waste places of all countries, and remain in ignorance who may, a

light is kindled in the dwellings of heathenism and of the faithful few, like that of the Israelites in Egypt, which the thickest and the grossest darkness shall never again extinguish.

The law and order of divine providence appears plainly to be, that the barbarisms and superstitions of nations are over-ruled or maintained, just in proportion as the nations themselves become Christianized or otherwise. Their creed, their knowledge, and their manners go hand in hand. Their habits of thinking, of acting, of worshipping, are all of a piece, and belong to the same scale of humanity; and as impossible would it be for the *Æthiopian* to change his skin, as for the heathen, of his own spontaneous exertions, to rid himself of the fetters that bind his faith, and the vices that enslave and degrade his nature. But impart the knowledge of Christianity, and speedily a new order of things commences. The germ of a new life is implanted. The standard morality of the tribe is raised, and the blinding film of ignorance drops from the eyes. We are just as sure of all this, upon the ground of adequate cause and effect, as we are of any demonstrable truth of science. The system of Newton is not more implicitly confided in as the only true system and theory of the universe, than is the system of the Bible to be relied upon as the only possible universal creed of civilized men. The law of the planets, as therein explained, is not more truly explanatory of the order and harmony of their movements, than is the law of Christian love to be regarded as the only sure foundation of the brotherhood and social progress of the human race. And the sun is not more certainly the source of light and heat and direction to them all, than is Christianity the great dispensing source of grace, truth, and knowledge, to all the families and tribes of this terraqueous globe.

We are not sure that the cause of missions is generally looked at from this firm and elevated stand-point of demonstrable truth, nor that it has been presented in connection with such topics and illustrations of our MISSION-LANDS as to render the subject sufficiently attractive to the bulk of the community. Certain it is, the Missionary Record of our National Church has hitherto been a most lamentable failure in this respect. As the only official vehicle of communication betwixt our proceedings in these lands, and the public who are inclined to take an interest in them, attempts are now making to remedy the evil. The subject was discussed at considerable length in the General Assembly on Monday the 4th June last, when the report upon the general management of the schemes was read, and the following outline was sketched of what the Missionary Record should be, by Dr Anderson, Newburgh, in the address which he delivered on that occasion, and which presents the matter in such a new and interesting light as warrants us in transferring it *in extenso* to our pages.

"The Colonial Empire of Great Britain," said the rev. Doctor, "embraces a one-tenth part of the area of the whole habitable globe, and a one-seventh part of the population of the whole human race. These are the Mission-Lands of the Bible, many of them belonging to the newest discovered portions of the globe, some of them in the very fastnesses of the oldest traditions in the world, and all of them abounding in materials of the most interesting research, natural, monumental, and historical. One has just to look at a few of the names of our missionary stations, in the Colonial Report, to be satis-

fied of the rich and rare fields, possessed by few travellers, over which we have the free command of gleaning information on every topic in which the public mind delights to gratify its reading propensities; extending nearly continuously over sixty degrees of latitude, and embracing the products of every clime, terrestrial and marine, in the terraqueous globe. Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton, and the whole continental interior surrounding Hudson's Bay, the Lakes across the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver's Island; making an empire many times larger than the whole of Europe, and in almost every part of which our devoted missionaries have secured a settlement. British Guiana, Jamaica, Grenada, Nassau, Buenos Ayres, New Zealand, Ceylon, Mauritius, Australia, Cochin, and the vast regions of India are all included in our mission lands; presenting every feature of the grand and sublime in nature, of the wonderful and prolific in ocean scenery, of the most ancient superstitions, customs, and traditions in ethnological history and research. These are our fields of occupation. What are our means of improving and describing them?

"It is a well understood and acknowledged rule in the mechanical arts and sciences, ever to combine the greatest possible results with the smallest possible expenditure of power, or, in other words, to husband our resources by turning everything to its greatest amount of productive advantage. Now we have an engine of literary power in almost every spot of the habitable globe. We have likewise a work in which we publish to the world a monthly account of all our doings and operations over this wide extent of research. Why not turn this to some more practical account, by requiring of our staff of missionary officers just to *apply their studies*, and to send us their details and results in the shape of scientific, antiquarian, and natural history reports of the several countries in which they are stationed, and this as suits their own particular bent and predilections of study? Our missionaries all of them are men of education, who have gone the round of the sciences, who, in the course of their College curriculum, have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with every branch of knowledge, and every point of learned inquiry. If the present staff are not fully equipped in these matters, let it be an object in future for the conveners of committees, to look out for competently qualified probationers, who would be anxious to obtain such opportune appointments for their own improvement in natural science, whose communications could not fail to render the *Missionary Record* an object of greater public interest, and a source of gain instead of loss, and who would thus be the means of extending immensely the knowledge of their higher and more special operations in our mission-lands.

"Nor is this a power, so varied and extensive in its applications, that should be lightly valued. There is nothing more difficult in this country, with all our boastings of knowledge and its appliances, than just to obtain such reports as those referred to. Government is slow to move. Years will elapse, and administration after administration succeed each other, and sharp elaborate articles appear from time to time in our *Quarterly Journals and Reviews*, before a single appointment of this kind can be obtained, whether to assist a Herschell in setting up a telescope to watch the phases of the heavens in a new hemisphere, or to plunge a hygrometer into the deep, to aid a Whewell in taking note of the varying tides and currents of the ocean. In fact, till the institution of the British Association in 1831, nothing of the kind almost existed connected with this country, not for want of qualified men to draw up the reports, but for want of the pecuniary means to convey them to the requisite places, and to maintain them there while engaged in their several tasks of patient erudition and tranquil science; and still, year after year, has this, the largest assemblage of scientific men the world ever saw, to deplore

and to record their want of means for carrying these objects into effect on a scale of magnitude corresponding to their growing importance.

"Now, certainly the thing desiderated by us, is not to convert our missionaries into philosophers by abandoning in the least degree their own proper work, in the far higher objects they have been appointed to promote. But surely the two things are not incompatible. Science, and knowledge of every kind, can be made to go hand in hand with religion, the one explanatory of God's works, the other in furthering the ends of God's word. Men of education as they are, and stationed so opportunely in different quarters of the globe, amidst so many new fields of wonder, what a relaxation to these devoted men themselves, just to have their attention called in some such way to these objects, and to have the pages of the Record open to them to give permanency and publicity to their observations and researches; more especially, in all that bears upon the natural history of man, his traditions, his language, and his arts?

"The policy of our Church in these matters, even upon the score of mere worldly wisdom, ought to be more in accordance with the taste and reading-spirit of the age. Now, to make anything succeed and to take hold of the public mind, we must give them information such as will interest and arrest the attention. Books of travel, voyages, diaries, and reports of any new and hitherto undescribed country are ever eagerly sought for; nor are those connected with the oldest, the cradle-lands of the human race, read with the least avidity. The public, in fact, never tire of such reading, whether in accompanying a Faber through the letter-inscribed vallies of the rocky desert, or in following a Dé Sauley amidst the ruins of ancient Moab on the borders of the Dead Sea, or in decyphering with the learned Robinson of America the nearly effaced inscriptions on the tablets so thickly strewn over the hills of Galilee, or in plunging with our own ardent countryman Dr Aiton into the subterranean chapels and tombs on the slopes of Olivet and Calvary. Again, look at the map of Asia and there see in what interesting countries some of our missionaries are stationed; whether along the Euxine or Caspian Seas, among the mountains and vallies of the Caucasus or Taurus, in the plains of Armenia or Karamania, the lands whence went forth the first missionaries of the post-diluvian churches. How interesting every word about such places,—the monuments and daily dimming traces of the aboriginal inhabitants of the lands of the Bible,—the *anastasis* of the cities and dwellings of Noah, Nimroud, and Assur. Every reference to the topography and other physical features of these primordial lands would inconceivably enhance the value of the work that conveyed them, while they deepened the interest and extended the knowledge of all our missions in the public mind.

"We cannot speak of the hundredth part of what missionaries have done in adding to the stock of human knowledge while zealously engaged in their more peculiar work of spreading the knowledge of the Bible. Hence chiefly our first acquaintance with the monuments of ancient India, even before the days of Alexander. China, Japan, Java, and the other oriental nations have all been laid open to us through the same channels. One of the most important services ever rendered to science was the introduction, by Gerbet, a German monk of the 10th century, and afterwards Pope Silvester II., of the Arabic numerals or decimal notation, and without a knowledge of which the sublimest of sciences, even in the hands of a Newton, would have been of little avail. Can we forget likewise what we owe to an English monk, Adhelard, who, in the 11th century, travelled into Spain and Egypt for the sake of spreading the religion of Christ Jesus, where he became acquainted with the "Elements of Euclid," which immortal work he first made known to the scholars of Europe by his translation from Arabic into Latin? If

these things were done in the dark ages, what may not be accomplished in this age of extended knowledge and increased facilities of acquiring it? Every nation, people, and tribe, among whom a missionary sets a foot, has a history ever interesting in itself; their traditions, manners, arts, and dialects all speak with a voice of information to the student of his own race; and what ample fields of botany, zoology, geology, and all the branches of natural history are everywhere lying scattered around them, rich in all that is new and rare? If it be unpardonable to shut our eyes to the most sublime spectacles in nature, it is not less so to close our mental vision against that more perfect and intelligent perception of them, which the knowledge of their qualities and characters affords, and which in their wide rounds of missionary week-day labour are all patent to the easy inspection and investigation of these educated men? If

‘Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas’—

was sung by Virgil two thousand years ago, still much more may it be applied now to the Christian philosopher who, in our missionary schools, illustrates the power, wisdom, and goodness of Deity by the varied objects of nature in these distant lands, and who, after the lessons of the day, records in his diary for transmission home the characters of such plants, animals, or minerals as supplied the materials of his prelections.

“He would remind the Assembly, as an illustration, of a precious opportunity they lately possessed in one of their labourers, sent above fifteen years ago to Ceylon, of becoming acquainted with the natural history of that most remarkable of all countries. He referred to Dr M’Vicar, who is so thoroughly acquainted with the principles and details of natural science, and who from time to time could have enriched their publication with facts and notices of the most valuable kind, so as to make it an object of purchase and reference to a large class of readers. Would Dr M’Vicar have made a less zealous missionary by keeping the two objects in view? or would the Missionary Record have been less worthy of perusal that a few pages were devoted to these objects? What was it, he would ask, that imparted such a charm to the works of Kitto, now in every body’s hands, so much as his beautiful illustrations and physical notices of the lands of the Bible, in all their varied features of ruined towns, and fallen obelisks, and rocky deserts, and remarkable vegetation, and wondrous scenery? What was it that chiefly rivetted the attention of us all when Dr Duff was wont to address the Assembly, and our people in the country, but just the admirable way in which he filled up his sketches of the drier details of mission labour by references to the manners, traditions, and superstitious practices of the natives of India; culling the flowers of his rhetoric from the living flora of its scenery, and dwelling with all the enthusiasm of the poet on the dense forests, impenetrable jungles, and gorgeous cities, and rolling waters of its magnificent landscapes? He knew nothing more interesting or instructive, in all his reading, than the diaries of some of our missionaries, as, for example, of Pliny Fisk’s missionary tour among the Seven Churches of Asia, of Buchanan’s descriptions of Indian Superstitions in the Methodist Magazine, of Bennet’s Travels in China, the narrative of the voyage of The Duff to Tongataboo, Williams’ Diary in Polynesia, Pringle’s African Sketches, Heber’s Journal, Ellis’ South Sea Islands, or Gillespie’s Land of Sinim; all which are models of the most captivating missionary writing, and all susceptible of similar shape and style to illuminate the dreary pages and to impart spirit and interest to the monotonous descriptions of the Record.

But lately, as an other illustration of what he desiderated, a remarkable botanical discovery has been made by a missionary of the Romish Church,

the Abbe de St Michon, who has traced the cause of the discoloration, so long a puzzle to the learned, on the marble columns of the Parthenon and other buildings at Athens, to the impression of an almost invisible plant, the lichen *lipraria*, and now in consequence named the *lipraria parthenonica*. The discoloration begins where the plants are shaded from the sun, the tints are deepest behind or where the obscuration is the greatest, while in the full blaze of the solar beams the marble retains all its original purity and whiteness. But equal to this, and still more marvellous perhaps in botanical skill, is the knowledge of the Indian, as recently made known to us, who pursues his unerring way through the trackless forests of America by observing a plant, a small species of moss, which can only grow on the northern or the *unsunned* side of trees; here he takes his observation of latitude and longitude, and knows whether he is travelling east or west, south or north in those boundless regions of primeval forest. Let one of your missionaries record a fact of this kind—and many similar may be detected in the habits of these self-taught savans of the wilderness—and what an attractive interest would attach to the publication in which it appeared?

“Sir, it is an old story now, but one in which you (Dr Grant for the time in the Chair) was a principal actor, and you may therefore allow me a minute to tell it. About thirty years ago we sent our first missionary to a station on the coast of South America. Being the means of introducing him to you, and through your exertions having obtained the appointment for my friend, I thought I had some claim upon his leisure literary hours, and requested him to look at the rocks around him, and to send me from time to time an account of them. I furnished him with books on geology. But alas! these things had nothing interesting or remarkable for the Rev. Thomas Dewar, who simply wrote me that the rocks were all of one colour, all white, and had nothing at all noticeable about them! Here was a valuable opportunity lost, for it is only in the last quarterly number of the Geological Journal, that the rocks of the district have for the first time been described, their palaeontology and geognostic relations detailed, and all henceforth to be associated with the secondary formations, the chalks, and fossil remains of our own island.

“There is another subject deeply interesting at all times, and more especially at the present time, concerning the varieties of the human race, and which now occupies so large a share of the speculative propensities of the Americans. The question is there agitated and carried on with intense vehemence, whether the races of man are all of one species, all of one blood, and all sprung from one pair, and one centre of creation. The celebrated Swiss naturalist Agassiz, who was lately on the point of being dropped into one of the chairs of the University here, has, after a learned tractate published before he left Europe on the orthodox side of the question, seen meet to adopt anti-Mosaic views since he went to the slave-holding States of the West. *There*, there is an interest to those who deal in human flesh, to maintain the irreconcilable diversities of the human family, and to bolster up, by the simple difference of colour—for that is all—the monstrous traffic in sale and purchase of human hearts as keenly alive as our own to all the sympathies of life, and human minds as capable of grasping the noblest theorems of science and the hope full of immortality! The philosopher we charge not of having yielded to selfish considerations in his recent conversion, but certainly the one work contains no refutation of the other. The irrefragable grounds on which his first is built are wholly untouched by those of the second, while the whole question on structural anatomy may be considered as completely settled by the masterly disquisitions of Pritchard, Latham, and others. Still there is another line of argument in which our missionaries can be of great avail, as they have been already in many quar-

ters of the world, by collecting the traditions which prevail among all nations—showing that they have not only a common parentage, but have traditions of a deluge, of an ark, and the preservation of a single family from the general calamity, whence the earth was re-peopled, and all tribes and tongues went forth again from this centre-point of humanity. The Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, have all their recorded traditions of a deluge, in the symbols of an ark, a dove, a leaf, a high mountain, the preservation of a family and pairs of animals. Among the various tribes of America, especially the Aztecs, and other races, are found innumerable paintings of the event. Among others, such as represent Tezpi, as Noah is termed, floating in a vessel upon the waters, and along with him his wife, children, animals, and several kinds of grain. Now every fragment of this nature should be recorded; and whether our missionaries labour among the mountains of Armenia, India, America—or in the South Sea Islands or in continental Africa—in the old or new worlds, they will find abundance of traditional and monumental evidence wherewith to confound the sceptic and to vindicate the Adamic descent of our race.

“The opportunities, he would farther remark, enjoyed by the missionaries of the Church have in all times and countries been eagerly embraced, and have been attended with the best results in extending our knowledge in every direction. Almost every thing we know of Iceland, Greenland, and Lapland, in the early stages of their history, has been derived from this source. Iona long afforded an asylum for learning when the messengers of Christianity were driven from the mainland. Humboldt relates, in his *Views of Nature*,¹ that the monks in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were able to traverse almost the whole continent of Asia, from the ports of Syria and of the Caspian Sea to the east coast of China, washed by the great ocean, pursuing zealously the objects of their evangelical mission, while contributing largely at the same time to every department of information concerning these cradle-lands of the human race. The same authority states² that, in the year 1832, under the auspices of the Academy of St Peterburgh, two distinguished savans, accompanied a mission of Greek monks to Peking, making barometrical observations among the Thibet Mountains and the great Desert of Gobi, and establishing magnetic stations in different places of their interesting route. Last autumn (1847) the two Abyssinian missionaries Rebmann and Dr Krapf were, on the eastern coast of Africa, establishing a station for geographical discoveries. Among the ruins of ancient Thebes and Karnac, what contributions have been made to Biblical literature, and are still making all over Egypt by German missionaries? He would only further state that, for years past, the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh had been supplied with interesting papers, on different points of natural history, by three missionaries belonging to the United Presbyterian body, and now stationed at Calabar. These reverend gentlemen, deserving of all commendation, were Messrs H. M. Waddell, Anderson, and Goldie, whose communications were regularly read at the meetings of the Society, furnished interesting materials of discussion to the members, contributed some new facts to science, and would soon form part of their published transactions.

“Such then was the outline of the sketch of what he conceived the Missionary Record ought to be, as the only vehicle of communication between the contributors to our schemes, and the operations of our literary staff abroad. He wanted nothing in it of a controversial nature. It was not to be a *Review*, nor a *Magazine*, nor a *Journal of Science*, where disputatious matter was introduced, and for nothing of this kind ought the sanction of the church to

¹ P. 54.² Ib. p. 59.

be committed. But a large and rich field lay beyond all this, in mere descriptions of scenery, topography, natural history, antiquities, ethnology, arts, and languages, all nearly unoccupied, all within the easy reach of our ministers, much to be found in their daily walks from station to station, much necessarily to be gathered in preparing for their own special word of instruction and conversation with the natives, and all interestingly connected with the 'statistical account' of their respective parishes and boundless settlements in these new regions of the globe. Valuable as the Record may have been, it is now confessedly a dull and unreadable miscellany of knowledge. The schemes suffer in consequence. The interest in our missions declines. Whereas by these or other such means easily accessible, and all at the command of the church, it might become a rich repository of instruction, and without in aught departing from its own proper character, a hundred times more attractive to thousands and tens of thousands of the reading community. This age was pre-eminent above all others in the desire and facilities of scientific acquisition, and of knowledge of every kind, and he doubted not the Bible-Lands through the aid of their missionaries afforded the means of founding new claims for the Church and her Schemes upon the support and gratitude of our countrymen, at home and abroad, by making her in so many respects the instructor as well as the evangelizer of the world."

We could easily extend the range of topics and illustrations suggested by the address of Dr Anderson, and we doubt not that his views are widely approved of throughout the church. The wonder is that such available instruments of information, planted in every quarter of the habitable globe, have not long ere now been turned to some practical account. The crudest publications, narratives, voyages, diaries, and all got up on the shortest notice by flying tourists at railway speed, are greedily devoured by the public, and bring large profits to their projectors. Our ministers are permanent dwellers in their several locations, have the best access to every kind of knowledge, have time to collect around them all the aids of the microscope and the telescope, and all the appliances of caligraphy, photography, and *nature-printing*, the newest of inventions both for art and science. The lands of occupation in general possess the freshness and novelty of first discoveries. They are all situated in regions teeming with nature's choicest productions. The oldest monuments of the human family are profusely scattered over their wide domains; and man, a study in himself, is there in the primeval type of an ancestry that stretches unaltered in every successive link for thousands of years, attesting the words of prophecy, and fulfilling the mysterious purposes of an over-ruling Providence.

What entrancing descriptions have been given of our Mission-Lands. What instructive Sabbath-readings for the members of our church! Every writer on the South Sea Islands has been lavish in praise of their scenery. "The landscapes," says Ellis, "are every where of the most impressive and enchanting character, occasionally extensive, but more frequently circumscribed. There is a startling boldness in the towering piles of basalt, often heaped in romantic confusion near the source or margin of some crystal stream that flows in silence at their base, or dashes over the rocky fragments that arrest its progress; and there is the wildness of romance about the deep and lonely glens, around which

the mountains rise, like the steep sides of a natural amphitheatre, till the clouds seem supported by them. This arrests the attention of the beholder, and for a time suspends his faculties in mute astonishment. Often, when either alone, or attended by one or two companions, I have journeyed through some of the inland parts of the islands, such has been the effect of the scenery through which I have passed, and the unbroken stillness which has pervaded the whole, that imagination, unrestrained, might easily have induced the delusion, that we were walking on enchanted ground, or passing over fairy lands. It has at such seasons appeared as if we had been carried back to the primitive ages of the world, and beheld the face of the earth, as it was perhaps often exhibited, when the Creator's works were spread over it in all their endless variety, and all the vigour of exhaustless energy, and before population had extended, or the genius and enterprize of man had altered the aspect of its surface."¹

Our existing mission-lands are equally fertile in these exhaustless topics of descriptive interest, and abounding all over with such picture-galleries of natural scenery. The new fields to be occupied in Jerusalem and the Holy Land are of an intensely attractive kind. Those on the Sutledge, in the Punjaub, and at Lahore cannot fail to supply altogether new materials of interest amidst the grandest of nature's works, the monuments of the earliest post-diluvian settlements of mankind, and the existence of languages not only cognate with the Hebrew but of actually spoken dialects, abounding in the names of the patriarchs and the usages and customs of the lost tribes of Israel.

How pitiful that the noblest Christian operations—the most certain in their ultimate results—carried on in the fairest regions of the earth, and under the loveliest climes of heaven, should lack the means of support from the lack of interest in the means of advocacy! How boundless the colonial empire of Great Britain! how inadequate the mission-labours for their spiritual destitution! In the United Kingdom there are thirty-five thousand churches and chapels with schools additional, and all the needful provision for spiritual instruction, while in all our colonies, containing upwards of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS of human beings, there are barely fifteen hundred protestant ministers of all sects, or ABOUT ONE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR FOR EVERY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IMMORTAL BEINGS! The conqueror of Waterloo said, with no vain show of boasting, that when his memoirs were published many statues of hero-worship would have to be taken down. When the last apocalyptic seal is broken and the conquest of the nations is secured to Messiah, how many of the now worldly wise, of the great, of the wealthy shall be found worthy to share in the triumph? But let not the Church slacken in her heaven-directed mission. Let all the weight of her talents, of her learning, and of her zeal be only the more augmented—her weapons of persuasion be tempered with a keener edge and directed over a wider range—and then will her lessons of knowledge and of wisdom, as with the touch of Ithuriel's spear, secure a place in all hearts, and win over all interests to her glorious cause.

¹ Ellis' South Sea Islands.

ODE TO THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

Sons of Scotland ! ye whose glory,
Star-like beaming from afar,
Glows in words of matchless story,
On the blood-writ page of war.

Scotland ! oft confronting dangers,
Death itself, thy sons can brave ;
Dauntless hearts, to terror strangers,
Scorning life thy cause to save.

Oh ! a lasting debt we owe them,
Ne'er from mem'ry shall it fade,
Them who stem the Northern foemen,
Scotland's Highland brave Brigade.

Sons of Scotland ! should you ever
Meet again those hordes in fight,
Who before, at Alma's river,
Cowered beneath your lion might,

Again, as mist before the morn ;
Or as bounds the startled deer,
When sounds afar the huntsman's horn ;
Let them flee your Gaelic cheer.

Foremost, when the strife is waging,
Let the Highland steel be found ;
Where the fray is fiercest raging,
Let the Scottish pibroch sound.

When shall Scottish Lion ever
To the Russian Eagles yield ?—
Never,—Caledonia, never
Shalt *thou* own a vanquished field.

Other triumphs yet await ye ;
Other deeds more brilliant still
Ev'n than the famous victory,
Nobly gained on Alma's hill.

Oh ! never can your fame decay ;
And although on battle sod,
In defence of Queen and Country,
Ye give back your lives to God ;

Weep not, soldier !—God above thee
Will protect thy children dear ;—
Weep not for the wife who loves thee,
God will dry thy widow's tear.

Long as the day-star shines on high,
And old ocean's billows roll,
Forgotten can our heroes lie ?
Or be lost from Mem'ry's scroll ?

Ah, no ! while beats one Scottish breast,
Never can your glory fade,
There proudly shrined, each name shall rest,
As th' "Invincible Brigade,"

August 1855.

R. H.

VOL. XX.

H

WYLIE'S PILGRIMAGE FROM THE ALPS TO THE TIBER.¹

MR WYLIE commences his travels with the passage of the Alps. He who visits the Alps once must wish to visit them again. There is a feeling, inexpressible by language, upon the mind when alone amongst these, the most stupendous works of nature;—it is not when from the valley the Alps are viewed rising until their heads are buried in the clouds,—but when alone on the high Alps, above the region of vegetation and the homes of men, one finds himself surrounded with mountains of snow whose white peaks pass through the clouds and reach into the very heavens, with not a murmur around him, not a sound to break the deepest solitude, the most breathless silence, which nature has through all her wondrous works. If there is one thing more than another which strikes the traveller in the high Alps, it is the awful death-like silence which prevails, and which is absolutely painful;—the ear has nothing to hear,—there is no sound,—and the traveller finds himself unconsciously humming an air. When compared with the green fields, the waving living trees, the running streams, the flowers, the birds, and all the landscape of life, the vast regions of the Alps, robed for ever in their winding sheet of snow,—in their clouds, in their solitude, in their silence so death-like,—look like the tomb of nature. In the solitude of this dreary wilderness, the thoughts of man are changed, for nature wears here the aspect of death. In the valleys man looks around upon nature alive, which is but the echo of himself,—here he finds nature dead, and himself the only sentient being, though he look from north to south, and from east to west. His eye wanders over the vast mountains of spotless snow rising on all sides around and about him, the long white dead valleys of winter unbroken,—terminated by chains of mountains rising in their solitude,—but finds no sympathy, no echo of life,—like the dove on the broad waste of waters. Instinctively he gazes on the blue sky, radiant with life, above this valley of death. The blue sky above the fertile fields is a harmonious picture, and there is nothing striking to arrest the eye,—it is life smiling upon life,—but here it is life beaming and smiling upon death. “The echoes of our voices,” says our author, “were strangely loud. They rung out in the thin elastic air, as if all we said had been caught up and repeated by some invisible being,—some genius of the mountains.”

By the pass of Mount Cenis Mr Wylie proceeded into Italy, and spent some days inspecting the world-renowned valleys of the Vaudois. We are treated to a brief but luminous retrospect of the Waldensian Church, and have many interesting details of its present condition.

Mr Wylie's object in visiting Italy was to study the effects of the Papal system upon the Italian people as respects their trade, industry, knowledge, liberty, religion, and general happiness. He has arrived at the

¹ Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber, or the Influence of Romanism on Trade, Justice, and Knowledge. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot.

conclusion that Italy is a degraded country,—that the pontifical government is the most tyrannical that ever existed under the sun—that trade is so hampered by restrictive duties as almost to have ceased to exist—while the little enterprize and speculation that is visible is confined to the sons of Israel. With regard to religion and general happiness, Mr Wylie only repeats what has been iterated a hundred times before, not only of Italy but of all Catholic countries. In Switzerland, for instance, the religion of the people is easily discovered from the appearance of the villages and the fields ;—in a Protestant canton there is trade, industry, cleanliness, while the reverse of this is apparent in a Catholic canton, only a few miles distant ; the north and south of Ireland speak the same language,—it is the inevitable result of the system. There is either less security in a Catholic country, or the influence of example paralyses labour and industry, for it cannot be denied, that Catholics who live idle and careless and indolent in their own country or neighbourhood, when transported to a protestant country become both industrious and provident. A Popish priest when asked why education was so much neglected in Rome, and why many even of the better class of citizens were unable to read or write, returned for answer, “ they have their confessors, what more should they want ? besides if they learned to read, *they might read bad books !* The worthy man's acquaintance with the geography of Europe was equally enlightened,—he had heard of the country of Mary Stuart, and he had heard of Ireland, but whether these countries were islands or continents, or where they were, he could not tell,—as for England, wherever it was he knew it was the abode of heresy !

The priestly control over the people would cease with the diffusion of knowledge, consequently it never will be with the consent or concurrence of the Pontifical government that educational institutions will be established ; in fact the education would require to commence with the priests themselves, whose ignorance on all subjects supposed to be known by educated men is deplorable ; there are exceptions, but the great mass of the priests are steeped in ignorance—what can the people be ? Their education is confined to the externalities of the Catholic worship, the Bishops and Priests control the upper, the friars and monks the lower classes, while an unseen but powerful machinery known and dreaded binds all thought in speechlessness.¹ Here is a view of the inferior machinery of the Pontifical government :—

“ The Roman *sbirri* have an European reputation. One must be no ordinary villain,—he must be, in short, a perfected and finished scoundrel,—to merit a place in this honourable corps. The *sbirri* are chiefly from the kingdom of Naples. They dress in plain clothes, go in twos and threes, are easily distinguished, and are permitted to carry larger walking-sticks than the Romans, whom the French commandant has forbidden to come abroad with any but the merest twig. Some of these spies wear spurs, the better to deceive and to succeed in their fiendish work. No

¹ “ In the *Giornale di Roma*, not a strayed dog can be advertised without permission of the censor. In Brescia there is a censorship for gravestones ; and in Rome a strict watch is kept over the English burying ground, lest any one should write a verse of Scripture above a heretic's grave. The expression of thought is more dreaded than brigandage.”

disguise, however, can conceal the *sbirro*. His look, so unmistakably, villainous, proclaims the spy. These fellows will not be defeated in their purposes. They carry, it is said, *articles of conviction*, that is, political papers, on their person, which they use, in lack of other material, to compass the ruin of their victim. They can stop any one they please on the street, compel him to produce his papers, and, when they choose not to be satisfied with them, march him off to prison. When they visit a house where they have resolved to make a seizure, they search it; and if they do not find what may criminate the man, they drop the papers they have brought with them, and swear that they found them in the house. What can solemn protestations do against armed ruffians, backed by hireling judges, who, like Impaccianti and Belli, have been taken from the bagnio and the galleys, thrust into orders, and elevated to the bench, to do the work of their patrons? Such must show that they deserve promotion. The people loathe and dread the *sbirri*, knowing that whatever they do in their official capacity is done well, and speedily followed up by those in authority.

"But there is a class in the service of the Pontifical Government yet more wicked and dangerous. What! exclaims the reader, more wicked and dangerous than the *sbirri*? Yes, the *sbirri* professes to be only what they are,—the base tools of a tyrannical Government, which seems to thirst insatiably for vengeance; but there exists an invisible power, which the citizen feels to be ever at his side, listening to his every word, penetrating his inmost thought, and ready at any moment to effect his destruction. At noonday, at midnight, in society, in private, he feels that its eye is upon him. He can neither see it nor avoid it. Would he flee from it, he but throws himself into its jaws. I refer to a class of vile and abandoned men, entirely at the service of the Government, whose position in society, agreeable manners, flexibility of disposition, and thorough knowledge of affairs, which they study for base ends, and handle most adroitly in conversation, enable them to penetrate the secret feelings of all classes. They now condemn and now applaud the conduct of Government, as the subject and circumstances require, and all to extract an unfriendly sentiment against those in authority, if such there be in the mind of the man with whom they are conversing. If they succeed, the person is immediately denounced; an arrest follows, or domiciliary restraint. The numbers that have found their way to prison and to the galleys through this secret and mysterious agency are incredible. Nor can any man imagine to himself the dreadful state of Rome under this terrible espionage. The Roman feels that the air around him is full of eyes and ears; he dare not speak; he dreads even to think; he knows that a thought or a look may convey him to prison."

There is little hope for Italy while the Papal government remains, or rather while it is bolstered up by the bayonets of other states. Left to themselves the Italian people would soon throw overboard the priestly incubus which weighs like a night-mare upon their independence both of thought and action, for notwithstanding the tyrannical and absolute power exercised by the Roman government, and the untiring ingenuity devised to prevent the influx of knowledge, and the diffusion of liberal opinions; the light has flashed through the deep darkness, and its lightning glare has troubled the repose of the Eternal City.

The innate hatred towards the priests which has smouldered in the breast of the Italian for so many years, has found but an imperfect utterance, but the fire is not out. "I was assured," writes Mr Wylie, "by

Mr Freeborn, our consul in Rome, that there is not a priest in that city who had two hours to live when the last French soldier shall have marched out at the gate. All who had resided for some time in Rome, and knew the state of feeling in the population, shuddered to think of what would certainly happen should the French be withdrawn. I have been told by those who visited Rome more recently, that the Romans now do not ask for so much as two hours. 'Give us but half an hour,' said they, 'and we undertake that the papacy shall never again trouble the world.' Already the Roman Pontiff is associated in the minds of the people with the degradation of their country, with bloodshed, and with horrid cruelty." But we must introduce Pio Nono to our readers :—

"One day as I was wandering through the Vatican the rumour ran that the Pope was going out to take an airing. I immediately ran down to the piazza, where I found a rather shabby coach with red wheels, to which were yoked four coal-black horses, with a very fat coachman on the box, in antique livery, and two postilions astride the horses, waiting for Pius. Some half-dozen of the *guardia nobile*, mounted on black horses, were in attendance; and, loitering at the bottom of the stairs, were the stately forms of the Swiss guards, with their shining halberds, and their quaint striped dress of yellow and purple. I had often heard of the Pope in the symbols of the Apocalypse, and in the pages of history as the antichrist; and now I was to see him with the eye in the person of Pio Nono. After waiting ten minutes or so, the folding-doors in an upper gallery of the piazza were thrown open, and I could see a head covered with a white skull-cap,—the Popes never wear a wig,—passing along the corridor, just visible above the stone balustrade. In a minute the Pope had descended the stairs, and was advancing along the open pavement to his carriage. The Swiss guard stood to their halberds. A Frenchman and his lady,—the same, if I mistake not, whom I had seen on the Scala Santa,—spreading his white handkerchief on the causeway, uncovered and dropped on his knees; a row of German students in red gowns went down in like manner; a score or so of wretched-looking old men, who were digging up the grass in the piazza, formed a prostrate group in the middle; and a little knot of Englishmen,—some four of us only,—stood erect at about six yards from the line of the procession.

"Pio Nono, though king of the kings of the earth, was attired with severe simplicity. His sole dress, save the skull-cap I have mentioned, and red slippers, was a gown of white stuff, which enveloped his whole person from the neck downwards, and looked not unlike a camlet morning dressing-gown. A small cross which dangled on his breast was his only ornament. The fisherman's ring I was too far off to see. In person he is a portly, good-looking gentleman; and, could one imagine him entering the pulpit of a Scotch Secession congregation, or an English Methodist one, his appearance would be hailed with looks of satisfaction. His colour was fresher than the average of Italy; and his face had less of the priest in it than many I have seen. There was an air of easy good nature upon it, which might be mistaken for benevolence, blended with a smile, which appeared ever on the point of breaking into a laugh, and which utterly shook the spectator's confidence in the firmness and good faith of its owner. Pius stooped slightly; his gait was a sort of amble; there was an air of irresolution over the whole man; and one was tempted to pronounce, —though the judgment may be too severe,—that he was half a rogue, half a fool."

When the Revolution was suppressed, and Pie Nono returned to the Vatican, all justice was outraged by the proceedings of the Pontifical government. Sweeping arrests of suspected persons,¹ imprisonment without even the form of trial, and condemnation without the victims having the opportunity of defending themselves, followed in such a wholesale manner, that it is calculated the prisons and fortresses of the papal states contain thirty thousand prisoners, many of them of the highest respectability and character, and innocent of all crime.

"How," writes Mr Wylie, "shall I describe or group the horrors that have darkened and desolated the Papal States from that hour to this? What has their history been since, but one terrible tale of apprehensions, proscriptions, banishments, imprisonments, and executions, the full recital of which would make the ear of him that hears it to tingle? Nero and Caligula were monsters of crime; but their capricious tyranny, while it fell heavily on individuals, left the great body of the empire comparatively untouched. But the tyranny of the Pope penetrates every home, and crushes every person and thing. There was not under Nero a tenth part of the misery in Rome which there is now. Were the acts of Nero and of Pio to be full written, I have not a doubt,—I am certain,—that the government of the imperial despot would be seen to be liberty itself, compared with the measureless, remorseless, inappassable, wide-wasting tyranny of the sacerdotal one. The diadem was light indeed, compared with the tiara. The little finger of the Popes is thicker than the loins of the Cæsars. The sights I saw, and the facts I heard, actually poisoned my enjoyment of Rome. What pleasure could I take in statues and monuments, when I saw the wretched beings that lived beside them, and marked the faces on which despair was painted, the forms that grief had bowed to the very dust, the dead men who wandered in the streets and about the old ruins, as if they sought, but could not find, their graves? Ah! there is not, there never *was*, on earth a tyranny like the Papacy."

In the Roman states there is no civil code of laws,—the church is sole judge, and the whole machinery of government is priestly, so that the very Swiss mercenaries who enforce payment of the national taxes are under the control of the chancellor of the exchequer, who is also a priest. The prime minister of the Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, is the presiding genius of the Papacy,—but the Jesuits are emphatically *the* order at Rome:—

"They are the prime movers in all that is done there, as well as the keenest supporters of the Papacy in all parts of the world. They are the most indefatigable confessors, as well as the most eloquent preachers. Their regularity is like that of nature itself. Every hour of the day has its duty; and their motions are as punctual as that of the heavenly bodies. Duly every morning as the clock strikes five, they are at the altar or in the confessional. Their head-quarters are at the Gesù. I shall suppose that the reader is passing through the long corridor of that magnificent church. Every three or four paces is a door, leading to a small

¹ We have read in the Daily News the following:—"Italian Executions. Five young men accused of taking part in political 'assassinations' in 1849, have been executed at Fimo, (Roman States) after undergoing an imprisonment of six years. A letter in the *Independence Belge* says, that no convincing proofs of their guilt were forthcoming, and that the execution caused a general horror amongst the population. Numerous persons retired into the country for the day."

apartment, which is occupied by a father. Outside each door hangs a sheet of paper, on which the father puts a list of the employments for the day. When he goes out, he sticks a pin opposite the piece of business which has called him away, so that, should any one call and find him not within, he can know at once, by consulting the card, how the father is occupied, and whether he is accessible at that particular time. Among the items of business which usually appear on the card, 'conference' is now one of very frequent occurrence, which indicates no inconsiderable amount of business, having reference to foreign parts, at present on the hands of the order.

"I shall suppose that the reader is passing along the Corso. Has he marked that tall thin man who has just passed him,

'Walking in beauty like the night?'

There is an air of tidiness in his dress, and of comparative cleanliness on his person. He wears a small round cap, with three corners; or, if a hat, one of large brim. Neither cowl nor scapular fetters his motions; a plain black gown, not unlike a frock-coat, envelopes his person. How softly his footsteps fall! You scarce hear their sound as he glides past you. His face, how unruffled! As the lake, when the winds are asleep, hides under a moveless surface, resplendent as a sheet of gold, the dark caverns at its bottom, so does this calm, impassable face the workings of the heart beneath. This man holds in his hands the threads of a conspiracy which is exploding at that moment, mayhap in China, or in the Pacific, or in Peru, or in London.

"He is at Rome at present, and appears in his proper form and dress as a Jesuit. But that man can change his country, he can change his tongue, and, Proteus-like, multiply his shapes among mankind. Next year that man whom you now meet on the streets of Rome may be in Scotland in the humble guise of a pedlar, vending at once his earthly and his spiritual wares. Or he may be in England, acting as tutor in some noble family, or in the humbler capacity of body-servant to a gentleman, or, it may be, filling a pulpit in the Church of England. He may be a Protestant schoolmaster in America, a dictator in Paraguay, a travelling companion in France and Switzerland, a Liberal or a Conservative—as best suits his purpose—in Germany, a Brahmin in India, a Mandarin in China. He can be anything and everything,—a believer in every creed, and a worshipper of every god,—to serve his Church. Rome has hundreds of thousands of such men spread over all the countries of the world. With the ring of Gyges, they walk to and fro over the earth, seeing all, yet themselves unseen. They can unlock the cabinets of statesmen, and enter unobserved the closets of princes. They can take their seat in synods and assemblies, and dive into the secrets of families. Their grand work is to sow the seeds of heresies in Churches, and of dissensions in States, that, when the harvest of strife and division is fully matured, Rome may come in and reap the fruits."

One of the great powers of the Papacy is the confessional. Through it the interior workings of Roman society are laid bare before the eyes of the priests, and by its baleful agency, domestic happiness is ruined. The moral condition of the Roman people is of the vilest and basest description. It would be a miracle were it otherwise. Ignorance, poverty, and the pollution of the confessional have so degraded the female population that it could not well be farther debased. Conventual life, so abhorrent to human nature, does not appear to be more relished in Rome than elsewhere, if we may judge from Mr Seymour's narrative.

Mr Wylie appears to have made up his mind to write a *book*, and here we have it, a volume of goodly size and appearance. The style is very diffuse, but the matter is excellent. Many of the statements in his work have an air of exaggeration about them,—but the exaggeration is in his flighty style,—not in the facts narrated. From the revelations made in Mr Wylie's book, we would not advise him to visit the Eternal City again, unless he either change his name, or the Romans change their government. The work, we have no doubt, will be very popular. It has all the interest of the "last new novel," with the higher recommendation of being both instructive and true.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.¹

SINCE the publication of Tennyson's new volume, we have assiduously shut our eyes to all newspaper and weekly periodical critiques, in order that we might receive no bias except from our own opinions. But as putting the fingers in the ears cannot always be had resort to, we have been obliged to hear, if not to read, various criticisms and quotations, for the most part, unfavourable. This we do not much wonder at, and the disappointment which has been felt in regard to the nature of his present publication, is rather complimentary than otherwise, to the poet. After an interval of six years, the announcement that Alfred Tennyson had a new volume in the press, excited considerable expectation, and we confess we shared in the disappointment when we found its contents were so meagre. Our Poets of the Scott and Byron days very seldom erred in this way, generally having a second poem on the irons, as soon as the first was disposed of, while others, such as Crabbe, when they did appear, presented the public with such a quantity of verse, as might well entitle them to any term of silence. Tennyson, however, has attended to neither of these prudent rules, and a short poem like "Maud," standing almost alone, will certainly pass through a much severer ordeal than it would have been subjected to, had it appeared in a bulkier volume. It must also be remembered that the poet's noblest effort "In Memoriam," with the exception of the "Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington," immediately precedes "Maud," and although the two poems are so different that they can hardly be compared, critics will not be found wanting to characterize the latter as a falling off, drawing many charitable deductions as to the poet's beginning to settle into the sere and yellow leaf. "In Memoriam," however, came after "The Princess," so we may hope that his after writings will not be all in the line of descent from the present. Our readers must not suppose from this, that we consider "Maud" in any way as a failure. It is in truth, a most beautiful poetical creation, worthy of any poet's fame, and had it been published anonymously, we would have concluded, that after so many illusory appearances, a *real* poet had come at length. To be sure the same objection may be urged

¹ *Maud, and other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon. 1855.

against it, that applies to the greater part of his previous works, that its beauties do not come out at once. Our readers will have their opinions whether this be a defect or not.

The narrative is simple, and we need not detail it very minutely. The poet, (who is nameless), is living alone among his books in a solitary country house, when Maud, whom he had known as a child, returns from abroad, to the neighbouring Hall. A graphic touch of reality is given to the following picture of Maud as a child, in the third line, shewing that Tennyson, sentimental as he has been accused of being, is free from my Lord Byron's mawkish squeamishness about connecting with female lips, aught but kissing, sighing, &c.

"Maud with her venturous climbings, and tumbles, and childish escapes,
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all."—

At first sight, Maud appears "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," but ere long, the "cold clear cut face" steals into his dreams, her fancied coldness and pride vanish, and he awakes to the consciousness of his love.

"Whom but Maud should I meet,
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,—
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touched my hand with a smile so sweet!
She made me divine amends,
For a courtesy not return'd."

Step by step his love progresses, and seems in a fair way of being returned.

"I have played with her when a child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled,
By some coquettish deceit.
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter,
But a smile could make it sweet."

And so on by degrees till—

"Where was Maud? in our wood,
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

"I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows,
And left the daisies rosy."

But now a boding of coming evil overshadows his mind with uncertain fancies.

"I heard no sound where I stood,
But the rivulet on from the lawn,
Running down to my own dark wood;
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn;
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death."

The "dark under-current woe" draws nigh. Maud's "ponderous" brother the squire, gives a grand political dinner, and the lover lingers in Maud's garden expecting her when the revels are over. Alas! for their meeting—her brother follows in his rage to the gate—angry words, a blow and a duel follow, and the scene closes with her brother's death, by her lover's hand, and the flight of the latter. He re-appears, wandering on the "Breton strand," and musing on a tenantless shell.

"The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?"

He still hopes Maud's brother may not have been killed after all, and he returns from his exile to find (as we may gather from the context), that she is dead. Madness follows, and the ravings of the maniac are painfully characteristic. At last he awakes:—

"For it fell at a time of year
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer,
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
That like a silent lightning under the stars,
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
'And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee,' and pointed to Mars,
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast."

And so the poem closes, leaving us to suppose that the hero goes to the war, and perhaps rides with the "Six Hundred" into the jaws of death.

This rude sketch of the principal events of the poem must not be taken in any degree as a criterion of the poem itself,—it cannot be appreciated from quotation or description. Those who are familiar with Tennyson's preceding works, will, for the most part, we think, rejoice that no squeamish fear of endangering his already acquired reputation

has deterred him from giving "Maud" to the world. For ourselves we have read the poem over several times after the first reading, taking it up just to glance at some passage and being unable to stop. Tennyson's poetry is called "hazy," but we hardly know where to look for so perfect a display of that magic art of description, in which, while the touches are so delicate that the individual strokes are hardly distinguishable, a scene is brought before the mind's eye with (to use Coleridge's expression) "the loveliness of a vision." We could almost fancy we see the Hall, the solitary house in the wood, the village with its blossomed gable-ends, the sea-shore and the dark moorland, the rivelet running through the wood, the garden with its roses, and Maud the ruling spirit of all, "glimmering thro' the laurels, at the quiet evenfall." To attempt an illustration of the imperceptible style in which the scenery of the poem is brought out, would, we suspect, be vain, but we cannot help quoting the following, in order to ascertain if we are alone in supposing that it gives a more vivid impression of scene than an elaborate description:—

"I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun look'd out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,
And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor-land,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand."

It will be observed that the versification of "Maud" is varied in the extreme,—rapid irregular bursts mingling with strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out." We could almost fancy in reading the following, that we had stolen unawares into the enchanted domains of Shakspeare:—

"But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stolen away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell—
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own, farewell.
It is but for a little space I go:
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?"

After "Maud" comes a beautiful idyl more in the poet's old manner—"The Brook,"—meandering through the mazes of which is a stream of verse purporting to be the brook's answer to "Whence come you?" It is difficult to imagine a more commonplace theme than this. Not a village genius or poetical boarding-school miss, (see the neat little volume of poems and essays printed at the vacation by the polite mistress of the seminary, and distributed to admiring nannies), but has made the attempt. The style, however, in which Tennyson's brook gives an account

of itself, evinces the truth of the axiom that the power of genius is never more evident than when dealing with common things. We quote a stanza or two :—

" I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

" By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

" I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

" With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

" I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

" And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel."

A short effusion which follows,—*"The Letters,"*—is a sad commentary on the truism, that an author is a very unsafe judge of his own writings. Here is the description of the reconciliation of two lovers who have met to part for ever :—

" I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each others' arms."

Proh pudore, Alfred Tennyson !

The only other pieces in the volume, with the exception of the *"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,"* and *"The Charge of the Light Brigade,"* are *"The Daisy,"* and *"To the Rev. F. D. Maurice."* In *"The Daisy,"* written at Edinburgh; *"Scotia's darling seat,"* is alluded to in the following terms :—

" The clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer,
And gray metropolis of the North."

A description, in our opinion (formed on bitter experience), most discriminating and just, though, we have no doubt, poor *"Maud"* will

suffer double castigation from some of our irascible Northern critics on this account.

There is little doubt that after the hubbub of conflicting opinions has subsided, "Maud" will, by general consent, take its place among the poet's works as a welcome addition, though a great many highly respectable people may, like Colonel Newcome, complain that they cannot understand its beauties. We are afraid Tennyson is quite indifferent to what these highly respectable people may think, and as he acted on the same principle twenty-five years ago, when, on his first appearance, he was greeted so contemptuously, we cannot blame him very severely. Even at the present day, it is somewhat amusing to see how he is treated by such critics as Delta and the Honourable James Moncreiff. We leave our readers to guess if so keen an observer as Currer Bell is likely to have hit on Tennyson's probable way of thinking, in regard to such, in the following piquant sally :—

"The true poet is not one whit to be pitied, and he is apt to laugh in his sleeve, when any misguided sympathiser whines over his wrongs. Even when utilitarians sit in judgment on him, and pronounce him and his art useless, he hears the sentence with such a hard derision, such a broad, deep, comprehensive, and merciless contempt of the unhappy Pharisees who pronounce it, that he is rather to be chidden than consoled with."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoir and Remains of the Rev. James Trench, Late Superintendent of the Edinburgh City Mission. By ANDREW THOMSON, D.D. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.

THE subject of this Memoir appears to have been a man of singular excellence and piety. As is evident from his biography, he was an ardent student, a devoted preacher, a faithful Evangelist, and a most active, faithful, and indefatigable Superintendent of the Edinburgh City Mission. In all his relations in life, he seems to have won universal respect and esteem. As the author of the Memoir remarks, his gifts were hidden in the yet brighter radiance of his graces, as in the case of "the disciple whom Jesus loved," whom he greatly resembled. It would be impossible in a few words to convey an adequate idea of his singularly gentle and beautiful character. The book must be read to be appreciated, and we venture to say that no one will rise from its perusal without feeling at once reproved and stimulated to greater activity in the Christian life. Such deep piety as is here portrayed is truly a rare possession. Mr Trench seems to have lived and acted habitually under the conviction of Dr Brown's memorable saying,—"that vital and influential Christianity consists, much more than is ordinarily apprehended, in our intimate personal acquaintance and friendship with our Lord Jesus Christ."

It will not surprise any one to learn that the loss of such a man as this, has been deeply felt and deplored by a wide circle of admiring friends, and more especially by the supporters of the Edinburgh City Mission. That important evangelic agency was raised by him into a state of great efficiency.

and prosperity. On the day of his funeral, we are told that his remains were accompanied to the grave by a procession of many hundreds:—"But the most touching spectacle was that of multitudes of the poor, and of children from the Mission districts, who stood gazing in little groups all the way to the extremity of Newington, and shedding unforced tears as they looked on the hearse which contained all that now remained on earth of their gentle benefactor." Truly, "the memory of the just is blessed."

The Memoir,—the work of Dr Thomson,—is written with singular taste and judgment. It is enriched by pointed remark and felicitous illustration, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." In speaking of Mr Trench's early religious impressions, it is mentioned that Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, was the means of his conversion; and the biographer goes on very happily to observe of such great life-books of the age in which they appeared, that "even when the new work has appeared, the force of the old has not been spent, or the prayers with which it was given to the world exhausted, but the dead soul, when touching the remains of one of these old prophets, has awaked to life." A most important feature in Mr Trench's character, namely, the conscientious care with which he prepared himself for his Sabbath Classes, is alluded to thus:—"He knew, what so many inferior teachers do not seem to know, that it requires study and effort to speak simply, and that the skill of adaptation to a child's mind, neither comes by accident nor by inspiration." That it is an easy thing to ask pertinent and useful questions of children is a very false opinion. We call to remembrance here, that Christ's wisdom among the doctors in the temple, was seen in "asking them questions." To ask questions judiciously, then, is not so easy as may be supposed, and those are the best Sabbath School teachers who are most deeply impressed with this truth, and who prepare themselves accordingly.

Did space permit, we should like to have made a quotation from one of Mr Trench's Discourses, bringing out a point too much neglected and forgotten by evangelical Christians, namely, the sympathy of Christ from the fact of his human nature, and the confidence with which we should therefore betake ourselves to him. In contending for the divinity of Christ, we are apt to overlook his humanity, and to lose the rich comfort derivable therefrom. All who knew Mr Trench, must, we are sure, revere his memory, and, to them, this memorial of his worth must be very dear; while those who had not the pleasure of knowing him personally, must, we are equally sure, after a perusal of this volume, regret their loss, and long to know him in glory.

The Certainty of Christianity. A Sketch by a Layman. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

THIS is a clever sketch, but it is only a sketch. The author endeavours, from classical authorities and Old Testament prophecy, to prove the certainty of the prediction regarding the place of Christ's appearing in, viz., Judea. Secondly, as respects the time when our Saviour was to appear; thirdly, his death as predicted by the Jewish prophets; fourthly, the character of Him that in Judea, and in the time of Tiberias, was to appear and suffer such ignominy; and fifthly, the fate of the Jewish nation since their rejection of our Saviour; which our author affirms has been very peculiar, and in some measure misunderstood. He says very beautifully:—

"The tribe of the weary heart and wandering foot has found its way into every land almost on which the sun shines, and its dispersion is familiar to every one as a theme at school; without a territory of its own, it forms the

chance population of other states. But we must remember that the wanderings of the Jews can be traced back into a very remote antiquity. They were the consequences of more than one captivity, and perhaps of a national bias to varied life and commerce. And hence, long before the time of our Saviour, there were Jews settled in every country of the East,—in the Isles of Greece as well as in Spain, and on the banks both of the Nile and the Euphrates.

"It is not then their exile in foreign lands that we would remark on here, as it was nothing new, nor yet on the destruction of their nationality, for this has been the fate of many a tribe besides, from the Lycians and the Etruscans of the old world to the Aztecs of the new. But what is to be said, if we find it was just when the guilt of the Jews was at its height, that their aggravated sufferings began, and that those who gazed on the dying agonies of our Saviour, lived to see the Temple a mass of ruins, and the whole nation in exile,—an exile which had no end? Yet so it was. The wars of Titus came first, which spoiled the Temple of its glories, and laid it in the dust; and within a few short years there followed Hadrian's frightful butcheries, and a new city for a colony of the strangers rose on the spot where Jerusalem had stood. *Ever since*, down to the present hour, *there has been no nation of the Jews anywhere on the earth, with a country and a policy of their own.* In the very words of the prophets, (2 Samuel vii. 10, and Jeremiah vii. 14,) who always linked their fortunes with their temple's, they have ceased 'to dwell in a place of their own' ever since it fell; and what was formerly their country has been a province alternately of Rome, of Persia, of Egypt, and of Turkey, for the last eighteen centuries. During several years, indeed, there was a patriarch at Tiberias, and subsequently the Talmud of Babylon gave the law in religious matters to the whole race of Israel. But civil power the Jews never knew in any form after the times of Titus and Hadrian, unless indeed in subordination to some foreign sway, as in the case of their Archons and Ethnarchs.

"How complete this extinction of the Jews as a nation, and, in connexion with guilt, how very striking. The peculiarity of their case is not so much that they were dispersed, but that they fell *at once*, and also *for ever*, from a nation to outlaws, banded together here and there,—their fate following close upon their guilt, so close that there were doubtless old men alive who could tell the tale of both.

"It would be easy to cite authorities of all kinds, Jewish and Roman, for the destructive wars to which we have alluded, and their consequences. But both are so well known, that we think it quite unnecessary. Why quote Josephus and Tacitus, when every stranger who visits Rome may see graven upon the arch of Titus the sacred vessels of the Temple, which were carried off by the Roman soldiers as the spoils of their victory; and, turn his steps next where he may, he comes everywhere upon the outcast race, whose wanderings cannot indeed be said to have commenced then, but whose wanderings, without a home to return to, certainly may. If before they were as birds whose flight was often far from the nest, they have since been as birds whose nest has been pulled down and strewed to the winds.

"Now all this was predicted in Jewish prophecy. We have it in the sacred writings of the Jews themselves, as we shall now see.

"Among the various prophecies which ushered in and foretold the changes in the chequered history of the race, we may observe some which had reference probably to the Assyrian conquest and the Babylonish captivity, and others expressly to the time of our Lord. It is with the latter alone that we have to do here. And yet it would be wrong to pass the others by altogether; for, along with the distinct and specific notice of certain events which were to happen, and which did happen, they occasionally depict in a

general way some leading peculiarity in Jewish history, that should overrule and attend all their destinies. Of this nature is a prediction in Ezekiel vi. 8, and one in Amos ix. 9. The words of Amos are these:—‘For lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve; yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth.’ The words ‘yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth,’ would seem to imply, that the Jews scattered everywhere should yet neither perish as some seeds do, nor take root and establish themselves as happens with others. It is remarkable that there is nothing in the terms of the prediction that limits it to any particular period. On the contrary, it takes the whole range of time,—and up to the present day it has known no check. So long indeed as the Temple stood, which rallied the Jews together periodically wheresoever dispersed, that venerated shrine and its services must have helped to keep them from sinking absorbed and lost in other nations. But when it fell, we should hardly have expected them to have had any heart longer for a marked isolated existence, ‘baited with the rabble’s curse.’ Yet this feverish life they have endured, and, what was fully as improbable, have been permitted to endure; and thus they have never ‘fallen upon the earth,’ either to perish or to prosper. Had their fate differed, and their course taken either direction, all we can say is, that they would not have remained ‘an instruction and an astonishment’ to other nations. For, peopling a province, they would have been like other tribes, and undistinguished, and disappearing altogether, they would have been unseen, perhaps unremembered. But as it is, their fate has been palpable as well as peculiar; and, we might add, their return to their own land one day has continued to be possible.”

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has appointed the Rev. Malcolm M’Intyre to the parish of Tobermory, in the Presbytery of Mull, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. David Ross to the church of Kiltarlity.

Presentations.—The Queen has appointed the Rev. David Brown to the parish of Scoonie, in the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy; and the Rev. Thomas Brown to the parish of Collace, in the Presbytery of Perth.

The Chaplains in the Crimea.—The various Presbyterian Chaplains sent out to the Crimea have been appointed to separate spheres of labour as follows:—the Rev. J. Campbell will be attached to the 42d and 79th Regiments of Highlanders; the Rev. Mr Ross will be attached to the 71st Highlanders; the Rev. Mr Watson will be attached to the Scots Greys and the permanent hospital of the 93d Regiment at Kadikoi; the Rev. Mr Fraser will be attached to the 93d Highlanders; the Rev. F. Cameron will be attached to the 72d Regiment, and also visit the hospitals on the heights above Balaklava.

The Militia Encampment at Stirling.—The appointment of Chaplain to the Encampment at Stirling, to which is attached a salary of L.150 per annum, will, on the recommendation of Lord Panmure, be conferred by Her Majesty’s Government on the Rev. Charles Roger, LL.D., in addition to his present post as Chaplain to the garrison of Stirling Castle.

Presbytery of Brechin.—This Presbytery met on Monday the 6th ult. Melville Church having been erected by the Court of Teinds into a separate church, the Rev. R. Smith, the minister, was duly admitted a member of Presbytery.

Appointment.—The Town-Council of Stirling have appointed the Rev. Mr Thomson, Pennicuik, third minister of Stirling.

Died, at Morebattle Manse, on the 16th inst., the Rev. Joseph Thompson.

Died, at Kincaldrum, Forfarshire, on the 6th inst., the Rev. John Paterson, D.D., aged seventy-nine.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXVII.

OCTOBER 1855.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN LITERATURE.

It does not appear to us that the literature of the present day is peculiarly distinguished for originality. We have certainly reason to be proud of a few original authors ; but as some of their leading, and not most valuable, peculiarities are of a very prominent character, they have certain sins for which they must be answerable. If any man has a social position so exalted as to render whatever he does an object of imitation and apology, that man would do well to be extremely careful that his vices are few and his virtues many. The same holds good with reference to original writers : they have a heavy responsibility resting upon their shoulders ; for a hundred men,—to give an illustration of the truth we are stating,—are ready to follow Dickens in his caricature, for one who can at all approach him in those more precious beauties which have endeared him to the hearts of the lovers of humanity. It is at once the *glory* and the *misfortune* of the original writer, that, whether he will or no, he must give birth and activity to a numerous literary progeny, who, out of sheer admiration, do him no small injury. It is his *glory*, for it testifies to his power, which can kindle emulation and ambition in the soul of mediocrity. And it is also his *misfortune*, for, in spite of himself, repentance comes too late, his defects having been perpetuated by an offspring who have generally no more ability than to perceive and adopt the blemishes, which are often rendered more conspicuous by the literary beauties among which they are sprinkled.

What features of the celebrated Cowley, for example, were most frequently copied by his admiring contemporaries ? Not the simplicity and elegance of his pure and vigorous prose, but the crudities and conceits of his crabbed, metaphysical poetry. In what respects did the genius of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, and of Congreve, find favour with a

host of imitative rhymsters? Not in its exquisite perception and anatomy of the human character,—not in the pithy, epigrammatic touches of the first, or in the flexible and splendid diction of the two last,—not in the quaint, dry humour of the old Canterbury Pilgrim, or in the skill and tact with which the two dramatists could sweep their hands across the strings of the passions and feelings, evoking by a touch the most marvellous melodies; but in the coarse farce in which they indulged; and above all, in the indecencies which unhappily leave a stain upon many of their pages.

What, again, we may go on to ask, are the peculiarities about Johnson which his bungling imitators labour to reproduce? Not his broad views of moral subjects,—not his minute yet comprehensive grasp of any topic whatever introduced to his notice,—not his inflexible sense of justice, his manliness of bearing upon all occasions, his deep-rooted generosity, his stern and uncompromising denunciations of the mean and base, or his candid and noble espousal of worth, though veiled in rags and starving in obscurity; but the pomposity of a style, which his own big-hearted thoughts could alone *fill out*, and the ponderous swing of his periods, which his own massive sense could alone support. After Hervey (we do not include him among the great writers) gave to the world his peculiarly tumid productions, we all know what a lachrymose effect they produced upon imitative authorship. Truth seemed to have fled, with the demoniac, to the grave-yard; and the numerous pages of a weeping authorship appeared like so many tombstones, written on both sides with words and signs of lamentation and woe. The incomparable Bunyan has long run a sad chance of being vulgarized and caricatured by a baby school of theology, which deals in little allegories for little people, planned, it would appear, by little minds, little impressed with the solemn grandeur and beauty of the Truth, which they do their best to make ridiculous by the weak familiarity of their illustrations and metaphors. And, to sum up, we are old enough to recollect when a mock-melancholy air, a folded-down collar, a little rhyme, and a good deal of blasphemy, were supposed to impart to an unfledged bardling a striking resemblance to the lofty, misguided spirit from whose intellectual agonies were produced the dark confessions of a Giaour, and the gloomy glories of a Manfred.

In no walk of literature are men so ready to become imitators as in that of fiction; not certainly from any special aptitude in themselves for the calling, but simply because a very trifling degree of success in this line meets almost instantly with a *golden shower* of applause. The original writer generally looks towards fame as his first object; the imitator cultivates the friendship of fame's illegitimate sister, Notoriety, chiefly from a love of the more mundane fruits which are gathered from the fertility of popular editions. Never did any age so teem with the productions of the novelist as the age in which we live. Tales of all sorts and sizes fall as thickly from the press as snow-flakes from the wintry sky. It would almost appear that some ingenious Mr Babbage had invented, not merely a "calculating machine," but an apparatus for

the manufacture of novels. Mr James, and others of the same fanciful copartnery, seem to possess a receipt for the concoction of a three volume novel, leading to a result almost as uniform as that which proceeds from a cook's receipt for the production of a pudding, or from a housekeeper's receipt for the elaboration of gooseberry wine. A glimpse of description at the commencement of the chapters,—a little sentiment here and there,—a liberal dose of incident and startling situations,—a good deal of "quis quis" morality, and a pinch of religion to season it,—a handful or two of remorse, timely confession, &c.,—dash the whole with a murder or so, then serve hot to the hungry public, who pronounce the treat unexceptionable, and pay accordingly. There are among us, however, novelists of a different stamp, who do not paint life by an invariable system of "square and rule." Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray, are undoubtedly writers of an original genius, who will leave their impress on the age which they have served to instruct, to amuse, and in some degree to form. Bulwer's two last works are of a healthy tone, and will do good to any one who chooses to read them. Some of his other works of fiction are of a diseased character, and will corrupt the heart nearly as much as they amuse the leisure of careless readers. We sincerely rejoice to see that his mind, like a fresh and exuberant spring muddied by a passing impurity, has at length worked itself clear, settling down into the sweet, pure waters of the "varieties of English life." The quaint old parson; the hearty squire, with feelings as healthy as his frame; the eccentric but loveable Riccabocca, in—"My Novel;"—the absent and gentle scholar; the high-souled uncle Roland; together with the exquisitely touched female portraits in "The Caxtons;" these are much to be preferred to the gentlemanly rouses and sentimental pickpockets and frivolous women of fashion, with whom Bulwer chiefly fraternized previous to his translation into a better circle of acquaintances, and a purer atmosphere of feeling and thinking.

Bulwer is what the Germans call a "many-sided" man. He is great as a novelist, impressive as a debater, and successful as a dramatist. Addison, kept down by modesty, never took, or even strove to take a place in the "House." Gibbon carried away no laurels from debate to entwine them with those which he won from history. Even Johnson, we are convinced, while he could speak for Pitt from the garret, would have proved no rival to that great statesman in the conflicts of the senate. It is curious to notice how the mighty moralist, so fully equipped in most respects, was so thoroughly deficient in others. As a talker, Johnson's tongue was both a charm and a terror, as the mood came upon him. As a pamphleteer, he was so trenchant, that Junius took not up the gauntlet which was cast down for his acceptance. As an observer of men, customs, and manners, he was second to none; and as a satirist of the vices and follies of mankind, let his "London," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" bear eternal witness to his power. But the book of nature was, or seemed to be, a blank to him. He never speaks of creation in her grand or lovely aspects. He roams through the highlands and islands without so much as mentioning the natural features of any one scene,—

unawed by the grandeur of our mountains, uncharmed by the music of our streams, and unrelaxed by our pleasant holms and grassy glens. Had Johnson been an idolater he would have bowed down neither to "stocks nor stones," nor lifted up his regards to the heavenly bodies. He was more at home amidst the bricks of London than amidst the loveliest and sublimest of nature's forms. This deficiency may be altogether attributed by some to the weakness of his physical vision; but we think that the eye of the spirit also wanted a proper retina for the pictures of creation.

Macaulay, too, like Bulwer, is a "many-sided" man. His essays exalt him to the highest pedestal which is assigned to this species of writing. They bear no resemblance to the essays of Addison, who treated of *customs, manners, follies, and vices*, while Macaulay deals with *books and opinions* upon all subjects. Addison studies man by following him into his clubs, coteries, and more private life. Macaulay looks at him as he paints his own likeness in his written works. The modern could never have sketched Sir Roger, or Will Wimble. The ancient could not have produced the splendours of the life and trial of Warren Hastings. In his "Lays,"—those spirited and classic compositions,—Macaulay gives us an idea of the versatility of his mind; and when we turn page after page of his history,—that brilliant, but somewhat one-sided fragment, for the completion of which we are eagerly desirous,—we begin to form a just conception of his noble and varied intellect. But we are not even yet done with this Protean genius; for his spoken eloquence, to the fascinating accents of which so many have listened, is as vigorous and telling as his written periods. He has not the deep and subtle philosophy of Burke; his reasoning is not so impenetrable as that of Pitt and Fox, nor his rhetoric so sparkling and flashing as that of Grattan and Curran; but there is a stately and rolling cadence in the march of his thoughts which has seldom been surpassed, and he is ten times as great as that Coryphæus of Whigs, Sir James Macintosh, upon whom Macaulay himself has lavished such an undue share of praise that he has little admiration to bestow on better men. We long to witness a passage of arms between the gifted historian of England and the formidable D'Israeli, who is also a man of many weapons and multifarious accomplishments; a satirical novelist of great power and pungency, and a speaker, who can turn with as much ease to the rescue of his friends as to the discomfiture of his foes; but as there is no chance of such an animating spectacle, we forbear speculation, and return to the subject more immediately before us.

Dickens and Thackeray have been so much and so recently written about, that we ought not, perhaps, to say anything about their marked and well-known peculiarities. They are both wielding the pen as busily, and Thackeray, at least, as skillfully, as ever. We can scarcely again expect from Dickens anything so witty and original as Pickwick, with the inimitable Sam Weller; or anything so simple and pathetic as his sketch of little Nell. We cannot reasonably look for another *Oliver Twist*, with the imposing Mr Bumble, of "Porochial" conse-

quence ; or hope for another melody of such exquisite, yet homely sweetness as the Christmas Carol. In one sense, the wise and proverbial king's aphorism, that " what *has* been *will again* be," does not hold good. Nature is continually breaking the mould. She permits one Hamlet, one Guy Mannering, one Vicar of Wakefield, one Paradise Lost, one Vision of Mirza, and no more. She does not allow her choicest gems to become valueless by becoming common. She sprinkles her diamonds over the soil of genius with a parsimonious hand. Thousands may try to rival their lustre by the ingenuity of their *paste* ; but the *imitation* will only impose upon the half-blind, and pales its ineffectual fires before the native brilliancy of the products of the master-hand. The well of Mr Dickens' invention bubbles not so freely nor so purely as of yore. But its drops are still the precious drops of nature's own distilling. There is still clearly discernible the same tender sympathy with suffering, many-sided humanity,—the same delicate soothing of its woes,—the same hearty seconding of its innocent gaieties,—the same satirizing of its follies,—the same scorn for its meanness and baseness. If Mr Dickens ever signally fails, to our way of thinking, it is in the *drawing-room*. Somehow, the *well-bred lady*, and the *polite gentleman*, are not among the portraits of his picture-gallery. In the shop, in the interiors of humble life, in the prison, in the gin-palace, in the " flash-kens" of vagabond calling, in the stable-yard, in the workhouse, and amid the jeering crowd who gather " moralities" at the gallows-foot,—there he is at home for a good and wise purpose, and can graphically people his page and the reader's leisure with the living realities of each. If he has a prevailing *fault in manner*, it is that of *caricaturing* ; if in *style*, it is a leaning to the *slang* of life, of whatever class ; if in *etching his characters*, it is the error of a *teasing minuteness*, which is often in danger of making a portrait ridiculous, by forgetting no wrinkle, omitting no line, toning down no excrescence. But with all his faults, Dickens is truly loveable, and we are all the better for his reproductions of life as it is.

Thackeray is a writer of a very different stamp. Many think him more original than his brother-novelist. He cannot certainly tell a story so well—story-telling is not his fort—he is not simple-hearted enough for straightforward narrative ; but he can detect a " humbug" through all his pretences, and can unmask hypocrisy with that severity and pitiless scorn which it always deserves. If we had a *grief* that lay heavy on our heart, or struggled under a *sense of error* which ought to be acknowledged, we should go at once to the warm-hearted author of the " Old Curiosity Shop." But if we had a mean-souled oppressor to chastise, if we had a Pharisee to uncloak, if we had a *pretender* to reduce in the eyes of a deluded public, we should hasten with all speed to the author of Vanity Fair and Arthur Pendennis. If we knew nothing whatever about the parent of Becky Sharp, and were required to furnish a character of the man from his written works, we should not hesitate for a moment to say that he had certainly been a man upon whom *ill-usage* had unladen an *ungentle* and unsoftening hand. Sorrow softens some natures, but hardens others. Probation brings out the *angel* in one, and the *devil* in another. Affliction makes a stone of this heart,

and a well of "sweet-waters" of that. A struggle with hostile powers humanizes some, and generously induces them to feel for the conflicts of their brethren; whereas in the soul of others defiance is aroused, and they look with a hard, scornful eye upon their neighbours battling with those foes, with whom they themselves have already contended, carrying away victory at the expense of wounds and privations.

We are not acquainted with Thackeray except through his works. There he is armed with a scourge for the chastisement of some, and for the terror of others. He lays it on with a good will; and while the victim always winces, not so the cool and caustic operator. He seems to sneer out, at every fresh application of the lash, "it is good for you and me, and I know at least one who likes the exercise with all his heart." With what unmistakeable gusto does he follow Becky Sharp as she treads upon the necks of better people, dealing her ever and anon a quiet castigation, and gazing upon his handywork with a bitter triumph. With what exquisite relish does he strip the graceful cloak from the hypocritical shoulders of the fashionable preacher, the Rev. Charles Honeyman, who wept that others might weep also, and hid his fictitious sorrows regularly once a week behind the most immaculate of cambric handkerchiefs, in Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. But albeit Mr Thackeray is something of the "blue-bottle" of literature, always buzzing about, and lighting upon, and driving his fangs into the *ugly sore*; still he is much needed in an age of incomparable "humbug," and we bid him, with all our heart, lay on, and spare not. If he has a prevailing fault, it is seeking for the *evil* that is in the world, and neglecting to give an equal prominence to the *good* that may abound. He cannot, for his life, *praise* so heartily or so naturally as he can *censure*. When he caresses, it is with a rough hand, and we always fancy that we can see the censor's scourge dangling from his wrist. Do you remember, Mr Thackeray, what you said so admirably at the commencement of *Vanity Fair*, about the world being like a mirror, which frowns back your frown, and smiles back your smile? Perhaps you have painted the parasite surface too often with *your* frown. My dear sir, do, if you please, try a smile now and then.

So far as we can judge, some of Thackeray's most notorious blunders have been committed in *Esmond*, a book in many respects well conceived, and judiciously executed. We cannot sympathize with several of his literary characters. Why, he degrades clever, good-hearted Dick Steele into a mere sot, and low pot-house brawler; either engaged in swearing over a tankard or in weeping maudlin tears in honour of his friend, Joseph Addison. Poor, misguided Dick was something better than this. Finer moral sayings, more epigrammatic strokes, than you will find thickly sprinkled over the *Tatler*, never fell from the pen of an essayist, that of his inimitable friend and coadjutor excepted. Steele could etch a character, tell a simple story, or point a not-too-ill-natured satire with and man of his day. Addison, from the same hand, emerges a weak, simpering egotist; and more addicted to the bottle than the prince of humourists ever was known to be. Thackeray's descriptions of Swift might apply to a wild beast, glaring from its den, and pierced by the

hunters. And the astute and elegant St John, courtly in his manners, princely in his tastes, the model of a diplomatist, is represented as a roystering boon-companion, who permits his secrets to ooze out over his inordinate cups, into the ear of a raw young man, and all but an entire stranger! Posterity will not take its portraits of these celebrities from the pages of Esmond, so long as contemporary history, the very different impression of a century, and above all *their own works* remain for consultation. Thackeray is a writer of strong passions, strong prejudices, strong antipathies, and he cuts them into the marble of his enduring page with the keen cold edge of a strong intellect. He extorts your respect, sometimes your fear, far oftener than he wins your confidence and love.

There is a school of modern literature of which we can scarcely bring ourselves to speak with common patience. We mean the modern school of "Biography." If a stop be not put to the ponderous toil and voluminous conscientiousness of this school, we shall have to enlarge our libraries and buttress our book-shelves. Save us from the doting and indiscriminate friendship which sits affectionately down before a whole desert of diary, and mountain of correspondence, and after treating us to eight vols. (four being promised in the prospectus), sighs that the *rigour* of *selection* has abridged the grateful labour, and given but a *fragment* after all of the literary man! How we do nauseate over the twaddling thousand and one letters of Tommy Moore, all telling one and the same thing—or, we beg his lordship's editorial pardon, proving two things—that the little bard was a very dutiful son and a very careless husband, equally punctual in writing to mamma, and in dining out without his poor wife. We liked Moore much better before his reputation was ruined by the noble friend of the family,—his reputation, not as a poet and a wit—for even the ex-premier could not ruin him in these respects—but his reputation as a man of sense, and of manly dealing with his friends the publishers. But how could it be otherwise with any one who was unfortunate enough to fall into the blundering hands of a jack-of-all-trades, who has all but boxed the political and literary compasses? Well said Sydney the wag, that his lordship would stick at nothing, from the re-building of St Paul's, were it burnt down, to the commanding of the channel fleet, if it wanted an Admiral. Author of a venture in prose, which only lacked a little notoriety to render the failure disgraceful—wretched as a dramatist, and miserable as a poetaster—anything in politics that would keep him in power, and give him an opportunity of continuing his insidious attacks upon our good old constitution—behold him a biographer, pelting his friend's reputation to death with bales of his own letters—and, lastly, a diplomatist, carrying his usual luck into the confusions of the Council. If he would now only condescend to try a little modesty and retirement, he would then have tried a little of everything. However, we shall endeavour to forget the Moore of biography, and think only of our old friend of Lalla Rookh and the Irish Melodies.

The egotism which flows over the extensive surface of our modern biographies, is not more offensive than it is laughable; and we continue

to wonder, as we turn page after page of the complacent "diary," or monotonously selfish "letters," how the same author could be so wise in his "works," and so foolish in his "life,"—how he could write so entertainingly in the "third person," and so tiresomely in the "first." We thought the "life and correspondence" of Southey an unrivalled embodiment of egotism, until we encountered the "diary" and "letters" of Madame D'Arblay. Southey, poor fellow, had some small excuse for the painful and tedious prominence to which he treats the diminutive vocable "ego;" living in retirement, and conversing chiefly with his own books, or his own reflections. But "little Burney" had less excuse; living in the world, gadding about town, twaddling at tea-parties, getting be-praised by Mrs Thrale and we think trotted out by Dr Johnson, and then coolly and systematically retiring to her bedroom that she might bake up the precious crumbs of the evening into a huge cake for the voracity of the public. Dr Chalmers, too, has been served up to us in the same magnitude of trifling and egotism. It is humbling to be obliged sometimes to detect him in the actual fact of *writing in secret, with the eyes of a distant posterity looking over his shoulder*. But that it was so no one can doubt who reads his diary. In fancy the public were frequently beside him. We admire him far more in the pulpit than in the closet with the "day-book" open before him. Broad as his stalwart Scottish shoulders were, his biographer has given him too huge a load to support. Every man is not an Atlas, like Johnson, Scott, or Byron, who have little difficulty in carrying the weighty responsibility of half-a-dozen volumes. But there were giants in those days. Men of letters have scarcely the bone and muscle in these times, and the ponderous tomes of diary and correspondence, which recent biographers seem to think indispensable in floating their precious charge safely onward to the shores of fame, will be found rather to resemble the cumbrous armour of Caesar, when that great Captain so nearly perished amid the waves of his native Tiber.

Now that we have got into the subject of biography, let us breathe the hope, that those who are entrusted with the posthumous reputations of their friends, will not, like Curll, "add another terror to death," by undue prolixity, but will condescend to be instructed by the past, and learn *brevity*, if nothing else, from the "lives of the poets." We also request them to keep Southey's Nelson and Lockhart's Burns before their biographical eyes. The Dryden, Savage, Milton, and Cowley of Johnson may be studied to advantage. He did not tell everything about his author, but he told enough, and made you acquainted with the man and the writer before you quitted him. He did not imagine, as recent biographers appear to imagine, that a man of letters is a species of Ogre, constituted differently from others of the "genus homo," breathing a different air, living on different food, belonging to a different race of beings, dying of different diseases, moved by other than human impulses on mundane matters—and, therefore, to be watched in his very eating and drinking, like some new importation to the zoological gardens. He did not count the wrinkles on his brow, or chronicle the freckles on his hands; did not let you into the mysteries of how he

took his spectacles off when he felt puzzled, how he wiped them with a lemon-coloured handkerchief, and, marvellous to relate ! how he put them on again ! But, by what we would call the philosophy of biography, he gave you a striking portrait, and placed the man of letters before the eye of the mind. We desire to grasp the character of the author, both in his public and private capacity ; and that accomplished, can a well-constituted mind ask more ? But in order to manage this we do not require that daguerreotype minuteness, which omits nothing, and gives equal prominence to every feature—slavishly copying every *wart* and *wen* with ridiculous fidelity. Why, we should no more think of reproducing *all* the trifling epistles and all the vapid common-places, written or spoken by a clever author, just because *he* said or wrote them, than we should set about collecting all the buttons he ever wore upon his coat, for no better reason than that *he* wore them. Such a process (and recent biographers seem to approve it) would be somewhat like treasuring up *all the dross* of a gold mine, simply because it abounded in better things ; or it would resemble that idolatrous relic-hunting, which carefully preserved and slavishly venerated the clippings of apostolic beards and the parings of martyrs' nails. D'Alembert says of history, that much of its materials might well be burnt as refuse. And may we not say of huge biographical works, in the words of Young, "such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was so much less in value than cumbersome in bulk, that it required barns for strong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds?" It is said, that "no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre." And, verily, there are biographers who, from no *want*, but rather an *excess* of respect, do insist upon entering the penetralia of authorship, and showing it off in every stage and process of literary dishabille. Hence the greatest men, so far from retaining for the eyes of the public any remnant of the hero once painted by fancy, are reduced to a common size, and are extremely fortunate if they escape being made ridiculous. "There's a divinity doth hedge a king," saith the prince of poets—and we would add, there's a mysterious halo of divinity around the *idea* of a writer of great genius, which no vulgar biographical toil should seek to dispel. We are tired of the common-places of every-day life, with which our recent biographies are crammed. How often is the gifted Chalmers made to take tea in the course of one volume ! And with what affectionate fidelity is his admiration for—cold beef and mustard ! dwelt upon by a very Friday of a biographer ! We like to witness rough Sam Johnson hurling from him the shoes which had been left in charity at his door ; we like to witness this exhibition, we repeat, because it is an evidence of that sturdy independence of character, which strode with him through life, repelling the insolent, striking down the base, and making small pretenders feel their own littleness. But what is it to us, or anybody, how the same Sam Johnson ate his veal pies stuffed with prunes ! That officious and bustling, but useful sycophant, Boswell, has here overstepped the limits of genuine biography ; and detailed, with all the solemnity due to such a momentous subject, what is more in the way of the cook than of the critic. Let us by all means record

whatever illustrates character, or displays the mental structure,—if we may apply a material form of expression to such a subject—but nothing more. We would much rather not have known that Horace was “blear-eyed,” but the *avarice* and *greed* of the sententious and moralizing Seneca are justly committed to the pillory of type. What can it be to any one that Cicero had a wart upon his nose? Of this peculiar distinction we could well afford to lose sight; but who would choose to forget him as the opponent of Cataline, and the brilliant ornament of the Roman Senate? We could have dispensed with all recorded information about the hump on Esop’s back and the squint in Roscius’s eye; but it is a very different matter when the question involved is the profligacy of Alcibiades, the exile of Ovid, the rural tastes of Virgil, or the proverbial munificence of the generous Mæcenas. The gluttonies of Heliogabalus disgust us almost to sickness, but the epicurism of Lucretius, so elegant, so “*spirituel*,” is another affair. Can we not prevail upon biographers to leave something to the “tailors and the barbers?” Will they still persist, with pertinacious fidelity to their poor dead friend, in printing a hundred familiar epistles, when one or two might suffice; since it is not our desire to call in question the punctuality of the departed, but to catch a glimpse of his character,—not to ascertain of what benefit he has been to the post-office, but what he is likely to be to a remote posterity?

We would draw attention to two simple stories, “Silas Barnstarks” and the “School for Fathers,” which we confess to have read with great delight. They belong, together with the “School for Dreamers,” which we have not yet met with, to a species of fiction, which should become highly popular, if people are not averse to take their pleasure mingled with a few grains of mental profit. We are strongly impressed with the conviction, that such works as these are calculated to do good, for they are both conceived and executed in a healthy tone, and cannot fail to become endeared to all readers who look for something in books beyond a hearty laugh, or a winter evening’s amusement. These graphic tales do not drag you, under the pretence of depicting *life*, into scenes of pollution, where facile and inexperienced youth is by no means secure, and can bring away little save lessons in low slang, and a precocious knowledge of villany and blasphemy; scenes, whose language is a mixture of ribaldry and profanity; whose business is sin; whose atmosphere is pestiferous; scenes, where innocence can learn only the art of being corrupted with the utmost despatch, and where tottering virtue may lose the little chance it has of maintaining its ground. There is certainly “more honour in the breach than the observance” in visits to such places. We are sorry to discover that several authors of recent date seem to have a decided predilection for seeking their literary laurels in haunts of the vilest profligacy, where nothing of a pure and honourable nature can possibly flourish. Many contend for the legitimacy of filling their books with pictures taken from these festering dens of corruption, alleging that *life* should be, and can be, studied to advantage in all its phases; but we can scarcely sympathize with the perilous experiment, and although, according to the proverb,

"hell is paved with good intentions," we reprobate the practice of raking its pollutions for lessons in truth and morality.

Now, the works of T. Gwynne are not of this dangerous and questionable character. They depict sound and healthy traits of human life. Of course, in order to accomplish this, they must have their *foils* and their *contrasts*; but they never overstep the limits of purity and decency, and they never glory in exhibiting a too common modern feat, morality continually treading on the brink of a precipice, or hovering with such ambiguity upon the confines of *virtue* and *indelicacy*, that it may be viewed as a denizen of either country. Religion, besides, is never made the subject of flippant conversations, which are so balanced between piety and repartee, seriousness and levity, that you are at a loss to determine whether the speakers be really religious, or secretly indifferent about matters of faith. To kill time, but not error,—to banish "ennui" from the listless mind, without filling the "aching void" with a better occupant,—to give wings to the lagging hours of a wet and gloomy day,—to excite the loud laugh, or to startle the apathetic soul by the unnatural aspect of some novel and mysterious "situation,"—these seem to be the valuable ends proposed by nine-tenths of popular fiction. The author of the "School for Fathers" has a higher and a purer purpose, which stands out unmistakably from the ground-work of his plan. He takes for his text some pointed moral, which is never once lost sight of amid the windings of his story, the delineations of his characters, the sparkling flow of his dialogue, or the charming glimpses of scenery which arrest the eye and the fancy every now and then. He does not obtrude his moral lesson prosaically and pertinaciously upon you, like a patient pedagogue hammering the catechism into the brains of an unimpressible dunce; but he manages things so skillfully, yet naturally, that you never forget his high and holy meaning, which sinks deeper and still deeper into your heart with the turning of every page, until the conclusion of the tale leaves upon the mind a firm and settled conviction. Nor is our author a kill-joy in the meantime. His stories abound in wit, and overflow with humour. But he judiciously mingles his "*seria cum joci*," discriminates happily between mirth and buffoonery, and succeeds often in sending you away laughing, only that reflection may come back more forcibly and wholesomely upon you from the power of contrast. Reader, if you doubt this, we ask you merely to peruse the "School for Fathers." We could have wished to extract a few passages from the pleasant stories of T. Gwynne, but our space forbids; and the works themselves are becoming so generally well-known as to render this unnecessary. Let us merely say, that very considerable literary wealth is scattered over the pages of "*Silas Barnstarke*," and the "School for Fathers." The first abounds in fine moral reflections, practical worldly remarks, and epigrammatic touches; while the portraits of the two brothers, the hard and selfish *Silas*, with his whole soul wedded to the goods of this world, and the spiritual *Walter*, so tolerant and truly loveable in his self-denial and piety, with his heart open to every appeal, and his thoughts yet steadily fixed upon "the things above,"—are masterpieces after their kind, and attest the intellectual power of the author. The

picture of the accusing conscience, all the more fierce and vindictive that its cries have been long unheeded, is one of the most striking which it is possible to imagine. The fearful death of the convicted sinner has something in it truly appalling; while the self-sacrificing love of the Christian brother soothes the agitated soul of the reader, and closing the tale, like a strain of celestial music, wafts the tranquillized thoughts from the dark and polluted bosom of the earth into the beauty and serenity of heaven. The "School for Fathers" has also excellencies of its own kind, and of an order equally striking. As small-sized cabinet portraits, we would instance those of the bluff old squire, and the quiet, sensible, and homely vicar, both well drawn, and of careful finish. The fine town gentleman is an admirable specimen of that now extinct curiosity, the exquisite of the days of snuff-boxes and patches. Poor Jack's funeral is one of the most thoroughly pathetic descriptions we have met with for many a day. To be appreciated and felt in all its intensity, it must be arrived at through the humour and contrast, through the joy and jollity of the foregoing pages. We must not omit all mention of the inimitable Lazzaree, a perfect sample of the French valet of that sprightly period. And when we add, in conclusion, that the whole is lighted up here and there with the freshest and most delicious snatches of nature, as exhibited in the green and exuberant joyousness of an English landscape, we shall surely have enticed those who have not read "Silas Barnstarke" and the "School for Fathers," to recreate their minds with the interesting pages of these delightful works.

We began our paper with the intention of passing in brief review some of those names which at present give a character to the *didactic*, *controversial*, and *metaphysical* schools; but now find that we have not left sufficient room for the accommodation of these grave expositors of truth. Kingsley and Carlyle may be said to represent the first of these; for their constant aim, whatever the form of their work, is to awaken conviction, and inform mankind of their errors and follies. We have no time at present to sift and weigh their literary merits, but will take upon us the responsibility at least of saying, in the words of an old divine, that they are more skilful "in detecting the sore than in providing a plaister for the same." They, and others, are excellent detectives in the republic of letters, but they do little to help us to a better state of things; and, as Johnson said to a bold objector, who was denying everything advanced in the course of conversation, "a fool can deny more in five minutes than a wise man can prove in fifty years." The controversial school has of late posted Mr Maurice in the front of its vanguard, and can number many puissant combatants, both within and without the pale of Oxford. We shall not meddle particularly with these disputatious oracles, but shall only say of Mr Maurice's ingenious tract upon the difference between "eternal" and "everlasting," that it brought freshly to our recollection the story of the ancient dictionary, which, upon being appealed to for the meaning of "jumping," recommended the inquirer to "see leaping," and rewarded his painstaking when he turned to "leaping," by sententiously advising him to "see jumping." We believe this to be an excellent digest of the pamphlet "*eternal* versus *ever-*

lasting." With reference to the great majority of the others who have made controversial divinity their care and calling, it humbly appeareth unto us, that we understand the grounds of our faith, and the essential doctrines of holy writ much better without their learned aid,—that they are fast getting back to the days of the "schoolmen," among whom the *vital truth* was lost sight of amidst the war of words and the smoke of the combat,—that they would do well to give up their love for Germanic interpretation, and place themselves upon a cooling and restorative regimen, composed of the plain Scriptural text, together with the Catechism drawn up by the sober wisdom and substantial piety of the "Westminster Divines." With the School of Metaphysics we shall not interfere, for, shall we confess it, with all humility? of all researches after truth, "mental philosophy" appears to us, as treated by many writers, to be the most confusing to the *mind* which it intends to illumine and arrange, and the most wasteful of the *time which it undertakes to render more precious*. Before bringing our remarks to a close, however, we should like just to mention what seems to us an unfortunate addition to our vocabulary, hatched in the school of the modern metaphysician, and being rapidly diffused, to our great confusion, through the pages of numberless works, both of the didactic and controversial school. We now meet with such terms as "illumism," "positivism," "individualism," "pietistic," and the like. No innovation should be made in language except upon a *broad and general* basis. Take, then, "individualism" for one example, and try it upon this principle. That pompous and portentous vocabulary means nothing more than the expression of any man's opinion,—Dick, Tom, or Harry. Now, the said Dick, Tom, and Harry are most excellent fellows in their way, and possess just as much sense as any of their neighbours; but the expression of the opinion of any one of them is not surely a basis sufficiently broad for erecting upon it an addition to our national nomenclature. "Positivism" is a wretched and pedantic substitution for the "exact sciences." "Illuminism" will seldom be found, save in the book of a pretender, whose chief aim is to make *words stand for ideas*. And as for "pietistic," we make over such valuable property to any one who is dunce enough to think it an improvement upon the term "religious." But many are now persisting in the liberal use of these words, and no doubt their mental treasures are so abundant, that new terms must be invented to contain the exuberance of their wealth. The mighty intellects of Bacon and Newton, of Taylor and Bunyan, found an olden simplicity of language quite expansive enough for the full play of their master-thoughts and noble conceptions; but these giants are left behind, it would appear, by a race of thinkers, whose ideas are so much more Titanic, that new terms must be forthwith invented to enshrine the growing magnificence of recent genius. Hall, as a divine,—Hume, as a historian,—Byron, as a poet,—Stewart, as a metaphysician,—Addison, as an essayist,—and, among ourselves, Macaulay, as a historical, literary, and biographical critic of the first order,—these men have succeeded in writing books, which grow in fame as they grow in age. But place, ye master-thinkers! and make way for a superior race, whose *swelling thought* finds its mighty limbs cramped in that

verbal dress in which yours revelled with such freedom, and therefore demanding a kindred enlargement, is engaged in providing labour for a future Johnson! Glorious heroes of the "march of intellect!" go forth in all the plenitude of your illustrious "individualism," and pour the "illumination" of your brilliant intellects over new continents of thought and discovery!

As a concluding remark upon the past and present of literature, we would say, with all humility, that the thinkers of the past expressed their thoughts with much greater perspicuity than those of the present day. Into the cause of this we shall not at present seek to penetrate. We shall not take upon us to say whether the superior lucidity of the past is the result of a finer fountain of thought, or of a purer channel of transmission and diffusion. But this we shall most certainly assert, that vigour and clearness of expression are almost always the attributes of the highest order of genius. Commanding intellects will not, and cannot be misunderstood. It is their special vocation to shed light upon the darkness, till all is revealed. He who does not perceive his own idea clearly, is an unsafe guide for the Truth, and will mislead many. He who is thoroughly master of his own thoughts and conceptions, is the man to follow with confidence; for he will neither wander astray himself, nor bewilder others. Truth half-expressed leads to error. Truth fully expressed enlightens the mind, and makes wise disciples.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER XI.

HOMEWARD BOUND—OVERLAND.

HOME! what thrilling recollections are awakened by the sound! But, before proceeding further, let me say a word or two confidentially in my reader's ear. You must know then, that as these pages have been successively passing through the press, a friend of mine in whose judgment I have very great confidence, has ventured to take me to task respecting the minuteness of my notices of natural history in some of the preceding chapters. I have introduced too much of the animal creation! Insects are continually starting up in my way, and reptiles are perpetually invading my rest! The book, instead of being chapters of travel, might be called chapters in natural history! A disagreeable feeling is created by the innumerable hordes of ants, mosquitos, cockroaches, &c., which I meet with; and I really ought to allow some of the animalcules that cross my path to pass unnoticed! Now I defend myself, courteous reader, from these strictures of my aforesaid friend, by maintaining that those very notices add value to the work, for, what should any account of foreign countries be worth, which contained no mention of its natural productions and its living creatures? But, as there may be a spice of truth in the criticism, I have omitted, as you will observe, in my last chapter, all mention of the Chinese rhinoceros-beetle which I might have

introduced to the reader's admiring notice, and the spotted iguana gliding through the green grass, the enormous centipedes of the country, the pretty darting humming-birds, the splendid parrots which I saw dashing through the woods, the golden pheasants, and the magnificent butterflies of Chang-chow, whose wings are as large as the palm of a man's hand. Can I claim the credit, however, I ask myself, after this surreptitious addition to my menagerie, of having really profited by the censure? And is that repentance worth any thing which is not followed by reformation?

Another lady friend, on whose judgment I no less rely, gently insinuates a graver charge against these sketches of mine. Every page I write has far too much of a Claude Lorraine tint! Every thing is painted *couleur de rose*! Every place, according to me, is lovely; every scene I witness is beautiful! Now it might have been very easy for me to say, for example, that Hong-Kong is a beastly place in the rainy season—that nothing is more detestable than life on board ship—that the sea has mountains without grass, and is wet without showers; and to have minutely daguerrotyped the minor miseries and discomforts of foreign travel. But here I must disclose a secret to my readers and to the public in general. I confess that I like best to look at the bright side of every picture. Who has not felt, on visiting some brilliantly imaged scene of natural beauty, that now, to the naked eye, it appears stripped of all its romance? And when nought is left us to gaze upon but bare and barren details, must we then indeed dwell on disagreeable sights and disappointing rubbish? I had rather far shut my eyes to the *desagremens* of scenery as of life, and I delight most in calling up before me those recollections which erst delighted me most. Thus, here you see, I have an answer ready for this objection too; but then, of course, I am an obstinate creature, never in the wrong, and always right! All the while, dear public, that I thus defend myself, I feel bound, secretly and in my own heart, to admit that there is a considerable share of truth in the strictures of my fair critics.

What a revolution steam has created in the world! In the East as well as in the West! When I went out to Hong-Kong at first, letters took four or five, sometimes six, months to come from England by sailing ships. When I left that place a few years ago, letters and newspapers reached us, per overland and by steamers, in seven weeks. Letters to friends, of course, took as long to go home as those we received took to come to us, so that nearly a year elapsed before an answer could be obtained, and by that time you had almost lost all interest in the matters you might have been inquiring about. In cases of deep moment and pressing interest you had to lay your account with being kept in anxiety and suspense for a long time. After the establishment of steam communication, however, the distance between Great Britain and China seemed actually abridged, and we felt as if we were brought a great deal nearer home than before. Communication is now not only more rapid, it is also more regular and more frequent. Mails are made up from Hong-Kong to Southampton, and from Southampton to Hong-Kong every fortnight, and our expatriated fellow-countrymen in the east can

now rely on obtaining often and quickly "good news from a far country," which the wise man tells us are as "water to a thirsty soul."

Some persons seem to have an erroneous idea of what is usually styled the Overland Route to the east. Not that we suppose the reader to be so ignorant as the Frenchman who proposed going to England by land, and was gravely advised by an English gentleman by all means to do so if he could manage it, as it would be decidedly the best way. It is called the Overland Journey then in distinction from the old passage round the Cape of Good Hope, but there is really very little land travel in it. Should you set out from Southampton in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, you run down to Alexandria in about ten days, touching at Gibraltar and Malta on the way. After entering Egypt, you travel by the Mahmoudie Canal and the Nile from Alexandria to Grand Cairo, then across the desert till you come to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, where another steamer is waiting to convey you onward to Bombay or Ceylon as the case may be, and thence to Hong-Kong and Shanghai, or, if you wish it, to Australia itself. Thus, out of a journey of perhaps 10,000 miles, only about 250 are performed by land in the transit through Egypt and the desert. To this small portion of land travel, however, the whole passage owes its name of "The Overland Route." It is true that you have the option of going down through France to Marseilles, or, by another route, to Trieste, and at either of these ports catching one of the small steamers which convey passengers to Malta. But this is expensive, and passengers from England generally start from Southampton. Out of the seven or eight weeks occupied in the journey to China, only three or four days are actually taken up in land travel, namely between the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Reversing the process, I now start from China on the voyage homeward.

Having packed up my traps and paid my passage at Hong-Kong, I embarked on board the steamer Braganza, Captain Potts. On account of squally weather and head winds, we took twelve days in steaming down to Singapore, and there we stopped twenty-four hours for the purpose of coaling. As this is a process which begrims the vessel fore and aft with coal dust, and renders messing on board extremely disagreeable to the passengers, it is generally the signal for all who can possibly go on shore to get out of the way. Having stepped into a boat and landed, I sallied forth to claim the hospitality of a friend for the night. I knew that Mr K., whose acquaintance I had made some years before in going up to China, lived somewhere up in the hills at a distance from the town, and had extensive nutmeg and coffee plantations round his dwelling; but beyond that I had a very indistinct recollection of what his house was like, and had totally forgotten the way to it. A Malay guide, who protested that he knew the place quite well, drove me in his palkee,—a smart open kind of minibus,—a considerable way into the country in the direction at least in which I knew Mr K. lived. I was set down before the porch of a dwelling which I had certainly never seen before, and here the Malay left me. My friend, I thought, had probably changed his residence since I was here, and indeed this turned out to be actually the case as I afterwards learned. Nobody was at home here, however,

but the Chinese servants, and they informed me that their master would not be at home to dinner till six o'clock. After accepting an offered glass of wine and water, and a capital cheroot, I took a lounge in the verandah and regaled myself with some English newspapers. Several weary hours elapsed, and at length three gentlemen, total strangers to me, drove up to the door in a buggy. After ascending the verandah, explanations ensued, and it appeared that I had come to the wrong house after all. There had I been making remarkably free in a stranger's house, in fact, making myself quite at home in it! The gentleman whose guest I had so strangely become, belonged to a respectable Scotch firm. He kindly pointed out Mr K.'s new residence on the adjoining plantation, and, as I was about to take my leave, with apologies for my unintentional intrusion, he inquired, "But you have not dined yet?" "No," I said. "Well then, had not you better wait and take pot luck with us, and I'll drive you over afterwards to Mr K.'s." "Well," I said, "I think I cannot do better." And so the invitation was accepted as frankly as it was offered. On comparing notes we discovered that we both not only sailed from old Scotland, but had been at the same university. I spent a pleasant evening with him and his friends, and we made very merry over the free-and-easy way I had taken possession of his house and smoked his cigars in his absence. I drove over afterwards to Mr K.'s, with whom I spent the night, and next morning we were steaming onward to Pinang. We reached this beautiful settlement in two days, landed, and had time to take a stroll through it and to admire its tropical verdure and beauty. Pinang hill is famed as a sanatorium, and was for a long time a favourite resort of invalids from India, before communication with England became so rapid and easy as it now is.

In the afternoon of the same day we again set forth on our way to Ceylon. We were seated at dinner, and were just about starting from Pinang, when a tall, dark, officer-like young man who had only now come on board, stalked into the dining saloon. The captain had risen from table and gone on deck for a few minutes while the anchor was being lifted, and our new arrival, after looking around him for a moment with a slight air of wonderment and a great deal of cool assurance, seated himself in the captain's vacated chair at the head of the table. In a few seconds he was quite at home there, helping himself and others around him in the most nonchalant manner, and doing the honours of the table with the greatest self-possession. Lieutenant Layard, of the Ceylon Rifles, was on his way to join his regiment. I found him a most agreeable and entertaining companion during the remainder of our passage to Ceylon. His regiment had been previously stationed at Hong-Kong, from which place he had just come down a few weeks before us. Taking me into his cabin one day, he showed me some enormous silver cups, two or three feet in circumference, very massive, richly chased and gilt, and enclosed in beautiful cases, which he had recently won at the Hong-Kong races. Descended from Raymond de Luz, a connection of the old royal family of France, his Protestant ancestors were driven by persecution to England two hundred years ago. They escaped in a small boat from the shores of France. Layard is the name of the old family estate in

France, and this gentleman wore a ring with the crest belonging to the Orleans family. If these particulars be correct, they add to the air of interest and romance with which the name of Layard, from modern discoveries at Nineveh, is now invested. The Lieutenant had many adventures and hair-breadth escapes to relate connected with buffalo and elephant-hunting in Ceylon. I shall trouble the reader with only one anecdote which he told me respecting his elder brother, the Assyrian traveller.

Austen Henry Layard, now M.P. for Aylesbury, found himself wandering about on one occasion somewhere near Bokhara, in the upper provinces of India, and here his funds ran short. He called on a merchant, whom he requested to advance him some money. "Can't do it," was the reply, "so many fellows have imposed on me with fictitious drafts; I've been too often taken in and done for." "Oh well," said Mr Layard, "as you please; I have money at my bankers' in London; but I will come and breakfast with you to-morrow." "Do so; I shall be happy to see you to breakfast." Next morning who should walk into this merchant's compound but a Persian gentleman in full oriental costume. "I have come to breakfast with you as I promised." "What!" said the merchant, "I don't recollect having seen you before." "Oh, yes, you have; you saw me yesterday, and I said I should return this morning." "You're Mr Layard, are you?" he inquired, considerably astonished. "Yes." After breakfast, and when the traveller had told him his plans, and aroused the interest of his host in the discoveries which he expected to make among the mounds around Mosul in the plain of Shinar, where the ruins of ancient Nineveh were supposed to be, the merchant said, "I'll advance you money,—five hundred pounds if you like; how much do you want?" "Oh, I don't want so much as that; give me five pounds." "Five pounds!" "Yes." So he got the five sovereigns, put them in the sole of his shoe as the safest place while travelling, and, having mounted his horse, rode away. On his journey down to Assyria, he had to pass through the territories of a hostile Khan, who had already taken away the lives of several Englishmen, and was trying to get hold of our traveller now running through his dominions. Mr Layard knew this, and, one day when drawing near his enemies, he waited till the hour of tiffin, when they were all in their tents at the forenoon meal, when, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the midst of the hostile encampment, rushed into the chief's tent, and plunged his hand into a bowl of salt, which he immediately put to his mouth, exclaiming, "Now I am safe." "Well," said the chief, "you *are* safe." He admired the boldness and dexterity of the Englishman, but, above all, the faith thus reposed in "the covenant by salt."¹ Having tasted the chief's salt, he had now a claim not only on his

¹ *Vide* Lev. ii. 13, and Num. xviii. 19. In Ezra iv. 14, where it is said, "Because we have maintenance from the king's palace,"—the literal rendering of the Chaldee is, "Because we are salted with the salt of the palace;" therefore (as partaking of the king's salt implied a claim on the governors of the provinces beyond the Euphrates to look after the king's interests) "it was not meet for us to see the king's dishonour."

hospitality, but on his protection, and he was safely escorted on his way to the scene of his future discoveries.

Life on board the *Braganza* was not very exciting. It was comparatively a small steamer, as the number of overland passengers from China is never at any time very large. My berth on board this ship did not happen to be a good one, but I suppose I must not say how many scorpions I found in my cabin, how I was annoyed by centipedes half-a-foot long shooting out of crevices near my couch, or how the rats, according to the officers' accounts, seized them by the hair of the head by night and pulled them off their pillows. Having to dress near the cabins of the officers, I was made an involuntary listener to some amusing colloquies between them and their black servants. These men were Mussulmans, and were dignified with grand historical names, but it was rather degrading to hear Mohammed Ali ordered to bring a towel, and Sheikh Mohammed commanded to brush a pair of shoes. "Mohammed Khan! what do you mean, sir? Do you think I am your servant?" shouts an enraged officer to his lazy servant. "Of course he does," replies another officer. "I wonder," says another, "if the sun has any idea of coming out to-day?" "Not the least, I believe." Eliot Warburton, in his book "*The Crescent and the Cross*," relates the following conversation, which took place probably in the Red Sea, or some equally hot and thirsty part of the voyage:—"Steward," calls out a little cadet with the tone of a great Mogul, "are you bringing me that ale?" "No, sir," replies a voice from below, "twelve dozen have been drunk since breakfast, and the purser won't allow any more till tiffin."

We reached Ceylon in ten days, and, as the *Braganza* went no farther, we had to wait five days on shore for the Bombay steamer, and her passengers from India. Having found my way to a hotel in Point de Galle, I sallied forth to view the town and neighbourhood. Although not the capital of the island, Point de Galle is yet a place of considerable importance, and possesses an old Dutch fort of formidable dimensions, commanding and protecting the harbour. The most beautiful walks one can imagine are to be found in the environs of the town, and the scenery around it is of the most picturesque description. The Cinghalese are a fine swarthy race of people, possessing beautiful features and handsome forms, and exhibiting in their carriage the most graceful gestures. The men all wear large tortoise-shell combs in their hair, which is twisted up behind in a knot exactly like a woman's. This gives them rather an effeminate appearance. The island is one of the most favoured spots under the sun. Nature has here done her best, and, if a beautiful climate and a fertile soil could render any people good and happy, the Cinghalese ought to be so. The cinnamon groves and the spicy gales of Ceylon are famous. After every shower, the air is perfumed with a delicious fragrance which is wafted many miles to sea. I wandered through the groves of cocoa-nut trees, and plucked the green berries from the coffee-bushes which grew everywhere in wild profusion. Tired with my walk one day I entered a cottage and sought a draught of cocoa-nut milk. For a few paces a man darted up a tall branchless tree fifty or sixty feet in height, with the agility of a monkey, and was in a few

moments lost to view in its broad-leaved summit. Soon the cocoa-nuts, each as big as a man's head, fell rattling on the ground beneath. When drunk fresh from the tree the milk of the cocoa-nut is wholesome and refreshing, and very much resembles sweet whey both in taste and colour. In my rambles I frequently found Buddhist temples embosomed in most beautiful spots, sometimes you would say perched on commanding situations. If any site is more romantic or magnificent than another,—if there is any wooded eyrie of rarest loveliness and wildest scenery, it is sure to be selected and set apart for a temple. Curiously enough, the Popish establishments in the island are generally built with the same evident eye to effect,—another instance of the numerous and striking resemblances which have been noticed between the two religions, the corruptions of both being traceable to one common origin.

Ceylon, the ancient Serendib, was thought by eastern romancers to have been the scene of the terrestrial paradise. When Adam was driven out of the garden of delights, he was said to have been banished to a mountain in this island, and it is curious that a certain hill here about 8000 feet in height is actually called Adam's Peak, because it is supposed he was buried under it. Another mountain is called the Friar's Hood, and behind the fort of Galle is a very high hill called the Hay-cock. Ceylon produces all kinds of tropical fruits, the mango, jack, plantain, orange, lime, and shaddock. Splendid palm trees, banyans, and tamarinds throw their grateful shade over the low mud cottages of the people, and to take a walk among their dwellings is to walk at once in a grove and in a village. The island is remarkably rich also in mineral treasures. It produces the diamond, ruby, topaz, sapphire, amethyst, cinnamon stone, and cat's eye. The cat's eye is a singular and beautiful gem somewhat like the opal. It has a bright included colour lodged deep in the centre of the stone, and when you turn it about and hold it up to different lights, the bright spot in its centre seems to shift and move about exactly like the eye of a cat. The exterior is of a pale brown colour, while the speck imbedded in it which produces the beautiful changes of colour, is possessed of a crystal whiteness and diamond-like lucidity. The pearl fisheries of Ceylon are also famous, and were at one time very productive. The shores of the island are fringed with groves of tall waving palms, and the white surf foams and dashes over submarine forests of red, green, and white coral.

On the arrival of the Bombay Steamer *Hindustan*, Captain Harrie, with the passengers from India, we left this charming country, and proceeded on our way across the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea. The *Hindustan* was one of those enormous steamers which, in their tonnage and capacity, resemble our large ships of the line. Its furnaces consumed 45 tons of coals daily. In the main saloon, 160 cabin passengers sat down to dinner. There were invalided officers going home on furlough, Company's civil servants retiring on vast pensions, wealthy English, Scottish, and Moorish merchants visiting London on business, settlers from Australia taking a run home to the land of their fathers, Spaniards from Peru, Frenchmen with the cross of the Legion of Honour at their button hole from Chandernagore, lawyers, soldiers, and sailors, presenting

a great variety of character, and affording a pleasing subject of study in mingling with them from day to day. The manner in which the groups of native servants, chiefly Mussulmans, ate their dinner on the after-deck at sunset, seemed to me, ever on the watch for illustrations of Oriental manners, a singular confirmation of Scriptural narrative. They sat on deck in groups round one large central dish. No knives nor forks, nor any other implement whatever, was used in assisting them to eat. Each person thrust his right hand into the dish, and drew forth a handful of food ; and, having kneaded it into some sort of consistency, he threw back his head, and thrust the mouthful between his extended jaws. The left hand is accounted unclean, and it is only the right that is used in eating. Now, we read, that at the Last Supper, "the hand of him that betrayed Christ was with him at table." More explicitly it is said, "he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me ;" and again, "it is one of the twelve who dippeth with me in the dish."

We arrived at Aden, a port in Arabia Felix, in about a fortnight from Ceylon. Why this part of the world should be called Araby the Blest, I never could clearly make out, except on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. A more desolate, dismal, scorched, and burnt up region cannot exist, I should think, except amid the *scoriae*, volcanic rocks and ashes of the moon. We landed and staid a short time here, sufficient to permit some of our party to visit the town and fortifications of Aden, now occupied by British troops. A hotel has been built on the shore of the bay of Aden, and here the most of us spent the day. The water was brackish in the extreme, and tea or coffee made from it were absolutely nauseous. Moreover, those who ventured to drink it were sure to be seized with violent illness. The only liquid which one could safely imbibe here, was pale India ale, which both ladies and gentlemen drank at breakfast and tea time as well as at dinner. We actually got a tolerable Irish stew concocted by Parsee hands, and plentifully stuffed with real potatoes. To be sure it was slightly tough, and some of our fastidious fellow-travellers, in their longing for savoury curries and tender Indian kid's flesh, declared it to be nothing better than stewed camel, but it tasted none the worse for these aspersions.

I took a walk of four miles along the shore, and never did I behold so frightful a region. The whole country seemed one mass of cinders and lava. Not a blade of grass was to be seen anywhere. The town of Aden itself is situated in the crater of an extinct volcano. Frowning mountains, jagged rocks with bare grim sides, looked down with a terrible magnificence upon us. Within a fortnight, it was the greatest possible change to come from the rich verdure and luxuriance of Ceylon to the grimy terrors of this British coal depôt in the extremity of Arabia. Hong-Kong may be likened to Sierra Leone, but Aden must, I should think, come about as near to Tartarus as any place that can be conceived of on earth. And yet, in the interior of the country, as we know, there are scenes of unsurpassed beauty and fertility. All the supplies necessary for the sustenance of man and beast, such as water, food, and provender, require to be conveyed by means of camels and donkeys from the upper country down to the town.

Aden, though execrable as a place to live in, yet, from its situation at the mouth of the Red Sea, forms an excellent depôt for supplying British steamers to and from India with coal. It formerly belonged to the Arabs, and was then a place of no importance; but since it fell into our hands, it has greatly increased in population and commerce. The Arabs here are not prepossessing in their looks. They seem to be a cross, and to have negro blood in their veins. They dye their hair with lime, which they put on in a liquid state. Their long, red, matted locks, falling wildly about their shoulders, give them a frightful and repulsive aspect. We are not surprised when we hear of people with red hair dyeing it black; but it is something new to hear of these Arabs dyeing their dark locks red. This they no doubt consider a decided improvement, and much more becoming; but there is no accounting for tastes. These wild fellows were most unwearied and importunate in their entreaties for *baksheish*, in other words, a present of money. Two of them offered to fight each other for our amusement if we would give them *baksheish*. They followed us about everywhere, indefatigably calling out for it almost the whole day. But, as these wild men must needs earn their bread like other people in this workaday age of the world, they watched till we returned to the steamer, when they plunged into the sea after us, gambolled like fishes round and round the vessel, and dived fathoms deep for sixpences which the passengers threw among them. Not a single glittering piece was lost, and he who caught it in its swift descent to the bottom, triumphantly brought it up fast between his teeth. They fought mock battles in the water, leaped somersets, and made their heels come down with a sudden thwack on each other's heads. One of them, for a reward, actually dived underneath this immense ship's bottom, and came up on the other side. When on shore, I saw an instance of an Arab kneeling at his prayers on the wide waste of desert stretching along the sea-beach, and, for want of water wherewith to perform the requisite ablutions, throwing the sand in handfuls over his head and shoulders.

A MONTH IN ARRAN.

“Life is not wholly prose.”

OUR voyage was performed for the most part under the influence of mist, which prevails on the west coast. No one can greatly complain, when mist covers the nakedness of bare rocks and mountains. But to pass along coasts and islands, rich in report with all that can delight the eye, and catch a glimpse only of headlands, mountains, undulating hills varied with every hue of vegetation, all swathed in mist, of bathing villages in every sequestered nook, bathed and dripping in their own dews, reduces one to the temper of a Tantalus, rather than the indifference of a Stoic. In our course, we entered among islands, a few of which had hitherto no other existence to us, than as dusky spots in some vague portion of a map. The greater Cumra—probably a place of refuge for the ancient Cymri, when expelled from the mainland, as Cumberland

and Cambria proved to the same race, when driven into narrower limits by the Saxon advent—was scarcely visible, till we entered suddenly the harbour of Milport, consisting of a few lines of houses and two or three spires along a rocky coast, now making known to us a tiny offset of the great human family, claiming sympathy, where we had thought only rocks and desolation reigned. The black and shaggy formless crags lashed with the snowy curling foam, as our steamer plunged close beside them, suggested rather touchingly the perilous contrast and dire hostility between the fragile and fleeting, and the firm and fast. On quitting this the last port we were to call at, the gentle and soothing motion of the sea and air, the absence of land and all its associations, the thought of the new scenes, the evening debarkation, and the comforts that awaited us in Arran consoled us in some measure for the day's disappointment. We soon crossed the strait that separates the south end of the greater from the lesser Cumra, which last is precipitous and scarcely habitable; with a lighthouse pointing out the seaway between the two islands. From this, we took our departure for the distant mountains of Arran, leaving a few miles farther on our right, the southern extremity of Bute and its receding shores less and less visible, and the farthest mountains of Argyle all rolled in cloud. As we drew near the northern part of Arran and passed swiftly along the coast, the lofty mountains seen dubiously through the mist, now congregated together, and now broke asunder, shifting their shadowy forms behind or on one side of each other unceasingly, and every summit as it rose above the rest was declared to be Goatfell, until a higher taking its place claimed the honour. The nearer mountains when we approached the point of our destination, heaving up their broad backs between us and the distant crests soon deprived us of all view of them. The spacious bay of Brodick, as we entered it, with its long line of sandy beach in front, surrounded by mountains whose sides and summits were streaked or lost in cloud, now seized our whole interest. We ran hastily over its most prominent features so imperfectly seen, and looked, but in vain, for the town or village said to be the principal in the island. The rapid approach of the steamer to the landing place, now drew our attention to the needful, and we deferred our admiration for the morrow, which we hoped might beam more auspiciously upon us. The tide being low, we stepped out of the boat, on masses of rock or boulders rudely arranged, and ascended the pier of a small harbour chiefly formed of the native rock, and wildly adapted to the scenery around. The rough stone wall of the ducal grounds, gathered from the relics of the neighbouring shores, and bordering the road—overhung with trees of hardy growth, mingled with a few of stately size, and the solitary tower of the duke's residence, on the summit of the rising slope of wood, showed that in this the head quarters of refined taste, there was no desire in the great proprietor of the island, to depart from the simple grandeur around, or to debase the dignity of nature with the trifling accessories of art. Rightly appreciating the peculiar character of Arran, and the beauties of its scenery, so far better suited for solitary contemplation and quiet enjoyment, than for the bustle of crowds, and the tasteless pursuits of a questionable civilization, the duke has resolved

to maintain its primitive seclusion, and putting out of view all financial loss, refuses, it is said, to feu any land for more than ten years. The present and only inn in Brodick is delightfully situated among the verdant fields, pastures, hedgerows and woods, in the vicinity of the duke's premises and at the foot of Goatfell, and the village of Brodick, about a quarter of a mile off, consists of a line of low-white washed and thatched cottages, on the side of the public road, adorned in front with the most luxuriant fuchsia and its pendant corals, beneath which the inmates are wont to sit on benches, under their own fuchsias if not under their own vines. The amenities of this side of the bay—the pretty hamlet of Brodick, the adjoining plantations, the shady road leading to Glen Rosa, overhung with lofty trees grouped around with cottages, the corn fields and pastures stretching far back, and undulating among wood-clothed hills and vallies, with cheerful farm houses interspersed, and clumps of trees, the near neighbourhood of Goatfell, and the glens, with their mazy streams woodfringed, gently urging their way through the plain, among rocky masses or pebbly shallows, and crossed here and there by neat bridges,—are far superior to those of the opposite side at Invercloy, where the narrowness of the plain between the hills and the sea, leaves little scope for variety of scenery. But to compensate for this, the view of Goatfell from Invercloy is stupendous,—the hills which sweep round its base, detracting somewhat at Brodick from its height, sink at this distance into insignificance, and the mountain stands forth in its proper height, towering far above the waters of the bay. It is said, the duke intends to remove the village of Brodick to Invercloy, and to include its site and all the neighbouring fields, as far as the Glen Rosa river and its bridge on the public road, in his park, the plantations of which, on the sides of the adjoining hills, are of sufficient growth to give full effect to this design. The inn at Brodick, though conducted with the utmost attention to the culinary department, and every endeavour, though not with equal success, to meet the incessant demands for night accommodation, is doomed to destruction with all its pleasing adjuncts of gardens, paddocks, &c., and the shady village tree near it, on which are daily hung advertisements of steamboat hours, pleasure trips, and lost or found spectacles, must cease to be an object of public interest, and fall back into its place among ordinary trees. To supply the want of this inn, a handsome and spacious hotel, on the opposite side of the bay, has been erected and will be ready for occupation this summer (1855). There are as yet no signs, by the building of cottages at Invercloy, of the removal thither of the village from Brodick, and while this uncertainty continues, the accommodation at the latter place, humble as it is, cannot be improved. It must be a painful experiment—even for those who can afford to make it, with the least detriment to the parties chiefly concerned—to break up and scatter to the winds, the elements of a society grown up from early ages; to sunder ties and attachments, more binding than the mortar of their cottage walls; rooting up the hearth-stone, where grandfather, father, and child have gathered for many generations; turning to waste the village fount, that has fed with life the lips of many a race; condemning to profitless sterility the soil, that has teemed with the most

precious crop philanthropist could wish, where childhood has budded, youth ripened into maturity, manhood into fruitfulness, and old age has been gathered into its heavenly garner—to view as a vast grave, the lonely spot where lie buried the busy memories of the past, and invoke solitude and silence, to take up their abode in glades still peopled with a thousand flitting fancies; and to pass the plough over, and erase from the very map of existence, a place identified with Arran itself, as its chief cornerstone.

The morning after our arrival being fine, we hastened to take the first glance at Goatfell—the point to which all eyes are involuntarily turned when visible. It is seen to the best advantage, on the road leading from Miss S—'s cottage to the parish church. A conical mountain, like the peak of Teneriffe, rising from a broad base of dark brown hills, flanked on the one side by the precipitous cliff of Glen Rosa, and terminating on the other with the woody promontory of the castle tower sloping to the sea. A rich plain, at this season, striped with green and gold lying before the eye, bounded by thick woods, that wrap the foot of the hills, all suffused with the purple haze of heather. To gaze with delight, at its graceful form and grey summit in the clear sunny air—the deep ravine, descending tortuously half way down its heath-clad breast—the mountains settled on each side in a long and level outline, as if quelled into stillness by the mightily giant above, and the remoter crests of Ben Uish, beyond Glen Rosa, scorning his iron rule, breaking out into the wildest and most fantastic forms.

The announcement of a steamboat excursion to Glen Sannox, to take place this day, quickened our return. These excursions happen once a-week during summer, in various directions round Arran, or to the neighbouring islands, and are highly convenient to the tourist. We coasted, for about six miles to the north, the same shores we passed on first approaching the island; but the misty veil that then obscured our view was now withdrawn. We could not fail to admire the green and partially cultivated belt of swelling hills that here bind in the coast, with the dark and lofty mountains behind them, the low green cliff fringed with copse, the black whin or ruddy sandstone curbing the snowy surf and the clear blue wave. Before landing in a small bay, about a mile or two beyond Corrie, we were prepared, by the magnificent character of the scenery, for the striking and impressive view of Glen Sannox, the object of our day's voyage. The bare and lofty mountains that accompanied us from Brodick, here ended in a steep and sudden descent, and opposite, with as sudden a rise shot up another range, as dark and precipitous, crowned with curved and jagged peaks of the wildest and most freakish forms, leaving between them a gloomy valley or glen, closed in at the farthest end by a conical or pyramidal mountain, black and bare, and most ragged in outline. Indeed, so singularly wild and uncouth is this group of mountains, with their serrated and falcine tops, that one might imagine they were evoked by the fiendish incantations of a whole Pandemonium of weirds and warlocks, met together in high and hellish holiday, to concoct their devilish devices to distress and perplex the nations, and while the mountains crowding round, glared and marvelled,

softened and simmered and melted outright at their fiery spells, and the furnace blasts of all hell beneath, and swayed and tossed and leaped in maddened fury, the good Genius of Arran broke in on the infernal conclave, and the demons availing with a howl, the wide weltering masses stayed as they stood, transfixed and curdled into staggering summits and curling crests.

The foreground of this picture, where we landed, was a green and pleasant knoll of grassy pastures and wild hedgerows,—a handsome farm or dwelling-house sheltered by woods near at hand, and a small towerless chapel and manse looked down upon us. With some difficulty we found a path, and threaded our way through a slender grove encircling the church, down a winding path, and across a rustic bridge and clear pellucid stream, the tribute of Glen Sannox, returning from its truant gambols and lively prattle in the glen, with a demure and peaceful pace, over a sandy bed to its parent ocean. We passed a churchyard surrounded with high walls, and proceeded up the valley and among the heather, by the side of a rocky channel, the deep-worn track of the mountain-stream, and came to mills and warehouses for grinding, washing, and storing barytes found in this neighbourhood, and exported as a substitute for white lead. All footpath was lost beyond this, and we were free to wander as we would, and to penetrate, if time would permit, to that portentous-looking mountain standing sentinel, and barring all egress at the farther end, and which surely owed its birth to no common course of nature. We rested ourselves at some distance on, surveying with great interest the mighty scale of this mountain valley, which, lonely and desolate, presented no other feature to the mind than awful gloom and grandeur. As our time was limited, we easily resigned ourselves to our want of enterprise in not venturing farther, and returned to the shore. Among the groups assembled for embarkation was a decent-looking mechanic, who had killed a snake in the glen, and brought it as a trophy of his victory; he assured us, “the creature stood on end at him, and he knocked it down.” Our seat among the heather would not have been so easy, had we remembered the warning given us the evening before, that Arran abounded in snakes,—droppings, no doubt, from the elf-locks of those mischievous beings who seem to have exercised so powerful an agency in the north of this island. Such was our first day’s voyage.

On the next day, another excursion was announced,—a fair at Campbeltown the temptation offered. We gladly closed with this opportunity of seeing the eastern and southern shores of Arran, and of visiting Lamlash. The usual accompaniments of a fair began even in the steam-boat,—dense crowds and squalling children. The coast from Brodick southward is bold, with rocky cliffs, and occasional strips of cultivation; but the interior no longer upholds the stern features and iron character of the north. No ambitious and aspiring pinnacle here lords it over the rest, no weird or wizard mountains, like a rout of black-mailed moss-troopers, struggling and jostling with uplifted brands and bill-hooks swung on high, but a peaceful and contented community of homespun brown coats, lolling their listless length at ease, some bowing their backs to scanty garments of green, or parti-coloured patchwork, but more rejoicing in

their russet robes and native poverty. The softer influences of the south seem to prevail, in gentle swells and longer undulations over the billowy tempest of the north. From the bridge of the steamer, we could perceive, far above the level heads of the intervening mountains, the old warrior Goatfell, and at his right and rear, his henchman Cean na Caillich, fit counterpart of his great chief, save in his stalwart form and mighty proportions.

As we approached the bay of Lamlash, we beheld the sheer precipice and bold front of the island, standing in advance as a bulwark against the eastern blasts and billows, and better meriting its name from the holy keeping, vouchsafed, through its means, to stormstayed and distressed mariners, within the silent waters of the bay, than from the odour of sanctity derived from any other source. The bay, except for the rocky island at its entrance, bears no comparison with that of Brodick, and the village seems to have sprung up, rather from the wants of wind-bound vessels, than from the gentler necessities of pleasure-seekers and sea-bathers. The mountains encompassing the bay are of moderate height, but all around and bordering on the sea, there rise a series of hills, contrasted with the brown desolation beyond, the very type of fertility; each, like the segment of some vast orb of surpassing fruitfulness, developing itself gradually from the wave. We observed the same at Invercloy and other places. Our stay here was short; a rush of fairgoers and a flock of sheep from the pier, and we started again, picking up recruits in our course. It was delightful to pass along these coasts, bold and precipitous, varied and verdant, but never rising to the stormy grandeur of the north. We passed Pladda Island at the south-east point of Arran, low and level, and taking its name probably from the same root as *plat* in French, and *flat* in English. It has a light-house. About six or eight miles to the south appeared the grey cone of Ailsa Craig. As we shot past the south-western extremity of Arran, the stupendous group of northern mountains came into view, stretching far across the sound, looming in majestic masses, or in strange and most irregular forms. A few days after we revisited Lamlash, and having landed, walked along the single row of houses. At each end there was a villa embowered in trees and adorned with shrubbery. The road to the southern part of Arran bids fair, if followed up, to have amply rewarded our researches. At the north end of the village, the road to Brodick ascends the hill by a shady avenue, among cultivated fields rising and falling in quick variety, and enlivened by a few trees and cottages. The ascent for some time was sharp, and we soon left behind us all traces of cultivation. On reaching the summit, we looked down on the deep bay and blue waves of Lamlash, embosomed in mountains, shut in by the vast pyramidal pile of Holy Island, and turned again and again to enjoy the scene, as long as it was within view; our regret at losing it was soon repaid by Goatfell and all the northern mountains coming suddenly into sight. The road, like Highland roads in general, was narrow but good, and the only companions of our way were the high weather-worn grey boulder, the tender bloom of the heather, the light feathery fern and sweet-smelling bogwood steeping the air, and regaling our senses with its balsamic odour.

Wild, and utterly unsubdued to the purposes of man as was the vast moorish desert around us, the bold and sweeping outline of its varied surface, the detail of its constituent parts, left little to regret in the absence of that vesture of wood which gives life and interest to barren wastes, and folds with such grace and dignity the roughest forms in nature. The deep ravine that flanked our road as it curved with the windings of the rising ground, the mountain streams, that gushed from beneath the bridges in little cataracts, accompanied in their course by the tall growth of slender birch and alder, the offspring of their own dews ; the opposite slope, broken into small channels, and all clothed with the thickest pile of rich purple, interspersed with light green foliage, prove that nature, in its simplest form, and most sober aspect, has its charms, and those most forcible and heart-affecting. The long line of yellow sands, that skirts the blue waves, was visible among the tops of the trees that cover the sides of the hill, as we wound downwards to the bay of Brodick. The ravine, as it entered the darksome wood, became at once a glen, so thickly set and umbrageous, that the eye dived in vain into its depths, to discover the stream, late its life-current, which, compelled to struggle its way in pitchy night, lamented piteously its loss of light and liberty, now stifling its sobs, and again making known its whereabouts by fresh outbreaks and wailings ; and anon, one might catch in the blackest shades, the fiery glint of an upturned eye, pleading for sympathy and succour, till on arriving at the foot of the hill, we crossed a bridge on the sea-shore, over a rocky channel leading into a cove or natural harbour, a vast crevice,—we again beheld the little stream, emerging from its prison into light, and leaping forcefully and fitfully from rock to rock and shelf to shelf, despite its crystal feet, and hurrying to cast itself for refuge, a weary, wayworn Naiad, into the bosom of father Neptune.

The shore here presents a broad and compact barrier to the wave, of dark and massy strata of conglomerate, of a height and extent calculated to be formed with some levelling and blasting, into a long line of wharves and harbours, apparently with sufficient depth of water for some future capital of Arran. This sea-wall of rock is level with the public road from Lamlash to Brodick, and terminates at the sandy beach uniting this to the opposite side, which is low, and sloping gradually into the sea, bestrewn with numerous granite boulders.

The new hotel, a handsome building of red sand-stone, is here situated, and commands a panoramic view of the bay, and its shores, lined with wood and pasture, the neighbouring ranges of mountains, and their disparting glens, the extensive plantations and tower of Brodick Castle, and beyond and above all, Goatfell gathering itself from a wide-spreading base into a pointed pinnacle, the faint coasts of Bute, of the Cumras, and of Ayrshire. The village of Invercloy, if ten or a dozen houses can so be called, faces the sea, and is about a quarter of a mile from the inn. Here are the post-office of the district, and a general store ; the rest are lodging houses. The road continues in the same direction, until arriving at the bridge thrown over the Glen Cloy tributary, it turns to the right, and runs parallel with the sandy beach, and about half a mile from it, a few

fields and the links intervening. Glen Cloy, at this distance, has little to excite interest. A subsequent visit discovered to us some pleasant walks, and the country seat, embosomed in wood, of an ancient family, one of the earliest and last proprietors of the island. Along this road, and looking to the sea, are several neat two storied lodging-houses, with little greens or gardens in front. The wooded hill, that brings to a verdant close the brown and barren mountain interposed between Glen Sheddart and Glen Cloy, descends here to the road ; and, on the right, we descry two aged pine trees, sheltering, with pious awe, the venerable form of an ancient standing-stone, draped, as it were, like some Druid, in full and flowing stole, standing by the wayside, and preaching still to all who *can* hear. Though adorned with no badge of saintly pride, or antiquated roll, it wears a sanctity derived from ages prior to all inscriptions, broader than phylacteries, and fuller than Pontifical robes. It was at this point, that, looking under the embowering arch of trees, and between the dark pillars of the pine trunks, and the ancient standing-stone, we beheld one of the most pleasing views of Goatfell. The road, bordered by steep sloping woods on one side, by small pastures, a wandering river, cottages and plantations on the other, wound gently down into the valley plain, rich in autumnal tints, whence grey Goatfell, the range of brown mountains, and the purple cliffs of Glen Rosa, rise the higher for their lowly origin. The aged relic of bygone years, with its two faithful servitors, as dark and sombre as itself, is standing in emphatic contrast with the youthful bloom and verdure of the mighty scene behind, softened by the tender haze of sunlight, and the rosy hue of distance. The road, after crossing the bridge of the Glen Rosa river, enters the plain, bounded on the opposite side by the range of mountains and the base of Goatfell, affording a rare opportunity of beholding, in one uninterrupted coup d'œil, or in detail, so enchanting and splendid a view. Brodick is about a mile and a half from Invercloy, and is approached by this road, adorned at intervals by large holly trees, and by an avenue of plantations at the entrance of the village.

We were recommended to take the first fine day for the ascent of Goatfell, or the opportunity might be altogether lost. It frequently happens that for weeks, the entire cone is shorn clean off above the mountains round by dense clouds, and even in a partially clear day, so exposed is it to flying mists, that the attempt would be useless. Indeed, like all who hold their head so high, Goatfell is wont to be most teasingly capricious. When you imagine you can safely count on her favour, a sudden storm or gust arises and darkens her whole aspect. Sometimes she exhibits herself in a fleecy cap, sometimes in a great ruff round her neck, while the head and lower part are exposed to view. So numerous are the changes in her wardrobe, and so swiftly does she shift them, that you cannot depend on her continuing in the same mood two minutes together. But the gauzy veil is her chief delight, ever varying it as a light scarf across her shoulder and flimsy turban wreathed round her head, or arranging it in folds over her form, doubling or thinning them out, now to tempt and now to defy the most anxious and scrutinizing beholder.

While waiting a favourable day for scaling the mountain, we sought out and found in a corn field the footpath leading to Glen Rosa. In our way thither we passed through a pasture at the back of the village, where there are two standing stones about ten feet high and four or five broad, and 70 or 80 yards apart, without any sculpture or inscription; the remains perhaps of a druidical circle. Descending a steep bank, we crossed by a wooden bridge the Glen Rosa river, which here flows placidly on a sandy bed screened and sheltered by overhanging trees, thus meeting on its entrance into the plain a warm and genial reception, after long buffeting among granite boulders and the stormy blasts of its native glen. Lingered awhile along the sunny glade and the grassy bank of the transparent stream, the path climbs the rough ascent of a knoll, and passing in front of a farm house, not unadorned with wood, mounts on the soft green turf to the summit of the lofty and steep slope of a spacious valley—rich in cultivation, and bounded by extensive plantations stretching up the opposite side—where the mountain river, no longer tossed and tumbled in every direction, and shivered into endless fragments, collects its scattered waters, and composing its glassy surface, slides gently into the valley, expanding into a broad calm and mazy stream, reflecting only scenes of luxuriant vegetation, and successful labour—a bright smiling vestibule to a glen of horrors and desolation. How often are the rarest virtues conterminous with the greatest vices—a single step, a slight limit and the boundary is passed.

A gloomy curtain of dark sepulchral mountains is drawn around one side of the valley; its heavy drapery hanging down loose and precipitous, or flowing in stupendous folds and broken fringes. Above, a long row of gnarled heads of a second range overlooking the first, frown grimly down on all below. Opposite, are massy mountains with bluff brows and level summits, and one steep unbroken surface of dark brown heather purple tinged—vast buttresses to the mighty Goatfell soaring high above. A broad plain interspersed with heath and fern, with tracts of the softest green velvet, and shaggy tufted risings presenting at times bouquets of heather-bell of rare form and crimson hue—among which the path still winds and wanders in pleasing uncertainty—stretches from foot to foot of the opposing mountains, as they alternately advance and recede. As we proceed, the Glen increases in wildness and rude grandeur. Vast rocky spurs break from the precipitous breasts of the mountains, and overrun the valley with irregular ridges. The whole plain is heaved, tossed, and broken into sudden hollows and heights, cut through and left in cliffs of light yellow granitic sand by the mountain river—which now first comes into view from their heathy brows—in its wayworn channel, ever giving forth as it plunges against the boulders and rocky masses, or wanders gently among them, the whole compass of its mighty throat from the deep roar of the winter cataract or thunder torrent, the daily sounding flow fed by the mournful mists and weeping mountains, to the slender treble of its summer stream. From the mountain tops and between the rocky ridges descend rugged channels, ever swamping the glen with their perpetual trickle even in the driest weather; sometimes deepening and widening into vast gullies or craggy watercourses studded with rocks—crossed by a rough and giddy footbridge—foaming with a catar-

act, that may be seen high above, breaking with flying mist over the mountain brow and down its scarred sides, and rushing headlong through a yawning chasm, to add to the general roar of waters in the vale below.

While engaged in the survey of this wild and chequered scene, the great battle field, where the various powers of nature brought their legionary forces to bear on each other, leaving awful evidences of the conflict, increasing in intensity and disorder as the great centre or nucleus of the struggle is approached, every step becoming more heavy and toilsome, tasks the greater caution and activity of the pedestrian. The steep and broken ascents to be climbed,—for the rugged ground continues to rise—the spongy bogs to be avoided, the craggy masses to be scaled, the frequent streams to be crossed on their slippery stepping stones, wide apart, unsteady, and half immersed; where, though little risk is incurred, save that of a slight fall or wet feet, the strength of every one is not equal to the same exertion. Some sit down hopeless, resigning the struggle; others push on, their eagerness increasing with the difficulties, and scramble up the steep and stony cliff of the river, which at this part, sweeping round the enormous base of Goatfell, disencumbered of all adjuncts, is hemmed in by precipice. Proceeding farther, how delightful is it to watch from some overhanging point, the various course of the river, sometimes deep embedded in its rocky channel, or falling over a succession of blocks or masses; in one part forming a natural bath of pure green crystal, in a cavity of light yellow granite with perpendicular and almost regular sides; its superfluous waters sliding over a broad and slanting slab of vast dimensions, hanging over the brink of a sudden fall in the river channel. Some stop at this point and retrace their steps perforce; others determined to face it out and see the end, drawn on by some strange fascination to the dragon's mouth, stagger on over ridges and fragments of craggy rocks growing more and more rugged and irregular, and arrive at last at the verge of a wall or precipice, which here crosses the glen and from whence they look down—into a vast cauldron—where all the ingredients of gloom, darkness, disorder, and desolation seem already mixed for another hellish outbreak, and up—at the appalling height and black fronts of mountains straight above, and around—at the rugged and uncouth forms of others crouching round—all as if spell-bound, waiting the appointed hour when the slow and certain progress of internal fires reaching their crisis, shall melt their most stubborn natures, and engulf their stateliest pride.

This is the part of Glen Rosa, into which the eye penetrates with difficulty from the top of Goatfell, and beyond which, at the present time, we could proceed no farther; leaving a considerable and most interesting portion of the glen still unexplored.

The weather for some days being unfavourable, we could make no distant excursion, but as it gradually improved and became more settled, the first fine day gave us the choice of ascending Goatfell, or of crossing the island to Blackwater, distant about ten miles, and to the King's coves. The offer of a carriage for hire, occurring at the moment, induced us to decide on the latter. There is a ready supply of these conveyances with careful drivers and good horses. The charge is one shilling

a mile, but there is no demand made for the return journey. The road to Blackwater passes the parish church, a handsome building surrounded by trees, and placed on a plateau of sandstone appearing above ground, and ascends with gradual rise the side of Glen Sheddart. The valley below forms a part of that tract of corn and pasture fields, farmhouses, trees and plantations, that extends from the back of Brodick, to the foot and up the slopes of the hills and among the glens. The dark brown heath and dusky green, descending lower and lower on each side as the road ascends, till they meet in the vale and expel all cultivation; and the whole becomes one vast ridgy wilderness of sombre hued mountain, overtopped only by the lofty and rugged crests of Ben Uish, and relieved by the distant view of Goatfell, the bay of Brodick, and the sea. The road continues to rise till it reaches the highest part in the centre of the island, where there seems to be a dorsum or back bone,—for Glen Sheddart on the one side and the valley ascending from the sea on the other shelve up to this point. From hence it descends gradually, about the same distance as the ascent, quickening at times into steepness when it enters the recesses, or skirts the projecting flanks of the long billowy mountains, a wide sweep of heather and sunburnt herbage, and crossing a torrent rushing down the black crags, and over a precipice to the river below, traverses an extensive valley but slightly cultivated, with a few farm-houses and trees by the way-side, and a village having the pretension of a post-office, to Blackwater, represented chiefly by its inn, which offers accommodation to parties bringing their provisions, but supplies whisky from its own resources. The spot is not uninteresting; the harbour, for it is a small seaport, is little more than a cleft running some way into the rocky coast; the upper part of it is the channel of the Blackwater river, crowded with huge boulders, exhibiting a waterfall when the tide is low. Its chief intercourse, across the sound of Kilbrannan, is with Campbelton on the opposite coast of Cantire, whose azure mountains form a beautiful horizon to the sea views on the west side of the island. We were recommended to cross the harbour by its foot-bridge, and to take a straight direction across the moor and fields to the King's Cove, about three miles distant, rather than follow the circuitous route by the sea shore. An Irish herdboy, who was going with his colie, to collect his cattle on the turfy slopes of the cliffs, was our guide, for we soon lost our way. The day was fine and cheerful, the air inspiring, and the sea blue and calm, as we descended from the high land of the interior by a green ravine to the shore. The cliffs shone out occasionally, as we passed, with brows of light yellow sandstone overlaid or alternated with basalt; and at times their declivities were clothed with a fine sward, supplying ample range of pasture to herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. The tide being far out, the dangerous nature of the coast was but too apparent. The shore inclines gently to the sea, and is so thickly strewn with round boulders of a large size, that the tremendous surge and broken billows caused by a storm, would cut off all communication between a ship in distress and the shore, and all hope of escape. A few years ago, a large vessel, driven on this coast, was lost, and all on board, without a possibility of rendering any assistance. We

came, in our walk, on one of its chief timbers, still fresh and sound,—an awful memorial of the bitter feelings of those who, strong and able to enjoy life, are equally so to perceive, that for them all hope of life is at an end; and that the shore which should be their refuge, would prove their destruction. So globular, vast, and numerous, are those boulders, that they forcibly reminded one of the early recorded wars of those earth-born races, the Titans, who dealt such missiles as these against heaven, which rolled back on such a plain as this on their own heads, or of that dire occasion, when

“ the ethereal host fell
By thousands, angels on archangels rolled ;”

and, recoiling left the battlefield thickly strewn with such evidences as these of Satan’s hellish invention of the deep-throated engines,

“ disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes.”

As we drew near the object of our day’s excursion, the coast, beautiful and varied as it is, along the foot of the cliffs, and among the scattered rocks, becomes more interesting and diversified, from the labyrinthine footpaths struck out by seekers of the picturesque up through the rocky galleries, or to some favoured fountain, all of which, when exhausted of their novelty, terminate in one common track leading to a low-browed vault in the cliff. Totally ignorant of the nature or number of the caves, we began to suspect that the good people of Arran had estimated their natural curiosities too highly, and hastening on a few paces, we came to a second cave of larger dimensions, not unlike the vaulted kitchen of an old castle, but still not worth a day’s journey. Apprehensive that we had been led to expect too much, and somewhat disheartened, and at a loss whether to proceed or return, the question seemed settled at once, by the obstruction of a vast buttress of the cliff thrown across our way as far as the sea shore, and closing up all farther progress. While we were running our eyes over the height and breadth of this abrupt wall of rock, and hesitating, the voices of some of our party in advance convinced us that this barrier was not impassable, and following the path which inclined outwards to the extremity of the projection, we beheld, to our great surprise and delight, a vaulted cloister or corridor curiously wrought by nature’s hand,—the sides and roof curving gracefully into the Moorish arch,—running parallel with the shore, and ushering on a turfy terrace, bright with the glowing beams of the sun, and looking over the broad sound, bounded by the distant range of the mountains of Cantire. Part lay in the shadow of an overarching prominence of rock, from beneath the brow of the cliff, shaggy with tresses of trailing plants and bushy briars, and bristling with firs and wild wood—propped by two vast slanting piers; the entrance to the principal cave, in the rugged face of the lofty precipice, projecting on one side in craggy masses to the gallery or corridor, and on the other, as far as the sea wall of the terrace, a grassy bank, shut in from all surrounding objects, save the glittering waves in front. Within the cave reposed the calm twilight of the

evening, deepening into the shades of night at the farther end. We entered beneath the lofty portal; a weeping fountain, dropping from above its large crystalline tears into a natural basin, sprinkled its purifying waters on all who approached, and the hot air slaking its thirst as it passed, sank into a grateful coolness. We trod on the dry and well-beaten floor, and looked up and around with astonishment, congratulating ourselves with the issue of our day's toil, and that we had not given way to the first impulse of disappointment. We stood in a noble hall of ample area, and of just proportions, due to the simplicity of its structure, and rarely found in caverns. Two vast masses, or slabs, of the whole length of the cave, leaning towards each other, compose the sides, and meet with the same flowing line as the corridor, to form the roof; a vertical seam or stratum being interposed as the keystone. This keystone, running along the roof, and projecting below it a foot or two, descends with a sweep to the floor, about ten or twelve feet from the inner and narrower end, leaving on each side a nook recess or small chamber. And here, whilst looking at these recesses, and back through an interminable vista of ages to that era, when in this cave, half extricated from the ooze, primeval monsters cased their massy limbs or wallowed; and when it rose high above the strand, lengthy saurians grated their bossed and thorny hides against its walls, and crashed and clattered their tremendous jaws, and voluminous serpents coiled their coalescing folds, or agitated them in ceaseless swirls, till girt with shrubby woods and heathery wilds, it became the resort of fierce animals, of furry bears and snarling wolves,—one could not help asking—how many of human mould, since then, have laid their weary limbs to rest in these recesses, from the first vestige of man wasted with hunger, and crawling like a crab on the shore, with his squalid mate and impish offspring in search of limpets—to the trim sportsman of the neighbouring moors, with his well-stored provender-bag and spirit flask? How many tenants have occupied this house not made with hands, more ancient than the temples of Ammon, of Thebes, or the boasted pyramids; old as the world itself, and destined to endure as long, and outlast the most lasting of human structures? While pondering these things and surveying this venerable hall, immutable alike to age or fashion, delapidation or repair, visions of the past issuing from the dim and shadowy distance, into which its walls resolved themselves, hovered round; voices and tongues, various as those of Babel, echoing in this vault from earliest ages, swept over the ear; till the mind, prompted by probability or tutored by fact giving loose to imagination, again asked and answered—What a succession of races peculiar to each age, have chased each other out and sojourned here. The brawny Celt landing from his leathern coracle, here stood, and wondered what mighty arms had hollowed out this cave, what mightier still had dispossessed them; and entering in, hailed it as a lodge for his whole tribe. The venerable Druids, priests of the adjoining temple, set up here the pillar of their awe-inspiring power, and by the terror of their denunciations kept far aloof every sacrilegious foot. The earliest immigrants from Scottish Ireland, forced by famine from their native huts, and following their clansmen to the mountains of Cowal, found here a shelter

ready spread above them, and resting awhile, made way in turn for more urgent comers. . The adventurous Vikings, vultures of the north, falling with fell swoop on the fairest spoil, might here have couched, to nerve and plume their flashing wings for fresh assaults, and knit their talons for a fiercer grasp. The Culdee priest, shod with the sandals of peace, coming to seek and to save, saluted this cave as a holy temple prepared for the fulfilment of his pious mission, holding open its arms to receive all who came to listen and to learn. The ruthless bandit and accursed murderer, outcasts from the haunts of men, with no other roof above their heads than this, or the cope of heaven, the cries and execrations of their victims still ringing in their ears, here met, with oaths and imprecations still louder, to count or quarrel over their gains, and vent their drunken revellings, bellowing from the open mouth of this vaulted cavern over the midnight sea. What king or chieftain of those early days could boast so regal a hall, where, enthroned on rock, crowned with a turfy mound waving with forest trees instead of feathers, with a vassal sea before him, he could be approached so suitably as by that vaulted corridor thronged with servitors, his mailed warriors marshalled on the terrace, borrowing grandeur and dignity to his court from these august walls, and adding gravity to his councils from their solemnity and seclusion. How many a weary wanderer, with all the winds of heaven warring against him, has hid his houseless head from their pitiless persecution within this cave, till want has driven him forth again. And one, whose noble brow was afterward shaded by a kingly crown, who chased the fleeting vision of disputed power with undying perseverance, was content to abide his time in the obscurity of this cavern, and strew its floor with the less glorious but not less necessary trophies of his toil, for the support of himself and followers. In times of burning zeal combating for the holy cause of truth, what edifice propped and pillared by flying buttresses and clustered columns, and inflated by the organ blast, ever moved the devout feelings of the simple and ardent worshippers so deeply as this natural cavern, when, from its stony tabernacle, as from the rocky recesses of their own heart, they offered up to Him who alike fashioned the one and the other, the fervent prayer breaching heaven with incessant battery, seconded by the inspiring hymn sounding the alarm to all slumbering spirits, and insuring victory. The meeker children of prayer may well have breathed from its deep retreat the offering of faith, voiceless, yet effectual to the breaking through the rocky roof, and removing the mountain above in its ascent to heaven ; and may here have mingled their sacred harmonies, swelling and dying away with the varying gales, in unison with nature's universal quire. And still, marking the spirit of the age through which it is passing, and no longer a lair for wild animals, or shelter for men scarcely less wild, no longer regal, martial, or ecclesiastic, it has returned to its natural character—a geological curiosity, bestowing, among other magnificent scenery of the western coast, a splendid illustration of the Creator's power, and calculated to restore a wonder-loving age greedy of knowledge, yet not scrupulous on what it feeds, running after turning tables and fatuitous dreamers, to a sound and rational faith,—to a pent up population it

yields, for a short season, the natural play of their lungs in healthier air,—to those classes, whose days and nights are spent in the constraints of society—its studies, its duties, its honours, or its pleasures,—it offers a schoolboy's holiday-relief from the heavy yoke, the dull monotony of artificial life,—a rich and salubrious outpouring of natural feelings, more healthful and refreshing than the bubbling fountains and sparkling waters of Bath and Baden. What other transformations it is destined to undergo in the far future, it is not easy to divine ; but so long as admiration for the grand, sublime, and beautiful, and a desire to hold fast to first principles prevail,—while patronage to protect and preserve suitable objects of taste and curiosity is in the ascendant, so long will Arran attract lovers of the awful and unique in nature to its splendid and interesting scenery ; and when these shall fail, King's coves will be converted into a corn warehouse, a powder magazine, or be ticketed—"admission at sixpence a head." Disregarding, not disdaining, the appropriate accommodation of the interior of the cave,—the ample table, benches, and capacious armchairs of rustic woodwork,—we preferred the sunny terrace, and spreading shawls for the ladies, and our repast on nature's green cloth ; we partook of it with the *abandon* of appetite and good humour

(*To be continued.*)

THE HALF-WITTED LADDIE.

By W. S. DANIEL.

Johnie, oh Johnie ! look i' my face,
My only Bairnie dear ;
Your Faither lies in yon cauld dark place,
And you and I are here !

When the neibours say you're "a bonnie boy,"
My grief I canna tell,
For what is a saft and a gentle face
When the saul is no itsel ?

It breaks my heart to look i' your een,
For I ken how your wee head's wrang—
Your Faither was laid in his earthy hame,
E'er I felt a mither's pang ;

He left the house a braw fair lad,
Wi' luve in his dark-blue e'e—
And they brocht him back at the gloamin hour,
A broken corpse to me !

But ye are blithe, for ye dinna miss
The licht ye never saw,
And ye play yoursel wi' the lassie weans,
The merriest o' them a'.

"Oh mither! the laddies i' the street
My hair and my duddies pu'—
And, mither! they ca' me 'Daft John'—
But I loe the wee cattie and you!

"Oh mither! I wish I'd a wee bird's wing,
To flee up i' the saft moonshine,
And glower i' the face o' the lady moon,
Wi' her een close to mine;

"And I wish I could dook i' the saut, saut sea,
At the midnight hour alane,—
And catch the big fish by their slippy tails,
And pu' them back again!

"Oh mither! I loe the bonnie flowers,
And the birds and the hinnie bees,—
And I loe everything that rins about,
And I loe everything that flees;

"But o' a' the things that rin on the grund,
Or flee in the lift sae blue,
There's nane I loe as half sae weel
As the bonnie wee cattie and you!"

Aye, Johnie, the saul indeed is wrang,
But the wee warn heart is richt,
And I would gie my life to bring
To your een the thinkin light;

My back is sair—I canna wark
To gain the daily bread—
Oh! heavy lies the Widow's mutch
Upo' my weary head:

Johnie, Johnie! we've nae man-friends
After our wants to see—
Thou God in heaven! look kindly doon
On my puir daft bairn and me:

Oh! send saft wind to my shorn lamb,
And a shepherd to keep him here,—
For his mither kens by her failin strength
That the end o' the fecht is near!

Or Johnie! ye'll come when I gang mysel,
Your faither's house to see,—
And you'll lie in death on your mither's heart,
Whar in life you luv to be;

And though we gang through a darksome door
To the unkent Vale o' Night,
We'll climb to a hill whar your een shall see
Their first pure glance o' light:

And you'll walk wi' a firm and a fearless step,
Alang that blessed road—
For a' sauls are clear, a' sauls are strong,
In the Spirit-land o' God!

THE DEATH O' THE GAIRDNER'S BOY.

By W. S. DANIEL.

[Stanzas suggested by the death, by consumption, of an interesting boy, who opened the gate of the Botanical Garden, Edinburgh.]

Oh! mither, the Autumn's a sad, sad time,
When the flowerets fade and fa'—
And ye think o' the comin' mornin' blast,
And the drivin' winter snaw;

And sae when Deaths but dimly seen,
In his hand there's a fearfu' dairt;
That cuts the trembling flesh in twa,
And gangs to the curdlin' heart:

But the last o' Winter's a blessed time,
For the Spring that ye sune shall see;
And sae is death to the closin' een,
For the life-spring that shall be!

My mither! my sister! I've looed ye weel,
And I bless and thank ye baith;
Ye've tried to bin' up a broken flower,
That is doomed to an early death.

I mind my Faither's burial day,
And how my heart was sair,
When the kirkyard clods gaed thunderin' doon
On his head in its lowly lair.

He was a guid, kind man, and sits
By the first auld gairdner's side,
In the bowers o' Bliss, whar free frae toil,
God's chosen gairdners bide.

And, Mither, I see his gairden now,
Far up in the skies sae bricht;
And its wa's are the azure bounds o' Heaven,
Wi' a thousand suns for licht!

There blaws nae win'—there daurna come
Cauld frost or bitin' drift;
But bonny birds, like fleein' flowers,
Aye sing i' the gowden lift.

And I see the gleam o' the blobs o' dew
That on Heaven's ain roses shine;
And glorious clouds o' Angels float
O'er the orchard trees divine.

Oh! Mither, I lang to place my fute
Upon yon evergreen sod,
And walk wi' the young white sauls that keep
The gairden flowers o' God.

Ye'll lay me, when I'm dead, Mither,
In a bonny, sunny plot,
Where the breath o' the mignonette is rife,
And blaws the forget-me-not.

Ye'll plant sweet-william at my fute,
And daisies o'er my head,

And a white, white rose aboon my heart,
For ane that's early dead.
And my Sister's comin' suna, Mither—
I ken by her bricht bricht e'e—
And she'll pit her wee white hand in mine,
And walk i' the flowers wi' me.
But, Mither, Mither, keep up your heart
When you sit in your chair alane,
For a' that sat by your ingle's bleeze
Will meet in yon yaird again.
I see a wee angel wi' starry wings,
Far up i' the lift sae hie;
He's lookin' and smilin' saftly doun—
Oh! Mither, he ca's on me!
He's comin' doun to my ain wee bed—
His breath on my brow I feel—
He's kissin' my cheek wi' his bonny red lips—
Dear Mither! fare-ye-weel!

THE SARDINIANS AT TCHERNAYA.

16TH AUGUST 1855.

"Our watchword was 'King and Country,'"—*Gen. De La Marmora's Despatch*

I.

No sound but of joy, and gladness,
And the notes of singing gay,
Through thy sunny vales, Sardinia,
Are re-echoing this day.
This day the reaper quits the field,
And the herdsman leaves his flock,
To list to the gladsome tidings
From their sons in battle-shock.

II.

This day the fisher quits the lake,
And the woodsman's axe no more
Rings 'neath the boughs of the oak's dark shade,
In the grove by yonder shore.
And the porch of each Sardinian home
Is bedecked with chaplets gay;
For the triumph of the Country's arms,
O'er the Russian host this day.

III.

Long, Sardinians, may ye glory
In your heroes on that field,
Who have shewn for "King and Country"
Well their broadswords they can wield.
Who have shewn they are right worthy
Of the warrior's noblest crown;
For gained on the brink of Danger
Is the wreath of their renown.

IV.

The morning light was struggling
 Through the twilight mantle grey,
 When the war-steed tramp, approaching,
 Spoke the Muscovite array.
 See!—mass on mass comes rolling on,
 Like as wave succeeds on wave ;—
 But rank on rank is dashed in vain,
 On the rock-like squadron brave.

V.

Now overwhelm them, brave Sardinians,—charge,—
 Charge on their coming van ;—
 Hark !—the war-cry “ King and Country ”
 Rises loud from every man ;
 Then swift as arrow’s winged flight,
 And straight as arrow’s course,
 Adown the slope of yon hill side,
 Rushed Sardinia’s dauntless force.

VI.

Can the lambkin shun the eagle
 From his eyrie perch on high ?
 Can the partridge ’scape the falcon
 When his sudden swoop is nigh ?
 No,—nor can those servile legions
 Breast the wave of yonder tide,
 Yonder tide of gallant heroes
 Charging down the mountain side.

VII.

Now *one* shout more,—Sardinian sons !—
 For “ King and Country ” shout again,
 Then strike ;—Ha ! see,—the caitiffs flee,
 Charge on their flank amain.
 As sweep the serried leaves along,
 Before the Autumnal gale ;
 Before Sardinia’s victor band,
 Fled the Russians through the vale.—
 Back to your city’s battered wall
 Haste, haste, for well ye may,
 For a new, but ah ! a fearless foe
 Has vanquished you this day.

VIII.

Hail, Sardinia !—crown thy heroes
 With thy noblest wreaths of fame ;
 Worthy they to share the glory
 Dazzling France and Britain’s name ;—
 But amid thy songs of triumph,
 For the Victory gained so well ;
 Oh ! while thou honour’st those who live,
 Still weep for them who fell :

IX.

For they fought for “ King and Country,”
 And on that fatal day,
 They fell, defending well the weak
 Against Oppression’s sway.

'Yes,—they fought for "King and Country,"
And with their latest breath,
Still they muttered "King and Country!"
"King and Country!" unto death.

September 1855.

R. H.

NEWTON.¹

If ever man might afford to dispense with a monument, that man was Sir Isaac Newton. Or if ever man might dispute with another great man, the tribute "If you seek his monument, look around you," that man was Sir Isaac.

Yes, look where you will, Sir Isaac is the foremost, and if uninspired prophecy may so far be trusted—never but to be before the "coming" man.

A bold fact, or a yet unrefuted bold conjecture, has fixed the theory of the universe. The law of gravitation answers every condition, accounts for every phenomenon of examinable nature, *without* the region of spiritual consciousness.

Man must be *instrumentally* assisted, when he would remove his most plausible theories from the confines of the region of dreamland. Sir Isaac is present with him here also; to comfort him with ocular demonstration, when he would have his doubts resolved; to *improve* on the far-seeing tube of Galileo, to render the reflective *second-sight* of Gregory a strictly and regularly scientific aid.

But the natural philosopher is generally a novice, or a "curious impertinent" in the region of moral philosophy; too frequently a downright intrusionist on the spiritual, in so far as scriptural, domain.

Here too, Newton is sublimely present, answering to the best, or at least, most picturesque description of man.

"Oo homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

What then was wanting to the fame of such a man? Nothing but a Life, and here the desideratum has been supplied.

Sir David Brewster has as many fitnesses for the execution of such a piece of biography, as perhaps any man ever had who was not a cotemporary. There are certain respects in which his advantages are perhaps superior to those of the friends and familiars of the living sage. Sir Isaac Newton was not a discourser like Socrates, nor a converser like Johnson. It would have served no purpose to provide him with a Plato or a Boswell. There was nothing to be gleaned from personal intercourse with the man whose absent mind could trust the fortunes of his library to Diamond, and whose unimpulsive temper could tolerate with patience Diamond's Omar-like propensities.²

The consequence was, that Sir Isaac's Life remained long unrecorded;

¹ *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, R.H. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1855.

² The story of Diamond and the unfortunate MSS. seems to be given up as apocryphal.

and it seemed as if it might as readily have occurred to Plutarch to write the life of Jupiter, as to any mere mortal to attempt the Life of Newton.

We had such distant approaches to acquaintance with the great man as Pemberton's and MacLaurin's account of his discoveries; wherein the personality of the man was as completely divested of body, parts, and passions, as if it had been intended literally to turn him over to our worship rather than to our appreciation.

But man is no strict or absolute believer in man. He has measures of comparison, that never fail to abridge his propensities to hero-worship. Admiration soon, too soon perhaps, finds its limits. Curiosity in time prevails over faith. And he "who has listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy," with one great genius, and "pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope with another;" has with Shakespeare exhausted worlds; and with Milton, scaled beyond them,—becomes as inquisitive about his idols as any old woman about her neighbour; and is not to be satisfied without a gossip concerning Shakespeare's Ann Hathaway, with her mysterious legacy "*of the best brown bed*," and wholly unexplained domestic gifts and conditions; and Milton's two-fold matrimony and coveted polygamy.

It sometimes happens unfortunately that the craving arises when it is impossible that its nutriment should be forthcoming. Yet sometimes it happens too, that it is more possible to please the appetite for such matters after a time, than when events are recent. And this may chance, under a twofold emergence of circumstances.

Things are important, after some year's lapse, that may have been deemed at the time scarce or not worthy of notice or memorial; and matters of delicacy may come to survive the causes that once demanded their suppression; so that reasons may exist for raising the literary or biographical monument under the eye of posterity, as well as the monumental stone; whose best chance not to be mutilated or desecrated is, that it should be erected when envy has ceased, and when rivalry is dead.

Some at least of these remarks have their application in the present instance. We collect from Sir David's preface, that Fontenelle's superficial Eloge was drawn up from a Memorial by Sir Isaac's nearest relation, which was supposed to contain all the information that was then to be obtained. The relative (Mr Cubbitt,) afterwards became ambitious of supplying a Life himself; a scheme which issued in an undigested "mass of manuscript" founded on materials however of great value, of which our biographer has made the first literary use. These consist of a collection of manuscripts and correspondence happily still preserved in the family of the Earl of Portsmouth. The correspondence between the Astronomer-Royal Flamsteed and Newton, with many relative documents, have been recovered for the first time from the same repository. This too supplies a desideratum long required to set Newton right with the world in his dispute with that angry philosopher. Of published materials, (recent also in point of publication) Newton's correspondence with Cotes and other mathematicians have proved of great service to the bio-

grapher. And on Sir Isaac's theological speculations, the recovery of his letters and manuscripts, from a near living connection, has enabled Sir David Brewster to throw curious and original light. In the account of the great man's discoveries, the biographer walks his own domain ; and whilst the personal history is new and interesting, and not without a kind of gossiping charm, no fear need be entertained that like a modern writer of the Life of Bacon, (David Mallet) our historian shall remember every thing but that his hero was a philosopher.

Sir Isaac Newton (born 1642) was the only and posthumous child of Isaac Newton, and Hannah Ayscough. His father owned the small manor of Woolsthorpe, near Grantham ; and farmed his own property. The descent of the Newtons has been a subject of controversy, and an attempt has been made to claim the family for Scotland. It is pleasant to have some evidence that the illustrious philosopher himself was not disinclined to such an origin ; but a letter to the last Baronet of Newton of that ilk, having failed to extract document or answer, the fact remains in obscurity. Sir Isaac seems to have had a conjectural choice of two descents, from John Newton of Westley, and from a cadet of the Scotch Newtons supposed to have accompanied King James I. to England. He failed to trace himself beyond a grandfather, perhaps a great-grandfather, who left no account of his descent. The truth seems to be that the grandfather must have been a decent yeoman, the founder of his own family and estate, who had nothing to boast of by way of origin ; and that Sir Isaac had cause rather to value himself on being sprung from the vigorous loins of a commoner of the third estate, than from a cadet of an old house, an advantage that he enjoyed in common with nine-tenths of all the great men who have ever adorned letters, or human nature. His widowed mother having soon provided him with a step-father he was left to rough it, under the direction of other relations, first at a village day-school or two, and then at the public school of Grantham, where he proved a *dunce* ! " When he was cast in the lowermost form but one, the boy next above him, as they were going to school, gave him a kick on the stomach which occasioned a great degree of pain." This provoked Isaac " though not so robust as his antagonist " to challenge the rival urchin to fight ; and as the battle was well kept up, in virtue of the schoolmaster's son " clapping one on the back, and winking to the other," Newton had the glory of achieving a triumph in the prosecution of manual science through difficulties, having given the other little man a severe drubbing, and magnanimously rubbed his nose against the wall. This luckily suggested the idea of following up his success by beating him next in scholarship ; and so in time he grew to be a learned man and a philosopher.

Still he continued a while to be a bit of an idler, and was fond of amusing his school-fellows with philosophical toys, pen and pencil drawings, and poetry, when he ought to have been at his classics and mathematics. Of his poetry one specimen remains, which is as bad as Cicero's, though, like the said Tully, he told his friends, that once " he excelled particularly in making verses." Let the reader judge. Beneath his portrait of Charles I, the following verses were written :—

"Three crowns distinguished here, in order do
 Present their objects to my knowing view ;
 Earth's crown thus at my feet I can disdain
 Which heavy is, and at the best but vain.
 But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,
 Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet :
 The crown of glory that I yonder see
 Is full of bliss and of eternity."

His mother, again a widow, intended, at the end of his school-time, "to bring him up as a farmer and grazier, and, like his ancestors, to take charge of her little property. He was thus frequently sent to Grantham on Saturday, the market-day, in order to dispose of grain and other kinds of agricultural produce. On these occasions he was accompanied by an old and trust-worthy man-servant, till he acquired sufficient experience to do business for himself. The inn which they frequented was the "Saracen's Head in Westgate" whence young Newton always decamped, leaving the marketings to his deputy, and went in search of knowledge to a certain "garret where a parcel of old books afforded an interesting occupation of his time till the hour arrived when it was necessary to return." This, like Dr Johnson's celebrated book-selling mission to the market cross at Uttoxeter, having proved a failure, and a disgust, and having been followed up by banishment "into the fields to look after the sheep and to watch the cattle," ended in deplorable economic, but not equally unproductive scientific, results. "The sheep went astray, and the cattle enjoyed themselves among the growing corn, while he was perched under a tree, or shaping wooden models with his knife, or luxuriating over the movements of an under-shot water wheel."

From these irregular recreations he was sent back to Grantham school, and in his nineteenth year transferred to Trinity College, Cambridge ; where two unhappy circumstances threatened to mar his future fortunes. One was the plague, which drove him from the town for a space ; the other an unlucky prejudice contracted against his Euclid. The latter had the following ludicrous result of getting him nearly plucked by his illustrious predecessor in the mathematical chair. "In this year (1664) there were forty-four vacancies in the scholarships of Trinity College, and Newton was elected to one of them on the 28th of April. On this occasion he was examined on Euclid by Dr Barrow who formed an indifferent opinion of his knowledge." This reminds us of a circumstance in the life of the famous Orientalist, Pococke. He was examined by the *triers* of the clergy, delegated to that office by the Westminster Assembly, and in their report was directed to be *deposed for ignorance*. Sir Isaac's insufficiency, however, seems to have been real, at the time referred to.

It should be explained that his threatened mishap, which might have cost him something about equal to one of our smallest Scottish bursaries, arose from an unfortunate preference of Descartes over Euclid, whose elements he had cast aside as "a trifling book."

Like many half, or whole, rejected candidates for academical prizes, however, he made up his lee-way, rapidly and bravely.

It was within eighteen months or thereby of his unpromising intercourse with Dr Barrow, that the famous incident of the falling apple occurred; suggestive as the story goes of his "idea of gravity." "When sitting alone in the garden (at Woolthorpe) and speculating on the power of gravity, it occurred to him that as the same power by which the apple fell to the ground was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can reach, neither at the summits of the highest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains, it might extend to the moon and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it bends into a curve, a stone, or a cannon ball, when projected into a straight line from the surface of the earth. . . . But having assumed that the distance of the earth from the moon was equal to sixty of the earth's semi-diameters, he found that the force by which the moon was drawn from its rectilinear path in a second of time was only 13.9 feet, whereas at the distance of the earth it was 16.1 in a second. This great discrepancy between his theory and what he then considered to be a fact, induced him to abandon the subject, and pursue other studies, with which he had been previously occupied."

We think it strange that this ingenious story should have kept its ground so long; and no more believe that the reasoning, which we have greatly abridged, supplied by Sir David, occurred to the philosopher at the exact time and place to which he refers, than we seriously believe the key note of *Paradise Lost* to have been struck by a farce which the poet had seen in Italy, which opened thus; "Let the rainbow be the fiddle-stick of the fiddle of Heaven." Voltaire who "tells this wild and unauthorized story," to use the words of Johnson, has a suspicious and not uncomical connection with the sister romance of the falling apple. "Neither Pemberton nor Whiston" observes Sir David Brewster, "*who received from Newton himself the history of his first ideas of gravity,*" records the story of the falling apple. It was mentioned however to Voltaire by Catharine Barton, Newton's niece, and to Mr Green by Sir Martin Folkes, the President of the Royal Society. "We saw," adds our biographer, "the apple tree in 1814, and brought away a portion of one of its roots." True, like many, the like memorials, the identical *apple tree* was alive to witness it, to *that*, or even *this* day.

In the meantime, Newton was pushing his way to the loftiest scientific distinction; correcting his old examiner Barrow, in his "Optics;" discovering fluxions; experimenting on "reflectors;" following the lead of his own idea of gravity; playing a little with alchemy, and extorting from the Lucasian professor, who takes occasion, in transmitting the celebrated paper on Analysis by Equations with an infinite number of terms, "a confidential testimony, that the name of the author is Newton, a Fellow of our College, and a young man who is only in his second year since he took the degree of Master of Arts, and who, with an unparalleled genius, has made very great progress in this branch of mathematics."

This decisive testimony is followed by his appointment to the chair of Dr Barrow, the attester, who resigns his office to apply himself to his proper studies in divinity, in Newton's 27th year.

His biographer, himself by far the greatest optician of his time, now proceeds with a natural enthusiasm to unfold the discoveries in optical science which appear to have been the first chronological results of his appointment to a situation which fixed his scientific pursuits for life. It is needless to detail how these were prosecuted, and how they have been amplified and improved in the field where his fame must now content itself with that of an illustrious sower. Discovery's self would make but slow way for lack of instruments, and if progression be any where a law, it is in the sciences that have profited by the successions of Gregory and Cassegrain, and Newton and Huygens, and Short and Hadley, and Herschell and Rosse.

Newton's discoveries in optics were unfolded in lectures delivered at the scene of his academical labours, the University of Cambridge. His election to the Royal Society was the immediate acknowledgment of their value and success. Mortification and triumph were singularly blended with both trophies. Hooke and Huygens, patrons of the undulating theory of light, with a host of foreign anti-reformers of the same stamp, resisted conviction from new views that reduced their speculations to their native foolscap. The philosopher's temper was ruffled, and he resolved to write no more on optics. We fear other humiliations had a good deal to do with this unlooked for impatience of temper. The great man was struggling with the kind of adversity, that perhaps the gods, who are said to look on such spectacles with complacency, find the seldest endured,—deep poverty. Nearly at this time, he felt constrained to intimate, that he was to forfeit his Fellowship of the Royal Society, for want of means to pay his fees! These, by special indulgence, were remitted. The great man, and poor scholar, had still to become a petitioner, to which his poverty, and not his will, must have been the moving party. This was to be permitted, to hold his plurality of a fellowship and professorship, with a dispensation from the necessity of taking orders. Cambridge preferment, it ought to be distinctly known, is usually a sorry affair, except as it is the key, or the door to the latter class of rewards. Our readers have probably not quite forgotten the astounding discovery that was lately made in our own pages,¹ of the poorness of the scholar's encouragements to devote himself to literature within the shade of these academic bowers. Newton could not find, nor make a living in them; yet was he better off than many poor scholars of his time. He had one small estate, L.30 in value; and his mother was the heretrix of another, which was a trifle larger. His annual revenue, which now reads as a libel on income, was the envy probably of many of his brother sages of the "tattered cloak." For their benefit and his own, under the pressing circumstances of his difficulty with the Royal Society, he draws up a scheme for extending the Royal Society, by *paying certain of its members*. We have lived to see a case made out for such patriots as the Irish Brigade to be supported by subscription, realized, we believe, occasionally in a garret and potatoes; to see many grave proposals for the restoration of old usages, by which members were *paid* for their services in parliament; and to have had endless applications

¹ 1st August. Notice of Liber Cantabrigiensis.

made to us on behalf of *sustentation funds*. Newton was, at the poor stage of his existence, an advocate for the state endowment of philosophy ; and he prosecuted his advocacy with a sort of Chalmersian zeal and earnestness. No doubt the good man felt how provoking it was to be interrupted in his studies by pecuniary calls. But, alas ! how is the nation in all cases to find out the philosopher who is worthy of being paid with a thousand pounds a-year, or to discriminate between his claims and that of the plausible, or popular, or empyric, pretender, whose valuable services to science were dearly bought with a thousand farthings ? We have seen what Burnett Prizes have done for philosophy and divinity ; and we question whether, if Sir David Brewster had been born to a stalled ox for the weekly allowance of his table, he would have given himself the trouble to enrich science with so many illustrious contributions. Happy are we that, in common with Sir Isaac, he has had his substantial reward in due season, that is, after having earned it well ; or at least, when his fame had given due effect to his pretensions to mount in society on the shoulders of fashion and a wealthy heritage.

These economical calls *will intrude* on a philosopher's studies. Nor these alone ; the philosopher must have his recreations too. About this time, Newton, and his old preceptor, Barrow, had agreed to "begin to think mathematical speculations at least dry, if not somewhat barren." For about eleven or twelve months, he was found inaccessible to a favourite correspondent, as he was "intent upon chemical studies and practices." To this succeeded a subject very different from his usual pursuits "his taking an interest, like a country gentleman, in the planting of fruit-trees for the manufacture of cider." We suspect, from the specimen of a letter more inquisitive than knowing, on the subject of "red streaks," and other branches of learning in the cider department, that Sir Isaac had begun to covet the success in which the dunces are so apt to compete with the men of learning. He complains that his cider-materials had the tendency of resulting in a liquor that had some tendency to turn sour. Such has been the experience of all the wits in their intromission with the arts that make other men rich. Foote, as Boswell has recorded, was a partner in a brewery of beer. A friend took his beer ; the servants refused to drink it, and employed a favourite table-boy as a *deputation*, to announce their resistance. The ambassador was bribed, not by the coin, but by the wit of the brewer, to return with a protestation, that for *his part*, he was willing to drink the beer of *so fine a man*. Another wit employed the profits of a most successful literary work in a vinegar distillery ; but "the vinegar turned sweet, and be hanged to it," records the chronicle. Sir Isaac, like the rest, wanted to be made suddenly rich ; but, alas ! the *apple* that made his fortune as a man of science, refused to do him the same grace as a brewer of cider. The native declined to thrive in Lincolnshire, as it might have thriven in Devonshire, to please the most illustrious gardener that ever dealt in *clions* (sic) or *grafts*.

These were the philosopher's *fruitless speculations*, more than those with the Dutch Professors, which Sir David Brewster so qualifies. Nor was he quite profitably employed in his discussions on Ether, with

Hooke and other philosophers, which seem to have occupied his mind and his time about the period of the cider experiment. Ether, with Sir Isaac's modifications of the vibrating hypothesis, and the new heliocorpuscular action on the Ether, is still, we fear, a theorem without demonstration.

Hooke seems to have been, in some respects, the most formidable of all Sir Isaac's many rivals. The *inflexion of light*, contemptuously undervalued as but a "a new kind of refraction" by the great Optician, has reversed authorities in modern reproduction. "Nearly two centuries have elapsed," says Sir David, "since these controversies raged; and it is not without its moral in intellectual strife, that while Newton's Theory of the Inflexion of Light is maintained by nobody, the theory of Hooke, imperfect as it is, is adopted by the greater number of modern philosophers."

It was in his forty-second year, with a long life yet before him, that the great philosopher resumed those speculations on the force of gravity, and the laws and motions of the heavenly bodies, that have for ever fixed his fame. We have seen how his first inquiries were disconcerted by his adoption of an erroneous measure of the semi-diameter of the earth, of which the moon's distance was taken as a multiple, which of course resulted in a discrepancy between the two forces, which his first conjecture assumed to be identical. "It does not distinctly appear at what time Newton became acquainted with the more accurate measurement of the earth executed by Picard in 1670, and was then led to resume his investigation." It was not till 1684, that he discovered that "the moon's deflexion in a minute was 16 feet, the same as that of bodies at the earth's surface. As his calculations drew to a close, he is said to have been so much agitated, that he was obliged to desire a friend to finish them." We must now allow our biographer to speak the language of his own enthusiasm on this great occasion,—and a very fine paragraph it is:—

"Sir Christopher Wren, and Hooke, and Halley, had each of them, from independent considerations, concluded that the centrepetal force decreased in the proportion of the squares of the distance reciprocally. Halley had, in 1683-4, derived this law from the consideration of the sesquialterate proportion of Kepler, but was unsuccessful in his attempt to demonstrate by it the laws of the celestial motions. Sir Christopher Wren had, many years before 1686, attempted by the same law, to make out the planets' motion by a descent towards the sun, and an impressed motion, but had given it over, not finding the means of doing it; and Dr Hooke, as we have already seen, though he adopted the law of the squares, never fulfilled his promise of proving that it could be applied to the motions of the planets. It is, therefore, to Newton alone that we owe the demonstration of the great truth, that the moon is kept in her orbit by the same power by which bodies fall on the earth's surface.

"The influence of such a result on such a mind, may be more easily conceived than described. If the force of the earth's gravity bends the moon into her orbit, the satellites of the other planets must be guided by the same power in their primaries, and the attractive force of the sun must in like manner control the movements of the comets, and the planets which surround him. In the application of this grand truth to the motions of the Solar System, and to the perturbations arising from the mutual action of the

bodies that compose it, Newton must have rejoiced in the privilege of laying the foundation of so magnificent a work, while he could not fail to see that the completion of it would be the achievement of other minds, and the glory of another age. But however fascinating must have been the picture thus presented to his mind, it was still one of limited extent. He knew not of the existence of binary and multiple systems of stars to which the theory of universal gravitation would be extended. He could not have anticipated that Adams and Leverrier would have tracked an unseen planet to its place by the perturbations it occasioned. Nor could he have conjectured that his own theory of gravitation might detect the origin and history of nearly thirty planetary bodies, revolving within a sphere apparently destined for one. It was enough for one man to see what Newton saw. The service in the Temple of Science must be performed by many priests; and fortunate is he who is called to the humblest task at its altar. The revelations of infinite wisdom are not vouchsafed to man in a day. A light so effulgent would paralyze the noblest intellect. It must break in upon it by degrees; and even each separate ray must be submitted to the ordeal of various minds,—to the apprentice skill of one age, and to the master genius of another.”—I. Pp. 293, 4, 5.

The three years that followed this “crowning mercy” in the triumph of science, were chiefly occupied in the preparation of the immortal *Principia*, to which their most important contribution was now made, or on its rapid way to maturity. It is singular with what difficulty the greatest productions of human genius have been produced to the world. No publisher was found to usher this mighty birth forth to the light; not consulted, apparently, from the utter hopelessness, we presume, of finding any trader that might be willing to engage in such a venture. The Council of the Royal Society, to whom it had been remitted by that learned body to publish the work at their own charges, were obliged to decline the publication, “in the present state of their finances.” It does not seem to have occurred, or to have been possible, to Newton, to supply the expense of procuring sheets and swaddling bands for his own offspring. At last a munificent, and, for a wonder, wealthy philosopher, stepped forth with the needful, adding, no doubt, his hopeful benediction,—

“Casta fave Lucina! Tuus jam regnat Apollo.”

The fortunes of the book, and of its author, open upon us hereafter in pleasing vista, and the biographer carries his pen along beneath a sky without a cloud, except where we see here and there a speck of calumny, or a passing cloud of controversy. Sir Isaac was crowned king of philosophers by acclamation; and by the hand of mere earthly patronage, was still more substantially garlanded with—the Mastership of the Mint. So terminate the struggles of the poor scholar.

The contents of the *Principia* do not constitute such light reading, that we apprehend any dissatisfaction of our readers with the length of the following extract, in which the practised hand of Sir David Brewster has so skilfully creamed an outline for popular use:—

“The great discovery which characterizes the *Principia*, is that of the principle of universal gravitation; that every particle of matter in the universe is attracted by, or gravitates to every other particle of matter, with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances. In order to

establish this principle, Newton begins by considering the curves which are generated by the composition of a direct impressed motion with a gravitation or tendency towards a centre; and having demonstrated, that in all cases, the areas described by the revolving body are proportional to the times of their description, he shows how to find, from the curves described, the law of the force. In the case of a circular orbit passing through the centre of tendency, the force or tendency towards the centre will be in every point as the fifth power of the distance. If the orbit is the proportional spiral, the force will be reciprocally, as the cubes of the distance. If it is an ellipse, the force towards the centre of it will be directly as the distance. If it is any of the conic sections, the centripetal force, or tendency towards the focus, will, in all points, be reciprocally as the square of the distance from the focus. If the velocity of the impressed motion is of a certain magnitude, the curve described will be a hyperbole, if different to a certain degree, it will be a parabola,—and if slower, an ellipse or a circle in one case.

“In order to determine whether the force of gravity resided in the centres of the sun and planets, or in each individual particle of which they are composed, Newton demonstrated, that if a spherical body acts upon a distant body, with a force varying as the distance of the body from the centre of the sphere, the same effect will be produced as if each of its particles acted upon the distant body according to the same law. And hence it follows, that the spheres, whether they are of uniform density, or consist of concentric layers, with densities varying according to any law whatever, will act upon each other in the same manner as if their force resided in their centre alone. But as the bodies of the solar system are very nearly spherical, they will act upon one another, and upon bodies placed on their surface, as if they were so many centres of attraction; and therefore we obtain the law of gravity which subsists between spherical bodies, namely, that one sphere will act upon another with a force directly proportional to their quantities of matter, and inversely on the square of the distance between the centres of the spheres. From the equality of action and reaction, to which no exception can be found, Newton concluded that the sun gravitated to the planets, and the planets to their satellites, and the earth itself to the stone which falls upon its surface; and consequently, that the two mutually gravitating bodies approached to one another with velocities inversely proportional to their quantities of matter.

“Having established this universal law, Newton was enabled not only to determine the weight which the same body would have at the surface of the sun and the planets, but even to calculate the quantity of matter in the sun and in all the planets that had satellites, and even to determine the density or specific gravity of the matter of which they were composed,—results which Adam Smith pronounced to be ‘above the reach of human reason and experience.’ In this way he found that the weight of the same body would be twenty-three times greater at the surface of the sun than at the surface of the earth, and that the density of the earth was four times greater than that of the sun, the planets increasing in density as they are nearer the centre of the system.

“If the peculiar genius of Newton has been displayed in his investigation of the law of universal gravitation, it shines with no less lustre in the patience and sagacity with which he traced the consequences of this fertile principle.”

The figure of the earth, the force of the moon on the waters of our globe, the motions of that conterminous luminary, the parabola of comets, slightly affected by their elliptical eccentricity,—became matters of easy

construction, even in Newton's days and Newton's works, as the immediate issue of his grand *principal* discovery.

What was the fate of these great evolutions of mystery? First, of course, to be jealously regarded at the great seminaries of learning; and next, as their truth and importance dawned slowly on the intellect of mankind, to be claimed, sometimes by those who did, and sometimes by those who did *not* comprehend them. A curious progress is traced by Sir David Brewster of their fortunes in the universities. There was nothing to resist their reception in Scotland, except, perhaps, the lack of a market for such abstruse inquiries. It is well known that the Gregorys, and Maclaurins, were powerful, and not very tardy, auxiliaries to the great man's fame; and that the latter has done more than any other to acquaint the world, in a popular form, with the philosopher's discoveries.

In Cambridge it is comical to find that they slipped into college education under the disguise of notes to a Cartesian Text Book, which was Latinized, and slyly commented for that express purpose by Dr Samuel Clarke,—and that the works of the most illustrious men that ever adorned that scientific society were for thirty years and upwards strangers within the walls of the university, except when their theories were introduced with all the caution exercised in the importation of smuggled goods to the acquaintance of a few favoured students, by a few latitudinarian tutors.

The claimants of Newton's *Thunder* were many, of course. Of these, good Dr Hook was soon disposed of; and his grumblings of the elements, appropriately silenced, or left to die away, in the atmosphere wherein they originated,—the Royal Society.

In Leibnitz, Newton found a more pertinacious and less reasonable competitor. This philosopher, whom Dr Johnson rather unjustly characterizes as a "silly fellow," was a sort of universal challenger to all whom he found occupying a first place in any arena of philosophy or science. He was consequently a great man lost; too impatient even to understand the subjects on which he pushed on for honours. "Prejudiced, no doubt, in favour of his own metaphysical views, Leibnitz himself misapprehended the principles of the Newtonian philosophy, and endeavoured to demonstrate the truths in the *Principia* by the application of different principles."

Thus happily qualified for the position of a rival, by an *incapacity to understand* what most men who take the trouble succeed in learning from the works of the mighty master, the honest German kept bothering the inventor of the method of fluxions, and with him all the world of mathematics with his own claim to that invention,—till mankind declined to hear him more. Poor Leibnitz,—more Newtonian than Newton, his fluxions, in his wordy fluency, became a flux,—more Christian than Christianity, he seduced (in the *succession of his disciples*) the basis of truth to spiritual nihilism,—if we may dare so to speak, more creative than the Creator, he laboured, in vain, on the *best of all possible worlds*.

Flamsteed, the English Astronomer Royal, whose observations were

necessarily of much use to Newton, especially in his labours on the theory of lunar motions, has left the great philosopher's admirers a more puzzling task of defence. This is no less than to vindicate him from an imputation of insanity,—founded on certain deviations from his general equanimity of temper in his intercourse and correspondence with the star-gazer. Singular fate of genius ! On the one hand to be exposed to envious speculations of the riches of his mighty mind,—and on the other to be denied the possession of his natural faculties. In extricating his illustrious subject from the effects of his misunderstanding with his brother astronomer, Sir David Brewster has left a good deal to be accounted for in Flamsteed's own conduct,—and the patience is indeed worthy of all the distinction which has made it nearly proverbial, which seems never to have given way to a greater extent than to call the offender *puppy*.

His task of glory well nigh done, it is now our pleasing task to follow Newton a little farther on his way to unclouded worldly prosperity. Up to his fifty-third year he was wholly unprovided for,—except by his slender patrimony, and the trifling salary of the Lucasian professorship. He now found a patron, in a man whose munificence has been rendered immortal by the gratitude of poets, and who in this instance has well earned the more sober acknowledgments of science. Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, became acquainted with Newton when he was prosecuting his own studies with great promise at Cambridge. They found themselves sitting together afterwards in the character of brother patriots in the convention Parliament, to which Newton was elected a delegate by his university. The political talents of Montague, who was favourably introduced to public life by a successful party poem, proved so eminently serviceable to the Government of King William, that he soon became successively Chancellor of the Exchequer and first Commissioner of the Treasury. These appointments enabled him to confer a most appropriate, and at the same time munificent reward on his illustrious friend. This was the Wardenship of the Mint,—an office which happily employed the talents of Newton in a post quite suited to his genius, and most advantageous to his country. Montague, on his own elevation, found it expedient to engage in a scheme of re-coining the current money of the realm,—and, says the biographer, “in the new and responsible situation to which Newton was elevated, his chemical knowledge was of great use to the country ; and in effecting the re-coinage which was completed towards the end of 1699, his services were so highly appreciated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that he could not have carried it on without his assistance.” In this year, “when the situation of Master and Worker of the Mint became vacant, Mr Montague was first Lord of the Treasury, and through his influence Newton was promoted to that high office, which was worth from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds per annum, and which he held during the remainder of his life.”

In this high post, we are not surprised to find that one of Sir Isaac's recorded acts is the refusal of a bribe. Many private parties had an interest in the copper-coinage. “Amongst others, he told me,” says Dr Derham, “that an agent of one had made him an offer of above L.6000, which Sir Isaac refusing on account of its being a bribe, the agent said

he saw no dishonesty in the acceptance of the offer, and that Sir Isaac understood not his own interest. To which Sir Isaac roughly answered, "I desire you to tell the lady (a Duchess) that if she was here herself, and had made me this offer, I would have desired her to go out of my house, and so I desire you, or you shall be turned out." Alas for Bacon! what a master worker of the Mint would that great philosopher have made, under the same temptations from the Cornish *Copper-Minocracy*.

And yet Sir Isaac's relation with his noble patron and official chief did not quite escape the tongue of calumny. He had a certain accomplished niece of whose private society Halifax was extremely fond—and to whom he left at his death, a splendid legacy. The lady, who was a reputable matron,¹ seems to have given no ground whatever for suspicion of her virtue. Sir David has proved that Halifax only partook with a host of wits of the general admiration of a most accomplished and fascinating character—and, if *Mrs Norton* be not at all points qualified to seem a parallel with *Mrs Barton*, there can be doubt whatever that she has at least one unsullied example to plead of a person who could be intimate with nobility, and with genius, on the amplest scale of private intercourse and familiarity, without a single colourable speck on the snow of unblemished reputation.

Sir Isaac's life in the Mint was not without its share of incident and adventure. One vagabond, high in office among the functionaries of the establishment, was detected in clipping coin. Here is the rest of the story, from which it will appear that the great man was in some danger of being brought into trouble on this fellow's account. "Chaloner seems to have been a man of extraordinary talent, who in order to conceal his own criminality, brought false accusations against the officers of the Mint. He scorned, says his biographer, to fly at low matters. He pretended his commitment to be malicious, and accused that worthy gentleman Isaac Newton, Warden of His Majesty's Mint, with several other officers thereof, as connivers at many abuses and cheats there committed. This accusation he impudently put into parliament, and a committee was appointed to examine the same, who upon a full hearing of the matter, dismissed the same gentleman with the honour due to his merit, and Chaloner with the character he deserved." No one can regret to hear that the villain was hanged, and drawn and quartered to boot, for his crime, of course, was treason.

We have no great insight into Newton's familiar life, but every scrap of memorial relating to it is matter of curiosity and merits preservation. "Notwithstanding their differences, Flamsteed continued to visit Newton when he went to London, to promise him his observations when he required them, and to converse upon the tender subject of the Greenwich observations. On the 3rd of May 1700, Flamsteed paid one of these visits, and has given such a graphic account of it in a letter to Lowthorp, a week after, that it gives us some insight into the peculiarities of these two great men. Flamsteed went before Newton was up and waited his rising. He found a bible in his room, which he seems to

¹ We believe it to be a little doubtful that she ever married at this time; *Mrs* in that age being often equivalent to *Miss* in our day.

have read, and meeting," he says, "with a sheet of paper I wrote upon it this distich which I remembered from a late satire:—

A bantering spirit has our men possess'd,
And Wisdom is become a standing jest.

"Read Jeremiah chap. ix. to the 10th verse. I do not know whether he has read it, but I think he cannot take it amiss if he has; and if he reflects a little on it, he will find I have given him a reasonable caution against his credulity, and showed him the way of the world better than his politics or a play could do." When the subject of printing his plates was started, and Flamsteed explained the order in which they were to be given, he added, "that the book of tables would follow." At this Newton started and asked him, "what tables?" And "if I would publish any for the moon?" My answer was that she was in his hands, and if he would finish her, I would lend him my assistance, if not, I would fall on her myself when I had leisure." Very grave and tragical mirth, most truly, this of the two philosophers. If the bird of Athens himself could speak, his merry note could scarce have been more solemn, or more pointless.

Other glimpses of his PERSONNEL, dawn upon us in the following anecdote:—

"Notwithstanding his great age, and his imperfect health, Sir Isaac was able to attend the meetings of the Royal Society, and to receive with hospitality distinguished foreigners who were introduced to him. The Abbé Alari, the instructor of Louis XV. and the friend of Bolingbroke, spent two months in London in 1725. He visited (this is his own account) the University of Cambridge, and the great Newton, who enjoyed at that time, in the capital of England, the general esteem of Europe, and 50,000 livres a year of salary as Master of the Mint. The Abbé having gone to his house at nine o'clock in the morning, Newton began by telling him that he was eighty-three years of age. . . . The conversation at last turned on ancient history, with which Newton was then occupied. The Abbé, who was deeply read in Greek and Latin authors, having made himself very agreeable, was asked to dinner. The repast was detestable. Newton was stingy, and gave his guests wine of Palma and Madeira. After dinner he took the Abbé to the Royal Society, of which he was the President, and made him sit at his right hand. The business began and Newton fell asleep.

"In his personal appearance, Sir Isaac Newton was not above the middlesize, and in the latter part of his life was inclined to be corpulent. According to Mr Conduitt, he had a very lively and piercing eye, a comely and gracious aspect, with a fine head of hair as white as silver, without any baldness, and when his peruke was off, was a venerable sight. Bishop Atterbury asserts, on the other hand, that the lively and piercing eye did not belong to Sir Isaac during the last twenty years of his life. There was something languid in his manner which did not raise any great expectation in those who did not know him. Another says, Sir Isaac was a man of no very promising aspect. He was full of thought, and spoke very little in company, so that his conversation was not agreeable."

We are sorry to confess that we are not enabled to add the domestic incident of the dog Diamond and the burnt manuscripts to these instructive and pleasant private recollections. That well-invented history must

henceforth be content to rank with that passage of the Apocrypha which relates the transactions of Tobit and his Dog.

Sir David Brewster has investigated, with great and due care, the question of Newton's Christianity, on which some small cloud of heterodoxy has hitherto been permitted to rest. We are still afraid that this shade is incapable of being wholly dispelled. There was an unmistakable propensity to anticipated rationalism among the learned and scientific characters of the end of the 17th, and beginning of the 18th centuries, who were not avowed deists or atheists. Newton's own successor, Whiston, was expelled from his professorship for Arianism. Locke was at *least* a Pelagian. Among the learned Presbyterian dissenters, with whose maxims of Church government it now appears that Newton distinctly fraternized, the Arian and Socinian leaven began to percolate most extensively, laying a foundation for the avowed and fearless heresies of Price, and Priestly, and Harwood,—after the cautious and covert preludings of Lardner, and Neale, and Taylor, and the more than suspected latitudinarianism of Watts and Doddridge. The discovery of Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine, was a most mortifying key to that great man's abnormal and too abstracted theological studies and pursuits. Newton was a lover of truth, almost to idolatry. He was not the man to pretend to believe in a system of which he was suspicious. We hope, therefore, that Sir David Brewster, whom we believe to be a pious, conscientious, and enlightened Christian, will be reckoned to have made out his case, when he undertakes to prove that Sir Isaac Newton was a sound Athanasian. If he was not,—what then? The blessed Saviour had his philosophical contemporaries. Yet has ever man, before or since, spoken like this man, to the universal conviction of human nature and of humanity in all its natural and philosophical variety, and why should we wonder that philosophers fail yet to appreciate the length and breadth, and height and depth of his discoveries?

We shall allow Sir David Brewster to make out his own case for Sir Isaac, premising, that except in his *love of his Bible*, which entitled Dr Chalmers to call him "to the highest pitch of adoration," a Christian, we have no call whatever to vouch for his orthodoxy, or his soundness of view or of criticism. We are fortunately not called on to pronounce on the exact degree of intelligence of the abstractions of truth which may be compatible with spiritual feeling and experience. One thing we know, that lay speculations on the mysteries of religion are not always as successful as their motive is good. How few are capable of scaling the heavens with the eyes or the thoughts of Sir Isaac himself? And the deep learning, the patient research, the solemn night thoughts, and the never-wearying day studies, that enabled the Luthers, the Calvins, the Cranmers, the Hookers, to sow the seeds of reformations, and to establish a ground-form of churches, constituted machinery of which Sir Isaac Newton, and even Bacon and Milton, had as little the command, as these great divines had of the actual instruments that made the first the prince of opticians, the second the father of experiment, and the last the most profound adept at once in the book-learning and practice of the highest poetry.

"As the tendency of the Historical Account, &c., was to deprive the defenders of the doctrine of the Trinity of the aid of two¹ leading texts, Sir Isaac Newton has been regarded by the Socinians and Arians, and even by some orthodox divines, as an Antitrinitarian; but the opinion is not warranted by anything that he has published." "There are certainly," observes Sir David in a note, "as Professor de Morgan has shown, two or three expressions in the Dissertation which a believer in the doctrine of the Trinity is not likely to have used; but while I freely make this admission, I think Mr de Morgan will also admit that they would not justify us in considering Newton as an Antitrinitarian." They warrant us only to suspect his orthodoxy."

Sir David has brought Newton into suspicious company (is it *unwittingly*?) by defending him by the examples of "Dr Clarke, Whiston, Semler, Griesbach, Wetstein, and others. In our own day, it (1 John v. 7) has been **CONTROVERTED**, with much ability and learning, in an elaborate dissertation by Dr Henderson, who has not justified its retention as a portion of revealed truth."

We believe, or rather we are quite *sure*, that Sir David Brewster cannot have rested short at this point, of the actual state of this controversy. The texts are **GIVEN UP**, as acknowledged references in controversy; and are believed to have been orthodox interpolations; or, they may be presumed to have been omissions in copies prepared by Arianizing copyists. A dark cloud rests on the preparation of the first Syriac translation of the New Testament. *It does not seem to have been prepared* by lovers of divine truth, in its perfect simplicity. We are quite prepared to show cause for this opinion.

Among those who have given up the **FIRST** of the controverted texts, we have the illustrious name of Person. A Quarterly Reviewer, in controversy with a late respected Bishop of St David's (afterwards of Salisbury), has assumed that Dr Burgess is wrong; and has absurdly and unnecessarily espoused the opinion that his position is no longer tenable.

The controversy still remains under judgment, or as we would freely render the passage,—“under direction of the Court, *sub judice lis est*.”

Sir Isaac Newton, along with Locke, with our Scotch Bishop Leighton (the most accomplished theologian of the age), and Keven, (though his Episcopalian propensities were brought into awkward collision with the heroes and preachers of the Covenant), Bishop Burnett, who had a tenderness for the form of Church government, which, presided over by a bishop, as every parish meeting, or every public meeting, is governed by its preses or chairman, and assisted by his presbytery of clergy and lay assessors, belong to that low church party in England, who were most unwilling to dogmatize on affairs of church regimen, and deal much in vain *Irenica*. Stillingfleet, a candidate for preferment, published an *Irenicum*, after the most courtly fashion, and of the most courtly model. Sir Isaac Newton's supplement to that Irenicum, approaches the Independent or Presbyterian model of Milton (in his Defence of Smectymnuus), more nearly than any other *peace-party* document that we can name, from Jerome to the Duke of Argyle; and constitute at least a sort of

¹ John v. 7.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

standing witness on the part of learned and impartial men to the original platform, in point of regimen and discipline of the Christian Church.

Of Sir Isaac Newton's speculations on the prophecies, we do not highly approve; and his subdivisions of the fallen and subdivided Roman empire, are quite inaccurate, unsupported by the canons of prophecy, and by European history.

Every hero, like the greatest of heroes, has his *vulnerable heel*; and it was not peculiar to *Bolingbroke*, in his own age, to be a driveller, only when he turned divine.

Hector's self is dismissed abruptly to the grave. When we record the last end of Sir Isaac Newton, we desire to be brief, and, if possible, more pathetic in incident than in words. Sir David Brewster exhibits the simple pathos, and perfect good taste of a philosopher in this part of his work, which we now dismiss with the general character of one of the most perfect and most intelligent biographies in our own or any other language.

"Having completed the new edition of his great work, Sir Isaac seems to have abstained from all intellectual labour during the latter half of 1726, with the exception of what is indicated by two letters to the Rev. Mr Mason, and his letter to Fontenelle, in June or July, accompanying the six copies of the *Principia* for the Academy of Sciences. He had received much benefit from absolute rest, and from the air of Kensington; but his friends found it very difficult to restrain him from going occasionally to town. In the month of August, he complained of an affection of the rectum, which he thought was fistula, but Dr Cheselden found, upon examination, that it was nothing but a little 'relaxation of the inward coat of the gut;' and this opinion, as Dr Mead wrote to Mr Conduitt, then in the country, 'made his old friend very easy in the matter.'

When thus confined to the house, Sir Isaac amused himself with reading, but as Mr Conduitt informs us, "the book which was commonly lying before him, and which he read oftenest at last, was a duodecimo Bible." "I found," he adds, "his eyes bloodshot one morning, and he complained that something swam before them. When I asked him what he thought had occasioned the disorder, he said he believed that he had overstrained the optic nerves, for the morning or two last past he had waked before the sun was quite up, and had endeavoured to see what o'clock it was on his watch, by a very little light that came through the curtains and the shutter; upon which he left that off, and found out the hour by feeling with his hand, and his eyes soon recovered."

Thinking that he was fit for the journey, he went to London on Tuesday the 28th of February, to preside at a meeting of the Royal Society, on the 2d of March, and on the following day Mr Conduitt thought he had not seen him better for many years. Sir Isaac himself was sensible of the change, and "told his nephew smiling that he had slept the Sunday before from eleven at night till eight in the morning without waking." These feelings, however, were fallacious. He had undergone great fatigue in going to the Society, and in paying and receiving visits, and the consequence of this was a violent attack of his former complaint. He was taken ill on Friday the 3d March, and con-

tinued so after his return to Kensington on Saturday the 4th of March. For a whole week he had no medical advice; but the moment Mr Conduitt heard of his illness, which was on Saturday the 11th March, he sent for Dr Mead and Mr Cheselden, who pronounced the disease to be stone in the bladder, and held out no hopes of his recovery. "The stone had probably been moved from the place where it lay quiet by the great motion and fatigue of his last journey to London." From that time he experienced violent fits of pain with very brief intermissions, and though the drops of sweat ran down his face in these severe paroxysms, he never uttered a cry or a complaint, or displayed the least marks of peevishness or impatience, but during the short intervals of relief would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness. On Wednesday the 15th of March he appeared to be somewhat better, and slight though groundless hopes were entertained of his recovery. On the morning of Saturday the 18th, he read the newspapers, and carried on a pretty long conversation with Dr Mead. His senses and his faculties were still vigorous, but at six o'clock of the same evening, he became insensible, and continued in that state during the whole of Sunday and till Monday the 20th, when he expired without pain, between one and two o'clock in the morning, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.—

— " 'Tis done, the measure's full,
And I resign my charge."—*Thomson.*

"His body was removed from Kensington to London, and on Tuesday the 28th March it lay in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where it was buried near the entrance into the choir on the left hand. The pall was supported by the Lord High Chancellor, the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburghe, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, who were Fellows of the Royal Society. The Honourable Sir Michael Newton, Knight of the Bath, was chief-mourner, and was followed by some other relations, and several eminent persons who were intimately acquainted with the deceased. The office was performed by the Bishop of Rochester, attended by the prebends and choir.

"Sensible of the high honour which they derived from their connection with so distinguished a philosopher, the relations of Sir Isaac Newton, who inherited his personal estate, agreed to devote £500 to the erection of a monument to his memory; and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster appropriated for it a place in the most conspicuous part of the Abbey, which had often been refused to the greatest of our nobility. This monument was erected in 1731. On the front of a sarcophagus resting on a pedestal, in basso relievo are youths bearing in their hands the emblems of Sir Isaac's principal discoveries. One carries a prism, another a reflecting telescope, a third is weighing the sun and planets with a steelyard, a fourth is employed about a furnace, and two others are loaded with money newly coined. On the sarcophagus is placed the figure of Sir Isaac in a recumbent posture, with his elbow resting on several of his works. Two youths stand before him with a scroll, on which is drawn a remarkable diagram relative to the solar system, and above

that is a converging series. Behind the sarcophagus is a pyramid, from the middle of which rises a globe in mezzo relievo, upon which several of the constellations are drawn, in order to show the path of the comet in 1681, whose period Sir Isaac had determined, and also the position of the solistical colure mentioned by Hipparchus, and by means of which Sir Isaac had, in his Chronology, fixed the time of the Argonautic expedition. A figure of Astronomy, as Queen of the Sciences, sits weeping on the Globe with a sceptre in her hand, and a star surmounts the summit of the pyramid. The following epitaph is inscribed on the monument :—

Here lies
Sir Isaac Newton, Knight,
Who, by a vigour of mind almost supernatural,
First demonstrated
The Motions and Figures of the Planets,
The Paths of the Comets, and the Tides of the Ocean ;
He diligently investigated
The different refrangibilities of the Rays of Light,
And the properties of the Colours to which they give rise.
An Assiduous, Sagacious, and Faithful Interpreter
Of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures,
He asserted in his Philosophy the Majesty of God,
And exhibited in his Conduct the simplicity of the Gospel.
Let Mortals rejoice
That there has existed such and so great
An ornament of the Human Race.
Born 25th Dec. 1642, Died 20th March 1727."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Ullmann's Reformers before the Reformation, Vol. I.—Stier on the Words of the Lord Jesus, Vol. I.—Clark's Foreign Theological Library, New Series.

WAS it by accident or by design that these two volumes were issued simultaneously a few months ago? There must have been a purpose in view. The one must surely have been intended to serve as a foil to the other. At all events, never did two works appear together, forming so remarkable a contrast. The "*Reformers before the Reformation*," is not without its value, but it is dry reading compared with the rich pastures presented in the companion volume. It might be taken any day for the production of some Antiquarian Society, and is not a bad specimen of what has been called fossil literature. It fills up a small nook in church history, and will be prized by those who delight in taking a philosophical view of the Reformation, and who love to pry into its original as well as into its proximate causes. Ullmann confines himself to the history of the German precursors of the Reformation. He performs, on behalf of John of Goch, John of Wesel, and other German worthies, the *least-known* of the early Reformers, the same office which had previously been accomplished by Gilpin on behalf of its English and Bohemian precursors, in his biographies of Wickliffe, Lord Cobham, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, the *best-known* of the Reformers prior to Luther. But what the genius of D'Aubigne could do in investing with a powerfully dramatic interest Luther and his times, the diligence of Ull-

mann has failed to accomplish for Goch and Wesel. He excavates and digs away industriously, but unfortunately he throws up a great deal of rubbish in the process.

Fossils, as we have said, are not without their value, and may even be very interesting to some, but, give us life. And here, in Stier, we have a work instinct with real life. This is a production really invaluable, and in point of interest most captivating. In a profound examination of "The Words of the Lord Jesus," we have the life of Christ drawn over again as it were, not indeed by new materials, but by a deeper penetration into the hidden meaning of the old. The difference is indeed wonderful between the words of men, and the word of the living God, which endureth for ever. Here are side by side the disinterred theses and disputations of Goch and Wesel like the dead men who uttered them, "out of mind," and the living words, of eternally abiding interest, of the Word "in whom is life—and that life the light of men." In the spiritual discernment of Stier there is something wonderful, charming, and precious. Witness his interpretation of Christ's FIRST WORDS to his parents concerning his Father¹ :—

"Solitary floweret out of the wonderful enclosed garden of the thirty years, plucked precisely there, where the swollen bud, at a distinctive crisis, bursts into flower. To mark that, is assuredly the design and meaning of this record. The child Jesus sought to know Himself, and His whole life of Childhood was this seeking : here he begins to find out His own mystery, and it is not merely a *first word* to His parents and to us, but also a first word of the Eternal Spirit in the human spirit of the person of the God-man. This is attested in verse 50, which signifies that this was the first 'My Father,' which had fallen from the lips of the child.

"He sat as a learner, hearing those who taught, and asking them questions. . . . His questions were the pure light—questions of innocence and truth, which keenly and deeply penetrated into the confused errors of the Rabbinical teaching. Rightly to question is the highest wisdom which the learner, as such, can possess. For one genuine question of him who seeks in the right direction already contains more realized truth than a thousand disjointed answers of the false wisdom of books and words. Thus does the Galilean youth in his Divine-human simplicity confound the masters in Israel. . . . He had innocently expected to receive from the Masters in the house of God the full and much desired for answer to his accumulated questions, and nothing but truth and wisdom ; but he finds it otherwise, and detects the disparity by that sense of truth which from the beginning recoiled from every error. . . . The main subject of their communications is the Messiah and His Kingdom : this theme arouses most fully the ready presentiment with which he came there, and in the course of this questioning, which is but the asking after Himself, he finds that great answer which the Spirit alone can give Him. He makes the discovery of Himself, in the first consciousness, not yet mature, but now truly commencing—I am He ! This He conceals, in deep and pure humility, from the astonished ones around Him ; but this first reproof of His parents, now least expected, extorts from its profoundest sanctuary, this great utterance.

"Incomparably and inconceivably artless, as elevated as it is childlike, is that *Wist ye not ?* That which we hear now, while He utters it, begins for the first time to conceive and understand clearly, becomes at the same time so natural to Him, that it is as if he had ever known it, as if it could not be otherwise than it was, as if it must be equally self-explained to every one else. . . . He does not simply say, in my Father's house, but according

¹ Luke ii. 49 : How is it that ye sought me ? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ?

to the more extensive and undefined *ἐκείνῃ* of the Greek, in my Father's matters. The Spirit in the youth speaks already in the after manner of the man,—with profound meaning in concise expression. *To be in any thing* (*sein in etwas*), as a proverbial expression among men, denotes the occupation of the whole life in it, the being wholly given up to it. Viewed thus, it gives a yet further answer, *how* it came to pass that He remained behind, and is a disclosure of the most secret self-justifying reason of the circumstance:—*I thought of nothing else*, it was my meat, the instinctive aim and impulse of my being, that higher law within me, by obeying which I was not disobedient to you,—*I must*. Here already is the germ of that sacred *must*, which the Lord so often utters in the subsequent way of His obedience. The contrary among other children might have been more or less marked:—dissipating attention to the wonders of the great city, visitations among friends and acquaintances, thoughts about the journey and the return. But both the thoughts and the actions of the Holy Child were entirely absorbed and wrapped up in this one thing. Thus, as Von Gerlach remarks, this first utterance is even thus early 'a word of self-renunciation, of self-sacrificing surrender to God, in holy zeal for Him and His House.'

"He tells them once more why he remained, and must have remained there:—I am in my Father's *school* for my own instruction. Inasmuch as He does not say, among the doctors, masters, and wise men, but instead of them names only the Father; His word may be regarded as containing that great and weighty disclosure of His own previous and subsequent inner education, for the sake of which principally this record is given to us. Jesus was most inwardly taught of the Father, although not without external and human instrumentality. Life, instruction, holy writ, awakened what was within Him; He seeks His God in the temple, in order to find Him as His Father; among the masters in Israel He asks questions, in order that through them He may receive from on high the true answers; and the Father's inner guidance even connects itself with the custom to take the youths of twelve year's old first up to the feast to present them before the Lord. Thus it was the Father alone who taught Him when His mother early recited or read to Him out of Scripture; and not otherwise was it with the youth, the young man, and the man in the synagogue at Nazareth. And *what* was it that He learned, upon what were His questionings and investigations set, in that secret education wherein He 'heard of the Father' concerning all things, but especially concerning the Old Testament Scriptures and dispensations? That one word was the rudimental object of His study, which at the close of His life's development was unfolded to Him by the Spirit in all its clearness and power:—*Thou art my Son!*

"He enquired concerning Himself with vehement desire to know the mystery of His own being and the problem of His life, and concerning the will of Him who had sent Him to finish His work. . . . As He himself had ever, from the beginning possessed a consciousness of the object of His life, only as yet concealed in His childish capacity; and as this first clear disclosure (to be followed itself by many such, in advancing clearness and assurance,) seems to Him at once as natural as if it had never been otherwise than clear to Him; so in like manner does He in childish confidence ask His parents—*Wist ye* not then every thing concerning me long since. And assuredly, however much such a saying must have astonished them, there was so much in it that was right and true, that they could not but take shame to themselves that they had been troubled about 'The Son of the Highest,' as if any evil could befall Him before the accomplishment of the mission of his life; that they should have thought it needful to guard Him, as if, when out of their immediate care, He could possibly stray beyond His Father's *hand*, and *guidance*, and *protection*. . . . As the

Father had inwardly said to Him—Tarry here ! so now He says, Go down with them, and be subject to them ! So that He is not from this time forth placed in another relation even to Joseph, for the last time referred to in the little saying ‘to them,’ who is not ‘His Father,’ and yet for the sake of His mother and of His true Father, was to be honoured as such. The mystery folds itself up again in the self-denial of eighteen years, till the time when a new Word brings out its other, mighty significance : Thus it behoveth us to fulfil all righteousness ! till the time when, on the open assumption of His Messiahship, the mother has become ‘Woman,’ having no longer any authority, and His ‘My Father’ publicly resounds in His house, and before His people, no more to cease till that *last* Word, which coincides with this first :—Father, into thine hands !”

War in Prospect and War in Earnest. By the Rev. JAMES MURRAY,
Old Cumnock. Edinburgh : James Hogg.

Two excellent discourses, which will bear worthy comparison with any hitherto published on the same topic. As a specimen, we subjoin an extract from the discourse on War in Earnest, having reference to the numerous letters from soldiers in the ranks, which appeared so frequently in the newspapers in all parts of the country after the Battle of Inkermann. The public were certainly somewhat taken by surprise at the literary elegance displayed in many of these letters, and certainly the character of the private soldier has, since their publication, risen much higher in public estimation.

“Our tenderest sensibilities have been frequently touched by the pathetic, pious, and admirable letters which have issued from soldiers in the ranks of the army to their relatives at home ; and we have noticed that many of the writers of these have been impressed with the sentiment that they owed their preservation in battle to the prayers of the partners of their lot, and of the little children whom they left behind them. We are persuaded that few can have read the passages alluded to with eyes unmoistened with a tear of sympathy ; and we should almost feel as if some personal calamity had befallen us, were we, in any instance, apprised that the confidence so piously and touchingly expressed was misplaced, and that no prayer had ascended to the God of Battles for the protection of him who had gone forth to meet dangers, strong in the faith that some beloved one, on bended knees, was supplicating the throne of grace and mercy, evening and morning, for his safety. But be it far from us to suppose, that the conviction, so cheering in itself, and so ennobling in its tendency, was in any case mistaken. We are well persuaded that it was in no mood of unmeaning sentimentalism, but with a thorough knowledge of the hearts and the habits of those depended upon, that these expressions of pious confidence in the religious faithfulness of friends at home were written by the earnest-minded, brave-hearted men who penned them. It is not from men who have come forth from the roar and the carnage of battle,—it is not from those who but a few moments before had braved the fell shock and the deadly onset of infuriated foemen,—it is not from men whose ears are still ringing with the death-shriek of fallen comrades,—and whose inmost souls are wrung with the loss of well-tried friends, that we may expect those flights and touches of a sentimental fancy, which are barely sufferable even in works of fiction,—a fancy which, in straining for effect, makes but small obstacle of the sacred and the true. Men who are conversant with the sternest realities, may well to conceive to disdain the utterance of aught under the guise of a religious sentiment, which they believe to be in any sense liable to be questioned. And it strengthens our love for our native land, and heightens our respect

for the strong-armed, sound-hearted sons of labour, to think that their cottages are the scenes of such pious aspirations and commendable sentiments ; and we feel confident that a people thus looking for help and succour from the Almighty will not be disappointed."

The Leisure Hour.—PART 45.—October. London : 56 Paternoster-Row.

THIS is truly a journal of instruction and recreation, whether for the family circle, or for private reading. We cordially recommend this periodical to public favour, as containing excellent wholesome reading. This is much wanted at the present time,—and the good must come as regularly, and be in certain respects as entertaining as the bad. No doubt, by one tract, or one volume, an individual may be weaned over to good desires, and have his taste improved,—but it is idle to regard one volume or several as *in se* a substitute for many volumes of what is pernicious. The two things must be placed in permanent competition with each other, and the good principle be made antagonistic to its co-ordinate opposite. In this way a beneficial salutary literature will become useful to the masses,—we do not say exclusively, but as matter of arrangement and of abstract propriety.

An Appeal in behalf of Native Education in India, in connexion with the School and Mission of the General Assembly in India. By JAMES BRYCE, D.D., late Senior Minister of St Andrew's Church, Calcutta. Edinburgh : Paton & Ritchie.

FROM his position in the Church, his acquaintance with India, and the deep interest he has, from the beginning of the scheme, taken in the prosperity of our Christian and educational establishments in India,—no man is more entitled than Dr Bryce to a candid and respectful hearing on the subject. The present *brochure* consists of a corrected report of the Rev Dr's speech in last General Assembly, and of a very interesting introduction to the speech, both of which combined afford a luminous and clear exposition of the author's views in regard to the propriety of accepting the "Grants in aid" offered by the Indian Government to all educational institutions within the territory which is subject to their jurisdiction. The propriety of doing so was brought by Dr Bryce under the notice of the Foreign Mission Committee, and anxiously considered by the Members of the Acting Committee. Several overtures on the subject were laid on the table of the General Assembly ; but though the views of Dr Bryce and others are not without force and weight, a majority of the Foreign Mission Committee declined to sanction them, and, as the discussion took place at a thin meeting of the Assembly, the Rev. Dr's recommendation was overruled. A threat of resignation was held out by the respected Convener, and strong language of reprobation was used by more than one of the defenders of the course pursued by the Foreign Mission Committee. Nevertheless, Dr Bryce's able publication is well worth the attention of the ministers and members of the Church of Scotland.

Russia during Thirty-three Years Residence. By a German Nobleman. Edinburgh : Constable & Co.

THIS is a new volume of Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature, and it will be largely consulted. Its contents are varied and interesting, and describe faithfully society as it exists in the Czar's dominions. We were hardly prepared for such universal peculation and dishonesty as characterize Government officials from the lowest to the highest. At the present time this volume has a peculiar interest and deserves to be widely circulated.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Moderation.—The Presbytery of Dundee met in the parish of Monifieth, on Thursday, and moderated in a call in favour of the Rev. James G. Young, of Fintry, the presentee to that church and parish. The Rev. James Ranken, of Kinnaird, preached and presided on the occasion. After an eloquent and appropriate sermon by Mr Ranken, the call was produced and signed by all the heritors, members, and male communicants present.

Ordination.—The Presbytery of Irvine met on Thursday last for the ordination of Mr Milroy, as assistant and successor to the Rev. J. C. Jamieson. The Rev. Robert Lockhart, of Kilmaurs, presided. After sermon, from Luke xi. 28, the usual questions were put to, and satisfactorily answered by Mr Milroy. He was then, by prayer and the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery, ordained to the office of the holy ministry. Admirable addresses were then delivered to the young minister and the congregation by the Moderator. The church was filled, and Mr Milroy received a most cordial welcome at the close of the services.

Ordination.—The Presbytery of Deer met in the parish church of Peterhead, on Thursday last, for the purpose of ordaining Mr James Mitchell, lately assistant to Dr Barr of St Enoch's parish, Glasgow. The Rev. Alex. Irvine of Crimond (the late pastor of the congregation) officiated. He preached a very impressive sermon from 1st Cor. i. 23, 24, and then very suitably addressed both pastor and people on their respective duties and relations. We understand Dr Barr of Glasgow introduced Mr Mitchell to his charge on Sunday last.

Ordination.—The ordination of the Rev. William Stobbs, lately assistant minister at Abbotshall, to the church and parish of Gordon, took place on the 16th August. The Rev. Mr Langwell of Legerwood preached and presided on the occasion, and after addressing the presentee and the congregation, the Rev. Mr Stobbs received a most hearty and cordial welcome from those who were assembled on the occasion. The Rev. Mr Gordon of Newbattle introduced the Rev. Gentleman to his congregation on

Sabbath the 19th, and the presentee also preached an excellent sermon on the same day. The settlement has been very harmonious, and much good is anticipated from the connection thus formed.

Induction.—The induction at Dailly, which was unavoidably postponed on account of Mr Giffen's severe illness, took place on Thursday, the 13th September.

Induction.—On Thursday, the 23d ult., the Rev. John Clark, Grantown, was inducted as minister of the parish of Knockando. The Rev. Mr Murdoch, Boharm, preached and presided at the settlement.

Principality of King's College and University, Aberdeen.—The Earl of Aberdeen, Chancellor of King's College and University, Aberdeen, has intimated his intention to appoint the Rev. Peter Campbell, A.M., presently Professor of Greek in the College, to the vacant office of Principal. The appointment, it is believed, will be acceptable to the professors. The evidences of Mr Campbell's qualifications for the important office of Principal, are in every respect highly satisfactory. He taught with distinction in Canada; he was greatly esteemed as a minister; he received, a few years ago, public commendation in the General Assembly, for the admirable scholarship displayed by him in a Latin address prepared by him, and sent from the Assembly to the Dutch Church; and his teaching last session in King's College united in an eminent degree scholarly with personally popular qualities. The new Principal is in the prime of life, and he will, it is understood, take an active share in the work of teaching probably in the Theological Faculty. We understand the appointment was not sought by Mr Campbell. The induction will, no doubt, take place soon, when there will of course be a vacancy in the chair of Greek.

The Rev. Dr Paull of Tullyneala.—The Rev. Dr Paull having completed his fiftieth year of service as a minister of the Church of Scotland, the Presbytery of Alford, at a special meeting, voted an address on the occasion to the Rev. Doctor, who was afterwards entertained at dinner.

MACPHAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXVIII.

NOVEMBER 1855.

BUCKINGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MANKIND, in general, have, we think, an antipathy to autobiographies ;—we mean of course to reading them,—for to write them we are all too prone. Man is such a selfish animal, that he cannot, it seems, be well trusted to tell his own story ; and there are, we believe, but few examples of autobiographies eminently interesting and useful. Yet it was no less authority than Horace Walpole, who made the observation, that there are no man's memoirs but would prove interesting, if he would only tell the real truth. But this small condition, seemingly so simple, constitutes the grand difficulty,—this is the very thing autobiographers will not,—or perhaps the greater part cannot do. How few are there, who, though competent enough to write a narrative consisting chiefly of personal adventures and incidents, are able, also to unravel the tangled thread of every-day life,—to trace the play of passions, feelings, and interests, which have caused themselves at least to act the part they have done,—and how far less a number who, possessed of this nice discriminating power, have the firmness and the courage to exercise it. We know that the first great master of this species of composition was often unable to divest himself of the partiality for what was attractive, over what was true, and that whilst professing to write only for posterity, he was studiously inserting in the "Confessions," what would tell most effectively among certain of his contemporaries. Since his time we have had confessions in abundance ; literary exposures, so to speak, of the most indecent kind ;—ladies and guardsmen all anxious to unfold their tale,—and of the greater part of them it is no severity to say, that they had far better have kept their own secrets. We do not mean exactly to place Mr Buckingham's book under this latter class, but on the other hand, it assuredly does not come within that species of composition at which we have hinted above, and to which the name of autobiography

properly applies. Neither does this work in our opinion at all realise the expectations raised by the preface, which is of rather a pretending kind. Here is a specimen:—"These pages will contain a full, frank, and impartial detail of the principal events of my life, in all its varied vicissitudes of extreme want and abundant wealth; of original obscurity and subsequent popularity; of perilous adventures by sea and land, over a range of some of the most interesting countries of the globe; of enterprises and speculations, successes and failures; of projects still regarded as Utopian, and of others happily realised; of personal intercourse with some of the very lowest classes of mankind; and of interviews, banquets, and entertainments, in the palaces of kings, princes, and potentates. The work will also be interspersed with delineations of the characters of a host of public men, in our own and other countries, with whom, in the long course of half a century, it has been my lot to become acquainted; by an exposition of some of the secret springs of conduct (we are bound in charity to say that this is very harmless) in striking contrast with the public motives avowed by many of the most prominent actions in the great drama of life, in states, senates, and cabinets." And in another part he tells us that his book is calculated to teach, that there is "no depth of misfortune from which the victim may not hope to emerge by labour, economy," &c.; in short by his guidance. Now the simple matter of fact is this, that this is a light, pleasantly written, readable enough book, but with scarcely any pretension whatever to the higher species of autobiography, and falling lamentably short, in most particulars, of the promises of the title page. Mr Buckingham is especially deficient in power of sketching character, and it is almost marvellous how he can have lived so many years among his fellow-creatures, and taken part in the scenes and adventures he describes, and yet have escaped getting a better insight into the characters of men. We do not speak just now of his "Characteristic Sketches of Public Men,"—which are in general mere incidents or anecdotes,—but if the marked deficiency in the accounts of all that passed between his fellows and himself,—of how, in the many scenes of an eventful life, he acted upon other's characters, or was in turn influenced by them,—what different tempers he had to deal with, and what were the effects upon his own,—what maxims he found confirmed by experience, or what he learned to form from it—in short, all that practical knowledge of character and life, which is acquired by dealings with man, and which is told by none so well as those who have acquired it in the world's school. In all this Mr Buckingham is markedly deficient,—and he who, seduced by the title page, opens the book in the expectation of finding something to aid him in life's daily struggle, and instruct him in the ways and weaknesses of men, will come away very little wiser. He will find pleasing description and amusing adventure, but as for anything that will assist him in the rough intercourse of life, almost any second-rate novel will be more useful, and a page of Sydney Smith is worth the whole of it. Though in the preface Mr Buckingham promises us a faithful account of his successes and failures, he scarce lets us at all into the secrets of the former, and does not let us know how he amassed so much as to enable him to undertake the matter of specu-

lation ; for with his horror of smuggling and smugglers, and all tricks of trade, we cannot suppose that he enriched himself by any secret or unworthy means. With all admiration then for his scrupulous integrity, we have yet a natural curiosity to know how he managed to get so well on in the world, and this is the very thing he ought to tell us. Mr Buckingham's literary talent lies in describing incidents and adventure, and in this the chief attraction of his book consists. In whatever is connected with the sea he is especially at home, and there is a truth and vigour about his naval descriptions, which makes them always refreshing. Here he never tires or wearies you, which is more than can always be said of him when ashore. Here, however, is an amusing account of naval extravagance during the latter part of the 18th, and beginning of the 19th century. "The transport of delight into which men are thrown when they first come on shore, after months and years of solitary confinement at sea, speedily communicates itself to those by whom they are surrounded, and the recitals of their perilous adventures, whether of battles or shipwrecks, makes them heroes, in the estimation especially of females and young persons. At this period the streets of Plymouth dock were daily crowded with officers and seamen on shore on liberty, after receiving pay and prize-money to an extent beyond their power to spend in a short time, without some unusual modes of extravagance, as the idea of hoarding or laying by for a future day, was never entertained apparently by either officers or men. By both, carriages of all descriptions were in request at enormous prices; and cases were described in which young midshipmen, having perhaps £200 to spend in a week, would have one carriage for themselves, another for their gold laced cocked hats, and another for their hangers or dirks. The seamen would sometimes have three or four coaches to remain on the stand, and in groups of three or four on the roofs of each, dance hornpipes and reels to a violin player seated on the box; and when the dance was over, drive a furious race against each other for ten or twenty guineas a side, till the horses became exhausted. One of the most remarkable cases of their extravagance that I remember, was that of a cook of a line of battle ship, who had returned to England after an absence of seven years on the West India and South American stations. It was then the custom to withhold all pay and prize money from officers and men while the ships were abroad; so that the long arrears of both due in their case, with the gains arising from the cook's privilege of "slush money" as it is called,—that is, the sale or supply to the ship's purser of all the "grease" made in cooking operations, which is used for many purposes at sea, and for the value of which credit was given in the ship's accounts,—exceeded £3,000, and all this was dissipated in less than three weeks! The cook was a negro, but a fine man of his race, and proud of his person. As a warrant officer, he was entitled to wear the naval uniform, and having taken an extensive suite of rooms in one of the principal hotels, he was fitted out by the most fashionable tailor, with two or three rich suits of broadcloth, kerseymere, satin linings, and gold. His hair was dressed every morning, and well powdered, and he had a carriage and four for his daily exercise. He took the stage box at the theatre every

night, invited his tradesmen to dinner before going to the play, and after the performance, brought home with him sometimes as many as half-a-dozen ladies of compliant character, to sup and spend the night with him. At the end of the first week, he engaged one of the Portsmouth Sloop Packets, which sailed daily from Plymouth, and gave a general invitation to as many young ladies as chose to avail themselves of it, offering a free passage there and back, as a cruise, with ample entertainment on board. Of course the sloop was crowded, and the cost of this experiment exhausted all his funds. At the end of the third week, having sold or pawned what remained of his wardrobe and ornaments to keep up the game, he was at last so destitute, as to be unable to pay for a bed, and was literally found by a shopman who went to open his place of business in the morning, stowed away in the hollow space into which the shutters were placed during the night. From thence he was taken to the hospital, and in another week he was dead."

His description of flogging round the fleet, Vol I., p. 158, is graphic and telling. As also the conflict with Greek pirates in the Archipelago, Vol. II., p. 47. "At length the pirate came within hail, stem on towards us, as we lay with our courses up, and all sail furled except the topsails, jib and spanker, just to keep the ship under steerage way. The Greek pilot hailed the pirate, and bade him drop astern or be prepared to receive a broadside. No answer was returned, though his decks were crowded with men. A second challenge was given, but with no effect, when the pirate, tripping up his vessel under our lee quarter, with an evident intention to board us, we fired a broadside of round, grape, and canister right into his decks, with a volley of musketry at the same time. His main mast instantly fell by the board, with a horrible crash, and killed and wounded in its fall perhaps as many as our broadside had done, —the screams and cries of the dying and wounded being most pitiable to hear. After a moment's pause, the remaining part of the pirate's crew got out their sweeps, and came so close alongside, that their grapnel irons were twice hooked in our main chains, and but for the intrepidity and vigilance of the carpenter, who stood at the gangway with his well sharpened axe, prepared for such an emergency, and who twice cut away the lanyards of their grapnels, so as to render them useless, our decks would have been swept by their overwhelming numbers, and all hands perhaps butchered. The excitement of the scene so entirely restored my strength, that I jumped from the capstan, where I had been held fast till the first broadside was discharged; and I felt as if I had the strength of 20 men, so that I had all my faculties perfect for the command. Foiled in his attempts to board us alongside, the pirate dropped astern, and was now joined by a second vessel of about the same size and number of men, who came up fresh to the combat, while our own crew were greatly exhausted by perpetual watching before the contest began. A couple of broadsides followed up quickly, caused her so much damage as to induce her to sheer off also, and we were beginning to hope for a conquest; but at this moment, a twelve pound shot fired from the second vessel, entered between the timbers in the state room, in which my wife and child had taken shelter below, and cutting away

the lanyards of the cot in which the child was lying, the shot, cot, and child came rolling together at her mother's feet. She caught the infant in her arms with a piercing shriek, which I heard with great dismay on deck, as I thought one or both must have been killed; but on going down, I found them only terrified but not hurt. My wife, however, immediately recovered her presence of mind, and finding I was myself safe, thanked Heaven for our deliverance. I returned immediately to the deck, and found the first of the pirates now assuming a new position, and using her sweeps to approach us under the stern, for the purpose of boarding us over the taffrail. Fortunately, instead of this being our weakest point, as it too often is in merchant ships especially, it was our strongest, for we had here two long nine pounders, stern chasers, which were charged to the muzzle with round, grape, and double chain shot; and superintending myself the discharge of these, we poured their contents right down on her crowded deck, and must have committed great slaughter, from the cries which immediately arose from the wounded. Unfortunately, in the discharge, one of the guns leaped from its carriage, and in its road gave me so severe a wound in the thigh, that I was completely disabled from moving, and had to resume my original position on the capstau as before. The pirate retaliated by a volley of musketry, the greater part of which entered the cabin windows, from her being so close under our stern; but just at the moment of this discharge, my wife was in the act of removing herself and her child from the state room where the cannon ball had entered, to the after cabin which she had to cross, and though we counted sixteen musket balls in the bulkhead by which they passed, not a hair of the head of either of them was hurt! In the meantime, the pirate under our stern had received so much injury in her hull from the discharge of our stern guns, the shot of which had gone through her bottom, that she sunk immediately under our quarter, and all the crew perished by drowning, for it was impossible to attempt to save them without harbouring the very men who would have cut our throats the moment they were in safety. The second pirate then put out all her oars, and swept away from us with the utmost speed, leaving us the victory, but in a state of such exhaustion and helplessness, that we were quite unequal to any new evolution."

His desert journey too, though rather tediously told, is not without interest, and the description he gives us of his feelings on waking next morning in the enjoyment of Coptic hospitality after his rough handling in the desert, is just and striking.

Vol. II. p. 214.—"Being suffered to enjoy the indulgence I so much needed, it was late before I arose, when I found a pipe, tobacco, purse, fire apparatus, &c., by my side, with a Coptic dress and blue linen turban of Signor Panto's, ready for me to put on. It is in moments like these, when feeling our dependence on the assistance of our fellow-beings, that we appreciate the true worth of charity, and that we best understand the force and beauty of that sublime injunction, 'Do ye unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' It is in such moments, in short, that one receives the clearest and most explanatory comment on all the admirable precepts of mutual assistance, and the reciprocal duties of help

and protection. For myself, I can refer to no one period of my recollection in which I so much needed the inspiration of Pentecost and the gift of tongues, as at this moment, when I saw myself surrounded with all the comforts I needed, supplied too by the hands of a perfect stranger."

His perilous adventure with a tiger, vol. II. p. 352, is also well described.

"I had gone to dine in Sututte with Colonel Hunt, the Governor of the fort of Tannate, and I left Tannate at 10 o'clock for Bombay. Great portion of the way was over a level plain of some extent, and while we were in the midst of this, the whole party of bearers, ten in number, in an instant disappeared, scattering themselves in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was perfectly astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance was in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savoury morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative, and in the shortest possible space of time I had closed the two sliding doors and laid along on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting was horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends and lay perfectly flat, with its cane bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odour of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment, that with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its cane top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself, and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment and started off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may well be imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter of an hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved."

It should be mentioned that Mr Buckingham, throughout his long

career, seems to have been animated by an earnest desire to correct and resist whatever evils and abuses he came in contact with. And to this task he appears to have brought patience, prudence, and resolution. To his observation and beneficence we are greatly indebted for the establishment of Sailors' Homes throughout most of our maritime towns. And he has, in these pages, well shewn up the great injustice of the then existing Quarantine laws, towards all but the few possessors of Treasury influence. The question of the Indian licensing system, perhaps stands on more debateable ground. His Egyptian project of connecting the Red Sea, by means of a canal, with the Mediterranean, might, we think, seeing that it was never likely to be realised, have been told in fewer words; and his observations to Mahammed Ali Pasha, though they at present read as rather elementary, were deemed original enough at the time to have been acted upon, and apparently with advantage. The conspicuous part he took in establishing an interchange of commerce between the merchants of India and Egypt, must ever render his name remarkable in the commercial world; and to many the latter part of the 2d vol., where we have the treaty at full length, will possess peculiar interest; but to the general reader the entire merit of this book, as far as it has yet gone, will rest on its being an interesting recital of adventures and travel by one who seems to have borne with singular equanimity the extremes of good and adverse fortune.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RED SEA AND THE DESERT.

LET me see how much ground I have yet to go over. I have lingered and mused and gossiped so long over preceding parts of my journey, that I must now hasten to wind up these reminiscences. I have already related my observations on India and China, and need not dwell longer on my wanderings in the remote orient—how I chattered in Hindustani and preached the Gospel in Chinese; picked up precious stones in Araby the Blest, corals in Ceylon, and nutmegs and spices farther east still; walked over old volcanoes and traversed modern paradises; was within hail of Ophir, famous for gold, and apes, and peacocks; saw the city of Mocha and drank a cup of its real coffee, which I admired even more than its minarets. To proceed then,—I have yet to tell how I gazed on the lofty and rugged peaks of Sinai and Horeb; passed in close proximity to the Deserts of Sin and Paran and Shur; sailed over the spot where the Egyptians essaying to pursue the children of Israel sank as lead in the mighty waters, and the Lord was a man of war and triumphed gloriously. There was Baal-zephon to the right, Migdol in front, and Pihahiroth on our left. Then, on reaching the head of the Red Sea, fancy easily pictured Napoleon's countenance, calm and classic, gazing from the balconies of yonder residence in Suez. Cross this desert,

and you saw next his twenty centuries looking very hard at you from the summits of yonder Pyramids. Enter Grand Cairo, people it with Crusaders, Saracens, Mamelukes, Turks, listen to the shouts of Saladin and his victorious troops; and wonder, as you wonder must, if through similar narrow and crooked streets as these Haroun Al-Raschid wandered in disguise in those dear dim olden days described as "once upon a time." I looked out of my window on the land of Goshen, counted the probabilities of the spot where Joseph courted Asenath, daughter of the priest of On, and marvelled if I was near the place where the infant Saviour dwelt, and Joseph and Mary rested and resided when they fled from the wrath of Herod into Egypt. And I must have crossed for certain the track which the Ethiopian Eunuch took on his way home to Candace's court from Jerusalem with the book of Esaias in his hand.

On such sacred and classic ground, I did not need to go to sleep in order to dream. I heard Joseph sighing in prison, and saw Plato and Herodotus walking about and gazing on those very hieroglyphics. There, long ago the Pharaohs rode in their pride of heart, Moses studied and wandered in pleasant gardens by the side of Pharaoh's daughter, and Dionysius marked with wonder the mysterious darkness that extended from Calvary to Egypt,—only shift the scenes, and you saw in succession the misery of the oppressed Israelites, the dismay of the plagued Egyptians, and the scourges of God on the land, Nebuchadnezzar and his fierce Assyrian warriors, the Persians, Alexander and the Greeks, Cæsar and the Romans, Saladin, the Caliphs, and the Turks, bringing down the pride of the nation and reducing it to the basest of kingdoms. The last of the Mamelukes took his terrible leap for life over that fearful battlement before you. Mehemet Ali twinkled his eagle eye at you. Shakespeare improvised in your hearing the royal loves of the magnificent Roman, and Egypt's voluptuous queen. I jostled the plague in Alexandria. I took off my hat in reverence when I saw the Nile. I drank its sweet waters with delight, and to keep up the charm I still preserve among my treasures a bottle of the same that the Patriarchs, Pharaohs, and Ptolemies drank of,—the river that rocked the cradle of Moses and foamed around the prow of Cleopatra's barge. We have still much to talk about then.

Having steamed away from Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea, we soon made the straits of Bab El Mandeb, or the Gate of Tears. The opposite or Abyssinian coast is called the Cape of Burials. The shores on both sides presented wild and irregular cliffs of a most savage and terrific magnificence. A small island stands at the mouth of the gulf. We passed between it and the Arabian coast, and the extreme narrowness of the channel occasioned so great anxiety here that the steamer was put on half speed. The navigation of the Red Sea is every where dangerous from the numerous reefs and coral rocks with which it abounds. Although it has been thoroughly surveyed, yet the utmost skill and caution are required in directing a ship's course safely through it.

A few hours after passing through the straits, the mosques and minarets of Mocha burst upon our view. Mecca and Medina, farther up, are also on the eastern or Arabian shore of the Red Sea. As seen from

on board the vessel, Mocha presented the appearance of a very handsome town. It stands in a rich and fertile region, and has beautiful groves of trees around it. Behind it, in the distance, are dark and barren hills, though not so frightfully rugged and precipitous as the wild white cliffs on the opposite coast. It is in the neighbourhood of this town that the celebrated Mocha coffee is grown. Genuine Mocha, however, is a very scarce article in the world, and it is quite impossible that this small Arabian town can produce all the coffee palmed on civilized nations under its name. The Mocha bean is small, shrivelled, and ugly, such as no one would think of picking up or even looking at. That which passes under the name in this country is merely a selection of the largest and most beautiful beans of the common sort produced elsewhere. It is believed to be owing to some peculiar property in the soil around Mocha that its coffee possesses its excellent aroma, in the same way that Constantia wine and Latakia tobacco owe their valuable qualities to the soil in which they are produced. It may be presumed therefore that very little, if indeed any, real Mocha coffee ever finds its way to England. A few bags only are sent to Calcutta annually in Arabian ships. On reaching Cairo I got a cup of the genuine article, together with a pipe of Latakia, under the shade of some tall sycamore trees in the cool of the evening, for which luxuries I paid a piastre, somewhere about two pence.

As we advanced up the Red Sea, the heat imparted to the atmosphere from the desert and sandy wastes on both the Asiatic and African shores became intolerable. Hot blasts, as from Nubian and Arabian furnaces, blew down on us, threatening to stifle us. This is the most trying part of the passage, and there are generally a few deaths in the Company's vessels in the Red Sea at this season of the year, the month of September. We had two deaths, and several cases of severe and sudden illness induced by the extreme heat. This sea is more than a thousand miles in length, but its extreme breadth is scarcely any where more than a tenth part of that distance. We seldom entirely lost sight of land during the five or six days we were in it. At the beginning, and especially towards the end of the passage up, the coasts on both sides were quite visible. I nowhere noticed the reddish appearance supposed to be communicated to its waters by marine animalculæ. They may be present on its surface at certain seasons, but I confess that its waters looked exactly like those of any other sea. A few spots, locally tinged indeed, at a distance from the vessel, were pointed out to me as we proceeded rapidly on our way, but the slight change of colour observable was ascribed to beds of red coral and sea weed covering the shoals at the bottom.

After entering the Gulf of Suez at the head of the Red Sea, a vast range of mountains to the right, in the peninsula of Arabia Petrea, gradually disclosed themselves to our view. No one, it may be imagined, could look unmoved on the hoary summits of Horeb, for to this venerable and sacred range we were now approaching. Their lofty peaks seemed to pierce the blue heavens. There stood Sinai, grim custodian of the Ten Tables, as the Arabs tell to this day. It looked down in frowning majesty on a disobedient world. There the finger of God had engraved

and handed to man the Divine Commandments. The giant heights reared their dark heads proudly and solemnly there, as if conscious of their fame through all God's great universe. Perched as on an eyrie, the convent of Jebel Catharine was distinctly visible through a lorgnette, and, in the blue distance, more dark and shadowy forms rose and reigned in unapproachable grandeur over the gigantic solitudes around them. As we drew nearer to the coast and close to some of the rugged cliffs which we were passing, their dark and gloomy shadows half impending over us, I could see through the eye glass numerous cliffs in the rock like niches for a man to stand in, and here and there gaping fissures through which day-light was visible. And I thought, when I remembered how God put Moses into a cliff of the rock and passed by and proclaimed the name of the LORD before him, how truly these rocks and mountains bear testimony still to the word of God.

Veneration, one should think, would overpower every profane thought and silence every scoffing word in so holy and sacred a vicinity. In a few hours more, too, we should be passing over the very spot where the children of Israel went through the sea on dry land and the floods stood upright as an heap. Any other sentiments than those of veneration and awe, in the presence of objects so intensely hallowed as those we were now gazing upon, every one will say would be quite out of place. While some, however, looked on gravely and devoutly, others there were around me, I am sorry to say, who displayed only a silly and contemptible levity. I retired into a quiet corner on deck, where I could muse and gaze undisturbed to my heart's content. But I could not shut my ears to such remarks as these, which I actually overheard:—"There is Mount What-d'ye-call-em, is it not?"—"It's part of 'the sacred and happy land, flowing with milk and honey and sand.'" Such observations on the part of my educated fellow-countrymen, I thought deplorably stupid and profane, and such as the uncouth Arabs around us would not be guilty of.

But amid such a crowd of passengers as these steamers usually carry, it is to be expected that there will be a strange variety of character. Many men we know are destitute not only of the principle of faith but even of the feeling of veneration. We have a right to exact from men of the world, however, a measure of respect for the decencies and proprieties of life. How best to deal with swearing and profanity was often a subject of anxiety and difficulty with me. Clearly I could not without dishonour allow it to pass unchecked in my presence, and if I would never hear it at all, I must needs have gone out of the world, or, in this case, out of the ship. Generally I found that the best way was to be quite frank and honest, to go boldly and good-humouredly at them, and not to beat about the bush. A ship captain, a passenger also, used to swear greatly when I talked to him, and I took occasion to ask him now and then how his friend Jove was this morning, who was that Mr Jingo that he swore by as I had not the honour of his acquaintance, and if he heard any thing lately of another infernal acquaintance of his whose name he often mentioned. At last, one day at Aden, I told him I should be obliged to cut his acquaintance if he did not give it up. I did not know what

effect all this had upon him till we got to Alexandria, when another gentlemen in the hotel there, after politely pushing his private plate of ice over to me to help myself from it, began to swear away hugely at the dinner before him. "Thank you," I said, "but come, can't we get on comfortably enough without swearing?" "What's the harm?" he said. "What's the good?" I replied, "It's the most unprofitable and absurd sin I know of. Unlike other sins, there's neither pleasure nor profit nor sense in it. There's my friend Captain C., who perpetually calls on Jupiter and the devil to substantiate the truth of what he says—I conclude they must be friends of his as he constantly swears by them—" "Now Mr G.," said the captain, "you are very severe; you have heard me swearing very little of late." "Well," I said, "I must do you the justice, Captain, to allow that that is quite true." And I never heard another oath from him all the way home.

An officer in a Dragoon Regiment, who joined us when we were about half way home, was one day criticising some young ladies on board and pronouncing them not at all pretty. "They have something better than beauty," I said. "What's that?" "Modesty." "Take care," said another gentleman standing by, "you are talking to a parson." "What the d—?" said Captain P., starting back. Determined not to let him off for this, I joined him one day at his own invitation at a game of chess. "What! betting?" said a Spanish traveller passing by—one who came on board at Gibraltar, with an immense sombrero and flowing cloak as his especial properties—"Oh no," I said, looking up, "chess is a game at which there is no betting and no swearing either." A friend of the captain's, who was sitting by sketching, on overhearing this turned towards Captain P., and gave him a peculiarly sly look which plainly said, "you've got it now." And we had no swearing. An American missionary, a seaman's chaplain at Whampoa, amused me when in China by the bluntness and directness of his reproofs. While sitting at some captain's table and eating his curry and rice, he would say to him in the coolest manner possible—"Well now, I expect you'll have to knock off swearing if you don't want me to quarrel with you." What could any captain say to that? Clearly he could not be angry.

On arriving at the head of the gulf at midnight, two signal guns were fired from the steamer's deck, for, on account of her vast draught of water, the vessel could not go nearer than within a mile or two of the shore. Several large open boats then came alongside and conveyed the passengers and their baggage over the shallows, and set us on shore in the grey of the morning at Suez. We did not make any stay here, as the cholera was raging in the town, but immediately proceeded to the vans which were in readiness for conveying us across the desert. We started from Suez at 6 o'clock in the morning, and reached Cairo about 11 o'clock the same night. The distance is about 90 miles. A wilderness such as this is truly "a great and terrible" sight. While we were rolling along, it seemed as if we were again launched on another sea, but it was a sea of sand and stones. Tremendous waves of desert rose up before us as far as the eye could reach. The sun beat upon us and melted us from above, and the glare from beneath our feet scorched and

burnt us up. I saw no living thing in the wide desert, although I believe vultures and some other birds are sometimes to be seen preying on the carcasses of camels which have fallen down and died. At certain seasons a few stunted plants and shrubs are also visible, but I saw nothing save the one solitary acacia tree which stands in the middle of the desert. Not a blade of grass or any other trace of vegetation was visible except this melancholy tree. It has acquired the soubriquet of the "Mother of Rags," from the votive offerings hung on its branches by Mohammedan pilgrims on their way to and from Mecca. These offerings consist of pieces of cloth which flutter like rags in every breeze that blows.

Each of the vans or carriages was drawn by four wild Arab horses, so wild that the only way of yoking them to the traces sometimes is to run them round and round the court yard in a circle, dash them quickly alongside the pole of the carriage and then drive off, their riders meanwhile securing them more firmly to the harness. But how restless were they in the yoke! While the leaders were dashing madly across the road to the right, the wheelers were plunging and dragging the vehicle in exactly the opposite direction, across the road to the left. Each pair of horses had an unkempt Arab postilion, whose sparkling black eyes gleamed with savage mirth as he belaboured the animals fiercely with a stout cudgel. The horses were not his, but belonged to the Pacha, and therefore he did not throw away on them any affection. On the poor beasts flew fast and furious, foaming out the white froth from their mouths on to their reeking sides, and speedily covering themselves with perspiration. A sort of track had been formed in the desert for the caravans of travellers between Egypt and the Red Sea, but it was a very rough road, and the pace at which the horses went jolted us most unmercifully over the stony and uneven pathway. Nor did they always keep this track, for one carriage would be flying away far to the right of it while another would be careering off unmanageably to the left. One of the carriages broke down altogether and the passengers were detained in the desert for some hours, so that they did not reach Cairo till the middle of the night. A pair of leaders broke loose from another carriage and ran off leashed together, without a rider, across the desert. The whole train of carriages stopped in the twilight to witness the exciting pursuit after the runaway horses. They disappeared over a distant ridge towards the setting sun, right in the view of the last streaks of day. They were at length secured and brought back.

At three principal stations in the desert we stopped for breakfast, dinner, and tea, provided for us by the Pacha of Egypt. Besides halting at these three station houses we stopped every five miles to change horses. At the end of every stage we got out and walked about, picking up curious stones in the desert, or peering at the wild Bedouins roaming around us. On all sides were ever the same tremendous hills of loose stones and plains of drifting sand. Millions of agates, cornelians, chalcedonies, and other beautiful flints strewed the desert in every direction. At the end of each stage the horses were turned loose, their madness now all subdued, and their wind completely gone. We used up about

four hundred horses altogether that day, and as we met the mails and passengers for the month on their way from England to India in the middle of the desert, requiring the same relays of horses as we did, it follows that the Pacha must maintain about a thousand horses in fulfilling his contract with the P. and O. Company.

In our transit we saw, I suppose, the usual number of strange sights to be seen in the desert. Long strings of camels and donkeys passed us, laden with water in large skins which they were conveying from the Nile to Suez. The water at Suez being brackish and unwholesome, and altogether unfit for human use, supplies require to be brought across the desert. A party of travellers passed us on their way to Sinai. They were conveyed in donkey chairs, one donkey behind and another in front of the sedan chair. The white skeletons of camels lay bleaching around us in the sun. An Arabian Sheikh, an old majestic man with a flowing beard, passed on his mule. How magnificently he handed his long pipe to his servant after he had taken the last whiff, and then mounted and rode slowly away. In his train were some Arabian women mounted on camels. They seemed to sit very comfortably in their roofed cradles on the camel's backs, and as they looked down on us nothing of their persons was visible save two bright black eyes. The camels—"ships of the desert"—were gorgeously comparisoned with head pieces, fringes, and neck tassels, of which ornaments they seemed consciously proud. Each carried an immense pair of panniers, one on either side, in which was contained the household stuff. Our baggage had been sent on before us by a band of camels which we found waiting on the sea-beach at Suez on our arrival there. Vast piles of bales and boxes were heaped on their backs, and from the ease with which they trotted off, their loads seemed mere trifles to them. They are said to carry upwards of a thousand pounds weight for eight or nine days together. The camel, however, is far from being the patient and gentle creature he is usually represented. The crowd of immense beasts which I saw waiting for us at Suez, were snarling, screaming, and biting viciously at each other, and their drivers had to exercise some caution in loading them. They all seemed to me to have most malignant looking eyes and an exceedingly irascible expression of countenance.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the amazing swiftness of this animal, and its admirable adaptation to the countries which it inhabits. The following story related by Major Griffith in his "*Journey across the Desert*," shows the service which the dromedary, a smaller and nimbler species of the camel, is capable of rendering to his master. "Mehemet Ali, whilst at war with the Wahabees, was on one occasion at Suez when he heard of a sudden insurrection at Cairo. He privately ordered his favourite syce to have his dromedary ready at a certain hour of the night, and having according to his usual custom smoked his last pipe in bed in conversation with his chief secretary, and made arrangements as if to receive the functionaries of Suez the next day, as a blind to his real intentions, retired to rest. As soon as he supposed all his court were asleep, he secretly mounted his dromedary, and with no other attendant but the syce, quitted the town and crossed the desert, a distance of between 80

and 90 miles in seven hours. Day-break found him at Cairo, where, proceeding to the citadel, he ordered a guard to one of the doors of the Council chamber while he himself appeared at the other, thus discovering the conspirators in the very act of framing the revolt. They all prostrated themselves and confessed their crimes, but it is supposed that their submission was too late, as none of them have been seen or heard of since."

In the course of the journey, the mirage showed itself several times very beautifully. The heated air between the desert and the sky, danced and quivered before us as if issuing from the mouth of a furnace. This was the very condition of the atmosphere necessary for the production of a mirage. On looking ahead of us towards the boundless horizon, I saw in the extreme distance what I thought was a calm and beautiful sheet of water. The lake, (for I was sure at first that it was a lake of water—not being prepared for so complete an illusion), had groups of little islets scattered about in it. Its borders seemed indented by numerous points of land, projecting themselves in the most natural manner into the water, and I felt certain that I saw the waving foliage hanging over its banks, and reflecting itself in dark shadows in its smooth and peaceful bosom beneath. But it did not last long, and as we drove up, it gradually melted away and disappeared.

On reaching Cairo late in the evening, fatigued with the long journey, yet excited and overjoyed at finding myself in "Egypt Land," I took a short walk in the neighbourhood of the hotel, in a fine avenue of sycamore and acacia trees, where sat Turks sipping their coffee and smoking their pipes, I wondering at all I saw and promising myself much pleasure on the morrow, and so, as Pips says, to bed.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

(*Continued from page 41.*)

CHAP. ii. v. 7. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.—This warning is more alarming than it looks. Reflecting the quotation from Ezekiel xii. 2, a period of judicial blindness *preparatory* to the destruction of Jerusalem, it connects the high probability of church extinction, with unwillingness to hear timely warning. And reflecting also the quotation from Zechariah vii. 2, a parallel instance of *final apostacy*, the combined sense is, that, as *surely* as the model church both before and after the Babylonish Captivity, stopped her ears to the divine warnings intended for the preservation of her religious polity, so *surely will all churches wax gross*, and their ears become dull of hearing, and their hearts so hardened, as at length to be anything rather than churches of Christ. Thus, instead of Christ removing the candlestick, it might, so far as the apostates are concerned, as justly be said that they would themselves be *sure* to let its lights go out. And how fully this

sad result has come about, the darkness of the Mohammedan delusion, spread over the fairest portions of Asia, too gloomily testifies. But, what one party, by Christ's judgments, forfeits, another by His predestinating favour, wins,—has won. While *we* have the light, let us walk in the light. While Ezekiel was ordered, xii. 2, as above, to remove from his *own place* it was to *another place* in their sight, and this other will retain the light, only so long as it is willing to come to the light, that its deeds may be reprov'd, or approved as wrought in God.

Had it not been for the *reflective principle*, we should here have expected it to be said, "Hear what the *Son of Man*, He who holds the stars, saith unto the churches." The object of using the word *Spirit*, is not to teach us that it is He who guideth into all truth, and is in every age the deputy of Christ in the work of instruction; no, but the object is, once more, to draw attention to the fact, that all the history and treatment of the model church must be carefully studied, as containing the stereotyped principles whereupon all modern churches are to be conducted. The Spirit taught,—taught by the former prophets; the circumstances in the different stages of the model, will show how and with what success, with what failures, and from what causes, in all cases.

To him that *overcometh*, &c.—This expression occurs accompanied with a climax of promises in all the seven addresses to the seven churches. The Christian life—whether of private persons or of churches,—is mainly a warfare; and this mainly *aggressive*; this last idea we have a natural tendency to forget. It is universally forgotten. Soul, take thine ease, thou hast many gifts and graces laid up for many years, was a motion carried unanimously in the militant church, when, at the outset of its progress, it reached Cadish Barnea on the frontier of the promised land. When two, more courageous than the rest, ventured on a counter motion, Numb. xiv. 10. all the congregation bade stone them with stones. The counter motion is that quoted in each of the addresses to the seven churches. Caleb and Joshua, Numb. xiii. 30, said, let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to *overcome* it. 31. But the men that went up with him said, we be not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we. Afterwards, (Joshua v. 13), Christ stood with his sword drawn in his hand, and said to Joshua, as Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come (to help thee to overcome the land, beginning with the destruction of Jericho.) There is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O Lord.

The duty then of overcoming, so much insisted on in *all* the addresses, is to be understood only and solely by a literal acquaintance with the Book of Joshua, and the subsequent conquests of the Judges and Kings. In that history alone is the Christian soldier entitled to enquire what help he is to receive in making the conquest of the spiritual land, the reduction of his own mind, and that of the human race to the obedience and love of Christ, the only Joshua; what mistakes, what neglects, what consequent checks, what courage, what cowardice, he is likely nay certain to shew, during his brief yet eventful and varied campaign; look at the bowing walls of Jericho, and say whether or not it is true, that this is the victory that *overcometh* the world, even our faith. A system-

atic view of the three-fold foe to be overcome, the world, the flesh, the devil, a regular catalogue of the whole armoury of God, provided for each soldier of the cross, the pay, temporal and eternal, secured to the humblest of the elect Militia, whose names alone are written in heaven, are grand topics which we rejoice to know are well understood, and, at any rate, are too grand for our present bounds. Only, one caution would we give the rising Stars. When you incline to describe the good fight of faith, the God-led handful of Israel putting to flight whole armies of the aliens, subduing kingdoms, stopping the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of fire, out of weakness becoming strong, waxing valiant in fight, enduring as seeing him who is invisible; let all the illustrations be drawn not from narratives of modern or ancient but heathen warfare, but only from those chosen samples of the fight, which the Lord of hosts Himself has written in his own despatches.

When Chederlaomer's defeat and Abraham's recovery of Lot and the prisoners are exhausted, proceed with Christ, for he is the only Lord of hosts, and the best war historian, proceed with him to Jacob's position at the Jabbok with Laban in the rear, Esau ahead; march, thereafter, with the Lord of hosts and the Israelites through the Red Sea, and learn under the only field-marshal how to train, and arrange, and feed, in a campaign of forty years, a murmuring congregation of eight or ten millions; thus proceed in a literal acquaintance with all the wars of the model church, and the advantage of this choice will be that the Lord of hosts will always be one of our company; whereas by copying descriptions of other battles, quoting or alluding to them, we will generally be drawn away from the Lord of hosts, and our sermon be more a theatrical essay than a soul improving tale. It is this that makes, or used to make, the Scottish youth, as a class, stand superior to every other, however else favoured, race. The poor boy's poverty secures him in the study of the one book, the only book that connects God with man. This, the true Constitution of Man, becomes the constitution of the Scottish mind; and in proportion to the thoroughness of the incorporation will it continue to ascend in superiority above every other race.

The exhortation to "overcome" the spiritual territory, so much insisted upon in each of the seven letters, is backed in each with a climax of promises of increasing communion with Christ in his ordinances; in other words, of securing to ourselves and our community an advancement in every thing that gives importance, authority, or commanding influence among and over the nations. This is explained and *pretext* by the rewards consequent upon the model nation's "overcoming" the native Canaanites. In that most bloody conquest, how intimate is the connection between overcoming and eating of the tree of life. Without such murderous conquest, how could the tabernacle at Shiloh have prospered into the paradise or sanctuary enclosure of Jerusalem's temple? For the Hebrews to have stood still at Gilgal was impossible; to have retreated would have been annihilation. But in obedience to the divine exhortation here repeated and imitated, they "overcame." By a succession of God-given conquests, the throne of David was at last established; and by his Son, the Prince of Peace, a paradise or sanctuary

enclosure erected in the city of solemnities. The central avenues of its three congregational courts and their six corresponding porches, (Fig. I.) were lined with rows of palm trees—the bread tree or tree of life. The same tree was the internal decoration of the temple house. Spiritually, to eat of this *living* bread is individually to be a Christian; collectively, to be a Christian community or state; and in proportion to the *daily* consumption of the heavenly bread by any nation, is the supremacy, authority, or importance of that nation among the other nations of the earth. Any community which does not habitually act upon this most obvious of gospel principles, is as blind to its own interest and fate, as were Og, king of Bashan, Sihon, king of the Amorites, or any of their Canaan neighbours, who were successively, during the “overcoming,” hanged upon a tree. In the history of Joshua’s executions, we plainly see that those states which will not make it their chief and habitual aim to cultivate every where the tree of life, are converting what trees they have into trees of death.

The paradise, or sanctuary *enclosure* of Solomon’s Temple, its ideal restoration in the last nine chapters of Ezekiel, and St John’s exact imitation of that ideal model, are illustrated by Fig. I., and will be more fully explained at chapter xxi. with that ground-plan of the sanctuary or paradise cross (Fig. I.), sending forth the water of life to nourish along its banks the tree of life.

The climax of the Promises.—These are not addressed directly to any one of the churches, but appended in the general exhortations to individuals in all churches. They are promises of citizenship and promotion to the higher offices and immunities of the New Jerusalem; shewing that that state is not limited to any part of gospel time; but is held out as an object of Christian ambition to saints in every age, whether in ancient or modern times; he that hath an ear, and doeth what is commanded, will enter himself and carry his fellows along with him into the honours and comforts of the gospel church, yes, into the very *watch tower* of the Christian fold.

Promise the first—“Will I grant to eat of the *tree of life* which is in the midst of the paradise of God.” We must begin the gospel state in our hearts by eating personally, individually, of the *tree of life*; that is, we must receive not only the new birth from the Spirit of God, but habitual instruction and guidance, advice, and comfort, from those in the church who are already *trees of righteousness*. Christ, the only living bread, does not need the mediation of men in this work; but it is his plan and pleasure to work out individual and national salvation by such human means, and in no case without them. (In our Bible classes the more advanced scholars may be asked to write proofs of this from successive prescribed portions of Scripture.)

But in the second letter we are warned that the holiest people are the better of forfeiting for a season their holy ordinances, with all their distinguishing benefits, public and private. This is called the *first death*.

Promise the second—A restoration, however, to individual or national prosperity; in the language of Ezekiel and therefore of John, a *resurrection to ordinance life*, is soon brought round for our acceptance; and in

those cases where the tribulation was mainly a chastisement, and less a punishment, they who have previously overcome, and savingly eaten of the tree of life; they, in ordinary language, who have, through the ordinances of grace, obtained and retain the grace of God in their hearts, will, like Ezekiel's bondage brethren in the valley of dry bones, rise up into newness of national life. This is promise the second. Those again who have not, before and during the days of tribulation, savingly eaten of the bread of life, will hear Ezra and Zerubbabel's muster trumpet as if they heard it not. The castaways, in Ezekiel's particular case, the ten tribes, will remain in Babylon; and this, after a summons to awake to righteousness, constitutes the *second death*, and inevitably entails the *third*, the last, the eternal death. First death is a forfeiture of ordinance, or what is the same thing, of Christ's blessing upon apparently continued ordinances; second death is continuance in that state, when others have been strengthened and inclined to re-embrace Christ in his ordinances,—as explained in its place, chapter xx., which is specially devoted to the subject of this providential judgment.

For example, if, at *any* period, such as that called the middle or dark ages, all the churches, the whole of the ten virgins, both wise and foolish, were allowed, in chastisement, to sink into a death-like sleep (for they all slumbered and slept), and if certain reformers, like Ezra and his colleagues, were honoured to raise the cry, Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him; and if certain of these churches were, by mere divine grace, inclined and enabled to dawn into reformation; and if certain others, after having had, say seventy-five years' trial of this reformation, at last, after long deliberation, declined to adopt it as the religion of the realm; then as surely as two tribes of Israel returned to Jerusalem, and were honoured to be the nursery of Christianity, while ten tribes remaining in Babylon shared her pollutions and annihilation, so surely will the reformed churches take pre-eminence and maintain general superiority over those who would not come unto Christ that they might have *life*. The Anglo-Saxon race, identified with the resurrection into gospel *life*, are now likely to fill the globe at once with human and spiritual life. Isaiah lxi. 11, "So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth *before* all the nations."

In more strictly typical language, the favoured few, the two elect tribes, having been truly benefited by the nurture and *admonition* of the Lord, are now the most eligible that can be found for *taking office* in the reviving state; they obtain the crown of ordinance life,—become kings and priests unto God. They who in their youth ate so wholesomely of the bread tree in the lower pavement (Fig. I. L. P.) along the avenues of the hearers' courts, and retained their consequent vitality amidst privation and temptation more than mere flesh and blood can bear, are now promoted into the interior sanctuary, and as stewards in God's house, advance the spiritual interests of their community and of the human race. This is grace for grace. This is an advance from promise the first.

Digression.—They who wear aright this crown in the church below whose crowns alone are here described, will, by necessary implication

wear the undescribed but eternal crown in the third heavens, whereof St John nowhere speaks in the Apocalypse ; because he will speak only of those things he is engaged to speak of, the national affairs of the militant church ; but of which post-militant or eternal crown St Paul had leisure and occasion to speak, when he said, 2 Tim. iv. 8, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the righteous judge shall give me at that day." That day and that crown are matters far superior to any that St John has now to describe. As said before, the eternal state is undescribed, because indescribable, being as different from earthly days and earthly crowns, as the disembodied or angelic state, not once alluded to in the Apocalypse, is different from the corporeal, and infinitely superior to it. John speaks well, but only of the kingdom of heaven on earth ; St Paul briefly and without description alludes to the kingdom of heaven in heaven ; a reality of whose nature we can form no more conception than we can of the Divine Essence.

Etymology of the word paradise.—I see no difficulty in supposing this an Eastern-Greek word, meaning a *separate* place, marked off and enclosed for a particular purpose. Such was the Garden of Eden ; after the expulsion Christ admitted none into it ;—such was the most holy place in the temple, called frequently in Ezekiel the *separate* place, Ezek. xli. and xlii. Such was the whole sanctuary, which, enclosing four ranges of parks (Fig. I. F. R. O. P.) for the probation of the different kinds of beasts to be used in sacrifice, gave neighbouring princes the plan of their paradises or parks for all kinds of tamer or wilder beasts. See Xenophon both Anab. and Cyr.

Promise the third.—"Will I give to eat of the *hidden manna*," &c. Still higher honours and more precious favours reward the early faithfulness of saints. They are taken into the most intimate and *private* friendship with the great Head of the church. While the general body of the saints live day by day upon the bread of life, the diet common to all classes and orders in the church, the office-bearers *dine at court*, the readiest and most effectual way of procuring guidance from "the Wonderful, the *Counsellor*, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." By the rule "*synecdoche*," a part for the whole, a rule carried farther in this book than perhaps any other, the hidden manna is briefly put for the whole banquet of wine whereat princes, in imitation of Solomon, used to hold their privy councils. Along with Aaron's budding rod, and the increasing number of the books of the testimony, the hidden manna was laid up within or near the box forming the mercy-seat, M. Fig. I. ; and as this chest was kept in the most holy place, it could only be approached once a year. What a change has the rending of the vail effected ! Now, all who feel the value of the privilege, are urged to come boldly to the throne of grace, the mercy-seat, that they may obtain mercy, or favour, and find grace to help in time of need. Esther's conference with her king and husband at the banquet of wine is divinely drawn up to illustrate the *influence* of the Gentile church and her representatives with the Prince of Peace, seated on his mercy-seat. When Esther had briefly, and clearly, and dispassionately stated her complaint of persecution, see its influence upon the royal mind of her

husband,—“What,” said the king, “will he, Haman the accused, force the queen also before me in the house; so they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai; then was the king’s wrath pacified.”—Esther vii. To eat then of the hidden manna is as an office-bearer in the church to enter into the more private counsels and plans of the Prince, whose intentions are to make all the kingdoms of the earth the kingdoms of our Lord, yes, of his Christ. This, however, is no longer confined to *Kohath*,—this honour have all the saints.

The joy or comfort of this *intimacy and influence* may be largely illustrated. Let us take one instance from the Song of the Prince of Peace. Song ii. 4. “He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with fruits, for I am sick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please.” We need hardly say that this intimacy and influence is within the reach of all, is urged, forced upon all. Behold! I stand at the door and knock. To attain to Christ’s friendship we must seek him lovingly in his word, through and through that word. The word of God must be ardently imprinted in the youthful mind; and if such studies are kept up in the search for no one and nothing but Christ, we will at last expire in his arms and pass into his glory. How poor, how unfortunate the man who does not live in this spirit of love.

Those who are especially pointed at as having typically, and therefore partially, enjoyed this communion with the Lord, are the privy council, namely, the twelve princes, with the twelve elders of the people, and especially, the two head officers, the chief magistrate or king, and, most of all, the high-priest or representative of the whole church. The high-priest’s and chief magistrate’s perpetual intimacy and influence with Christ, *sitting with him on his throne*, is rivetted upon our attention and memory, by their two images being rivetted upon the lid of the Ark, the golden mercy-seat; while the other cherubim, or angels, or Levite attendants on the tabernacle of God, were only tapistically present on the four-coloured *lining* of the outer room; these two supreme officers were inseparable from the ark; and therefore ever present in the *inner* room; nay, they formed an essential *part* of the mercy-seat. Of these two witnesses we shall have much to say in Chap. xi.

Whoever hath an ear to hear is eligible to this preferment. Any one may raise himself to the place of Moses the chief-magistrate; to the place of Aaron the high-priest. To *him* that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne of spiritual influence over the nations, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father on his throne. If in any of the churches this liberalism of the Gospel is frustrated, let us not lay the blame on the gospel itself.

“And will give him a white stone, and in the stone a *new name* written.” The high priest’s harness, the ephod, to which the breast-plate was attached, had a *milk white* stone, the onyx, on each shoulder. A rich gold cord attached the corner-rings of the breast-plate to these agates. Twice, as gently as possible, has it been intimated that the breast-plate

is undergoing a change. It is not named at chapter i. 13, it is not named now. If there is still to be a breast-plate, it will be of one stone¹ of milk-white purity, and thereon a totally *new name* written. The plate of the twelve typical tribes is set for ever aside, and the agate now more simply reads, "THE BRIDE, THE LAMB'S WIFE." Isaiah had warned us of this coming *change* of name; that as Saul for a while occupied the place of king, till the pre-appointed king should be prepared, even the young Son of Jesse; so after the typical church had served its time, Christ should be married to a virgin; to a party that had not been a church before, the Gentile church. If we will carefully study Isaiah lxii. 1—5, we shall easily guess her "new name." The marriage procession of this righteous bride will go forth as brightness; like the bright torch-light of a great man's marriage-night, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth; such as, on such occasions, the Easterns still carry on long poles. And thou shalt be called by a *new name*, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. For the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be *married*; as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee. The particular occasion when the mouth of the Lord named the "new name," was, when he said, Matthew ix. 15, "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as *the bridegroom is with them.*"

"Which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." It is well known that names and epithets are bestowed on each other by a loving pair, which neither would like a third party to hear. These are not the words whispered in the ear in closets, which Christ will cause to be in his providence proclaimed on the house tops. Love has a vocabulary, as it has feelings, of its own. Yet love, like murder, will out. Whatever we strongly feel, must to some extent find vent. Accordingly the Song of Solomon is the expression of the more utterable parts of Christ and his church's mutual love; and if such is the occasional delight of the courtship state on earth, what must be the untold joy of the eternal marriage state, where one of the parties is love itself, and the other has obtained a spiritual capacity of enjoying that love for ever. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and (when they are prepared to receive it) he will shew them (the full meaning of) his marriage engagement. Psalm xxiv. 14. The good shepherd, the husband of the flock, having, in Psalm xxii. been pierced for the flock, returns forthwith to the flock in Psalm xxiii.; in Psalm xxiv. he proceeds with it into his own house, the New Testament sanctuary, to have the marriage relation duly proclaimed and established; and in Psalm xxv. we have the quotation, "which no man knoweth," in the bride's expression of attachment and *confidence*, and desire of guidance, when she says, the *secret* of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his (marriage) covenant.

Promise the fourth.—Maternal influence over the increasing children of the bride-chamber, the growing members of the Gentile churches, may be guessed to be the natural consequence of the last promise of marriage, and improvement upon it. How is this expressed? To him

¹ "One stone;"—see John x. 16.

will I give *power over the nations*," Rev. ii. 26. Long before even the formation of the typical church, it was again and again promised to Abram, the high father, that he should be Abraham, the father of a (believing) multitude. Gen. xvii. 4, "My covenant is with thee, (marriage-covenant), and thou shalt be a father of many nations. In Gen. xxii. 17, He is promised a father's *influence over* these nations; "and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies, give rule and guidance to them." The same authority or moral *influence over* the nations is repeated through all Scripture, in connection with the *blessing* of these nations; thus Daniel vii. 27, "The kingdom and dominion, and the greatness (or influence) of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." When parties will not be blessed by Christ and through his people, then the Lamb of God assumes a very inconsistent character, and we and they are made to see "the *wrath* of the Lamb!" The Lamb of God becomes the Lion of the tribe of Judah; so that even the evangelical prophet *unites* the tenderest love of Christ and his church towards the world, with the most wrathful threats of vengeance for freely and long and longingly offered but despised and rejected grace. Isaiah lxvi. 7, "As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children. (No sooner did the Gospel begin to be preached, than there were Christian churches all over the ancient world, from Babylon to Spain!) V. 10. Rejoice ye with Jerusalem; that ye may *suck* and be satisfied with the breasts of *her* consolations, (*her*, the New Jerusalem's, the Gospel church's comforts), that ye may *milk out*, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory. V. 12. For I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream; then shall ye *suck*, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon *her knees*. V. 14. (So much for the maternal influence. Now hear in what circumstances in *every age* the iron rod is introduced.) The hand of the Lord shall be known towards his servants, and his indignation towards his enemies. (Christ paints both light and shade.) V. 15. For behold the Lord will come with fire, and render his anger with fury; and his rebuke with flames of fire. V. 16. For by fire and by *his* sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many."

While the words expressive of vengeance for rejected grace are an imitation of Psalm ii. 9, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, and shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel," only transferring the work of vengeance from Christ to his people, whom he is as entitled to use for his sword of slaughter, as for his sword of saving conviction; and because God's people ever have been, and ever will be blamed by an ignorant world for all the judgments brought by sin upon the earth; yet from the emphasis laid and repeated upon the phrase, *I know thy works*, connected with this fourth promise at Rev. ii. 19, we are taught to study in the passage of Isaiah just quoted, lxvi. 18, the *circumstances* wherein Christ is constrained to turn his sceptre of love into a rod of iron. These circumstances then will be noticed in their place as above, Rev. ii. 19.

Meanwhile, let us meekly repeat the advice Christ affectionately gives

in the second Psalm ; " kings, be wise." Instead of repelling the Gospel from your lands, which is as vain as to ward off the sun from your fields ; instead of giving Christians to fiery furnace, den, and dungeon, as you have generally and hitherto done, do as Nebuchadnezzar did ; promote them, like Daniel and his fellows, to your chief offices home and foreign ; the only way of a nation shining among the nations. The king of Babylon once thought of very different means of becoming Lucifer, son of the morning, the most illustrious of the kings of the earth ; the star of stars ; but to him only who prosecutes the spiritual warfare as already described ; to him only who plants everywhere the tree of life ; to him only who is determined to outshine all other churches, as the *best of Christ's stars*, "to him only will I give the *morning star*," all other lucifers are vapours of the air, falling stars, unto whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. " Now, therefore, kings be wise ; be taught ye judges of the earth ; serve God in fear, and see that ye join trembling with your mirth."

Promise the fifth.—Still the climax is not attained. To be a star, to become a morning, an outshining star, is a high spiritual distinction in the ecclesiastical firmament, where one star differeth from another in glory ; but it is not till promise the seventh, the acme, the perfection of the promises, that the star becomes a sun. Let us notice the two remaining moves toward this superlative. " They shall walk round with me in whites, for they are worthy. He that overcometh, the same shall be clad in *white garments*," &c. They who, to obtain the third promise, behaved discreetly when sitting in privy council with the prince in the holy of holies, both hearing and asking questions ; apt to learn and apt to teach ; able to devise wise measures for the church's weal, and able and willing to receive advice from the wonderful, the counsellor ; will be brought into the *public notice* of all the churches, as Christ's established, recognised, and favourite fellow-counsellors ; (*peripat-esousi*), as my colleague, *brother* priests, " they shall walk round with me in whites (the peculiar dress of the priesthood), for they are worthy."

Around the typical temple, like flying buttresses around a gothic cathedral (Fig. I., F. B. G. C.), were rooted and grounded thirty family or domicile pillars, (Fig. II.) to be described at xxi. 22. Along the roofs of these tri-tabular pillars,—these trees of human, spiritual life, was laid a cedar-plank bartizan or walk (C. P. P.), to which the king and high priest elevated such as they thought worthy of being taken into their more secret and grave counsels. To appear then in white on that house-top promenade, implied a worthiness as priest to become high-priest, or to be consulted as such, or to be eligible to the highest post of honour, responsibility, and usefulness, that the model church was capable of conferring on any of its more distinguished Levites. (Note.—In these buttress pillars the Levites were very closely *joined* to God.) This oblong walk, like a picture frame, compassing the temple roof, and employed in the noblest philosophy, the question of the chief good, gave name, in the Hebrew colonies of Greece, to the peripatetic schools ; while the porch (Stoa) instructors and instructions connected with the two sets of avenues, (Fig. I., S. i. and S. ii., leading to this central promenade are

the divine original of the Stoic philosophy. Zech. iii. 5, "I said, let them put a fair mitre on his head; so they clothed Joshua, the new high priest, with garments. And the angel of the Lord said, If thou wilt walk in my ways, and keep my charge, then shalt thou also judge my house, and shalt also keep my courts, and I will give thee *places to walk* among them that *stand by*." Bright then as may be the star of relative superiority over the other national churches, such star becomes larger and brighter when brought by the king of kings into such open and honourable distinction among the constellation-representatives of the surrounding and willingly admiring peers. For in actual gospel practice, the distinction will be the act of the churches themselves, who in consulting the favoured church, will see they are honouring one whom Christ delighteth to honour; and are using her as a legitimate "means of grace," a propagatrix of the tree of life.

At present Britain and her sister of the West have the monopoly of the Cabinet promenade. Her missionaries, spiritual, commercial, mechanical, nay naval, martial,—for Christ will never separate these,—like trees of life commencing in the sanctuary, all receive their schooling, equipment, and instructions, their mental constitution, talents, zeal, from her or hers; and as long as she retains and *advances* her purity, will she in white garments walk in colleague company with the Head of the churches, who will transfer any or all of the seven stars, whenever and so soon as she forgets that purification is a progressive work, the sworn enemy of all selfish and secular tendency.

From the gospel sanctuary roof, (Fig. II., C. P. P.) Christ, walking in select company with the honourable of the church, gives them, from its high and central position, a Pisgah survey of the holy land. There in calm contemplation, undisturbed by the glory of his character, they feel transferred to themselves, what only belongs to him; and with his strength made perfect in their weakness, can each of them meekly say, "I am understanding, I have strength."

"And I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life," &c. Those priests that did not take heed to their conduct had their names blotted out. On one occasion half of the priesthood was blotted out at once, in the unfortunate persons of Nadab and Abihu. Eleazar's more lucky house seemed to obtain an eternity of priesthood life. Like Melchizedec's, there long seemed to be no telling of the end of their spiritual distinction among the twelve united churches; but yet ere the Temple was founded, all their self-confident hopes of persistency were confounded in the sore judgments brought on unzealous Eli and his lustful house. And these are not the only cases of names blotted out of the book of priesthood life. Already then, before the priest's proper house, the Temple, was founded, has the hope of an eternal enjoyment of the priesthood been twice disappointed. Hence let those who walk *now* on the bartizan of spiritual pre-eminence over the Tribes of Christendom take heed, lest they like Nadab, lest they like Eli, fall for 120 years, or fall perhaps for ever. Perseverance in well-doing, especially in progressive purity, is here mentioned as the means and merit of the continued honour, "they who have not defiled their priestly garments; who have

acted worthily of the highest honours attainable in the church, shall walk with me in whites; shall be continued and consequently grow in their proud pre-eminence; while they who become lax, or impure in heart, will disqualify that heart from taking charge of the purity of others' hearts. Witness great Reuben, the first born of Israel, Gen. xlix. 3. Give him the excellence of dignity, the excellency of power? No, indeed! How shall he command others, who cannot command his own lusts? Unstable as water, he shall not excel.

"And I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." These are not the angels nor this the confession whereof Christ speaks in Luke xii. 8., "Whoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God." Christ is then speaking most distinctly of the rewards and punishments of the future state; fear him, who, *after* he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. But Christ's language in reference to the future rewards of the saints is all framed upon the borrowing principle; the principle of a parallel existing between the Militant and triumphant churches. He will in the latter own his saints and their sufferings and services in a manner analogous to that *promotion* which he observes in the church below. As there purity or holiness leads to distinction, progressive distinction, just as impurity blots the name from the priesthood; so will the honours paid to saints in entering upon the angelic or disembodied state, bear some relation and proportion to the patience of hope and labour of love, wherewith they have had to agonize their way into glory. All judgment, says Christ, being committed to me in both worlds, my rewards and punishments in both have a mutual resemblance, and therefore I may use the description of the one as the description of the other. But it must ever be remembered that the language is still and ever borrowed; the names of the described employed as the names of the indescribable.

Here then, having the key of David, being in my Father's house what Solomon was in that of his natural father David, having the appointment, promotion, and suspension or deposition of all my stewards and officers, I promise that I will prefer those who qualify themselves for preferment; those will I confess, own, avow, boast of, and see honoured and advanced, who have by purity of heart, advanced the work of holiness; the only temple-work. Him that thus honoureth me I will honour.

The angels of the Churches too, the assembled representatives of the surrounding churches, will gladly murmur their approbation of the preferment, nay, be the movers thereof. The Sun, Moon, and eleven stars will do obeisance to purity, embodied in Rachel's elder son. Who gathered the riches of the Gentiles? Gen. xli. 40, 49., It was purity; purity will *increase*; while unhappy Reuben is sunk into his own place, the neighbour of the Moabites, their cousin in crime.

Promise the sixth.—"I will make him a pillar in the House of my God, and he shall go no more out." First, the simple meaning of this is, that perpetuity and increase of spiritual influence will be the natural consequence of meriting the last named promise, public *distinction* among the churches. The church that by increasing its Joseph-like purity is

raised to notable eminence in the counsels and councils of the universal church, will be advanced in the growth of that influence; will ever be throwing off, hiving off, spiritual Manassehs, Ephraims, and still more Manassehs, more spiritual and influential than the first, while from those that have not *purity* shall be taken away even what good qualities they have; planted between Moab and Sodom, verging into a dead sea; first burnt with fire and brimstone, and then smothered from view with a sea of salt, "given to salt." Ezek. xlvii. 11.

In all human affairs distinctions however high are short-lived. God in every part of his providence puts down the mighty from their seat, and exalts them of low degree; hence the wheel of fortune; the favourite of an earthly monarch's counsels, may be to-morrow supplanted by a new favourite. Not so here, at least not so on the same principle. If there is removal from official distinction, it is *only* by our own conduct. This combined stability and increase of inter-ecclesiastical influence is comprehended in the single word "Pillar in the Temple." There were no pillars in the Temple; it was a single apartment of very small dimensions, without galleries, without pillars, without pilasters. Nor does pillar here mean the two pillars at the porch of the Temple, Jachin and Boaz, (Fig. I., J. B.) but, what is more comprehensive, a pillar means one of the thirty buttress pillars, (F. B. G. C.) Ezek. xli. 6, around the Temple and *constituting* the Temple, when the House of stone and wood was along with the middle wall of partition, Pa Pa, figuratively, at the crucifixion lifted away from their centre, *leaving* the three-floored pillars (Fig. I., F. B. G. C., and Fig. II.,) the emblems of the Universal church, to constitute the *living temple*. How are these pillar-based, and three-floored houses the types of leading churches? Because they were the official dwellings of the higher orders of Levites, those priests who were especially "*joined to God*." While the lower orders of priests had their official residences along the avenues and around the courts, (Fig. I., a. b. c. d.) the more favoured by occupying these buttresses, formed an integral part of the House of management, the House of the Lord; as they were afterwards typically to constitute the whole House of the household of faith.

We do well then to make our youth acquainted with the structure of the Temple and sanctuary model. As God said to Ezekiel, xliii. 10., Shew the House to the house of Israel, and let them measure the pattern; show them the form of the House, and the fashion thereof, and all the forms thereof, draw it in their sight, that they may keep the whole form thereof. The church being composed of those who are become "*kings and priests unto God*;" if we can make out that the model Temple was composed of thirty sets of churches, we shall better understand, why the trees of life, the living trees, the churches spreading from the centre church, are said to yield their fruit every month, every thirty days. Certain daily services to God and man, needful to the maintenance of the church on earth, will surely, by mutual help, fall light upon those, who, by being one of thirty, will only need to render their services once a month.

It was very convenient, so far as stability or durability went, to make the pedestals of these pillars of Lebanon granite; but St Peter explains

that they are not rock but *living* pillars, the pedestals he calls "*lithoizantes*." 2. Peter ii. 5, "Ye also, as *living* stones, are built up a spiritual House, an holy priesthood, to offer up sacrifices," &c. David made this correction before, shewing that these granite pillars or pedestals rather, represented *living* stems. Psalm xcii. 13, "Those that are planted in the House of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God;" will carry and send out their spiritual fruit to the worshippers in the popular courts, the congregations; and also propagate their kind, as trees of life, along the ordinance avenues.

What then was the pattern of those pillar-trees, like which the collective church *groweth* up into an holy temple? Ephes. ii. 14 and 21. What the pattern of those dwellings between which, and those of the eternal state, there is some indescribable similarity? as when Christ at his departure said, in my Father's house are many mansions. What was the combined form of all these thirty pillars, and how far are they suited to represent the united churches of Christendom, which good and bad, superior and inferior, are an habitation of God through the Spirit? And whose combined symmetry makes it unnecessary, Rev. xxi. 22, that there should be any material stone and wood fabric, which they might own as their common centre; for they have none but Christ, Christ on his now denuded mercy-seat. Whose *House are we*, says the apostle in Heb. iii. 6, in stating that in the model, the pillar houses and not the stone wall in their centre, was even typically the House of God. What is the structure and plan of the range of pillars whereof St Paul in 1 Tim. iii. 15, says, that "the House of God is the church of the living God, the *true pillar and pedestal*;" that which the thirty pillars typified. What is the architectural appearance of that cedar walk, (Fig. II., C. P. P.,) along the tops of these cedar houses, (j. o. t. g. d. k. p. u.,) in allusion to which promenade the apostle again says, "we have our *conversation* in heaven," our frequent turning, our walking up and down in the highest place of spiritual management and honour in the earthly church, Philip. iii. 20. What were the residences of those more highly favoured Kohathite priests, whose pillar-based and mutually supported cabins will, in all ages, be a perfect emblem of "the Household of Faith?" Gal. vi. 10, "the house-men of God; *oikeioi tou theou*," Ephes. ii. 19.

The position of the thirty pedestals around the *temporary* house will be seen in the ground plan annexed. (Fig. I., F. B. G. C.), their elevation in (Fig II. such as A. B. C. D. E.) They are described both in Solomon's original Temple, and in Ezekiel's *ideal* restoration thereof; and every clause of the description embodies the largest of the spiritual analogies. See 1 Kings vi. 5-10, 1 Chron. ix. 27, Ezek. xli. 5-6-16. Each pedestal, such as A. B. C. D. E., was four cubits broad, six high, the lowest of the three flats laid thereon, such as j. k. l. m. n., was sixteen cubits broad; whereof one cubit rested or rather seemed to rest on a corresponding settle or shelf in the temporary wall at s, Fig. III. The second or mid-story such as (o. p. q. r. s.) was eighteen cubits broad, thus cutting off another cubit from the thickness of the temporary wall at t. The third or highest flat such as (t. u. v. w. x.) was twenty cubits; thus at u. reducing the temporary wall to three cubits thick. On the

top of all was laid the cedar plank promenade, C. P. P. Figs. II. and III., commencing at the entrance of the Temple porch, continuing round the whole house, and returning to the porch at the two pillars, Jachin and Boaz, 2 Chron. iii. 17.

Each of the thirty three-floored pillar-houses had an independent pedestal of its own ; it had also an independent winding stair leading to the entrance-doors of each flat, and thereafter to the roof promenade. Supposing the temporary wall removed, the entrance-door on each flat is so placed as to give Christ sitting on his central throne, the mercy-seat, the best view of parties entering or leaving their respective apartments. Thus all, priests especially, commanding churches especially, must remember, that our omniscient yet merciful judge marks our outgoing and incoming, and is acquainted with all our ways. The doors of the first flat was toward the temple, thus the spectator sitting with Christ on the throne, had a direct view of the back and front of the party entering in or going out. The door of the second flat was to the left of such spectator ; and we are left to infer that the door of the highest flat was to the right. Thus the second and third flats gave a view of each *side* of the party entering or retiring.

While the cedar-beams of each flat gently rested on three corresponding shelves, or rather settles, on the outside of the temporary wall at s, t, u, both texts take care to tell us that these beams were *not built into* the wall ; thus preparing us for the removal of said temporary wall, in the fulness of Mosaic time. Churches thus constituting the living temple have, each of them, things peculiar to each, others common to all. As trees, they have from God received an inward stability, whereby they can, on their own bottom, stand firm in any outward storm ; nothing but their own inward decay can remove them, and will remove them. But *union* of such trees is strength ; great care is therefore taken that there shall be no gaps left between the upper flats, but a solid and uninterrupted *communion* maintained between and throughout these typical churches. By means of the roof promenade (C. P. P.) the *thirty are one* temple.

The thirty were represented inside of the temporary temple wall by a similar number of Palm-trees in high relief, as at H. Fig III., and H. H. Fig. I. But, in case of mistake as to their typical meaning, and to fill up that meaning, they were alternated with a similar number of cherubim, or church-angels, men with two faces, a man's and a lion's ; not so much preaching the love of Christ and the terrors of the law, as shewing what worthies must be in dealing with friends, in dealing with foes. By means of such men-lions, Christ, when needful, will tear, and there will be none to deliver. They are lambs at home, lions in the field. They are Samsons. They must, when required, be more than able to fight with wolves. As bread trees, feeding of the flock is not their whole work. Acts xx. 28 ; John x. 13 ; Luke x. 3.

In like manner the twenty-two thousand chariot-angels, Psalm lxxviii. 17, Numbers iii. 39, encompassing the tabernacle, and so joined to God, were, as stated above, represented in tapestry on the four striped lining ; so that the doings inside were always *witnessed*, and supposed to be ap-

proved or disapproved by the whole Levite army. "Two witnesses," selected from that cloud of witnesses, were admitted into partnership with Christ on his mercy-seat, the two witnesses of his very thoughts. Rev. xi. 4.

The same thirty pillars were also represented as church stars differing from each other in glory. The first of each three was a golden candle-stick, the next two were only silver ones, 1 Chron. xxviii. 15. We must strive, not only to be Abishais and Benaiahs, burning lights, but like Joab, burning and *shining* lights, 1 Chron. xi. 6. Thus, in explaining, "the pillar," I am bound, by the rule synecdoche already alluded to, to shew all the other parts of the ministerial character and office suggested by, and inseparable from "the pillar;" which are, 1st, to be a bread-tree or feeder of the flock; 2dly, to be a *propagator* of such trees; for they are to begin in the sanctuary, and to run along the banks of the river of life to the ends of the earth, Rev. xxii. 1-2; 3dly, to be a winning and persuasive preacher of the truth; 4thly, to be a lion-like spearman, 1 Chron. xii. 8, against the wolves who will creep into the church itself; 5thly, to be a burning and a shining counsellor, an agent of the general business of the church; and who is sufficient for all these things?

The three-foldness of the flats corresponds to the threefold progress of the spiritual character of the inmates; as when Christ says, first, feed my lambs; secondly, feed my sheep; thirdly, feed my sheep. Those who have, individually or collectively, most improved in passing through these three stages, *growing* in grace, *built up* in their most holy faith, will be honoured as elders of the people, ruling churches among the churches, and after being taken up to the prince's promenade, will return to their respective trees with increased resolve and skill to propagate their principles along the earth. This is the only absolute perpetuity, the perpetuity of successive propagation. So that while the old stem in the course of moral nature dries and dies, there may ever be slipped from its newer branches "trees of the Lord which are full of sap,"—(who so is wise, let him study the true metaphysics, Bible analogy.) They, on the other hand, who are never the better of all the training that unblest ordinances can bestow, will in allusion to the same threefold analogy be spoken of thus,—"*Behold these three years, I come seeking fruit in this fig-tree, and find none; cut it down.*"

Individually, "James, Cephas, and John, seemed to be pillars," Gal. iii. 9, but were constrained to admit that Paul was by excellence *the* pillar. No one else was ever honoured to be the *founder* of so many and great churches as the Apostle of the Gentiles. When Christ says, upon this (kind of) rock will I build my church, calling *Simon a rock*, it is for the purpose of pressing upon the attention of the church the typical meaning of those *rock pedestals* just described. It is upon such *men-rocks* as Peter and his brethren apostles, and their successors in all ages, I will erect successive churches along the gospel lands. Accordingly, Peter was the founder of the first local church beyond the pale of the Jewish one, when Cornelius and his house were laid like a cedar cabinet upon the Christian foundation of Peter's doctrine, the Rock's doctrine.

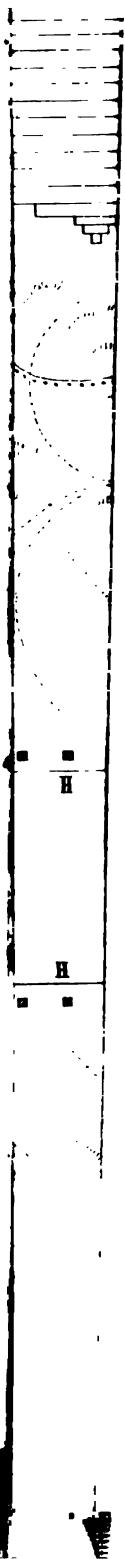
On any one of the pedestals A. B. C. D. E. may be inscribed such passages as these ; Isaiah xxviii. 16, "Behold I lay in Zion for a *foundation* a stone, a tried stone, a precious square, a sure *foundation* ; he that believeth, shall not fall off it." Psalm lxxxvii. 1, "His *foundation* is in the holy mountains ;" xcii. 13, "Those that be *planted* in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God." 1 Peter ii. 5, "Ye also, as *lively stones*, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood," &c. Matthew xxi. 44, "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken." 1 Cor. iii. 10, 16, "I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. Know ye not that *ye* are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." 1 Tim. iii. 15, "That thou mayest know how to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the *pillar and pedestal* of the truth." 2 Tim. ii. 19, Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal (or inscription cut into it) "The Lord knoweth them that are His," and this other engraved inscription, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity." Ephes. ii. 20, "Now ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. And are built upon the *foundation* of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief square (pedestal). In whom all the building, fitly *framed* together, *groweth* unto an (not *the*) holy temple in the Lord," &c. Gal. ii. 9. Heb. xi. 10.

Upon any one of the first floors of the cedar-house may be inscribed the following, Ps. lxxxii. 4-6, "Of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her." Eccles. xii. 1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Psalm cxix. 9, "How shall a young man cleanse his way," &c. On the successive flats of one pillar may be written, 1 John ii. 12, "I write unto you little children," &c. 14, "I have written unto you young men, because ye are strong," &c. 13, "I write unto you, fathers, because you have known," &c. On the successive floors of another individual pillar-tree-house, we should read, John xxi. 15, "Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me ; feed my lambs." 16, "Lovest thou me ; feed my sheep." On any one of the lower flats read, Prov. xxii. 6, "*Train up* a child in the way he should go, and when he is old," &c.

On the promenade above the chambers we may write, Heb. iii. 6, "Christ as a Son is faithful *over* his own house ; whose house are we if we hold fast," &c. Philipp. iii. 20, "Our conversation is in heaven." Ephes. i. 3, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly (places) in Christ." Eph. iii. 9, "Unto me is this grace given to make all *see* the *mysterious fellowship*," &c., whereunto the closeness of the Mosaic economy seemed so repugnant.

See how Christ is all in all in the work of this edification, Zech. vi. 13, "Behold the man whose name is the Branch ; *he shall grow up* out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the Lord, and shall sit and rule as *priest* upon his throne," &c.

(To be continued.)



Λ

VII.
kins dyed as blood

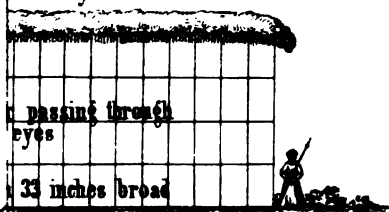


Fig. IX.

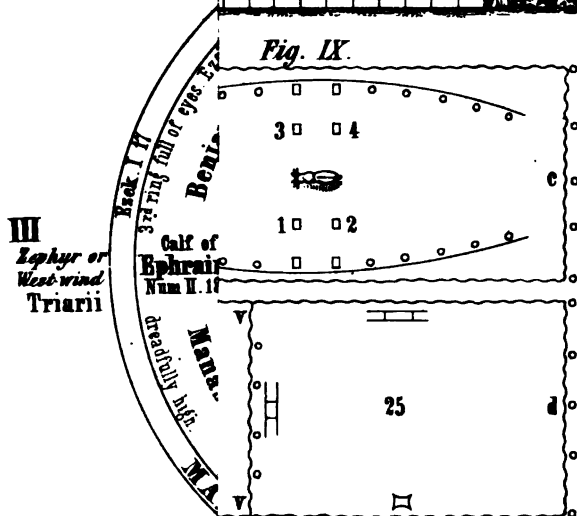
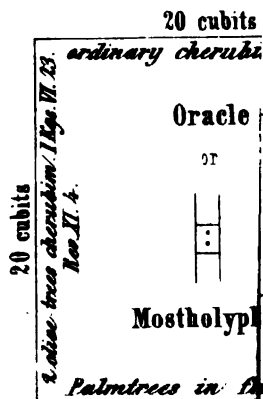
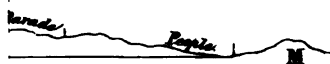


Fig. VIII.

8

A



- 4 Place of Prayer Rev. V. 9
- 4 Ezek. VIII. 16. Joel II. 11.



VII.

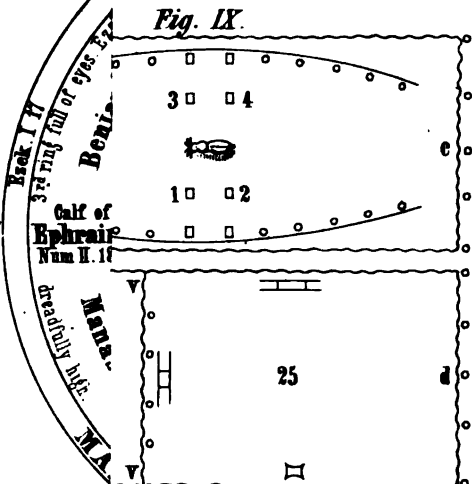
kins dyed as blood

passing through
eyes

33 inches broad



Fig. IX.



III

Zephyr or
West wind
Triarii

Fig. VIII.

S

A

20 cubits

ordinary cherubs

Oracle

OT



Mostholoph

Palmtrees in the

4

Place
of
Prayer
Rev. V. 9

4

Ezek. VIII. 16.
Joel II. 17.

Brazen
Altar
as broad
as Temple
20 cubits.

II Chron. IV. 1

20

20 cubits.

20

20 cubits

2 olive trees cherubim. I Kings. VI. 23.
Rev. II. 4.

A MONTH IN ARRAN.

(Concluded from page 164.)

“Life is not wholly prose.”

THE return to Blackwater along the shore is either by the rocky beach or by a path no better than a sheep-track, hanging half-way between a precipice of black basalt and the steep and craggy shoot descending from it. This range of cliff resembles strikingly the time-worn walls and battlements of some ancient place of defence, with its long line of fortifications declining to the southern end, where it is flanked by a lofty, isolated mass of basalt like a watch-tower. In continuing our walk we passed through some corn fields, where the crop but scantily repaid the labour of the reapers—too often the case in Arran. On again approaching the coast in the neighbourhood of Blackwater, we were surprised at seeing what appeared to be a churchyard, thickly studded with grave-stones, on the shore. These proved to be slabs, or thin cubical masses, left standing, four or five feet high, of whinstone dykes, running into the sea, and intersecting each other, the looser parts of the dykes, and the sandstone in which they are embedded, being washed away by the surf, to which this coast is continually exposed from St George's Channel. In travelling through a country, to return by the same road may be said to realize, on the principle of the stereoscope, one permanent and striking effect compounded of impressions obtained from views taken in both directions. The steepness of the road to Brodick gave us ample time to examine with interest the scenery, as we entered among the hills and caught the first glimpse of the tops of Ben Uish; and on arriving at the highest point, the slowness and carefulness of our descent left us full leisure to admire and expatiate on the many parts of the landscape, ever varying, deploying, and enlarging in our view, of the mountains about Glen Rosa, Goatfell, and Glen Sheddart, the fertile valley and plain, the village and bay of Brodick, and to dwell with renewed delight on that rich and glowing scenery on which we had turned our backs on the road to Blackwater. To relieve the horse, much of the distance was performed on foot by half of the party. Invigorated by the novel scenes of the day, yet still dragging on like an unwilling hound our weary yoke-fellow the body, we returned to Brodick, to the ease and refreshment of the evening.

After some doubt and hesitation, and many a fitful gust and flitting cloud, we resolved, as our time of departure was drawing nigh, to try our success in the ascent of Goatfell, trusting that the warmth of the day would dissipate the vapours of the morning. We set out with a small stock of provisions about one o'clock P.M. The ascent is most interesting, from the first outset, by the steep and narrow winding road, overshadowed by trees, at the back of the inn, to the summit of the cone. The distance passed over between these two points is said to be four or five miles: but distance is no criterion of the fatigue to be encountered, in an ascent so arduous as that of the last part or cone; nor will the time usually taken, enable one to judge any better of the

distance, for this must depend on the strength and activity of the parties making the experiment—from five to six hours is the average time required. Though Goatfell is far exceeded in height by many mountains in Scotland, being only about 3000 feet high, its singularly prominent and graceful form, standing in perfect isolation, and with an uninterrupted view and horizon, it is said, of one hundred miles in every direction, gives it a striking advantage over most mountains, especially as its entire height above the level of the sea is visible. It may be divided on the side of the bay, like other mountains of greater note, into three regions, the lowest of wood, the next of heather, and the highest of vast blocks of granite, lying loose and irregular, and for the most part in close proximity. A broad belt of various kinds of trees, forming the far-spreading plantations of the Duke's grounds, clothes the base of the mountain; a few cottages are passed, with small pasture fields, embosomed in the wood; a pine forest, traversed by a private road, leading to the various picturesque points of the intended park, is then crossed, and we issue out—the peak of Goatfell just peering in front, and the distorted crests of Ben Uish to the extreme left, on a vast upland of heath, sinking to the right into a valley, and rising again with rounded ridge and lofty summit; the surface of the lower slope of the hill inclining on either hand into a vast rent or chasm, from the foot of the cone to the base of the mountain; forming an immense watercourse, proportioned to the extent of the whole range, and capacious enough to disembody a deluge, if such should ever stand again upon Goatfell. By rough and miry paths, the weather having been lately moist, we toiled up, occasionally diverging and wading through a sea of heather, to look down the deep ravine and examine its sinuous course, its torn and abrupt sides, and rugged channel, increasing in depth, extent, and ruggedness, till it terminated at its head in a high and precipitous waterfall—a strongly marked feature in the lower half of Goatfell, as seen from the bay, especially, when continued rains pour over in one vast cataract rolling, thundering, and foaming down, the collected floods of the mountain and all its dependencies. We accomplished at length the least laborious part of the ascent; the summit of Goatfell, rising step for step with us, and arrived at a plain bounded in front by the cone, and on the right by a ridge or shoulder ascending with a circuitous sweep to the foot of it. On this plain there is a hollow like the dry bed of a lake, formed by the conflux of waters in a tempestuous season, deepened towards the head of the ravine or watercourse by the rush of the torrent over the precipice. Across this the bold hand of enterprize had thrown an immense dyke of granite masses to intercept and detain the watershed of Goatfell, by forming a dam for the supply of mills at the foot of the mountain. As well attempt to bridle the charger in his full career, or stay the storm of passion at its height, as say to the sudden floods of Goatfell—thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Nature laughed to scorn the fiat of man, and has left in mighty ruin the barrier interposed to the resistless execution of her laws. The plain becoming more and more inclined as it approaches the steepest and most difficult part of the ascent, is thickly strewed with immense blocks

of granite, denoting a mighty dilapidation of the original size of Goatfell, of which the present cone may be the nucleus, and the plain its former base. These blocks lying in vast numbers utterly prevent any direct pathway, causing the foot-tracks to deviate in every possible direction, and dispose the weary to profit by the resting places they offer at the side of some clear spring, where, on every fine day, many pedestrians, toiling on singly or in small parties, assemble and pass the flask freely among themselves, or courteously to strangers. The upper part of Goatfell which, from the bay, seems a perfect cone when viewed from the side, discloses also a ridge like the roof of a house, projecting from the higher peak of the mountain. This part is covered with fragments of micaceous schist. The circuitous ridge, which crowns the right shoulder of the lower part of the mountain, sweeping suddenly round, and running up the side and to the summit of Goatfell, forms the edge or brink of a sheer descent into a deep vale, stony, and bare of the slightest blade of vegetation, with the dry and bleached bed of a narrow stream glistening at the bottom, barred at one end by a thin wall of rock, black as adamant, a most singular spur thrown off from Goatfell to the opposite side, and yawning at the other end with an enormous gap and precipitous view of the sea below. There is a rounded height or hummock on this ridge, and in the usual line of ascent, to which all may be seen slowly bending their way, more or less direct, according as they follow the steeper and shorter inclination, or the gradual rise of the higher ground. This part of the ascent, though comparatively level, forms a due preparation for scaling the cone itself. The difficulties presented by the broken ground, and vast crowd and size of the blocks, increase with the increasing steepness, and the decreasing surface of the cone.

To climb a broken and rugged steep is laborious enough, but to clamber over, or wind and squeeze between immense prostrate masses, or vast blocks, breast high, with scarce a trace of trodden earth or tuft of turf to guide the steps, and this on so sharp a slope as to make it necessary for the stronger to mount first and pull up the weaker, forms the peculiar interest and difficulty in ascending Goatfell. How often, as we toiled on, with bended back and labouring limbs, did the eye turn upward in the fond hope that we were drawing near the summit of our wishes, and how often, as it fell again, were we sadly sensible of the little progress we were making—how often did we doubt whether the strength and perseverance of the weaker portion of our party could hold out. The assistance of those who have made the ascent before is of great service, if not indispensable, otherwise the difficulties are much increased, and some danger incurred, especially if clouds or mists obscure the way, as the tracks among these vast masses are so confused and numerous—some leading the longer and easier route, some the shorter and more arduous, and some to the brink of a precipice. At one part, rather more than half way up, our only path lay between two vast blocks, one overhanging the other, and leaving a passage so very narrow that it was with difficulty we could struggle through it; and a little farther on two others, in such close contiguity, that we despaired of being

able to force our way between them. There remained only a narrow path beyond these rocks, at the verge of a precipice, by which we could pass. And now came on those qualms, which are said to assail the conscientious Mussulman on his first entrance into the nether world, when he finds the only passage into Paradise is through a chink so very narrow, that he must leave his body behind if he would pass through, and failing that, must walk along an edge so sharp, with hell yawning on each side, that it is a thousand to one, his fears or want of faith will make him topple headlong over. And while we were debating with ourselves whether it were physically possible, by any disposition of the body and limbs, to sidle through this narrow passage rather than peril the path by the precipitous brink, and eyeing with a despairing look the vast congeries of blocks tossed and heaped together, whether we might clamber over or find a way among them, a voice, far above, directed us to retrace our steps, and take a circuitous path, which accordingly brought us to the foot of the highest part of the cone, where there is a turfy ledge or resting place. It is true we were now quit of our dangerous neighbour the precipice, still our way lay up a grassy steep, scored with rugged zigzag paths, and deep indented footmarks; and in the angle on our left, between the cone and the roof-like ridge projecting from it, shot down many hundred feet beneath, an earthy slope, almost perpendicular, like the "*Montagnes Russes*," by which we were told that some, who disdain the ordinary mode of descent, shorten the process by sliding down to the foot of the cone, surely at the risk of their limbs, if not of their lives.

The circumference of the peak, narrowing here to nearly a point, brought within our view the greater part of the prostrate scenery around us—the distant circling verge of the horizon, the craggy mountains of the north, and the long sweeping eminences of the south, the heathery belt and woody base towards the bay of Brodick, the bay itself, and the mountains intervening between it and Lamlash bay, into which last the eye could pierce as from its own heights, and sweep around its shores, and light on the Holy Island just beneath. And here, at this immense height, the base of the pinnacle on which we were standing drawn close around us by its distance below, we seemed as if looking out from an exceeding lofty tower over the wide and wondrous scene before us.

Much fatigued by the long and laborious ascent, and its endless obstructions, we renewed our hopes and efforts at the sight of some of our friends standing about 50 yards above, on the top, and encouraging us with the assurance, that our patience a little longer exerted would be fully rewarded. Winding our way upward we passed beneath the dripping roof of a recess in the rock, and at length reached the redoubtable summit of Goatfell, congratulating each other and ourselves on the end of our labours, and the accomplishment of what may truly be termed no ordinary feat, qualifying us to show satisfactory warrant of enterprize henceforth among fellow-travellers in the west.

Far above the region of human life and range of thought, and hanging as it were on the very edge of existence, at the mercy of the gusty winds, we felt a brief intoxication of mind, the effect of pure atmos-

phere on exhaustion, of a nervous anxiety to profit by so rare an occasion, of awe and insecurity on a narrow spot lifted up into the boundless skies, a vast promontory from the realms of time into the gulph of eternity—no supporting mountain near—an illimitable space before and around, and a deep descent, with scarce a break, below.

Taking a hurried glance seaward and southward, the portion of view with which our ascent had already made us familiar, we passed quickly round to the other—the west side—which had been shut out from our sight the whole way. And here, standing on the brink of a gulph—profound as the entire height of the mountain—we looked down into a vast cavity or dell as into the stilly hollow of the remorseless grave, a dark vacuity, devoid of life, where the lurid hue and the immoveable form of all below were faintly visible. A black pall of lofty perpendicular rock drooped on the opposite side, and behind it and around were closed the dark and wrinkled mountains, like the dismal hangings round the hall of death: so ghastly, so full of gloom, so utterly death-like and funereal was the whole, that filled with awe, bordering on the supernatural, we paused to consider how the rigid rock could speak thus of mortality—how the insensate stone could intimate to the heart of man feelings of which itself was incapable—how any assemblage of mere earthly forms could summon up in the imagination such terrific and soul-harrowing thoughts. It seemed, as if by a wondrous analogy, Nature, in some great crisis or struggle, had thrown her agonized members into such spasmodic and convulsive postures as are wont to characterize the outward expression of man's mortal sufferings. The mind could not dwell upon so gloomy a scene, could not contemplate it but with an half averted eye, or sustain so painful an emotion but for a few short moments. On the right there leaned a lofty pile of rock of dark metallic lustre, ready to launch its steely bolts and ponderous masses on the dell below; and descending from the majestic flank of Goatfell, with tortuous course and craggy coping, like the dark and sinuous trail of a vast serpent crawling downwards, with dorsal spines erect, there sprang across the chasm, from the loftier to the lower precipices opposite, a thin connecting wall of rock, deep as the dell on one side, and as the stony valley before described on the other. Goatfell itself, standing forth, light and airy in form, and glistening with the sunny rays, reflected from the white granitic masses, streaming down its eastern side, deepened the gloom that overhung the wild, terrific, and disordered scene around, the wreck of a world, the grave of departed nature. The unaccountable awe and horror we felt betokened not death merely, and the end of all things, but that blank and unspeakable state, that utter annihilation from which all material things proceeded, and to which they will again return. All thought of the beautiful and widespread view around was lost in the thrilling mystery beneath us. Our eyes ran over one part and another with intense interest, and our feet followed the same impulse, eager to search out the secret influence that wrought so powerfully on the soul, but the depths grew deeper and more mysterious, the rocks frowned blacker and more inscrutable, the longer we explored them—to return to that awful dell, that gloomy adit

to the nether world which had given us the first insight into this tale of horrors, an involuntary dread forbade. No poetic imagination, ancient or modern, was ever stimulated, ever rapt into inspiration by so striking a scene as this. The black shades of Avernus, of Erebus, and the Cimmerian gloom, grow pale beside it. If Goethe had taken his stand on the top of Goatfell instead of the Brocken, and uttered his incantations, hell would have opened its ear wider, and spouted out its legions with tenfold virulence and alacrity to do his bidding.

The summit of Goatfell is nearly flat, and scarcely 100 yards in diameter, declining somewhat to the north-west, and from this part there is a descent, with some difficulty, into Glen-Rosa. There are few masses of granite on the upper part and top of the cone, which is covered with turf; and it seems surprizing, that in the course of time, the earth has not been washed away to the bare rock. Under the shelter of one of these blocks, the largest we had seen on the mountain, and screened on the west by a high turf dyke, a party of Ordnance Engineers contrived to lodge themselves comfortably. They erected also a small pyramid of stones, to the top of which some of our party were handed, by the polite attention of two young men, who had reached the summit shortly before us. Indeed nothing could exceed their disinterested kindness previous to our arrival at the top; for, on observing our party bewildered among the rocks, a considerable distance below, they put themselves to much trouble in descending, that they might offer their assistance.

As the evening was now advancing, and thick mists and heavy clouds were gathering fast round the crooked peaks of Ben-Uish, and threatening to overwhelm Goatfell, the dread of having to descend in fogs and rain, wandering at random, and in some risk, among so many obstacles, and down so steep a declivity, quickened our departure. Assisted by the kind youths, whose natural politeness and good will were their only introduction, we effected our descent of the cone with less difficulty than we expected; but in their anxiety to save us some fatigue, on the lowest part of the mountain, by the ordinary and somewhat steeper way, they took us such a circuit along the sides of the neighbouring hills, that we got embroiled with bogs, and ravines, and streams, and it was between eight and nine at night, before we reached our lodgings.

But scantily refreshed, after a night's rest, we flattered ourselves, that an excursion to Loch-Ranza, by the steam-boat, at eleven o'clock that morning, would give us an opportunity of enjoying much pleasure, with little exertion, and of recovering from our fatigue of the day before; the events of the day, however, turned out very different from what we had anticipated. Leaving word at our lodgings that we should return by five or six in the evening, we embarked. To those who are bent on enjoyment, there is nothing so tedious and trying as the monotony of a wide and open sea. But in the voyages round Arran, especially on the east coast, distance in its different degrees and hues lends its most powerful charm to the perpetual change of objects that pass before the eye, identifying each with its peculiar character, and investing each with its own proper interest. The hills of Ayrshire loom in the horizon, lofty and variegated; the lesser Cumra, some shades darker and more defined,

and the south end of Bute is as clearly discerned from the deck of a steamer, as the scenery of North Arran, with which it forms a strait six or seven miles wide. Our route lay through this strait to Loch-Ranza, situated on the north-west extremity of the island—the steamer keeping near the coast, that the passengers might view the quick succession of pleasing objects at the most suitable distance. To the eye of the beholder, sitting at his ease, is thus unrolled swiftly and continuously—without shock or jolt—a most interesting landscape in endless variety, and with all the piquancy and magic effect of contrast; the grand, the massy, and motionless, set in the light and wavy, the dark mountain, and emerald coast, in the azure grey and tender blue, the features of terrestrial nature, fixed and impassable, yet full of deep interest, in a surface susceptible of every impression, open to every impulse, yet incapable of retaining either;—all animated, thrilling, and joyous, with the spirit of life and light. However often one may pass along this coast, so greenly environing the dark and terrific mountains of the interior breaking their barriers, and rushing wildly to the sea at Glen-Sannox, it is impossible not to be struck with awe—that silences and renders mute and powerless the force of language, to depict mountains unlike all other mountains,—in truth, they best can tell their own tale, without comment or mistake, in broken and barbarous jargon, with what discordant efforts and hideous outcry, they sprang, conflicting with flame and ruin, from the womb of Chaos, still bearing on their ragged sides, and shattered brows, the records of their strange and untimely birth.

The public road, quitting the shore, along which it pursues its course from Brodick, turns inland at North Sannox, and crosses the island to Loch-Ranza, leaving the northern portion for the most part in the hands of nature, that, eager to soften off the savage aspect of her central districts, has decked the coast, and its overlying scenery, with her choicest verdure. The cliffs but seldom betray bare and denuded ribs; the hills descend abruptly to the water's edge, clothed in green, with wild wood interspersed; sometimes rising high and precipitous, and advancing boldly into the sea, and again retiring in sheltered bays, with sloping pastures and corn-fields, skirted with copee. The range of cliffs, rounding to the north-west, continue to display the verdant mantle thrown profusely and gracefully in ample folds and richest hues, over the ever-varying form and position of the mighty limbs beneath; here and there lifting up the hem of the robe, to reveal some interesting speculation to the geologist.

Loch-Ranza, inclosed on three sides with lofty mountains, is open to the northward; compared with Brodick bay, it is scarcely one-fourth in extent. A breadth of cultivated land, slanting from the foot of the steep mountains round to the waters of the loch, forms the background of the village that shares its name. Upon a spit of gravel and shingle, running out from the south side of the loch, half way across, and affording shelter behind it to herring-boats and small sloops from the north-west, stands an ancient castle, formerly a royal residence. Placed in the centre of the loch or inlet for strength or beauty, it doubtless conferred in early times benefits on this place and neighbourhood, which survive

the influence that fostered them, in the air of prosperity still lingering over a spot, secluded from intercourse with all other parts, except by sea, or by a mountain road of fourteen miles, with Brodick.

The captain of the steamer, on our arrival, gave notice that he would allow one hour to all who chose to land; but the boats collected round the vessel being insufficient to convey all the passengers at once, many were obliged to wait their return. We were of that number. On landing we amused ourselves in examining the exterior of the castle, close to which we were put on shore, in watching the process of packing herrings, in walking through the village, and noting its church and inn, and many good dwelling-houses. Pleased with all we saw, and little heeding the flight of time, we followed a road that led out of the village, to a river breaking through a narrow gorge, no wider than its channel, between two mountains, the foot of each being worn away by the perpetual rush of the torrent. Vast blocks, placed at a perilous distance from each other in the raging waters, serve the purpose of a footbridge. The road to Brodick, crossing by a ford near at hand, ascends gradually towards an angle in the surrounding wall of mountains, and vanishes behind them. The situation itself being sufficiently romantic, we sat down on the turf among the rocks, and took our luncheon; watching meanwhile the motions of a lady and her three grown-up daughters, nieces or pupils, actively engaged in searching for a fit place to cross the river, which at last they effected, with no small daring and agility, by the stepping-stones. Calculating that we were still within the appointed time of an hour to all who landed, we strolled back leisurely, and on mounting the gravel bank where we had landed, were surprized, and not a little alarmed, at seeing the steam-boat rounding out from her station, with flashing wheels, and foaming bows, and in defiance of our hopes, that she was making only a circuit, and would return for us, and in spite of all our hailings, and waving of handkerchiefs, persisted on her seaward course most provokingly—leaving us looking at each other in mute astonishment, and totally at a loss what to do—fourteen miles from Brodick, and a mountain road—no conveyance—ladies disabled from walking from excessive fatigue of the previous day—no chance of accommodation in the small inn for our party, and the old and three young ladies, who had now joined us. On putting the question all round,—“What was to be done?” the elderly lady, who was from Ireland, fearful, as she said, of being on the road after dark, with her three young charges, decided, with characteristic energy, on setting off without a moment’s delay for Brodick, that she might be in time for the steam-boat to Lamnish, the place of her abode; and suiting the action to the word, she and her party were some hundred yards in advance, before we could prevail on ourselves to come to the resolution of following them. However, there was no help for it, and we trusted to the chapter of accidents, that some good luck would befriend us, or that by dint of alternately walking and resting we should arrive at last at Brodick. It should be mentioned, that two of our party were a grandmother and grandson, the latter only eight years old, both of whom had climbed Goatfell the day before. Our first difficulty were the stepping-stones

over the river, which nevertheless we safely cleared, imitating, as we best could the spirited ladies before us, who were soon out of sight. We pursued our route slowly and deliberately, resting at times, for more than four miles up the side of the mountain, which is separated from a range of long hills of dusky herbage, by a deep and narrow valley. Having nearly gained the summit, we sat down by the roadside, and watched wistfully the progress of a cart slowly emerging out of the distance, and toiling up the road towards us; and on its coming up we were at once relieved, by the carter consenting to take some of the party, the rest following on foot, with an occasional lift by turns in the cart. From the wild and dreary mountain-top, the distant view of the sea broke upon us; and the eastern declivity varying in surface and scenery, increased in interest as we descended it. On the left were the mountains of North Sannox, and intervening, a rich and verdant tract, smiling through its ruins,—gardens and fields waving with rank luxuriance,—hedges and fruit-trees, that divided them, shot up into wild disorder, and overrun with weeds, cottages, or what remains of them, of a tenantry dispossessed, and exiled to America; it may be for short-comings. From the frequent intermarriages among the inhabitants of this solitary hamlet, our carter informed us, idiocy had become quite common. On our right were the mountains forming the north side of Glen-Sannox, black, bare, and precipitous, and between them and our route, sloping downwards to the sea, a succession of low rounded summits, heath-clad, on the highest of which stood, dark, lonely, and spectral, one of those ancient stones so frequent in Arran. Our informant told us it was the tombstone of a giant, whose coffin, twelve feet long, was found at the foot of it. At some distance before, was a lofty eminence, clothed with wood, and on its height a flagstaff, with a flag flying, announcing the expected arrival of the Duke. As we approached the coast, the road entered a district, adorned with wood, and cultivated; and inclining to the right, came out on a level tract, two or three hundred yards wide, lying between the rock-bound shore, and low grassy cliff, sprinkled with trees and coppice, along which it continued its course, passing here and there a small hamlet, and a few single white cottages and gardens, and a little shady glen, and sandy ford, with pure pellucid stream stealing silently under covert, or straining noisily in sunlight among the pebbly shallows; and thus on and on, with a perpetual and ever-pleasing change of coast and cliff. At the foot of a precipice near North Sannox, is a low arched cavern in the conglomerate rock, which, afraid of being left behind by our cart, we had not time to examine; and farther on by the roadside, an immense round boulder of granite, the size of a small house, standing alone on the level turf, without the vestage of any other near it—a mighty missile from the granitic regions of the higher mountains, where, exposed for ages, and worn round on its grey top by storms, and its lower half by melting snows and rush of waters, it gradually loosed its hold, and ponderating downwards with the whirlwind of an Alpine avalanche, bounded over the steep sides and sloping plains, with accelerating violence, and bearing down all before it, ploughed deep trenches, and crushed a wide way among trees and copse,

like corn-stalks, till exhausted by frequent obstacles, and checked in its course by level plains, it gently rolled over the low cliff into its present spot, a few paces from the sea, a standing gaze and wonder to all future generations. The village of Corrie, cheerful and stirring, now diversified the scene, with its cleanly cottages, decent inn, small pier, and boats, and all the appurtenances of a fishing station. We were glad to learn that the steamer called here on its way to Brodick, and that our energetic fellow pedestrians would be spared a walk of four or five miles. One of the best mansions or villas, and there are few deserving that name in Arran, is in the neighbourhood of this village; it has a large walled garden, and some fine trees. The remainder of the way to Brodick afforded a most agreeable walk, though at first not a matter of choice to us. It resembled the border of some Highland lake—turfy and irregular banks, seldom rising into cliffs, overrun with native wood—low rocky shores, lying at the foot of swelling hills of sober sward, backed by dark gray mountains, increasing in height and grandeur as they recede; the opposite coast and neighbouring islands enlivening the scene the whole way. About a mile from Brodick commence the Duke's plantations, which clothe the slopes of the hills descending to the bay, and leave a narrow margin on the seashore for the public road that passes the principal entrance or avenue to the Castle. The piers of the gate, the low flanking walls on each side, and the opposite parapet protecting the road from the sea, are built of a light red sandstone, quarried out of the black crags overgrown with seaweed lying in front; grace, ornament, and defence sprung from the chaotic mass on which they stand. Trap-dykes varying in thickness abound along this coast; and between the harbour, near Brodick, and the inn, two seams of sandstone meet each other at an angle, with a joint as clean and accurate as the mitred frame of a picture.

In the cool of the evening, when the sun and the chief business of the day had declined, we frequently engaged a boat for an hour or two, and rowing across the bay from Brodick, with no other arms but our own, and no other eyes but those of indulgence to witness our unskilfulness, we dropped anchor about a quarter of a mile from Invercloy, opposite the new inn, reputed to be the best fishing ground for whiting, which are particularly good in Arran. At this time and place and for the same purpose, may be usually seen a little fleet of fishing boats, each with a crew of male and female visitors to the island, the fairer sex often MANNING the oars with an eager and not ungraceful awkwardness. The business on which all were bent insuring silence, combined with the calm sea and peaceful evening, disposes the lover of nature to dwell with tranquil and uninterrupted pleasure on the lovely and striking scenery of the bay of Brodick—once seen, not soon forgotten—viewed, it is true, with greater change and variety in the rapid course of a steamer, or with every successive stroke of a boat's oar; but only to be contemplated, with attention and repose worthy of the grand, the majestic, and imperishable features of the landscape, from an element conferring by contrast a keener susceptibility of beauty, and from a point embracing the whole—fixed, yet moving, just enough to keep the mind and the feel-

ings alive to a sense of their own perceptions. The vast amphitheatre of mountains round, the deep glens penetrating their inmost recesses, and between them ridges projecting, brown and bare, from the range above, till descending into more fertile regions, they pour their woody promontories on the rich and variegated plain, or prolonging their course, are lost in the plantations bordering the shore ; the long line of yellow sands marking the limit of the land and wave, rising into bent covered mounds coercing their parent ocean—beyond, a row of humble grey thatched roofs scarcely discernible, intermingled with trees—the village of Brodick : on the left, a broken line of hamlets and detached cottages, scattered at the foot of the barren and gloomy mountains approaching the sea,—on the right, nature has put forth her strength in the mountains and heights she has heaved up, and art has invoked her humbler aid in decking the vallies with a carpet of divers colours, and robing with umbrageous forests the sides and summits of the lower hills, extending uninterruptedly to the wooded and sloping point, the golden horn of the crescent or bay, on which rises the ducal tower, lofty and lone, from among the trees, lording it in civil relations, as Goatfell, with its broad base, occupying the background, and looking down on all, rules and presides over Nature's realms, the wild creation round.

Night still lingered in the deep and shadowy glens, and the mists were melting slowly into the prismatic hues of the morning, under the golden influence of the rising sun, on the varied surface of the encircling scene, when we quitted Brodick. All conspired to render our voyage homeward a kind of triumph, in recompense for former ill luck and grievous disappointment on our passage to Arran. The day was clear, ethereal, and most propitious ; light feathery clouds floated high in the blue hemisphere, the remnant of those merciless mists that had robbed us of our promised pleasure. The glorious sun illumining a world of mountains, of every height and hue ; bays encompassing with the loveliest scenery their busy ports ; straits among precipitous islands, craggy and picturesque ; islands and coasts, teeming with the richest fruits of vegetation, and gratifying the eye with every variety of outline ; towns and villages starting up successively on our course, and pressing forward to attract admiration, competing which should win the largest share ; and far and near, stately ships, and brigs, and scudding sloops, skimming the surface of this lake-like sea with their canvass wings ; and steamers, rushing forward as if they would quit the lagging element that bore them, where all had been endless mist and a dreary blank before. The favouring breezes played sportively round our decks, and whispering their airy nothings gently urged our progress ; and we could almost fancy we saw the jolly tritons, that herald the sea-god in his pearly car, preluding our way with their glistening conchs, before the rippling prow of our well appalled vessel.

What the *Ægean* is has been sketched to us northerners by the high wrought imagination and impassioned pen of Byron, but the poet is yet to live who shall worthily depict the countless beauties of the Clyde. What though its scenery, in accordance with northern temperament, be modest and retiring, and fearful lest a too fond familiarity should lead

to weariness and indifference, enwraps its charms at times in an impenetrable veil, only to give them back to our longing eyes with renewed ardour and delight; the scenery of the south, like the beauty of its females, is hard, bold, and sunburnt, owing often its charms to the adventitious aid of atmosphere, provoking to restless change, and a roving eye, to suit the palled taste of its admirer, and knowing no veil but night, is void of freshness and the verdure of youth. Let then the traveller on the western coast, when trying hopelessly to pierce the dense, sluggish, and envious mist enveloping him, and penetrate its depths to the treasures that lie beyond, take this rich consolation to heart, that the same variable climate which cheats him of the long-wished for and glorious prospect, realizes a far nobler and more glorious view and compensation in the abundance that clothes his native land, the wealth, taste, and splendour that crown its cities, the successful enterprise that crowds its ports and seas; joys and benefits all powerful and substantial as they are, still but the creation of the chilly and grudging mist; and that, while the climate, so maligned, drips dreary and comfortless, we in effect are basking in the sunshine of sound laws, flourishing in the perpetual summer of civil security, enjoying the mild temperature of a wise government, the serene heavens of a pure faith, a moral atmosphere more fresh and healthful than the finest climate of the most favoured lands; that, amidst the warm and hearty efforts of all for the public good, clear views of duty and happiness, steady purposes and stable results, there is nothing chilling or cold in our lot but winter—nothing dubious but mist—nothing mutable but the weather.

During the whole of our passage, the wild and weird-like mountains of North Arran hung on our rear, still casting their spell across the waters, enthraling the imagination; and as we rounded among the straits and coasts, they hovered in the distance, like a mighty phantom, rising higher and higher out of the wave, as the intervening hills and islands receding sank before their terrific grandeur, continuing to the last to hold in the horizon their proud and lofty bearing, and overawe the vast circle of surrounding coasts and mountains with their stern and portentous rule, till the Cloff Point shut them out from view, but not from memory: for as in human destiny sorrows and joys knit closer the bonds of affection, the awful, the terrible, the mysterious, move man's inner and nobler nature, the lovely and exquisite charm his eye and chain his fancy; and all combine to form the deep and inexplicable interest of Life.

LAYS OF THE WAR.

By W. S. DANIEL.

No. V.

THE BONFIRE AT CRAIG-GOWAN.

A HORSEMAN sweeps, at the dead of night,
Through the forest braes of Mar;
And headlong is his star-lit flight—
The messenger of WAR!

Wildly panteth his foaming steed,
Yet for brae nor bank stays he,
But flies with a Highland eagle's speed
By the rushing waves of Dee!
In the cot the herd-boy lifts his head
At the strange and startling sound,
And stares with slumber's wond'ring dread
As the hoof-sparks flash around;
The roebuck springs from his lonely lair
Beneath the birch-tree's branches fair,
While down his sides the fear-drops stream,
And the white-owl sails through the troubled air
Like the creature of a dream!

But on flies the steed, with flowing mane,
On his dark and desolate track,
And proudly he champeth the useless rein,
For Victory rides on his glossy back!
On to the gentle Lady's halls
Who wears old Scotland's crown,—
And "hurrah, hurrah!" the horseman calls,
"SEBASTOPOL IS DOWN!"
Swift as light
Is the tidings' flight,
And with beating heart but air serene,
'Neath the glorious stars of a Highland night,
Forth steps the QUEEN!

"Fire the pile on Craig-gowan height!"
The fair Victoria cries,
While the triumph-glance of Britannia's might
Beams through her queenly eyes—
Light the pile on Craig-gowan high—
Fire the mountain's head,
Till every peak in my Highland sky
With the victory-flash is red!
Yes! let me tell, with that tongue of flame,
To Scottish heath and town,
That my foot stands on the proudest gem
Of the Russian tyrant's crown!
Let it flush the glens with its glorious light
Where my kilted lads were born,
Who led the fight
Up Alma's height,
On the dreadful battle moro—
The men who nobly know to die,
But cannot learn to flinch or fly—
Who on Balaclava's plain,
'Neath the death-shots' lashing rain,
Bore the waving feathers high
In face of Russia's chivalry,
And bade them in their might come on—
Till the fiery horsemen's shock
Broke like spray on granite rock,
Where my Highland bayonets shone!

Oh! that yonder flame could light
 The hill-tops of the world,
 Till sighing and down-trodden Right
 Its sunny flag unfurled—
 Till, with the bonds of serfdom riven
 By his own triumphant sword,
 MAN proudly raised his eyes to heaven
 The freeman of the Lord!

But fire the pile on Craig-gowan height,
 Light mountain, glen, and sky—
 Right tramples on the throat of Might,
 Light, light the bonfire high!"

MY MITHER'S DEATH.

By W. S. DANIEL.

(A mother is supposed to be speaking to her child.)

Oh! Mary, weel I mind the day
 My mither slept awa;
 It was an August afternoon,
 The brichtest e'er I saw:
 The sun lowed through the apples reid
 Upon our gavel-tree;
 And in my ain wee groset-bush
 The birds sang merrily.

But a' things glad looked sad that day,
 Aye, sadder frae their joy;
 My brither Jamie had nae heart
 For laughin' trick or ploy:
 The wee canary-bird looked wae,
 The cat on the door-stane,
 The dog sat whinin' low, and glowered
 Into the fire his lane.

My suldest sister Phemy sat
 I' the window-seat wi' me,
 And frae a reid rose pu'd the leaves,
 That waivered to her knee;—
 But though her hand the leaflets pluckt,
 The rose she never saw—
 She didna ken the crimson bud
 Lay in her lufe o' saw!

Oh! sad, sad is the sightless ee,
 That sickenin' sorrow blinds;
 And deep, deep sinks the searin' glance
 O' Death in youthfu' minds;
 I was a wee bit lassie then,
 Wi' dancin' gowden hair,
 But that day's shadow frae my heart
 Will vanish never mair!

I yet can hear my Aunty sab—
 "Send Annie up the stair;
Her Mither's een gang roun the room,
 And seek the bairnie there!"
My wee bit heart raise up my breist,
 I couldna weel tell why;
I grat, because the auld anes grat—
 A waefu' bairn was I!
I loupit on the bed, and cried—
 "O! mammy dinna dee!"—
Ae big tear fell upo' my cheek
 Frae her cauld, glassy ee;
And though I've tholed the weil and wae
 O' mony a changin' year,
I yet upo' my cheek can feel
 That last fond Mither tear.
When that day's weary sun went doon
 The flichtering saul had gaen;
And by the Dead my faither sat,
 Stiff as a man o' stane:
Oh! weel I mind the burial day,
 The black, black claes we wore,
And our sair hearts, when neibours took
 The coffin through the door.
Oh! white, white was my faither's face,
 As he cam slowly back;
And meat was set upo' the boord,
 But bread he never brak:
And oh! when sister Phemy turned,
 At een, the key about,
She sairly grat to think that now
 She locked our Mither out!
The same green sod that haps her head
 Lies on my faither's broo;
They were aye glad thegither here,
 They're blest thegither now.
Come, Mary! say your e'enin prayer
 Aside *your* Mither's knee,—
Ye canna tell, my bonny doo,
 How sune I too may dee!

THE SEA-KING'S FUNERAL.

By W. S. DANIEL.

[The following stanzas are founded on a strange, wild usage, not uncommon among the ancient Scandinavians. When a Sea-king died, his warriors laid the body on a pile of wood, on the deck of one of his war-ships, and heaped his principal valuables around him. They then put sail on the vessel, and setting fire to it in several places, they launched it into the ocean, over which it careered before the wind, till the flames having consumed its

fabric, the ashes of the Sea-king went down into that great element over which he had once roved with such terrible daring.]

Why screams the Awk at midnight hour,

Along the northern sea ?

Why from her rocky citadel

Doth the soft-plumed Eider flee ?

What thing of fire comes o'er the deep

Before the steady gale,

So vast,—so high,—so bloody red,—

It makes the moonlight pale ?

It is a ship that, staggering, drives

In flames before the blast ;

Borne onward by one blackened sail,

Upon one burning mast !

Like a volcano set afloat,

She lighteth sky and sea ;

And sweepeth on with roaring sound,

'Neath a smoky canopy.

And, near her, ocean's monster tribes

Rise through the fire-lit spray ;

Racing and rolling round and round,

In their demoniac play.

It is the SEA-KING's " Funeral-bark !"

Lo ! on the deck he lies,

On a mighty pile of Norway wood,

Whence clouds of fragrance rise ;

A crown of gold is on his brow,

On his breast the shining mail,

And his royal flag on that blazing mast

Still waveth to the gale.

Sternly closed are his haughty lips,

And clenched his giant hand,

Glued with his own heroic blood

To the hilt of his sheathless brand ;

His cheek is pale, but bears no trace

Of nature's mortal pain,

And his yellow hair streams on the wind

Like a Lybian lion's mane !

His last sea-fight is fought and won,

And a conqueror still is he ;

Borne in his royal House of Death,

O'er the swell of the subject sea.

On yonder cliffs his warriors stand,

And their tears drop in the spray,

Till Valdimar, the white-haired Scald,

Chants Eric's funeral lay :—

" Alas ! for Norway's royal house,

Alas ! for Bergen's shore,

The SEA-KING's funeral sail is set,

He walks the deck no more !

- " No maid of Bergen ~~sings to-night~~
Beside her ~~whirring~~ wheel ;¹
But the sad ~~mermaid~~ trills her dirge
In the foam of his rushing keel.
- " Weep, ye virgins of Norway, weep !
Ye wives and widows moan ;
But shout, ye warriors of Norway, shout !
For the mighty man that's gone.
- " King Eric was born, 'mid storm and strife,
Upon the gusty deep,
And the good sea rocked the kingly boy
In her mighty arms to sleep.
- " Oh ! tall and stalwart was his form
As mother Norway's pine,
And his blue eyes glowed with the haughty light
Of his old ancestral line.
- " Oh ! strong as the flashing bolt of heaven
Was the sword in his red right hand ;
And his foot was as firm on the rolling deck
As on Scandinavian land.
- " Fierce was his soul as the deep-sea wave,
When the battle-storm ran high ;
But mild as the blue and breathless fiord¹
When Norway's maids were by.
- " Wide are the wounds on his manly breast,
And red is the blood on his brow,
And many a foeman kissed the deck
Ere Eric fell, I trow ;
- " But, gliding like a milk-white swan
Across the green-waved sea,
The Valkyr-maiden² sweetly sighed
' Dear warrior, come with me !'
- " Then fell the King, by countless wounds
And countless foes o'erthrown—
But lo ! his death-light gleams no more—
The Funeral-bark is gone !
- " His flag that shone through countless fights
Lies low beneath the wave ;
And the gilded prow of his own good ship
Is the cairn of his ocean grave.
- " Hurrah ! hurrah ! the streaming Lights³
Blaze in the Northern sky—
Valhalla's gates are opened wide—
King Eric walks on high !"

¹ The "fiords" are the long narrow inlets which penetrate so far into the coasts of Norway.

² The Valkyrs, in the old Northern mythology, were the beautiful female spirits who were the companions of the departed brave in the heaven of Odin. They were supposed to hover over the fight, and select those who were to fall, and be immediately admitted to their society.

³ The old Northmen believed that the Aurora Borealis or "The Holy Light"

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.¹

THE very form of the *Noctes* in a monthly periodical devoted to the many-sided questions embraced in science, literature, manners, politics, and the arts, so novel and attractive at the time of their publication, that, though conducted only with a tithe of the ability and genius infused into these papers, could hardly have missed producing a strong impression on the public mind. There is not only room for great breadth and simplicity of thought in the ground-plan of the work, but the superstructure and execution might naturally enough be characterized by much power and beauty. A convivial club of generous and high-minded men, specially convened from every department of life, and of every shade of culture, to discuss all the current topics of the day, as well as to give free and unrestrained vent to their opinions on all manner of subjects interesting to man, was an idea quite new to the world of letters, and enabled the author to present all the diverse aspects of thought and feeling which would naturally spring from such widely different sources. It enabled him to look at the world and its multifarious doings from various stand-points, and consequently to give representations of men and manners with a force and picturesqueness of effect that could not otherwise emanate from an individual writer. But to compass such an undertaking with adequate skill and ability required an amount of dramatic genius, and a most extensive and profound knowledge of every description of subject connected with philosophy, literature, and the institutions of society, that fall to the share of few. In the *Noctes*, indeed, Professor Wilson proposed to himself to look at the world and its infinitude of doings, through the mental vision of as many individuals as he had *dramatis personæ*, and to present to his readers the results of their multifarious observations; and we are now called upon, after much of this matter has been thirty years before the public, to pronounce upon its merits. That these colloquies in some respects suited the times when they issued fresh upon the world is sufficiently attested by their extensive popularity, but we are afraid that the old Roman adage—

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis,

applies too pointedly to the case in hand. The most popular works, moreover, are generally those that possess only an *ad captandum* and ephemeral interest; and in reviewing these productions now we must not be carried away by the impressions they produced at the time of their first appearance. We must look at the *Noctes* as at an entirely new work, and consider its relations to the spirit and sentiment of to-day, and separating in it all that is deeply true and universal from what

was caused by the gates of the heavenly Valhalla being thrown open to admit the spirits of the brave.

¹ *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. By Professor Wilson. In 4 vols. Vol. I. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1855.

is temporary and ephemeral, pronounce upon its title to take a place in the literature of our country.

The first thing that strikes the reader on the perusal of this volume, is the characters of its interlocutors—their talent, genius, or adaptation for discoursing upon the variety of topics coming before them. There is first Timothy Tickler, an old Scottish gentleman, of considerable culture, and large experience of the world, who represents the opinions of the middle and upper classes. Next, Christopher North himself, thoroughly instructed not only in all the learning of Greece and Rome, but deeply versed in the best literature of modern Europe. Christopher possesses in addition great vigour of intellect, and energy of thought, and has strong sympathies with everything manly and ennobling in human nature. Thus, Christopher North may be regarded as representing that class of society that is thoroughly imbued with the literary spirit, as well as those high and chivalric sentiments which distinguish all strongly poetical and enthusiastic temperaments. A character introduced in the latter chapters of the volume is Colonel Cyril Thornton, a gentleman connected by profession with the army, and much improved by foreign travel. And last, and greatest of all, is the Ettrick Shepherd, who, by his *Queen's Wake*, and many admirable lyrics, has earned a permanent niche in the temple of fame, and whose name must survive with the last remnants of the Scottish tongue. The Shepherd, though thoroughly untutored in the learning and wisdom of the world, in virtue of his genius is invested with a range of vision that belongs to none of the fraternity; and from the breadth and force of his common sense, he may be regarded as the representative of the great masses, commonly described as the working classes, including both town and country. There are various other personages introduced, but none that contribute to the development of the thought of the *Noctes*.

It will be observed that, so far as we have gone, there is not yet introduced amongst the *dramatis personæ* of the *Noctes* a philosophical thinker, capable of comprehending and appreciating the philosophies of the past, nor of eliminating from them, or from elsewhere, a philosophy having an application to the wants and necessities of man in the present. There is no large law-seeing and law-feeling mind possessed of the power of grasping the large views of man and nature that had been already evolved, far less of detecting glimmerings of those principles that yet lay hid in the region of the unknown; nay, there is not in this volume of the *Noctes* any great logical nature, that, seizing even on recognized principles, can apply them with great ability to the practical relations of man and society. Christopher North *alias* Professor Wilson himself, was naturally, from his position of Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy (for he lectured on both), the individual to be looked up to for the representation of such a part. But throughout these *Noctes* he never for once appears in such a character. Even in his observations on the modern poets he is far from being guided by depth and breadth of insight. He is sometimes correct, but it is more through the force of his high sensational nature than from his natural comprehensiveness of thought. Accordingly, so far as the present volume reaches, we have

yet no member of the club fitted for laying down laws of any description capable of guiding and directing the extraordinary bursts of eloquence by which the interlocutors are distinguished. Even on some momentous questions the opinions are more sensational and popular than philosophical or logical. They bear the impress more of the feelings and inclinations than of the reason of the interlocutors, and the reader rises from the perusal of them more pleased and delighted than instructed or enlightened. But it may be said that this limited plan of operations was better adapted to the circumstances and environments of a monthly magazine than a higher or larger kind of thinking. Although we cannot acquiesce in such a view, and protest against it, yet we have nothing to do with it at present. These *Noctes* are not issuing from the press for the first time, but they are being republished as meriting a standing place in the literature of Britain. Now, without the features and characteristics we have indicated (and which this volume certainly does not possess), it is impossible they can occupy such a position in the middle of the nineteenth century.

But if these *Noctes* are altogether wanting, or very deficient, in that penetrating form of thought which distinguishes every great effort of genius, and which may be described as the great central light of humanity, whence that wide-spread and far stretching popularity that attended their first appearance? Whence was it that they were greedily read by the inmates of every cottage, as well as of every baronial castle and palace throughout Britain? The rollicking glæe and fun which pervades them, as well as the bursts of humour and satire with which every other page teems, were certainly elements calculated to awaken a strong temporary feeling in their favour. It was believed, moreover, at the time, that these meetings at Ambrose's actually took place, and that the *recitæ* were faithfully recorded in the *Noctes*; and if any great event happened, every body rushed to the Magazine to con over the sagacious remarks of Tickler, or the withering satire and sneers of Christopher North, or some of the plain, broad, humorous observations of the Shepherd. There was something homely and racy too in the idea of the most important topics of the day being discussed over a tumbler of punch, and by the action and reaction of the various minds engaged on each other, there was frequently the rapid elimination of much vigorous and truthful thought—all this was so different from the slow snail-like process of induction that marked the heavy features of the *Edinburgh Review*, and it formed quite a relief from the style of all other journals. It was a sort of process of daguerrotyping all the highest intentions of these imaginary characters in their happiest moments, and of thus inducing conviction, without any inductive or deductive process of reasoning.

Although there are many passages in these dialogues emanating from Christopher North and Tickler well worthy of quotation, we shall have various opportunities of giving examples from these characters to greater advantage, from the forthcoming volumes. In the meantime, we shall undertake the more agreeable task of presenting to our readers, what we regard as some of the happiest emanations of the Shepherd, the poet of the party—by the personation of whom Professor Wilson has evinced

much higher poetical capabilities than appears, even in his *Isle of Palms*, or *City of the Plague*. In fact, the strong claims which these *Noctes* possess, to take a place in the literature of Britain, appears to us to depend almost alone on some of the admirable pictures of the wilder and more romantic aspects of nature, attributed to the Shepherd. Some of his humorous delineations are occasionally no less forcible; but upon the whole, his love for every thing, high and ennobling, and his true power, are more forcibly unfolded in his representations both of simple rural scenery, and of the more terrible phenomena of nature. Here the Professor invests the Shepherd with the attributes of the loftiest descriptive genius; and if he does not evolve very clearly the laws of the material world, he describes its phenomena with a power and clearness that is deeply suggestive. There is further, a variety of lyrical poetry, both by the Shepherd, and others, that bespeaks the great fact, that every thing salient and striking in the poetical form in Scotland, marshalled itself around Professor Wilson. In point of poetical taste and sentiment, the Professor was the *facile princeps* in North Britain; and he continued to reign over this department down to the day of his death. But we cannot help calling the special attention of our readers to the circumstance, that the Professor displays, in the dialogues and soliloquies of the Shepherd, not only a profound insight into Scottish manners, but a thorough knowledge of the language. Here is a specimen of his simple descriptive power:—

“*North*. The mid-day hour is always, to my imagination, the most delightful hour of the whole Alphabet.

“*Shepherd*. I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a’ ower Scotland, and a’ ower the face o’ the earth—for in every clime wondrously the same are the great leading laws o’ man’s necessities—under bits o’ bonny buddin’ or leaf-fu’ hedgeraws, some bit fragrant and fluttering birk tree, aneath some ower-hanging rock in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin’ their bread wi’ thanksgiving, and eatin’t with the clear blood o’ health meandering in the heaven-blue veins o’ the sweet lasses, while the cool airs are playing among their haffins-covered bosoms—wi’ many a jeist and sang atween, and aiblins kiasse too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant’s or shepherd’s soul—then up again wi’ laughter to their wark among the tedded grass, or the corn-rigs sae bonny, scenes that Robbie Burns lo’ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say’t, your ain Ettrick Saepherd, my dear fellows, has sung on his auld Border harp, a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauk’d them is i’ the mools, and ‘at his feet the green-grass turf, and at his head a stane.’

“*Tickler*. Come, come, James, none of your pathos—none of your pathos my dear James. (*Looking red about the eyes.*)

“*North*. We were talking of codlins.

“*Shepherd*. True, Mr North, but folk canna be aye talkin’ of codlins, ony mair than aye eating them; and the great charm o’ conversation is being aff on ony wind that blaws. Pleasant conversation between friends is just like walking through a mountainous kintra—at every glen-mouth the wun’ blaws frae a different airt—the bit bairnies come tripping alang in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—noo sweet-briar—noo heather bank—here is a gruesome quagmire, there a plat o’ sheep-nibbled grass smooth as silk, and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava—there

groves o' the lady-fern embowering the sleeping roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—hark, sound sounding in the awfu' sweetness o' evening wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great water-fa' far aff in the very centre o' the untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward natur are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr Tickler, is't not just even sae?

"*Tickler*. Sheridan—Sheridan—what was Sheridan's talk to our own Shepherd's, North?

"*North*. A few quirks and cranks studied at a looking-glass—puns painfully elaborated with pen and ink for extemporaneous reply—bon-mots generated in *malise prepenae*—witticisms jotted down in short-hand to be extended when he had put on the spur of the occasion—the drudgeries of memory to be palmed off for the ebullitions of imagination—the coinage of the counter passed for currency hot from the mint of fancy—squibs and crackers ignited and exploded by a Merry-Andrew, instead of the lightnings of the soul darting out forked or sheeted from the electrical atmosphere of an inspired genius."

There is in the following passage some admirable and strikingly natural remarks on the human voice, occasionally lighted up with humour:—

"*North*. James, I love to hear your voice. An Exquimaux would feel himself getting civilized under it—for there's sense in the very sound. A man's character speaks in his voice, even more than in his words. These he may utter by rote—but his 'voice is the man for a' that'—and betrays or divulges his peculiar nature.

"*Shepherd*. I've often thoct and felt that, though I dinna recollect ever coming out wi't. What a weight o' wisdom in some auld men's voices! maist as muckle's in their een, or the shake of their hoary heads! Years speak in the laigh, quate, solemn sound—you hear experience in a verra whusper—and what a lesson in a sich! Ay, Mr North, affen and affen hae I felt a' that, when sittin in a corner o' the room on the same chair wi a bit lassie, when I hae chanced to hear the gudeman near the ingle speakin lown to the wife or weans, in advice or admonition. O! but the human voice is a mysterious instrument.

"*North*. Do you like my voice, James? I hope you do.

"*Shepherd*. I wad hae kent it, Mr North, on the Tower of Babel, on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun hae had just sic a voice—ye canna weel ca't sweet, for it's ower intellectual for that—ye canna ca't saft, for even in its laigh notes there is a sort o' birr, a sort o' dirl that betokens power—ye canna ca't hairsh, for angry as ye may be at times, it's aye in tune, frae the fineness o' your ear for music—ye canna ca't sharp, for it's aye sae nat'ral—and flett it cud never be, gin you were even gien ower by the doctors. It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding—you micht fear't, but you maun love't—and there's no a voice in all his Majesty's dominions better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe. But arena ye geyan sair cauldit the nicht? for you're hoarse and huaky—yet that only gars you jirt out the words wi' additional smeddum, that gies an editorial authority to your verra monosyllables, and prophesies a gran' Number o' the Magazine for April.

"*North*. My son James, you know the weak points of the old man.

"*Shepherd*. Filial piety, father—filial piety. O but some voices are just perfectly detestable. There's your wee bit sma', thin, peepin, cheepin, chirpin, wunnel-strae bit o' a vicey, that'll never be at peace—mouth sma', teeth sma', tongue sma', head sma', brain sma', the cretur himsel sma', sma',

—yet heich as Tintock in his ain estimation, and hauding up the weel-shaved chin o' him in a maist bardy and impertinent manner across the table in Mr Blackwood's chop.

"North. That contributor, James, is dead.

"Shepherd. Dead, say ye? The Lord be thanked! Then there's the skraigh. The chiel wi' the skraigh makes a soun', whenever he bursts out a-speakin, like a great big midden poostry fool purshued by a ggem-cock. The poostry keeps quate wi' his came, and wattles in a hole till ggemy gies him a spur or twa on the hurdies, and then he skraighs out fire and murder, and doon the loan as fast's he can fuggy, whiles rinnin, and whiles fleein, and whiles atween the twa, but a' the time skraighin till ye may hear him, on a lown day, at every farm-house in the parish.

"North. That contributor, James, is now in Italy.

"Shepherd. Skraighin in Florence, and Pisa, and Rome, and Napples. But there's a hantle mair o' them besides him in particular. What the deevil sud hinner onybody frae modulatin their vice, and no terrifyin Christian people wi' sic fearfu' out-breakin o' inhuman soun's, waur than the nutmeg-graters in Brobdinag?—Shall I go on wi' the gamut o' grievances?

"North. Perge, puer.

"Shepherd. What think ye o' the penny trumpet?—The penny-trumpeter, ye ken, sir, is aye a Whiglet o' laigh degree—far doon the steps and stairs o' the pairty—just stannin wi' his bare soles on the rug. But the cretur's just perfectly happy—happier than either you or me, Mr North—wi' his musical instrument held to the mouth o' him, wi' an air o' as meikle grandeur as if he were a trumpeter in the Life Guards, and had blawn at Waterloo. The cheeks o' him are puffed up, like twa red apples a wee blistered on the fire, and the watery een o' him are glowering in his head like the last twa oysters left on the board—and then he gives vent to the thochts within him through the penny trumpet! A dry, cracket, fusionless, withered, wooden, timmer, tantarara o' ae single note, that the puir, silly bit Whiglet takes for a tune!

"North. I know him, James—I know him. He is Wellington's great enemy in the *Edinburgh Review*, and about two years ago cut up Canning. But give us some more of the squad.

"Shepherd. What think ye, sir, o' the lisp and the burr foregatherin in aye and the same mouth? You wonder gin he's an even-down idiot the man you're speaking wi'—the lisp's sae bairnly; but you soon begin to suspect a whilly-wha, for the burr has a pawky expression that's no canny; so finnin yourself no very comfortable between knave and fool, you tak the road, and aff to the Auld Town to denner.

"North. James, the toothache, wi' his venomd stang, has been tormenting me all this evening. Excuse my saying but little; but I am quite in the mood for listening, and I never heard you much better.

"Shepherd. I'm glad o't. Some folk when they speak remind me o' a callant learning to play upon the ffoot. Their tone is geyan musical, but wants varecity, and though sweetish, is wersh, like the tone o' the ffoot. Then what puffin and spittin o' wind and water! Mercy on us! ye canna hear the tune for the splutter, unless you gang into another room. What's that, sir, you're pittin into your mouth."

Here is a characteristic description of a snow storm, and a calm in the Yarrow:—

"Shepherd. I'ae tell you, and judge for yoursel. At four in the mornin, it was that hard frost that the dubs were bearin, and the midden was as hard as a rickle o' stanes. We couldna plant the potawtoes. But the lift was clear. Between eight and nine, a snaw storm came down frae the moun-

tains about Loch Skene, noo a whirl, and noo a blash, till the grun' was whitey-blue, wi' a sliddery sort o' sleet, and the Yarrow began to roar wi' the melted broo, along its frost-bound borders, and aneath its banks, a' hanging wi' icicles, nane o' them thinner than my twa arms. Weel, then, about eleven it began to rain, for the wund had shifted—and afore dinner-time it was an even-doun pour. It fell lown about sax—and the air grew close and sultry to a degree that was fearsome. Wha wad hae expectit a thunder storm on the eve of sic a day? But the heavens, in the thundery airt, were like a dungeon—and I saw the lightning playing like meteors athwart the blackness, lang before ony growl was in the gloom. Then, a' at ance, like a wauken'd lion, the thunder rose up in his den, and shakin his mane o' brindled clouds, broke out into sic a roar that the very sun shuddered in eclipse—and the grews and collics that happened to be sittin beside me on a bit knowe, gaed whinin into the house wi' their tails atween their legs, just venturin a haffin glance to the howling heavens noo a' in low, for the fire was strong and fierce in electrical matter, and at intervals the illuminated mountains seemed to vomit out conflagration like very volcanoes.

"*Tickler.* Επεα πτερόεντα !

"*Shepherd.* Afore sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile !

"*North.* Beautiful ! Beautiful ! Beautiful !

"*Tickler.* Oh ! James—James—James !

"*Shepherd.* The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Eltrive (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill-silence. It was mair like a mornin than an evenin twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa unto the uncertainty o' a last week's dream !

"*North.* Proof positive that, from the lips of a man of genius, even the weather—

"*Shepherd.* I could speak for hours, days, months, and years, about the wather, without e'er becoming tiresome. O man, a cawm !

"*North.* On shore, or at sea ?

"*Shepherd.* Either. I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies' feet, wi' a craig hangin' ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briars, and broom and birks, and mosses maist beautifu' to behold wi' half-shut ee, and through aneath ane's arm guardin the face frae the cloudless sunshine !

"*North.* A rivulet leaping from the rock——

"*Shepherd.* No, Mr North, no loupin ; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion ! No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff !

"*North.* Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James's picture.

"*Shepherd.* Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulded wings, on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek ; and noo, waukening out o' a simmer dream, floats awa in its wavering beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, comin back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettling in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wund that lifts up your hair so refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

"*Tickler*. I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

"*Shepherd*. Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted, too, are all the glorious creatures' wings—say, rather, starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day!

"*North*. Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

"*Shepherd*. Gin a pile o' grass straughtens itself in silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinking that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stane. The molting dew quakes! Ay, sing awa, my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him; and he burrows himsel in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle panting! and noo invisible a' but the yellow doup o' him. I too feel drowsy, and will go to sleep amang the mountain solitude.

"*North*. Not with such a show of clouds——

"*Shepherd*. No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent? My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapours—that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapour-steps, and its mist-towers, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

"*Tickler*. Bravo, Shepherd, bravo! You have nobly vindicated the weather as a topic of conversation. What think you of the Theatre—Preaching—Politics—Magazines and Reviews, and the threatened Millennium?

It is unquestionable that there are numerous passages throughout this volume that bear the unequivocal impress of genius; but it is a very different matter indeed, whether they are such as to entitle the work, as a whole, to take a distinct place in the literature of Britain. The opinions of Christopher North, and his friend Tickler, are necessarily short-lived, from their very nature; and if any thing is fitted to float the whole down the stream of time, it is indubitably the fine pictures of scenery, and of Scottish life and manners, that fall from the Shepherd. These, from their deep truthfulness, and brilliancy of colouring, given in the fine quaint Doric dialect of the North, cannot fail to kindle recollections and associations long after the present generation has passed away. While this is the case, however, we cannot otherwise commend the volume, either for more originality of thought, or practical ability, than is commonly to be found in our monthly periodicals. But on the whole, with the numerous songs and short poems interspersed throughout the volume, it will be found by those who peruse it for the first time, that in spirit and character, it is much superior to any thing now being issued, in the form of periodical literature.

THE RECKLESS WANT OF PRINCIPLE OF REYNOLDS' NEWSPAPER.

IN our number for September we took occasion to classify the Novel and Cheap English Literature of the Nineteenth Century, under its ideal, sensational, and sceptical aspects. In the lowest department of the sensational school we placed the innumerable productions of George W. M. Reynolds, and assigned sufficiently intelligible reasons for doing so. Some kind friend of Mr Reynolds having transmitted to him a copy of our Journal (for we ourselves had no hand in it), he, instead of answering our lucubrations, with a profligacy but too much in harmony with the character of his works, proceeds, in his Newspaper of the 14th October, to quote from us language which we never used, and conveying a meaning the very reverse of that embodied in the article in question. We had almost deemed it necessary to apologise to our readers for noticing Reynolds' works at all, but being so extensively circulated among the working class of our population, it was absolutely incumbent upon us to point out the atrocious immorality and profligacy with which his productions are fraught ;—and in bringing before our readers the false and fabricated quotation of Reynolds in juxtaposition with the real passage from our journal, we are sorry to add that his conduct is more deserving of being brought before the bar of a criminal court than of any further notice from a periodical of any standing or reputation.

Falsified Quotation.

"MACPHAIL'S EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.—We had always understood this monthly magazine to be a most illiberal, intolerant, bigoted concern, edited by a set of sanctimonious hypocrites and pharisaic mawworms. Conceive, then, our astonishment—our stupendous wonder—our enormous amaze, when on opening the September Number (which Mr Macphail had the courtesy to send us, post-paid), we found the following eulogy on our own writings :—' But even the works which we have named are not the best of the democratic school. After them came Reynolds's 'Mysteries of London,' and 'Mysteries of the Court,' presenting pictures of morality in so delicate, and, at the same time, so pleasing a form, that they may truly be regarded as the most moral books in our language. In these works a dance of the kindest feelings is kept up, that none but the most liberal mind could have conceived. While reading them,

True Passage.

"But even these latter works are not the worst productions of the sensational school. After them came Reynolds's *Mysteries of London* and of the Court, presenting pictures of sensuality and vice, in so gross and, at the same time, so pleasing a form, that they may truly be regarded as the most immoral books in our language. In these works a dance of kindly sensational feeling, vice and crime of the blackest sort, is kept up, that none but the grossest imagination could have conceived. While reading them, the mind is in a constant whirl of excitement, and the whole feelings in a quasi state of disease like those of one under the influence of mesmerism. Hundreds of thousands of these productions have been sold to our working and poorer population, and especially to the young and untutored class of minds, and thus an amount of evil has been done that centuries may not erase. Like Reynolds's *Miscellany*, another pestiferous production by

the mind is in a constant whirl of innocent excitement ; and the whole feelings in a quasi state of astonishment like those of one under the influence of grand and imposing scenery. Hundreds of thousands of these productions have been sold to our working and poorer population, and especially to the young and untutored class of minds ; and thus an amount of good has been done that centuries of arrant Toryism could not obliterate. Like *Reynolds's Miscellany*, another admirable production by the same author, they have been issued from the London press in the form of penny numbers, and have had a circulation that is incalculably great. To one Edinburgh bookseller alone, there comes weekly from the metropolis several tons of literature of this wholesome democratic description ; and long before the end of the following week, these works have been distributed throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. We witness the seeds of true republican feeling sown ; but we may not live to witness the full growth of the grand institutions which may spring out of it. Happily for the world such productions are not only extensively read, but are also long-lived ; and thus during their reign they scatter an amount of wholesome doctrine which produces its good effects long after the writers themselves shall have passed away."

the same author, they have been issued from the London press in the form of penny numbers, and have had a circulation that is incalculably great. To one Edinburgh bookseller alone, there comes weekly from the metropolis several tons of literature of this description, and long before the end of the following week, these works have been distributed throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. We witness the seeds of immorality and atheism sown, but we may not live to witness the full growth of the vice, immorality, and crime which spring out of it. But happily for the world such productions though extensively read, are of themselves but short lived ; but still during their brief reign they scatter an amount of poison which produces its evil effects long after they are forgotten. Thousands of human souls are corrupted and debased, and their evil example corrupts and debases others, till their deleterious influence extends so far into the future, that no human imagination can gauge the range of its operation."

LINES ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL,

9TH SEPTEMBER, 1855.

PEAL aloud the notes of triumph,—
 Bid the cannon's thunder roll,—
 Wave thy banner, Freedom ! wave it
 O'er fall'n Sebastopol !
 Speed the tidings o'er the Kingdom,
 From the sunny shores of Forth,
 To our Queen and royal Consort,
 In their palace of the North ;
 Alike let peer and peasant hear,
 Of the mighty deed that's done ;—
 Spread, spread the gladsome tidings,—
 "SEBASTOPOL IS WON !"

Four times the morning sun had dawned,
 Four times the moonbeams wan—
 Shone down on a bloodier picture,
 Than was ever seen by man :
 And while at home, the Sabbath morn,
 Awoke with the toll of bell,
 Ah ! little thought the worshippers
 That sound was the parting knell,
 Of many a dear and gallant one,
 Who full of hope that morn,
 To wreak his vengeance long-delayed,
 Held the thought of death in scorn ;—
 Of many a dear and gallant one,
 Whose mangled form now lies,
 A stepping-stone by yonder wall,
 For the living brave to rise.

But the walls grow weak,—the bastions reel,—
 Faster pours the death-winged shot,—
 And the shattering shell's sulphuric breath
 Waxes louder and more hot,—
 See ! the crackling flames reach higher,
 As the works go tottering down ;
 And the hiss of the blazing fabric
 Echoes o'er the sinking town.
 And the terror-stricken foemen
 Have fled to the further shore ;
 They have baffled Freedom's champions long,
 But can stand their might no more.

Ha !—the walls are rent asunder
 That were reared by Despot's power,—
 Reared to bind in fetters, Freedom,
 In her dark and weakest hour ;—
 That were reared to swell the triumph
 Of the great and mighty Czar ;—
 Reared to train his savage legions,
 For his plans of future war ;
 No more defiant shall they frown
 On the keystone of yon land ;
 No state in Europe *now* need dread
 An aggressive Russian band.
 For fled is the Giant-spirit,
 From the battlements he chose,
 Where in pride of numbers he should reign
 O'er a world of vanquished foes.

Now, God be praised !—the night of gloom
 Is passing swift away,
 And we herald now this victory,
 As the dawn of coming day.
 Oh ! although with bitterest anguish
 Our loss we may deplore ;—
 And musing, weep, for the brave who sleep
 On the cold, Crimean shore ;
 Still let us hope the triumph
 May in measure full atone,

For the mighty cost, and many lost,
 In the cause of Right alone!
 Long, Freedom, may thy day-star shine
 Unclouded o'er the world;
 And long thy emblem banners float
 O'er Sebastopol unfurled!

September 1855.

R. H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Works of Dr M'Crie. Life of John Knox. William Blackwood & Sons. 1855.

Among the overflowing, not to say overwhelming, contributions to cheap literature, that assume to be the glory and distinction of the present age, it would be exceedingly difficult to point out a worthier sample than this republication, and the series of which it is an instalment. Of subjects of biography, John Knox is one of the best; and of writers of biography, Dr M'Crie has established his right to be regarded as one of the most approved.

It is now perhaps too late to dwell at large on either topic. The panegyrist of Hercules was well reprov'd when he was asked,—Who blames Hercules, or requires *his* defence? If John Knox needs no longer to be *defended*, this is owing very much to the labours of Dr M'Crie. They, for nearly the first time, redeemed the Reformer's character from the patronizing protection of the vulgar, the ignorant, and the fanatical; and from the supercilious scorn of those who deemed themselves entitled to take the position of more competent and vigorous judges of the character of this active *rerum novarum molitor*.

M'Crie's merits as an historian and biographer are of a high and peculiar order. It may indeed excite sometimes a smile, and sometimes a sigh, to find such a man toiling at a defence of Knox's unscrupulous intercourse with the slayers of the wretched Beaton, of his most unnecessary rudeness to his accomplished sovereign mistress, and of his occasional use of the seditious tendencies of the body whom he is himself pleased to describe as "the rascal multitude." Knox's idiosyncrasy would have been lost, and small in a development that would have left out such curious manifestations of temper and character. And the man who should record them in a wholly alien or unsympathizing spirit, might, on his part, be rather disqualified from doing justice to the interest of his subject. M'Crie, who, when his book came forth, was supposed to be an over-zealous partizan, has by the force of his genius, and the controlling influence of his good sense, succeeded in restoring the prestige of a character which had been heretofore left in the hands of the violent, the scornful, or the cold; and has been fortunate in depicting, to all times, lineaments which will be the common property of all who shall study the character of the reformer in his works, and remain indelibly impressed on the mind and imagination as the most exact representation of a great original. M'Crie is a great master of style; a style not unstudied, yet entirely free from affectation, and fitted as much at least as his matter, to command the respect and attention of all true judges of historical merit. Our present business, however, is not so much to commend an author and a subject on which the world has so completely made up its mind, as to call attention to a republication of which we are enabled to say with perfect and unfeigned sincerity, that one worthier of general currency among all ranks, does not, in our opinion, occur among the countless host of cheap books that ask our shilling, and so often fail to remunerate the small and easy charge by which we are tempted to buy them.

The Man Christ Jesus. By the Rev. ROBERT CRAIG, A.M., Rothesay.
Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1855.

MARK the title, Christian reader, of this elegant volume, "*The Man Christ Jesus.*" We scanned the title-page once and again,—the table of contents and the various divisions of the work, but we found that the author apparently disclaimed the title of "*Sermons.*" "*The Man Christ Jesus,*" nothing more. "*Sermons*" do not form a very saleable article in the literary market in these days, and we suppose the author has indulged himself in a "pious fraud" in offering the result of his labours to the general public. It may be quite expedient, perhaps justifiable. We won't argue the point. Maurice honestly designates his theological works "*Essays.*" We cannot even apply that appellation to Mr Craig's performances. They are neither sermons nor essays, but rather a hybrid between the two; and if we may be permitted to speak after the manner of men, we believe we will most correctly convey an impression of their true character to the minds of others by calling them an "*Eloge*" (to use a French term) pronounced upon "*the Man Christ Jesus.*"

Published as it is in the nineteenth century, in the literary metropolis of Scotland (though to be sure in the first instance within the walls of a church in an islet situated in the Frith of Clyde), and perused, as its author must at least have desired that it should be, by intelligent individuals conversant with ancient as well as modern theology, we cannot refrain from expressing our utmost astonishment regarding this fresh contribution to the theological literature of the age. We do not deny that it is a "good book," as our grandfathers would have said. No. We candidly say it is a "very good book," and evidently written by a "pious" man. But could you probably have anticipated that a clergyman,—a clergyman, moreover, who is already favourably known to the public by his treatise on the "*Jewish Theocracy,*"—should, in treating of such a subject, have ignored the existence of Socinianism, and in fact, almost entirely eschewed, not polemics only, but all argumentation whatever?

Perhaps it may be urged in extenuation, they are *practical*; an epithet much used, and we believe much abused by clergymen, intending, we presume, to import by it that such sermons are inculcatory of the practice of Christian duty. But does apostolic precedent sanction this modern method of sermonising? Take Paul's volume addressed to the Romans, for example, and do you not find, in the *first* place, the declaration of the Christian faith, doctrine, or creed, accompanied certainly, but in the *second* place, with practical applications?

It is on this ground that we deem this work not only unsatisfactory, but chargeable with a serious deficiency. Would you "rightly divide the word of truth," adapt your instructions to the varied necessities either of your particular congregation or the general public? Why, then, you must lay a solid basis of Christian doctrine,—you must first establish the divinity,—the very point at issue between Trinitarians and Socinians,—before you are entitled to erect the humanity of "*the Man Christ Jesus*" into a model for general imitation. Do not think you will satisfy or silence modern doubters or cavillers by Scriptural quotation,—by a bold and simple "*It is written.*"

"*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*"

We only require to remind our author of "*Pearson's Prize Essay on Infidelity,*" in confirmation of the truth of our remarks; and *apropos* to the subject, of the opinion of one entitled to be heard,—Henry Rogers,—who says, "the atheist and deist, though rarely found in Christian congregations,

should not be entirely neglected; and those who are neither the one nor the other should certainly be in possession of arguments which may serve to confute both, and to give an intelligent reason of the hope that is in them."

Let us, however, even assume that these essays were intended to serve the purpose avowed in the preface, which may be extracted in all its brief totality, as follows:—

"The author was induced to take up this subject by observing a manifest difficulty in the minds of many sincere Christians, when urged to follow the example of Christ, arising, as he conceived, from looking on him too exclusively as a divine person, and therefore above all attempts at imitation by them. He has endeavoured to consider him in his holy human nature, and to analyze his character as perfect man, even though he was also the second person of the glorious Trinity. May the blessing of the God of all grace accompany this humble endeavour to advance the glory of his Son, and the edification of the devout reader."

Has the author, we ask, obviated this "manifest difficulty in the minds of many sincere Christians" by his method of treatment? or has he offered such a representation of "the holy human nature of the man Christ Jesus" to the minds of men, that they now find him less "above all attempt at imitation by them?"

We must confess, that after patiently perusing the entire eulogium upon "the model Man," the author, instead of obviating, has only enhanced the difficulty of imitation, by the analysis and the delineation of his character as perfect man. For what is the model he presents to the imitation of fallen humanity? What, of course, but the restoration of that divine original, in the image of which primitive humanity was created,—the concentration of those graces of character blended in the sun of righteousness, and calculated only to dazzle into veriest blindness the mortal eye that dares glance on the heavenly vision? Did our author imagine that twenty essays upon his innocence, humility, compassion, self-denial, love, forgiveness, &c.,—exalting as these do "the Man Christ Jesus" to an unearthly loftiness of spiritual eminence, would or could have exercised any other influence than discouragement or despair? We must, therefore, in all honesty, erect, by way of warning over this author's essays,—"to the slough of despond."

Let us not be misunderstood, however. Though he may not have effected the immediate purpose he had in view, we by no means insinuate that he intentionally misleads his readers. Indeed, no preacher, however tedious or commonplace,—which our author too generally is,—could fail to illustrate the character of "the man Christ Jesus" in such a manner as to enlist the sympathies of his fellow-men; but if Mr Craig advertises his work to the Christian public as an infallible remedy for a particular spiritual disease, we must assuredly be permitted to test its efficacy, by failure or success, on application. "Adaptation to the one single object is everything."

Take a favourable specimen of our author's mode of dealing, as a "spiritual guide, with the difficulties and objections of his flock."

"Christ therefore is to be imitated, in this grace (unselfishness), by all who would pass for his genuine disciples. 'This is a hard saying—who can bear it?' Some may object:—Is it really possible, that with all our corruptions and love of self and sin, we can be expected to be as unselfish, and as free from sin, in this respect, as Christ was? It is expected, it is demanded, it is absolutely necessary, that we should have that disposition to it, which he had, that we should be striving, with all earnestness, to resemble him in it; that we should never be satisfied with ourselves until we have become like him in the abnegation of self; that we should be rejoicing in the hope, that by his grace and Spirit, he will enable us to be at length holy as God is holy, and pure even as he is pure. It is necessary to our faith,

and to the new nature which he creates in us by his Spirit, that we should desire to be conformed to the very image of God's dear Son in all things; and it is necessary that we should crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts; and is not selfishness a part of the flesh, and one of its affections, one of its lusts? True we shall have battles to fight with our miserable selves, until the flesh be finally crucified; but what of that? Such battles must be fought in other directions besides this—in all indeed in which sins and lusts appear. As good soldiers of Jesus Christ, we must go where he goes, fight as he commands, to share with him in all the victories which he gains over us—and make us to gain over all our spiritual enemies, of which selfishness is one of the worst. Away then with the thought, which is not of God, that we are not bound to resemble our Lord in this grace; or that we even, with his promises of sufficient grace, never can come to bear the image of our heavenly Adam, in all the features of his perfect life.

“What alarm and shame should fill all our hearts when we think of all to which we must attain, and of what our way has been hitherto! We are not selfish and illiberal, but we excuse, and even vindicate ourselves, for what we are. We actually choose to defend this sin in ourselves by a thousand miserable pretences and sophistries, which our carnal hearts, and the arch-deceiver supply, in almost inconceivable abundance. How many professed disciples of Christ are as thoroughly led by these, as if they had never heard of Christ's name, never knew that in him such a virtue shone, or that by him it was enjoined on all his followers! What shall we make of such professors? How shall we count them among the saved of the Lord? Is it not alarming to look forward to their last account, aware as we are of what the Judge will require on that great day? How can we read the 25th chapter of Matthew, for instance, and not feel alarm; or with what fear should we look at such men, and compare their spirit and way, with the spirit and way of Christ? How can we avoid apprehension, when we witness the contrast—the opposition? It will be well for us if we tremble now—our fear may at least prompt us to enquire whether a real interest in Christ can stand with our excused, justified, cherished dissimilarity to him in his unselfishness of heart and life.

“‘We cannot make up our minds,’ we say, ‘to such an imitation of Christ, as you plead for. It is against our very nature. We need not, indeed we cannot, attempt it.’ Now that is the worst symptom of all. It is saying plainly, you are not willing to be saved as Christ saves—that you would rather die in this sin, if it be a sin—that you are putting away from you the kingdom of God—and that you will not have this man to reign over you. Or perhaps you are saying to yourselves, ‘There is no hope of my ever escaping from my selfishness, of my ever becoming like Christ in his generosity.’ A despair like this is alarming also, because it shows you have no real faith in the efficacy of his grace, in the power of his Spirit, or in the promises of his word; and that you feel no force in the many instances he holds up to you of the blessed conformity to him in this respect, to which he has brought many before you, and many beside you. Need we refer you to the long list of those whose names are recorded with immortal honour in the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews? Who, after reading of them, should say there is no hope of my being made, by the same grace, as unselfish, as generous, as like Christ, as they were.”

It is not to be denied, that our author here glances, at least, at the only effectual remedy adapted to the removal of the spiritual disease in question. So far, however, as we have been able to discern, he has, to all good intents and purposes, hid his specific in a napkin,—buried it in a swaddling-clothes of verbosity and ambiguity, more becoming the medical than the clerical profession,—a course which should have been sedulously avoided by its prominent exposition, at the very outset, and which we suggest as a *desideratum*

for the author's consideration, should the volume ever arrive at a second edition. We may briefly state what we mean.

Do you deem the life and character of the Divine Man, we ask the objector, in-imitable? Do you not observe that the divine law,—the law of God, which is holy, perfect, just and good,—demands unqualified submission and obedience to its requirements? And would you affirm, that obedience must be withheld on the ground that you *cannot perfectly* fulfil its behests? Assuredly not. Observe, the standard in either case is perfect. The law, and the embodiment of the law,—God's will and God's Son. In the one case precept stands forth in all the inexorable character of a statute; in the other, "God manifest in the flesh," as a breathing, living exemplar, full of grace, and truth, and winning attraction. Both are divine standards,—tests of human character and conduct,—you must *aim* at, not attain, for "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to all them that believe." *Quantum sufficit?* Who can resist the query? Does not this author's productions only furnish fresh evidence in justification of the reproach of a Free Church layman directed against the clergy of his church "that there are not half-a-dozen clergymen who can cope with German (and we may safely add, domestic) infidelity?"

Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language, &c. &c.
By JOHN MULLIGAN, A.M. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Edinburgh: J. Shepherd.

PROFOUND disquisitions on the structure of language are not fitted to attract popular regard. An analysis of the words employed in our communication with each other, and a philosophical account of their meaning and relations in written or spoken discourse is apt to prove irksome—somewhat like a scientific account of what is done by the heart or hand—which has either its voluntary or involuntary functions, and is seldom regarded in any other way than as a mere fact. Words are used in the sense they are ordinarily employed at the present point in our philological history, and this is quite enough. Yet there are some who require—or may find it gratifying to enter more deeply into the subject—to study as it were the body of language—and to direct nicely its more minute and deeper parts. To these we can recommend Mr Mulligan's volume. It is the fruit of great research, and expresses a large and comprehensive amount of knowledge—indeed, is one of the most valuable works of its class which the day has produced.

Greek Extracts, chiefly from the Attic Writers, with a Copious Vocabulary and an Analytical Index. Fifth Edition. Oliver & Boyd. 1855.

ON the merits of this work, which after an existence of nearly thirty years still maintains its ground as the best book of its class, it were needless here to dwell. We merely desire to call attention to the present edition of it, as exhibiting a marked improvement on those that have gone before. The work has been carefully overhauled from the title-page to the colophon; to each extract is appended the name of the author, and a reference to that part of his works from which the extract has been made, while the vocabulary, originally copious and accurate, has been enlarged and accented throughout.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

New Work by Mr Gillespie of Torbanehill.—We understand that this talented gentleman has a new work in the press, on a subject which is highly important in reference to the present state

of theology—the truth of the evangelical history as it is presented to us in the four Gospels. In this work the author aspires not only to prove from independent sources the truth of the history as

a record of actual events, but aims to overthrow the objections of infidels derived from the discrepancies and contradictions which they pretend to have discovered in the evangelical narrative. In particular, the work will have an especial bearing on the infidelity of the celebrated German, Dr Strauss, whose opposition to the Gospels, as well as his mythical theory, is now so well known even in this country. We trust that Mr Gillespie will be as successful in this new field of Christian labour as he has admittedly been in that to which his able work on the "Necessary Existence of the Deity" is devoted—a work which has already attained a standard position in the theological literature of this country.

The Rev. Mr Fraser of Kirkhill.—This justly esteemed clergyman, who went out to the Crimea, about twelve months ago, as one of the chaplains to the army, and who was recently attached by special appointment to the 93d, has returned home with his health seriously impaired. He arrived in Inverness on Thursday evening, and proceeded to Kirkhill next day. It is plain that he did not leave a moment too early. His very appearance, so worn and emaciated is it, establishes this. He states that since his arrival in England he has been gaining strength daily; but his aspect is so changed that even his nearest acquaintances would fail to recognize him in unexpected circumstances. He attended divine service in his own church at Kirkhill on Sabbath last. On his entering, most of his people were affected to tears. At the close of the Gaelic services he ascended the pulpit, and in a few affectionate and thrilling sentences, expressed the gratification with which he found himself again among them, and his thankfulness to the Almighty for the protection which had been vouchsafed to him—begging also their indulgence for a few weeks in consideration of his inability to resume his duties. The simple words he uttered, combined with the manner of their delivery, created a far more powerful impression than the most elaborate or eloquent address could have produced.

Presbytery of Edinburgh.—At the last meeting of the Presbytery, commission-

ers from the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy and congregation of Scoonie were present at the sederunt, and laid on the table a call to the Rev. D. Brown of St Bernard's. Mr Brown having intimated his acceptance of the same, the Rev. Dr Veitch was appointed to preach in St Bernard's on Sabbath the 21st inst., and summon the congregation before a special meeting of the Presbytery, to be held on the 1st November, that objections may be stated if there are any.

Call.—The Rev. Patrick Thomson, Forfar, assistant to the Rev. Dr Campbell of Kilwinning, has received a call from the congregation of the Scotch Church, Oldham Street, Liverpool, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Cornelius Giffen, to the church and parish of Dailly.

Aldbar.—The chapel, rebuilt with so much taste by the late P. Chalmers, Esq., in the romantic glen of Aldbar, was used as a Protestant place of worship for the first time on the evening of Sabbath week. The Rev. Peter Myles, minister of the united parishes of Aldbar and Aberlemno, conducted the service.

Slamannan.—The minister of the parish has for some time past been laid aside from his pulpit ministrations, by reason of increasing infirmities. A general feeling prevails of the expediency of appointing a colleague who may divide the labours of the present venerable incumbent, who has now been for forty-five years an ordained minister of the Gospel.

General Assembly's Colonial Scheme.—We understand that the Rev. Dr George Smith has been unanimously appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland's Colonial Committee, interim Vice-Convenor until the next meeting of the General Assembly.

University Degrees.—The Senatus Academicus of King's College, Aberdeen, have conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. Alexander Taylor, Minister of Leochel-Cushnie, and also on the Rev. Alexander Brander, Minister of Duffus, Elgin.

Died, at Haddington, on the 10th inst., the Rev. Dr John Sangster, Minister of the parish of Garwald, aged 86 years.

M A C P H A I L ' S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXIX.

DECEMBER 1855.

OUR SCOTTISH PULPIT.¹

A VOLUME of discourses from the pen of one of the most popular clergymen of the country must needs excite no little expectation among the readers of our more serious literature. Dr Gillan of Glasgow has responded to the wishes of his admirers by the publication of a series of discourses on the Decalogue. His rhetorical powers were widely enough known ; for they have been frequently at sundry times and in divers manners asserted, in addressing mixed auditories, wielding an easy command over their feelings, and eliciting their invariable applause. Not till now, however, has the Rev. Doctor given the reading public a taste of his quality by the publication of a volume respectable in point of size, and most attractive in the getting up.

Singular it is that we are also on the eve of getting a volume of similar pretensions from a kindred genius of the Free Church, the Rev. Dr Thomas Guthrie. The publisher of Dr Guthrie's volume has practised a bit of diplomacy, which is not uncommon in the trade, in sounding a note of preparation beforehand, and veiling the forthcoming production in some measure of mystery. The expectation is thus whetted ; and the judicious mystery, which the publisher throws around it, is well fitted to create for Dr Guthrie's *debut* a good stage and a favouring audience. These little stage-preparations of the Trade are not only innocent but most commendable, for we all love a little excitement, and we all need to be forewarned whom to look for and what to admire. Even our little Queen, were she to pass us unannounced on the highway, would run no little risk of passing unnoticed : but when the little woman comes after an exciting interval of expectation and with a flourish of trumpets, and

¹ The Decalogue. A Series of Discourses on the Ten Commandments. By Robert Gillan, D.D., Minister of St John's Parish, Glasgow. Glasgow : Thomas Murray & Son. Edinburgh : Paton & Ritchie.

the tramping and clatter of dragoons, and the impressive pageantry of regal state, it is then the sky is rent with acclamations, and we all see her to be every inch a Queen.

Were Dr Guthrie's volume lying side by side with Dr Gillan's on our table, we have no doubt that we would find them presenting to view some very noticeable points of resemblance. In both, the style would naturally attract attention as singularly rhetorical and sparkling: the manner as vividly dramatic: the subject-matter as thoroughly evangelical: the argument as bearing with infallible certainty ever toward the amelioration of man's estate: the thoughts, as flashing, brilliant, or striking; and the whole artistically garnished with what have been vulgarly but not inappropriately called *bursts*. In Dr Gillan, we have more philosophy, but clothed in phraseology full of inversions as well as somewhat peculiar. In Dr Guthrie, we have a forcible and nervous diction, but disfigured by an exaggeration of tone, and a straining for theatrical effect. In Dr Gillan there is more of logical consecutiveness—in Dr Guthrie more of picturesque force. Dr Gillan produces his results by the comprehensiveness of his argument as much as by the felicity of his illustrations. Dr Guthrie produces his results almost entirely by the illustrative force of isolated passages and the dramatic tone and action with which they are delivered. Both, however, stand out very visibly from the crowd; both have large-hearted sympathies with the people; and both have reaped an ample share of popularity,—the recompense with which the people generally endow their well-wishers.

It has been remarked by one whose opinion is entitled to respect that the Pulpit has of late years greatly increased its influence. It is in the memory of men still living that the ministers of religion were not regarded as in any respect the leaders or modifiers of public opinion. They had suffered the pulpit to be pushed aside out of the central track of human thought; and deemed it an unbecoming license to step beyond the stereotyped formulas of the hereditary faith. From the coldly correct statement of orthodox dogmas, when there was a divergence at all, the ministers of religion were tempted to step out in the direction of a colder region still. To avoid the offence of the cross, and to gratify the neurological cravings of a sceptical age, they purged from the pulpit every leavening element of evangelism, and substituted instead the unobjectionable essay on some question of moral obligation or on the philosophy of religion. It was not deemed accordant with the advanced state of philosophy to preach Christ and Him crucified. The deeper chords of man's nature were never struck; the more imperative promptings of the immortal spirit that is in us were coldly repressed; and a chill like the chill of death, spread in wide circles around the pulpits of Christendom. The standards of the church preserved the form of sound words, and the memory of the Reformation; but the spirit of the Reformation had departed. The contrast, as we now can see from the vantage ground of the better light of our day, between the times of Luther and Knox, and the time we speak of, is startling enough. The pulpit had latterly lost its power. Its thunder that at the former era awed even the spirit of kings, was silent. Its living realness which, at the Reformation, carried it so

deeply into the warm throbbing life of the world to lend a quickening impulse to the earnest hopes of humanity, grew sick and died before a philosophy that had no faith and a religion that had no life.

Better days, however, have dawned again for the church and for the world. For years past, the pulpit has been recognised as the influential instrument of the world's regeneration. It has been gradually projected upon the sphere of human action with something like its ancient prominence, though certainly not as yet with the ancient manifoldness of its aspects. In the better days of its former triumphs, the pulpit, if we may so express it, faced every way, and that with a most impressive breadth of power and practical energy. Nothing which bore on man's present state or future destiny was deemed inappropriate to the pulpit. The whole region of politics, which is now fenced off with so much jealous pains from all contact with the sanctuary, was then heavily taxed to furnish material for the preacher. The pulpit thus became the rival of the throne, and the palladium of the people's liberties against the encroachments of despotic power. The privilege thus claimed, and then readily conceded to the pulpit, was often pushed to excess or wrested as a cover for offensive personalities. Many anecdotes are preserved of the unseemly scenes by which the solemnities of public worship were disturbed in the stirring times of the first James. "*Speak sense*," cried the Scottish Solomon from the royal pew of the High Church of Edinburgh to one of the famous preachers of the day—"speak sense, man ; or, come doon oot o' the poupit." "*Sir*," exclaimed the sturdy witness for liberty of conscience, and spiritual independence, "*I will neither speak sense nor come down*."

The pulpit has never wholly recovered the ground which it lost in the reaction consequent on the abuse of its privilege and its unwarrantable excess. This is doubtless in part traceable to the fact, that a new agency has forced itself with uncontrollable might into the very centre of the glorious arena of human thought and action. *The press*, from the first acknowledged as an imperishable power, gradually and rapidly developed its resources, till now *the priesthood of the press* has become in our day as haughty and formidable to kings and statesmen, as in ancient times was the *priesthood of Rome*. The domain of civil politics and secular action, it claims as peculiarly its own. There it reigns with undisputed sovereignty and brooks no rival near its throne. It makes and unmakes—it casts down and sets up—it prompts rulers, counsels councillors, and instructs kings—it explodes cabinets, dismisses ministers, recalls commanders, scatters conferences, rebukes royalty, scans each project of royal alliances and forbids the banns. It is a power and a terror—a mighty giant who lays a hand upon the throne of the monarch ; another upon the bench of the judge ; another upon the lawyer's fee ; another upon the merchant's till ;—nay nothing is so high and nothing so low, but he has a hand to lay upon it, and make his victim tremble. The press is a Briareus with his hundred hands and fifty heads. The Titans of churchism and priestcraft, who made war upon the gods, have been vanquished by this modern giant and cast down into Tartarus ; over which the victor still keeps watch and ward lest the ancient enslavers of the human mind should attempt to make their escape.

In this immense field of human action now under the dominion of the press, the pulpit has never regained its ancient footing. It could not be tolerated, were an attempt made to bring the pulpit to bear upon the theory and practice of government, and the variable activities of secular politics. The ancient practice has died out; and it is matter of congratulation that the energies of the various appliances and agencies of the times which have risen up in its place, render it quite unnecessary to seek its resuscitation. At the same time, it may justly be questioned whether the influence of the pulpit may not be thereby unduly curbed. It is calculated to excite suspicion when the world draws a line of demarcation which the pulpit is not permitted to transgress; and to fence off a territory within which the testimony of the pulpit is not allowed to be heard. Or let us substitute for "*the world*," the Christian Church, and the suspiciousness of the circumstance is not abated. Why should the body of the Christian public jealously preserve the whole field of citizenship and secular business from pulpit influence? This isolation of the pulpit—this hedging it up within certain prescribed limits and confinement of it to certain prescribed topics—may arise from an unwillingness to have the light of the divine law shed upon the tortuous policy and questionable motives which might possibly be detected there. Such objections as that these subjects are beneath the dignity of the pulpit—that they would lead to hurtful personalities or party strife and such like—are not valid. For surely any topic which relates to the life of man, may be handled with a most becoming delicacy and with all the dignity which the pulpit can demand. The real reason for this isolation we fear, is not concern for the dignity of the pulpit, but alarm lest the Bible penetrate too deeply into their daily life, and disturb their daily schemes of secular action. There are many who, like Sir John Dean Paul, would allow pulpit influence full scope within the walls of Exeter Hall, but who would cry out against the degradation of the pulpit should it attempt to penetrate the mystery of iniquity which lies veiled within the counting chamber.

Of late years, however, great encroachments have been made, and made successfully upon the territory which the world claimed as its own. Such preachers as Maurice and Kingsley, have boldly advanced far upon the forbidden ground. They have startled ecclesiastical martinets, and the waiters on providence, and the zealots for pulpit dignity, by the faithful exposure of social evils and of the social wrongs which generated them—by dragging into the light of the Bible the secret workings of the system which has borne such a plentiful harvest of pauperism and vice, adulterations and corrupt practices—and by disturbing with the awful thunders of the divine law, that elect heritage of Mammon where all had agreed to cry, "*peace, peace!* when there was no peace." That it is a movement in the right direction, seems demonstrable both from the antipathy which it has provoked, and from the applause which it has won. The antipathy is chiefly confined to those who hate the light and will not come to the light, lest their deeds should be reprovèd; and the applause is yielded by those who labour for the inbringing of a kingdom of light and truth. Whosoever the good have found fault with such

preachers as we have named, it is not on account of the movement now commented on ; but because they have brought to their warfare unholy worldly weapons. We respect the genius and courage by which the world's territory has been so vigorously invaded ; but we reprobate *the guilt* of explaining away or casting aside the grandest doctrines of the Christian system, and also *the folly* of supposing that a Christianity thus robbed and wronged can ever regenerate a world lying in wickedness.

The Scottish pulpit has not failed to co-operate with this movement ; and, it is gratifying to find, without deeming it needful to depart from the old and time-honoured creed of the country. The neology of the new school, dangerous as it has proved to many, has not succeeded to loosen the roots of our venerable Scottish faith. We are aware that some sucklings of the colleges, and a few lately weaned, are toying with the temptation somewhat rashly. But when brought to book, they do not place before our startled sight a Medusa's head, bristling with the serpents of heresy. They rather indulge in a strange jargon of exotic unintelligibilities, and escape in a cloud of words. We would not deal by them hardly. They will probably come all right without doing any harm. It is a natural conceit of youth to mistake haziness of conception for profundity ; and consequently to deem itself profound when lost in mist. We would not greatly object to the German agony in a young man. The forced look of impassioned earnestness wears off ; experience gradually tempers the arrogance of his earlier assumption ; the bigness of his ideas ceases by degrees to put the social system in jeopardy ; his great mind brings itself to extend charity to other men's benightedness ; Chalmers, Wardlaw, and such-like humble thinkers are compassionately permitted to occupy the outskirts of the realms of philosophy ; and in the end, if he does not actually leave cloudland altogether, he at least retires from the part of it where error sits enthroned. He may still love to smoke a pipe with Kant and Schleiermacher in the shades, and may still feel a spasmodic yearning for the emancipation of the human mind ; but on the whole, he is harmless, and will let you, without any very severe censure or sarcasm, build your schools, and endow your churches for the good of your poorer brethren. If he does not actually aid (which it would be perhaps unreasonable to look for,) in the very mundane and anti-transcendental labours of vulgar philanthropists in the streets and lanes, he does not continue long to drink up scorning like water. He soon concedes to you the privilege of labouring in your own approved orthodox fashion among the poor—and the more readily that he is seriously in doubt whether you are fit for any thing higher.

Dr Gillan is one of those evidently who have high notions of pulpit requirements, and of the qualities suitable to the times. It is true that the venerable creed of his country is not deemed by him obsolete and outworn. It is not dealt with slightly, or ever made to stand aside, or forced to give place to the showy novelties of the day. He is never ashamed of his Geneva gown, and never deems it in the least necessary to apologise for the austere plainness of its pattern. At the same time the stately body of our traditionary theology, which he handles with such easy force, is adapted by him with brilliant effect and admirable faith-

fulness to the wants and iniquities of the times. He is not content with a wise and just exposition of the divine law and of the broad general principles which it embodies; but applies its trenchant and keen edge to the specialities of social and public immorality, with a moral courage which cannot but compel respect. It says a great deal for a minister who can speak from the pulpit in the following strain to a mercantile community; and it says a great deal for the large congregation to which these lectures were addressed, that not only could they tolerate, but applaud, and demand to have them in a more permanent form than the transient breath of pulpit rhetoric.

"These are thieves by profession, and so right safe are we in condemning them. But others there are as thorns and briars in the flesh of the social community, who with a less rough exterior, and with smoother tongues, have yet all of this 'ravenousness' in their hearts. These be they whom necessity has driven to such inventions, or whom a bad education has blinded, or whom a worse disposition has depraved—they who in their moral obliquity call what is evil, good. Fraudulency the most unblushing, they uphold as the fairest dealing—claims incurred by gambling they exact as debts of honour, omitting the *dis* before it! Penuriousness they style prudence, extravagance they laud as liberality, while inflicting the deepest injury on all they can affect or victimise. Leaving these open violators enumerated—not to go to their place, but praying for their reformation, that they yet become as yon writhing expiring one on the cross, who was once their brother and whom Christ that day met in paradise—we must in faithfulness to our mission proceed to notify sundry offences against which the voice of this high-toned manly-godly law is without faltering raised—offences, alas! by much too common in private life as in the commercial world. And as money answereth to all things, as the settled representative of property—as it is most readily concealed—as it ministers to every pleasure and nutriment all our pride—it is the *love* of this that constitutes the root of this evil. Drawn aside from the straight path of honesty, which alone is true honour, by this satanic sussion, we have to lament, as we must expose, the *false returns of income* that are being made by many—and the most in the more opulent classes—to save themselves from a due support of national public burdens. Oh! the imagination, vulgar as it is vicious, is that no wrong thing it is to defraud the revenue by any act of deception, or by any utterance of falsehood, or by any contraband merchandise. All the gratitude such men shew to that Providence who hath dealt so bountifully with them, is to insult His law—all the patriotism they feel for their personal protection and public freedom, is to cheat that Government and impair the executive of that constitution by which, under God, it is secured. So slender is their principle of truth, that a little gold dust is enough to outweigh it; and so slight is their hold of the soil of justice, that the merest breath of the most meagre advantage can tear it up by the roots."

We have here an example both of the merits and demerits of Dr Gillan's manner. The coinage of new terms is conceded to original thinkers without much reluctance; and provided it bears the ancient English stamp fresh upon it, the new coin gradually forces itself into general currency. But the terms must really possess a genuine and legitimate relationship to the ancient stock. They must be able not merely to claim kindred, but actual brotherhood with the noble old family of English vocables, or else they are rejected as a bastard race, totally unworthy

the high society and exalted companionship into which they have intruded.

Now, ever and anon, in the perusal of this volume we stumble upon a new term felicitously struck, and imparting a graphic force to the sentiment. But sometimes the Rev. Doctor uses this royal privilege somewhat less happily and without the requisite caution. In the above extract, for instance, there are terms and forms of expression which a correct taste cannot approve. We are not disposed to censure very severely the play upon the word "*dishonour*," for if wit is admissible at all in pulpit oratory, a most fair subject presented itself in the *debts* so impudently misnamed *debts of honour*. It was therefore a very palpable hit, if a hit is allowable on so sacred an occasion. We have precedent for it, it is true, in our highest British classics. South made copious use of this weapon in the pulpit; and the witty thrusts and puns upon words, and quips, and oddities of expression in which the genius of South luxuriated, must have forcibly provoked the mirth of his hearers. Besides South, confessedly the wittiest of English divines, others of high rank could also be brought up in support of the practice. Thomas Fuller is a notable example. The strong and pithy utterances in which he excelled, were frequently introduced or followed up by a joke. The eccentric Berridge indulged his witty vein in the pulpit to an extraordinary degree, so that smiles and tears alternated on the face of the great multitudes that flocked to hear him, like the lights and shadows which chase each other on the hill-side. When the serious and earnest Thornton, scandalized at smiling worshippers, and zealous for the honour of religion, and for the increased usefulness of one whom he so much admired, counselled him to put his fool's cap off, Berridge assured him that it was not done so easily as putting off a nightcap, and that it was weaved in with his nature so closely, that it could only be burnt off with fiery furnaces. With precedents therefore, so respectable, we cannot express our disapproval in so strong language as our tastes prompt; and consequently cannot disapprove at all of the temperate use which Dr Gillan makes of wit in the discourses under review.

But what shall we say to the phrase, "*money nutriment to our pride*?" It is contrary to the genius of the English tongue to convert a noun with so ponderous an affix into a verb. A case or two might be adduced of dissyllabic substantives ending in "*ment*" being changed into verbs. But in these cases, it will be found that the syllable on which the weighty affix rests, is a short, thick-set, compact fellow, as if to bear the shock of the affix going off. It is like the strong abrupt mortar for firing off heavy shells. Of trisyllabic nouns ending in "*ment*," we cannot recall any thus changed into a verb, if we except one which is in great request at Poor Law Boards, when the eager economists that constitute them debate with immense research, "whether the Board is bound to *aliment*." But this one solitary trisyllable is so base-born—so versant with pauperism and bastardy—so familiar with hunger-bitten want and gibing taunts—so altogether ill-omened and inauspicious, that it should have furnished an impressive warning to an author, not to create for "*aliment*" a miserable companion in tribulation.

These, however, are mere surface blemishes—mere spots in the sun. The intelligent reader of the lecture will be struck with the home truths which the preacher deals out, the brilliant energy with which they are enumerated, and the forcible logic with which plausible misconduct is exposed. We feel satisfied that high as Dr Gillan's reputation previously stood as a faithful pastor and brilliant preacher, the publication of this volume will have the effect of raising it immensely higher.

We give another extract in the same strain of faithful admonition as the above, and still more remarkable for close dealing :—

“Still with all this notified, and readily and feelingly allowed, it cannot be denied that very loose and unscriptural views are afloat in regard to our dealings with others. Neither can it be concealed that most latitudinarian practices are pursued, and most unwarrantable liberties taken with the means and the substance of others. Against these, and from Sinai too, is lifted up the voice of the judge of all the earth, who, with equal hand, deals out to all their awards; and who, in no conceivable emergency, can complacently look on any in whose hand is this mischief, or ‘whose right hand is full of bribes.’ Then, where debts are contracted without the ability or intention of paying them, I need not add that a most flagrant offence is committed against every dictate of justice. Or, let unlooked for embarrassments arise; and let the conduct emulate that of Ananias and Sapphira by *retaining*, by *secreting*, by *denying* what of right belongs to the sufferers, I need not say that on such fraud,—such falsehood as this, the face of Jehovah must frown. But even after a *legal* discharge, should resources become available, assuredly are we bound to pay to the uttermost farthing. And, though there are honourable exceptions, alas! the rule now is to eat, drink, to make merry, to forget all past incumbrances, to sink all former arrears, and haply push on to more. Out of *millions* of money then due, not in the estimate of man, but in that of God, *units* have scarcely been returned, and the applause which such honourableness elicits, only more painfully reveals our sad and heart-sickenening degeneracy. What ought to be done when a brilliant prosperity succeeds a cloudy reverse, self-respect combines with Christianity at once in deciding. But what is done, too often and too generally fills us with sorrow and fear. Limiting the remark *only* to cases where a full payment after a compromise would be attended with *little* sacrifice,—would still leave enough and to spare for comfort, for convenience, for alms,—we cannot but affirm, in face of a flourished discharge, that the precept is set at nought which directs us to owe no man anything, but to love one another, if nothing is thereon returned. Neglected is verily Christ's golden rule, which saith, ‘As ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye also unto them.’ Nor is there a more irritating and humiliating spectacle of human depravity than to behold the once reduced one clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, while the indulgent creditor, whom he now ignores, has scarcely a frugal meal; or to see this once bankrupt one now rolling in a splendid carriage, and dashing past yon humble unnoticed pedestrian, to whom large sums are still unpaid. If this is a resurrection from bankruptcy,—in the sight of God as in the sight of every honest man, it is ‘unto shame and contempt.’ Over all such exhibitions of presuming insolence and unjust ostentation as these, a sound is heard, as at midnight among ruins, and the sound thus speaketh, ‘O man, O dishonourable man, ‘thou shalt not steal.’”—Pp. 248-9.

Now, if this is not plain speaking, suitable to an ambassador of the Great Master, we have never met with it. There is no shrinking from

a delicate task—no uncertainty in the sound of the trumpet—no slurring the difficulty—no skimming over the sore. There is a most thorough probing, throughout the lecture, of the wounds that are festering in the social body, and a most courageous application of the holy law of God where the application was likely to give offence.

There is nothing which inspires the mind with a more cheerful hope of the future, than the progressive fidelity of pulpit ministrations. We think this progress a very noticeable feature of the times. As in the case at present under review, the law of God is forced impressively across men's paths. If evils have crept in unheeded, and engendered a most startling amount of public immorality, we cannot despair of the commonwealth when the witness of God's law is fearlessly delivered against the accursed thing. It is a startling—even an appalling—symptom of the morbid condition of the social body, when provosts perpetrate horrid crimes, and titled bankers act the part of unprincipled swindlers; but there must be a strong conservative and saving health too, when, to the perpetrators of the wrong, justice gives her award with a solemnity and a rigour commensurate with the enormity of the offence. The wrong itself is not more symptomatic of evil than the banishment of the wrong-doers is symptomatic of good. If the one is a dark augury of disaster, the other is a prophet of hope—a harbinger of recovered soundness and moral health.

Dr Gillan's idea is pre-eminently a happy one. The solemn enactments of the decalogue are recognised as the divine expression of immutable human duty. A series of lectures upon these in their order has been produced, the grand purpose of which was to assert their authority—to determine their force, breadth, and compass—and to instruct their application to things as they are, and with which we all have to do. The rarity of a series of lectures on the decalogue rendered any attempt to supply the desideratum commendable; and the success of the attempt has converted it into a very valuable benefit to the Christian public. It was further a felicitous thought to introduce the divine law, and to terminate his series as he has done. The volume opens with a prefatory inquiry into the origin, foundation, and standard of moral obligation, which is pervaded by a fine vein of Christian philosophy, is well up with the times, and is characterised by just analysis and sound guiding principles. The series is terminated and wound up in a splendid exhibition of the *gospel*, that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one who believeth. We feel very confident that the volume will find a welcome from the Christian public, and a place in the religious library.

Dr Gillan is a citizen of no mean city. Glasgow is famous for many things. Her commercial enterprise has penetrated every sea, entered every port of the globe, floated whole fleets of noble argosies, reared a most numerous family of merchant-princes, and caused her name to be bruited on every mart, and wheresoever, from Greenland to the Cape, from Cape Horn to Cape Comorin, the merchants of the earth are wont to congregate. Glasgow is famous, too, for her Bibles and Christian activities. And who has not heard of the hospitality of Glasgow, and partaken of its overflowing abundance? Many aver that the Reverend the

Presbytery of Glasgow nobly sustain their city's honourable name for this Christian virtue ; and we ourselves can lend our humble witness in their favour—having been of the number of several strangers present on one occasion, when Dr Gillan made a most brilliant and effective appearance on the subject of Patronage. All the strangers, accustomed only to the ordinary displays of *provincial* hospitality, were utterly unprepared for the princely hospitalities of the great metropolis of the West. All the strangers agreed that they had never witnessed anything to surpass the hospitality of the Glasgow brethren, *except their remarkable gift of suppressing every outward manifestation of it.* But in our opinion, Glasgow's chief distinction is her doctors of divinity. She is a city of doctors. Pass along any street or lane of the great city—pick your steps through the Sawtmarket, or the Guse Dubs, or the Cowlairs, you cannot walk ten steps without jostling a doctor of divinity. Not a street but is made solemn with their tread—not a platform but groans with their weight—not a cause but is inaugurated under doctoral auspices. So fortunate is Glasgow that her religious teachers are all masters in Israel—all men of the highest renown in their generation. The author of this volume has lately been joined to this venerable guild, and is doing much by tongue, and pen, and press, to sustain their reputation. *Publication* may be deemed an unusual course for a Guild Brother to pursue, and may startle the anti-literary quiescence of their order ; but the public will hail the present triumphant attempt to sustain the dignity of the title, and would willingly cheer others on to do likewise.

We will return to the subject of Our Scottish Pulpit, when Dr Thomas Guthrie's volume comes to hand.

POEMS BY ALEXANDER CARLILE.

THE present does not certainly appear a very favourable time to publish poetry. There seems no great demand for it—no very general or enthusiastic appreciation of it. We believe, that at no other time, during the last fifty years, was poetry so little read, or so seldom introduced as the topic of general conversation. The subject, indeed, seems to have lost much of its wonted interest. And to what causes are we to ascribe this apparent indifference ? Mainly we believe to the fact, that during late years, we have had amongst us no really great poet, who, by his transcendent genius, could exercise a powerful influence over the national mind, in favour of the poetic art—could by his own productions, mould and guide the public taste, and infuse into the intelligent community, an ardent love for poetic literature. No such poet has existed since the disappearance of that bright galaxy of poetic genius that shone with so resplendent lustre during the earlier part of this century. No doubt, we have had several poets of decided merit—of true genius—who might in a sense be regarded as great poets, and who have done not a little to keep alive a taste for poetry. But we have had none who has attained the high position in public favour, or wielded the mighty influence over the public mind of a Scott—a Byron—or a Wordsworth. And for lack

of such stimulus, there appears less avidity on the part of the general public for poetic reading. Add to this, that while comparatively little really good poetry—such as could not fail to enlist a numerous class of readers—has, during late years, issued from the press, there has been a superabundance of what bore only the semblance of poetry—mere verse—vapid, prosy, and insipid; and this latter, having in a manner displaced or superseded the former,—has palled upon the public taste, and created a disrelish for poetry in general. There is still another consideration which partly accounts for the apparently diminished interest with which poetry is at present regarded, and that is, the all-engrossing nature of those momentous events which are now transpiring both at home and abroad, and of those vast and complicated interests, both national and individual, which these events are every day affecting. So completely do these matters at present absorb public attention, that literary recreations are in some danger for a time of being neglected by the bulk of the reading community. In these circumstances a weightier responsibility certainly devolves on the professional critic, to see to it, that no work of real merit be overlooked, and thus from its very birth, be hid in obscurity. In the discharge of this duty, we would call the attention of our readers to a very interesting little volume of poems which has recently been published by Mr Carlile, a gentleman who has long been known as a very able contributor to several of the most respectable periodicals of the day. The volume contains a collection of poems;—some of which have been already published. It bears the marks of true poetry; genuine, unaffected, original. The contents are of two kinds. One part consists of a number of short poems on various subjects. As we learn from the preface, these, though forming the concluding part of the volume, were the earlier composed. The other part consists of two longer and more elaborate poems, entitled respectively, “God in Nature,” and “The Deity in Man.” These latter, unquestionably, are very superior productions. Their design is to unfold and illustrate the wonderful manifestations which creation affords of the being and perfections of the Almighty. It is thus announced by the author in the opening verses of the first poem :—

“ I follow Nature’s footprints. There to find
The high path of her God, and call to man,
Falsed with Pleasure’s cup, or jaded sore
With the strong wrestlings for ‘the root of ill’,
To rouse, and witness the majestic light—
The Deity, in glory passing by.”—P. 20.

A truly noble theme this! a theme worthy the highest efforts of any poet! In the one poem, “God in Nature,” the author celebrates the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God as these are displayed in the inanimate and irrational creation; in the other poem, “The Deity in Man,” as these are reflected in the God-like powers and faculties of man’s moral and intellectual constitution. In both, the subject is treated with admirable ability. They evidently contain the results of minute observation, of extensive reading, and of sound thinking, clothed in chaste and highly poetic language. The subject seems congenial to Mr

Carlile's tastes and habits of thought,—one with which, by long converse, he has become familiar, and on which he loves to expatiate with glowing delight. In prosecuting the theme he has produced some passages of great beauty both of thought and of language; such as the following:—

“ Like the fine thrillings of the human frame,
That speak one living soul pervading all,
Or the sweet throbbings of the ardent lute,
Its frame all quivering with the master-tone,
Each atom of the mighty universe
Holds sympathy with all, and all with each;
Drop but a grain upon our massive earth,
And, instant, a vibration, fine as thought,
Shoots up thro’ heaven’s vault, and spreads around
Soft ripples on the shores of every orb
It meets. Embraces in its widening sweep,
And trembles in the balance of each sphere,
The beauty and magnificence of earth
With gold and silver canopied, and walled,
And gorgeous-tinted curtains floating loose,
Tempering at once the fervid air and light:—
This stately home of man—its winding shores,
With silvery sand, and sighing caverns deep,
To Nature’s pale-browed pilgrim softly sweet
Inviting Solitude’s serenest dreams.”

The thought embodied in this passage is sound and philosophic, and the expression exquisitely beautiful and poetic.

One merit these poems possess which we deem worthy of special commendation. They are perfectly free from that gross Materialism and Pantheism which pervade so large a portion of the poetry of this century. Mr Carlile possesses many of the requisites of a true poet; and one of these, not the least, is that broad and genial sympathy with the beautiful and the grand in nature which forms the basis of all true poetry. To many this feeling—this sympathy—this ardent love of external nature only proves a snare, as it often betrays them, it may be unconsciously, into a kind of Pantheism; leads them to confound the material with the spiritual—the finite with the Infinite—the created and visible with the Self-existent and the Invisible. Failing to rise above the beauties and harmonies of nature to the God of nature—above the laws and agencies of the universe to the Creator of the universe—above all second causes to the Great First Cause,—they often worship at the shrine of Nature, when they ought to worship alone at the footstool of the Father of Spirits. Such is the error of too many both of our poets and philosophers who have made nature their study. But this error, we are happy to find, does not exist in the volume before us. With all his intense sympathy with Nature in all her moods; with all his appreciation of her beauties and harmonies; Mr Carlile has not forgotten that truth ought ever to be the foundation of poetry as well as of philosophy, and that truth teaches us “to follow nature up to nature’s God.”

In these two larger poems, it strikes us, that occasionally too much

prominence is given to the metaphysics of the subject, and too many abstract terms are employed. General statements or formal reasoning do not well harmonize with the directness and the simplicity of true poetry. They give a certain prosaic character to a composition. True poetry rejects the complex and the abstract, and embodies itself in the simple and the concrete. Images must be presented in their individual form as first they impress the mind. Truth must be expressed in the simplest terms, and established more by illustration than by chains of reasoning. It is this, indeed, which mainly distinguishes poetry from prose. In the former, description and illustration should predominate over abstract reasoning; in the latter, reasoning should predominate over mere illustration; in the former, reason should be at hand to guide and control feeling and imagination; in the latter, these should attend merely to adorn and enforce the deductions of reason. Passion and imagination, grounded on a basis of truth, are the constituents of genuine poetry.

The Second Part of Mr Carlile's volume, as we have stated, consists of a number of short miscellaneous poems. The style of these differs considerably from that of the two larger poems to which we have referred,—it is more lively and more flowing. In the latter—the two larger poems—there is more reflective thought; in the former, more elasticity of feeling and playfulness of fancy. For this reason they may be preferred by a certain class of readers. Several of these lighter pieces are singularly beautiful, delicate in sentiment, chaste in expression, and touching in pathos. "Lines on the death of Marjory Bruce," contain some very fine descriptive passages. They prove that the author is no mean proficient in portraying both the beauties of natural scenery, and the feelings and passions of the human heart. We only regret that our space does not admit of illustrating these remarks by quotations.

We heartily commend the volume to the favourable notice of our readers, feeling assured that it will repay a careful perusal with both instruction and amusement. It is in the highest degree creditable to the author. It shews him to be possessed of a mind accustomed to reflection, and well stored, by reading and observation, with varied knowledge,—of an imagination chastened and made subservient to a sound, discriminating judgment,—and of a true poetic spirit, mellowed and sanctified by a deep and fervent piety.

WIDOW EFFIE'S BOY.

By W. S. DANIEL.

The Widow, Effie, sighin sat
 Upon her cauld hearth-stane,—
 Her boy lay smilin' in his sleep,
 And she wi' toil was gane;
 There was nae meal within the kist,
 That aince was lippin fu'—
 The last scrimp gowpen she had ta'en
 To fill her laddie's mou!

She slept—and wi' the sun she raise
 And toiled till worn and sair,—
 While Johnie haistit to the schule
 To seek the needfu' lear;
 He was a boy wi' braid, braid broo,
 And flashin' dark-brown e'e,
 And his lang locks, kaimed by his Mither's han',
 Were beautifu' to see.

He was sad Puirtith's slichtit bairn,
 Lo'ed, thocht o', kent by name—
 But the guid auld Maister's ken'lin glance
 Dwelt on the Widow's wean:
 The laddie's brain was wondrous lairge,
 Tho' his play-hour piece was sma'—
 There were braw claes in that muckle schule,
 But he dang the dandies a'!

“There's something, Effie, i' that head,
 If heaven the boy should spare,
 That 'ill mak you proud, tho' noo you sit
 In Puirtith's frozen chair—
 There's something in thae thochtful' een
 I canna weel divine,
 But I feel as if a mighty saul
 Were glowerin' into mine!”

So said the Maister, as he sat
 I' the Widow's cot sae sma',—
 For aft, to see the boy, he strave
 To mak an e'enin ca':—
 And years rowed on,—and Johnie grew
 In stature and in lear,
 Till the guid auld Maister said—“My lad,
 I canna learn you mair.”

God sent a frien', wi' warldly sense,
 Warm heart and piercin' e'e,—
 He saw the striplin' giant's strength—
 “That boy *my* care sal be!”
 And Johnie left the theekit cot,
 The bield o' bairnhood's day,
 While his Mither smiled and grat by turna,
 Wi' thankfu'ness and wae!

In distant ha's, whar white-hair'd Eld
 First dwalt in Learnin's bowers,
 The striplin' fed his saul wi' lear,
 And pu'd young Fancy's flowers,—
 Till, wi' resistless step, he clam
 The Jacob's-ledder, given
 To Genius wi' the fiery feet
 To mount to glory's heaven!

Lang was the struggle, fierce the fecht—
 The striplin' was a man—
 And the widow's bairn sat side by side
 Wi' the mighty o' the lan';

He dipt his pen in molten gowd,
Or else in bitterest ga',—
And the thunder o' his worahipt tongue
Shook Britain's senate ha' !

But mid the storms o' warldly strife,
Ae thing he ne'er forgot—
The saft glance o' his mither's e'en
I' the auld familiar cot ;
He sent her walth, he sent her luve—
But women-folk can tell,
Wha hae born a bairn, she'd raither had
A wee blink o' himsel !

The Maister ca'd, and, smilin, said,
" Your son hath writ to me ;—
He thinks within a lairger house
That you wad blither be."
" Na, maister, na ! my heart's owre proud
Frae the honoured cot to pairt,
Whar, in cauld but honest poverty,
I nurst him at my heart !"

Time past ; and ae bricht day in June,
Wi' horses steamin' hot,
A carriage rattlit thro' the toon,
To Widow Effie's cot.
And a tall, proud man cam steppin' doon,
And lootit to gang in ;
Syne gazed wi' eager e'en to see
The lang-lo'ed face within.

There sat she i' the same auld chair,
Close by the ingle nook ;
At the same wee table, whar was spread
Her treasured holy book.
She looked—and saw the dear, bricht face,
That aince lay on her knee ;
" Oh ! God be thanked !" she faintly cried,
" I've seen him e'er I dee."

He took her arm in his, and slow
Walked to the kirkyaird nigh ;
While the proudest toonsfolk bowed the head,
As the widow's bairn ga'ed by.
Oh ! gentle was the mither's face,
And meek as weel could be ;
But a wee bit glint o' woman pride
Keeked thro' her hazel e'e.

The great man's tears as thickly fall
On his peasant-father's clay,
As if a duke's ain coronet
On the sculptur't head-stane lay.
The widow clasped her tremblin' hands,
And sadly whisper't she,
" Oh ! that the dead had jist been here
To see this day wi' me."

Genius! thou soarin' flame,—thy ray
 Aft shoots frae lowest cell ;
 The lordliest streams that flood the earth,
 Rise frae the deepest well :
 Frae sma' seed springs the tree that throws
 Its leafy targe abroad,
 To shadow mighty Lebanon,
 The cedar-tree o' God !

CALLIAS THE DADUCHUS.

A SONNET.

By W. S. DANIEL.

[Composed at the monastery of Vrana, above the battlefield of Marathon.]

Hot reeks the steam of blood from yonder plain,
 Whelmed in a sea of carnage, whose fierce waves
 Foam ruddily ! A tyrant and his slaves
 There strive, with demon strength, to weld their chain
 Round the free neck of Greece. The battle raves,
 And roars, and surges ; and the ringing glaves
 Flash through the fight-mist ; but, 'mid hills of slain,
 Towereth the white-robed warrior of the fane,
 CALLIAS the Priest,¹—the fillet round his hair,—
 His only mail the vestments of the shrine ;
 And, grandly terrible, he waves in air,
 Glued to his gory hand, the steel divine.²
 Oh ! say not that in paths of sin he trod,
 For he who strikes for Freedom strikes for God !

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

"Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !"—*Campbell.*

Hushed, Britannia ! be thy gladness,
 Mute thy triumph song of praise,
 Tune thy lyre to strains of sadness,
 Notes of woe and wailing raise.
 Oh ! in silence fitting, ponder,
 O'er the warrior-hearts no more :—
 Cold and lifeless sleep they yonder,
 By the stormy Euxine shore.

¹ Callias fought at Marathon in his costume as a priest.

² The sacrificial knife.

Youthful bosoms fired with glory,
 Hearts that loved their country well ;
 Vet'rans, in her cause grown hoary,
 At stern duty's bidding fell :
 Gallant French from Seine's gay fountains,
 English, Turk, Sardinian brave,
 Peerless Sons of Scotia's mountains,
 Share alike one common grave.

Sunk to rest !—on blood-stained pillow,
 Tribute rears no sculptured stone,—
 Time rolls on with restless billow,
 We forget our heroes gone ;—
 What ? forget !—ah ! never, never
 Shall one Soldier's name be lost,
 Time may pass, still, Freedom, ever
 Be their memory thy boast.

Cold indeed, and love-forsaken,
 As a bird's nest filled with snow,
 Is the soul who'll ne'er awaken,
 One true tear for those laid low.

Guard, Crimean hills, the ashes
 Of our loved, our bravest, best ;
 As war's struggle surge-like dashes,
 May it break not o'er their rest.
 Moan, ye winds of winter hoary,
 Softly down each rugged steep,
 O'er each field of battle gory,
 Where those patriot-heroes sleep.

Yes, they sleep !—from kindred severed,
 No fond mother's tear is shed,
 No loved sister's lip has quivered
 By the warrior's dying bed.
 Each his silent watch is keeping,
 By the foeman's cold lone hill ;
 O'er the slopes the night gloom creeping
 Finds their rest unbroken still.

Slumber on, ye brave departed !
 Earth protect their hallowed dust ;—
 Weep not, mourners, broken-hearted,
 Heaven your hope, and God your trust.
 Steadfast still in these confiding,
 Fear can never track your way ;—
 Death may strike, your friends dividing,
 Still *one* friend remains away.

November 1855.

R. H.

NATIVE EDUCATION IN INDIA.¹

If we have hitherto delayed noticing the "Appeal in Behalf of Native

¹ An Appeal on Behalf of Native Education in India, in connection with the School and Mission of the General Assembly in India. By the Rev. JAMES BRYCE, D.D., late senior minister of St Andrew's Church, Calcutta. Edinburgh : Paton & Ritchie.

Education in India" now before us, it has not been because we attach little importance to the subject which it embraces. There are elements in this subject of the very deepest interest, regarded, as it may be, under a more extensive view of the matter, than as it merely stands connected with one of the first, and most fondly cherished Schemes of the Church of Scotland. It is doubtless in this latter aspect, that it more immediately presents itself in the pamphlet now before us, and in this respect it has special claims to our consideration. But it is impossible to turn to it, even in this more limited light, and not to be reminded of the Educational warfare, that has been and still is, going on nearer home than India. "Education" would appear to be a "question of the day" in the east, as well as in the west; and the Government of India has been called to the solution of the same problem, as regards its native subjects, which has been so long agitating and perplexing that of England,—namely, the best practical mode of providing for the peace and welfare of a country, through the instrumentality of a national or general system of education. We need not remind our readers, how little progress the Legislature of England has yet made in reaching a solution of the problem. Bill after bill has been introduced into Parliament; some of which have no doubt reached a second reading, but not one of which has yet ripened into a law. Even in Scotland, where the good folks imagined, that they already possessed a national system of education, which only required to be extended on the same basis, on which it has rested since the Reformation, every attempt to legislate on this important department of public policy, has been defeated, and matters have been left as they have so long stood, on a footing, which, while it has doubtless been redolent of good fruits, is allowed on all hands to stand in need of amendment. We may in the meantime, however, congratulate the people of Scotland, that the changes which the highest official in the country has attempted to introduce into their long tried and hitherto highly valued Parish Schools, have not been carried out, even with all the aid of Government support; and that the "godly up-bringing" of their youth still remains guaranteed by the Revolution Settlement; and guarded by those securities which alike Christian piety, sound wisdom, and enlightened patriotism, long ago provided. This victory has not, however, been achieved without a struggle; and by no means proclaims that, even as regards our parish schools at home, the educational war is at an end. We are still threatened with its renewal so soon again as the forms of Parliament permit; and even so far as Scotland is concerned, the great question of a national education and the principles on which it shall be based, are regarded by the statesmen now in office, as still in the womb of futurity.

Not so stands the question, as regards "Education in India." The practical result, at which the Indian authorities have arrived, is contained, not indeed in a "Bill" before Parliament, at which Churchmen and Dissenters may cavil, and on which, as their constituents demand, they may cut and carve on its way through the Commons' House, until the parent of the measure can scarcely recognise his own child! but in a "Despatch" from the Honourable Court of Directors to the Governor General in Council,—a Despatch scarcely promulgated, until we find it in progress of

being carried into effect. It was to this "Despatch" that the author of the "Appeal" before us called the attention of the last General Assembly, as it more especially bears upon the School and Mission of the Church of Scotland in India; and it will scarcely be disputed, that he was very fairly entitled to step forward, as he has done, on the disposal of the question now being raised, and to bring it under the notice of the Church. It will also, we think, be admitted, that without reference to the provisions in the "Despatch," which affect the institutions of the Church of Scotland in India, (and they are in truth but slight and passing,) there is matter enough in it to demand the very gravest attention at home, alike from civil, and ecclesiastical bodies. No one, who has watched the progress of events occurring in India within less than the last half century, can have failed to see, that changes the most momentous have been coming over the dream of our Anglo-Indian rule; changes, which have been growing up almost unperceived by many, who look only on the surface of things; but changes, which *τοῖς οὐρανίοις* are giving token of a "progress" that will soon make itself be felt by those who are now the blindest to "coming events." We do not mean to say by this, that we are suddenly to escape from the very anomalous position, in which in India the *rulers* have so long stood towards the *ruled*; but we certainly do intend to give forth a warning voice, that the day is not far distant, when the spectacle of an hundred and fifty millions yielding obedience to a mere handful, holding the reins of government at the distance of half the globe, and deriving all their authority from a prestige of superiority, intellectual, moral, and religious, which these rulers are wisely doing all that in them lies, and doing it with infinite honour to themselves, to uphold, will cease to astonish the world.

The "Appeal" made in behalf of Native Education in India, in connection with the School and Mission of the General Assembly, and more directly addressed to the clergy of the Church, places the question, lately disposed of by the Assembly, very briefly indeed, but very clearly, as appears to us, before the Christian public; and will, we think, enable every one to reach a judgment on the merits of the deliverance come to. It appears to leave nothing to be supplemented in the way of information, and exhibits a very accurate and faithful digest of the "Despatch" on General Education, which formed the text of the Assembly's deliberations, so far at least as that "Despatch" affects the institutions maintained in India by the Church of Scotland. That deliverance was opposed to the course, which the author of the "Appeal" thought the Assembly ought to have pursued in the circumstances in which their School and Mission in India is now being placed by the measures, which the Supreme Government is adopting, in order to carry out the system of general Education which they are instructed to organize. And it is rather a remarkable fact, as indicating unanimity on an educational question, where *par eminence*,—at least on this side of the Cape,—discord and dissension have hitherto been displayed, that in submitting a motion, calling for an opposite judgment from that advocated by others, the author of the "Appeal" should

have stood truly *alone*, and should have seen his motion fall to the ground for want literally of a seconder ! It appears, no doubt, and it is due to the Assembly to state the fact, that the discussion on the "Education in India" question was delayed from day to day, until the last Saturday of its meeting, when in general no business of importance is taken up, and then brought forward at an hour in the afternoon, when many of the country ministers had, as usual, left Edinburgh for the Sabbath-day duties of their parishes ; and hence it happened, as we are told, that had the rule of the House of Commons obtained, the General Assembly would have been counted out before the decision was come to !

Looking to the deliverance of the Assembly, as set forth in this "Appeal," we should scarcely feel entitled to say, that the grounds of the Assembly's declining the proffered "grants in aid" and other encouragements now offered to their Schools in India, are to be found in the *religious instruction* element involved in the question,—that element, which almost alone creates the difficulty at home. On the other hand, having regard to the arguments by which it appears the rejection was justified within both the Foreign Mission Committee and the General Assembly, it is clear that this element was considered by some as alone worthy of attention. But we cannot help thinking, that the great error into which the Assembly fell, was overlooking in how different a position are placed the Government dealing with those, who have not yet received the Christian Rule of Faith, and the Government having to provide *religious instruction* for those who, having received this rule, only differ from each other in its interpretation. The former of these cases is that of the Indian authorities, now called to consider the *religious instruction* element in the system of General Education which they are about to organize ; and to this the attention of the last Assembly was drawn by the author of this "Appeal." In disposing of this case, he avows himself willing to leave to the State the question—how its subjects may be best brought to the knowledge of the Rule of Faith by the appliances within its reach ? and to the decision, at which the Indian Government has arrived,—that, in the circumstances in which they are placed toward their heathen subjects, this may be best done by the education given to them by the State being confined to *secular knowledge*,—instruction in *religion*, and the interpretation of the Christian Rule of Faith, being open to them where demanded, through the Christian Missionary,—he can see no objection either in sound policy or Christian principle. How the Rule of Faith when accepted is to be interpreted, the author appears to regard as a question to be taken up in its proper place. He believes that faith in the doctrines of religion, as the basis of all social morality and political security, is regarded on all hands as the sure and only road to the peace and prosperity of nations ; and he finds nothing in the Indian Scheme of Education opposed to what arises out of this view of duty. On the other hand, those who were opposed to him in the Assembly, appear to have argued, as if the question was one of *interpretation* not of *reception* of the Christian Rule of Faith,—and hence, as we have said, has arisen the antagonism, which has been displayed.

But there is another aspect of this question, which seems to us to de-

serve more attention, than it has yet met with. It appears on the face of the "Despatch" itself, that the plan of the Indian Government in the matter of "grants in aid," and the principle, on which it proceeds, are distinctly declared to be the same as pursued in England under the Committee on Education of the Privy Council. That committee, under circumstances *where the rule of faith has been received*, allots its "grants" to schools, without enquiring into the *religious instruction*—in other words, into the interpretation put upon this rule—that may be given within them,—confining itself to beings satisfied, through its inspectors, that the *secular* comes up to the Committee's standard ; and, strange to say, the General Assembly which accepts these "grants" at home, and on these conditions, has refused a similar boon when offered on the very same terms in India !—offered, moreover, where the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of the *religious instruction* given, as measured by the recognised standards of any religious body, do not come into play. What the Privy Council Committee leave to the Christian Pastors of those, who obtain assistance to their schools, the Indian Government leaves to the Christian missionary ; and surely if the Privy Council Committee is guiltless of anything "godless" in their scheme, the Indian authorities ought not to be subjected to the charge. It may, indeed, be argued, that those, who regard the acceptance of the Privy Council "grants" by the Church, in the light now set forth, are only consistent in rejecting those offered by the Indian government ; but we confess, that the circumstances in which the *religious instruction* element in a general education is placed severally in England and India, appear to us scarcely to warrant the parallel, which this argument assumes ; while those who can conscientiously accept the Privy Council grants, without feeling that they compromise their principles, or sanction the endowment by the State equally of *truth and error*, as measured by its own standards of faith and worship, ought *a fortiori* to have supported the motion in the General Assembly,—which, as it appears, did not even find a seconder—and accepted of the Indian government's boon. No doubt the deliverance come to did not rest on this high ground of religious principle, but was narrowed into this,—that the acceptance of the aid and affiliation offered would be opposed to the primary object and missionary character of the Assembly's Institution in India : and in this manner the inconsistency, to which we are now alluding, was so far avoided on the face of the record ; but the reasoning, by which this deliverance was urged by some on the Assembly, and which was not repudiated by any of the supporters of the mere expediency motion, has committed it to all the extent, under which this deliverance is taken up in the "Appeal."

But the "Appeal" before us, as well as the author's speech in the Assembly, dwells strongly on the dangers, to which the decision come to—taking it even in its narrower view—may expose the school and mission of the Church of Scotland in India, of being distanced in the educational race by rival seminaries ; and the fact, that almost all the other Christian bodies in that country, engaged in the good work, have come into the government plan, cannot in this light be regarded with indifference ; unless indeed the object of the Church is to cease at length to seek the

conversion of the Hindus to Christianity through the *scholastic* instrumentality, and to confine herself entirely to the *missionary*,—in short, to shut up the *school*, and send the teacher into the bazars and villages to “preach the Gospel,” as did the Apostles;—the end, indeed, to which the Assembly’s deliverance would appear to point; and in which we believe it has been already regarded by some of the missionaries in India. The writer of the “Appeal” is himself of opinion, that the time is come when the properly called missionary platform of the Assembly’s Institution ought to be enlarged, and a greater share of the Committee’s attention devoted to the sending forth Christian preachers to the Hindus, to labour in the *Itineracy* field; but not less strongly is he opposed to surrendering the *Educational*. The value of the former of these modes of addressing the natives, and bringing them to a profession of Christianity, has been shewn in the singular success of the Church of England’s societies in Southern India, and also in Kishnaghur, within the Bengal presidency; and testimony the most unquestionable has been borne, that this profession has been accompanied by the most gratifying results, in regard to the moral conduct, industrious habits, and peaceable and loyal deportment of the converts. The peculiar claim to attention put forth by Dr Duff for the latter mode,—the *Educational*,—is this, that it has been followed by a conversion to our faith, resting on a well-grounded knowledge of its truths, and a conscience awakened to a sense of guilt and the need of a Saviour; and this also may be conceded; while an argument is thus furnished for the encouragement of Christian zeal and exertion in both departments of duty. Such, we observe from the “Appeal,” are the views of the Church’s course taken by the Corresponding Board at Calcutta, and, we have heard, also at Bombay, where not a little surprise and regret have been felt at discussions which took place in the last General Assembly, and the result to which it led. While we cannot but participate to a great extent in this feeling, we trust that the attention, which the subject is now finding over the Church, since the rising of the Assembly, will result in good to the great cause of Native Education in India; and in the end to the continued and increasing success of the Church of Scotland’s institutions in that country. If, from circumstances on which it is needless to dwell, it did not receive the grave and deliberate notice, to which it was entitled, and was no doubt on this account disposed of in a way which would not otherwise have taken place, we may hope that it will yet find the attention, to which its importance entitles it; and that the dangers apprehended by not a few to the Assembly’s school and mission, from the insulated position in which,—as regards all other Christian bodies in India,—they may be placed, may yet be overcome. The Scotch school and mission has long been at the head of all the educational seminaries in India; and has again and again received the highest testimony from the highest quarters to its excellence and success. Lord William Bentinck, in reply to an address from the missionary bodies at Calcutta, on his leaving India, referred particularly to this school, and held up the system of instruction pursued in it, as a model to all others;—a testimony

borne to it long before the unhappy *non-intrusion* schism at home had disturbed its relationship to the parent church. It is not unworthy of remark, that the grounds of an eulogium passed by one so able to judge, as was Lord William Bentinck, were precisely those, on which the system now to be more fully developed by the Indian Government is founded ; and little astonishment need be felt that the Missionary Corresponding Boards should deprecate such a departure from these grounds as is indicated in the late decision of the General Assembly. It has no doubt been maintained that with the "Despatch" before them, both the Foreign Mission Committee, and the General Assembly, were as able to judge of these grounds as the Missionary Boards in India ; and certainly, where a conscientious regard to Christian principle and duty demanded their condemnation, there was, as we have already said, but one course to pursue, however high the authority on the other side of the question might be. But it may still be asked, whether the Committee or the General Assembly itself have given to the subject that grave and full deliberation, by which they could be safely conducted to the conclusion at which they arrived ; and the fact that a very different and very opposite conclusion has been reached by the highest authorities on a question of this nature, as fully established by the evidence taken before the late "Committee" of Parliament "on Indian Territories," might surely lead to a well-founded doubt on this point. That evidence is now before us ; and we find that if there is one feature in the proposed system enquired into, displaying more unanimity of opinion than another, it is that of giving "*grants in aid*", to the various institutions now engaged in Native Education, and "*affiliating*" them with the universities about to be erected. If it is still argued that this unanimity has the less weight, as the point taken up in the Assembly's deliverance, was the consistency of the proposed Government Scheme of Education with the primary object of the Assembly's School and Mission, on which no evidence was laid before the Committee of Parliament, we must still fall back on the query, did the Assembly and its Committee view this *system* and *object*, as affecting each other, with that matured deliberation which, even on this narrower aspect, the subject demanded ? In some of the speeches there was not the remotest reference to this point ; nor, indeed, occupying, as they did, the far higher ground of religious and Christian principle, on which to rest their opposition to the offered "*aid*" and "*affiliation*," was this to be expected, as what was opposed to this ground could not possibly be consistent with the "*primary object of the Church's operations*," or the missionary character of the Assembly Institution. In others who followed and supported the motion adopted by the House, the lower ground was indeed exclusively taken, but taken as a question already settled beyond all dispute, and therefore requiring no argument to support it. Now it is evident, that although this had been as clear as was so hastily assumed, the question was still open, and ought to have been entertained in a manner worthy of its importance,—whether in existing circumstances a departure from the "*primary object*" of the School and Mission, as assumed, was not the course required from the Church. Had the motion brought forward at length been adopted, to send back the question to the

Foreign Mission Committee, such a deliberate consideration might have been reached ; but this motion was met and resisted on the high ground, that the Committee was satisfied of the unchristian and godless character of the proposed affiliation ; and that further enquiry into the narrower question could be productive of no advantage.

The deliverance, to which so much attention is now directed, alludes to "conditions," on which the "grants in aid," and the "affiliation" now offered are dependent ; and although these "conditions" were scarcely further noticed in the Assembly than to pronounce them unworthy of acceptance, it is right to look at them more closely than did that venerable body. It is possible these "conditions" may be such,—and as such they have been, and may again be represented,—as to stamp on their acceptance the character of "godless" and unchristian, when, of course, the enquiry whether they pay regard to the "primary object" of our Institution becomes superfluous. Now these conditions provide, in the first place, that the "grants in aid," and university honours and rewards, offered to our schools, are to have regard solely to the progress made by the pupils in intellectual, moral, and scientific instruction, without any reference to their attainments in religious knowledge. In the second place, that a standard, by which their progress is to be measured, is to be set up under Government authority ; and in the third place, inspectors employed by Government are to examine and report. This, we believe, includes and exhausts all the "conditions" offered ; and of which the deliverance of the last Assembly must be held as affirming, that acceptance of any boon under them would be,—as the record bears,—inconsistent with a proper regard to the primary object of the church's operations ; would be,—as some of those who supported this deliverance maintain,—committing the Church to a participation in a godless and unchristian scheme of education. But because the rule or principle to be acted on within the Government schools and colleges is *neutrality in religious instruction* ; and because under this rule no dogmatical teaching of the tenets of either the Hindoo, the Mahomedan, or the Christian religion is to be afforded *within these schools*, it has been inferred and alleged, that within the missionary schools, when "affiliated," no *religious instruction* is any longer to be bestowed on the pupils. A greater misapprehension of the scheme cannot be imagined. While the Government inspectors are undoubtedly prohibited from enquiring at all into the progress made in *religious knowledge* at the missionary schools, as an element in their claims to Government grants, this branch of study is left, as at present, altogether in the hands and under the control of the religious bodies with which these schools are connected,—an arrangement which certainly ought to satisfy the most scrupulous, that no danger to the primary object or missionary character of our Institution need be apprehended from the "affiliation" now offered.

Such, as we have now stated at some length, is the position of the question of "Native Education in India," as bearing on the Church of Scotland's operations in that country. It is one, which we may doubtless expect, will excite still greater attention over the Church, than it has yet found, as the reception of the Assembly's deliverance by the

Missionaries and the Corresponding Boards in India comes to be known ; and we need offer no apology for the length to which our notice of this "Appeal" has extended.

OUR EASY CHAIR.

BOWLES AND THACKERAY AS POETS.

Now that we are in the midst of November, in our solitary nest, the winds carrying off the few remaining copper coloured leaves from the trees, the air damp with moisture, and the burn hurrying on its course with accelerated rapidity and increased volume,—having enjoyed our frugal dinner with its modicum of stimulants, and while our neighbour the minister is furbishing up his discourses for the morrow,—less energetic and popularity-seeking, we apprehend than the incumbent of the parish on the other side of the water, who is striding about his den in all the agony of attempting to commit to a treacherous memory a somewhat prosy yet highly rhetorical discourse,—we draw our table to the fireside, ensconce ourselves in our easy-chair, and begin to think of glancing over the parcel which has just been forwarded to us by the obliging station-keeper of X. It is slimmer than we had anticipated, for months ago Macaulay's two volumes were announced as forthcoming, yet are not, and we suspect that the bibliopole, perhaps judging that our disappointment would not be little at the lamentable failure of the laureate, has omitted to send us *Maud*. As a bachelor, however, we are almost done with love-ditties, and five-and-twenty years have elapsed since we had our first serious passion. These, reader,—we own the soft impeachment,—were days when we indited verses, and thought our person slim, rather elegant, and our tastes decidedly intellectual. The then object of our affection is now the happy parent of half-a-dozen children, having been married to a flourishing W.S.; and, even if past middle age we could think of entertaining the tender passion, we should be withheld from quitting our state of single blessedness in these times of immoderate dearness and heightened income-tax. We prefer our creature comforts in moderation,—are glad to get the two ends to meet,—and if anything of our *peculium* shall remain after our summons has come, shall probably leave it in equal portions, to be divided between our faithful house-keeper and the Society for the Relief of Indigent Gentlewomen; having neither kith nor kin but those who are already tolerably endowed.

We have, however, abundant material here pleasantly to occupy several evenings, and as we have contracted a liking for reading poetry, and occasionally desire to have other auditors besides Ponto and Grimalzin, who turns her grey eyes on us with a wondering stare, we shall probably send a message to Dr Drumly, to come and share our meal on Monday afternoon, after that reverend divine has recovered from the fa-

tigues of his Sunday duty. The honest gentleman,—as kind and charitable a soul as ever drew the proceeds of a seventeen chalders living,—keeps up but imperfectly with the literature of the day,—believes in Dr Johnson and the “Spectator,”—conceives that fiction cannot get beyond Fielding or Scott,—and evidently thinks that our more celebrated writers are far behind those who flourished in what is accounted the classic age of our literature.

Here, however, are two volumes rather more after our friend’s heart,—certainly not likely to astonish him by much of force or power,—the Poetical Works of W. L. Bowles, in two volumes, reprinted in Mr Nichol’s elegant library edition of the British Poets, with an essay by George Gilfillan, treating of Bowles’ life and writings. The incidents of Bowles’ life were few, and perhaps a mere selection from his poems had been sufficient, their attraction being restricted to incidental parts and snatches; but his sonnets were symptomatic of that change to a purer taste and more natural selection of topics which characterised Cowper, Southey, Wordsworth, and Scott. The college career of Bowles was highly respectable, and he was previously a pupil of Dr Warton at Winchester College, who fostered his opening genius, encouraged his early efforts, and did much to win his attention to study. After various changes of locality, Bowles, who was a Church of England clergyman, finally pitched his tent in the beautiful and snug rectory of Bremhill, Wiltshire, the even tenor of his life being only varied by occasional visits to the metropolis, and latterly by the periodic discharge of his duties as a canon residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. The number of separate poetical works published during his life-time was by no means small; and altogether, besides editing an edition of Pope, and including his contributions to topographical history, his pamphleteering warfare with Byron (carried on by the usually placid poet with no inconsiderable vivacity), and his life of Bishop Kenn, he must be pronounced to have been by no means an unoccupied member of the literary profession.

Abhorring as we do what has been lately denominated the “spasmodic school,”—the “mysteries” of Bailey, the extravagances of “Balder,” and the rhodomontade sensuous description of Alexander Smith, being about equally opposed to our liking,—we yet prefer verses which have more of substance in them, poetry which has a brighter glow of colouring, and a more elevated treatment of the themes selected for his ambitious efforts, than we can find in Bowles,—who twitters with the lark, instead of soaring with the eagle;—who chooses subjects that would have tasked the powers of Milton, *e. g.* “St John in Patmos,” and fails disastrously, for the most part, in handling them. He should have stuck to the occasional poem, the elegant and chaste meditation, or the simplicity and directness of the ballad. After all, however, the gentle old man enjoyed his pleasing dreams, and, as fortune had smiled upon him, might be consoled by the approval of Holland House, for the dismal statements of unsold copies latterly forwarded to him by his publishers,—those useful correctors of mistaken literary ambition.

The subjoined passage is at once a favourable and characteristic specimen of Bowles’ manner:—

“On the balustrade
Of the old bridge, that o’er the moat is thrown,
The fisher with his angle leans intent,
And turns, from the bright pomp of spreading plains,
To watch the nimble fry, that glancing off
Beneath the grey arch shoot ! Oh, happiest he
Who steals through life untroubled as unseen !
The distant city, with its crowded spires,
That dimly shines upon his view, awakes
No thought but that of pleasure more composed,
As the winds whisper him to sounder sleep.
He leans upon the faithful arm of her
For whom his youthful heart beat, fondly beat,
When life was new : time steals away, yet health
And exercise are his ; and in these shades,
Though sometimes he has mourned a proud world’s wrong,
He feels an independence that all cares,
Breasts with a carol of content ; he hears
The green leaves of his old paternal trees
Make music, soothing as they stir : the elm,
And poplar with its silvery trunk, that shades
The green sward of the bank before his porch,
Are to him as companions ; whilst he turns
With more endearment to the living smile
Of those his infants, who when he is dead,
Shall hear the music of the self same trees
Waving, till years roll on, and their gray hairs
Go to the dust in peace.”

The following pretty snatch of ballad is also worthy of quotation. It is taken from the poem entitled “*Banwell Hill.*”

“Go, beautiful and gentle dove ;
But whither wilt thou go ?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste are all below !
“The dove flies on ! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark ;
And now, amid the gloom of night
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh ! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way !
Oh ! once more gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage in thy breast.”

The wife of Shem sends it forth once more, and watches it until lost in the clouds, thus giving expression to her feelings :—

“Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray ;
For, lo ! the sun shines bright above,
The night of storm hath passed away.
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell ;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well !

“ Oh ! beautiful and gentle dove,
 Thy welcome sad will be,
 When thou shalt hear no voice of love,
 In murmurs from the leafy tree :
 Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
 From this cold prison's cell ;
 Go then, to sunshine and to wind
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.”

Bowles is usually strained and ineffective when he deals, as he was rather fond of doing, with spirits and visions, but the stirring events that passed during his earlier life sometimes urged him to attempt, not without success, a loftier flight,—as witness the following, in good sounding verse of the old-fashioned school, descriptive of the Battle of the Nile :—

“ Calm breathed the airs along the evening bay,
 Where all in warlike pride,
 The Gallic squadron stretched its long array,
 And o'er the tranquil tide
 With beauteous bend the streamers waved on high.
 But, ah ! how changed the scene o'er night descends !
 Hark to the shout that heaven's high concave rends !
 Hark to that dying cry !
 Whilst, louder yet, the cannon's roar
 Resounds along the Nile's affrighted shore,
 Where, from his oozy bed,
 The cowering crocodile hath raised his head !
 What bursting flame
 Lightens the long track of the gleamy brine ?
 From yon proud ship it came
 That towered the leader of the hostile line !
 Now loud explosion rends the midnight air !
 Heard ye the last deep groaning of despair ?
 Heaven's fiery cope unwonted thunders fill,
 Then, with one dreadful pause, earth, air, and seas are still.

“ But now the mingled fight
 Begins its awful strife again !
 Through the dun shades of night
 Along the darkly heaving main
 Is seen the frequent flash ;
 And many a towering mast with dreadful crash
 Rings falling. Is the scene of slaughter o'er ?
 Is the death-cry heard no more ?
 Lo ! where the East a glimmering freckle streaks,
 Slow o'er the shadowy wave the gray dawn breaks.
 Behold, O sun, the flood
 Strewed with the dead, and dark with blood !
 Behold, all scattered on the rocking tide
 The wrecks of haughty Gallia's pride !
 But Britain's floating bulwarks, with serene
 And silent pomp amid the deathful scene,
 More glorious, and more beautiful display
 Their ensigns streaming to the orient ray.”

It is quite apparent, however, that the worthy and reverend poet was

nearly *winded* by the "long resounding march" of this production, and that, after completing so mighty an effort, a cup of reviving cordial would not have been amiss. We cannot, however, but respect the memory of Bowles, though his poetry be attenuated and often much beneath the second rank. His was a pure and gentle spirit; and his protracted life was, we believe, spent most usefully as regarded his fellow-creatures, and not unacceptably in presence of his God!

"Miscellanies," by William Makepeace Thackeray, vol. I.—Truly an acceptable transmission. Commend us to the genuine humour, the clear insight into character, the detection of the *shams* and surface-work of modern society, more especially the fashionable, the appreciation of upright principle and gentlemanly feeling, the unaffected and unostentatious paths which characterise his latest and maturer productions. All the reading world, their memories full of "Pendennis," and its major,—of "Vanity Fair," with Becky the renowned, have, for the last twenty months, been greedily devouring the "Newcomes" as it appeared; smiling at the career of Clive Newcome, their hearts warming to the unsophisticated and most trusting and generous Major,—amused, gratified, nay, even instructed, by the shifting panorama of life brought so vividly home to their contemplation. Thackeray, we grant, puts not on the airs of a moralist, and he sometimes touches too slightly on matters of grave import. We detect, moreover, something of the comic leer lurking behind the tragic mask; but he writes now with a more serious purpose than formerly, and more than one critic of authority has, *ex cathedra*, pronounced him to be the greatest, or at least the most promising writer of fiction in our time. A man of the world, he has mingled extensively not only with the middle, but with the higher classes in society, though we dare say that not a few of the latter have long since begun to be afraid lest he should impale them with his sharp-pointed pen. We, at all events, thank him cordially for the blameless amusement of not a few leisure hours, when, instead of hurrying onwards for the mere sake of the story, we dwelt and meditated at intervals on many a shrewd observation and singularly suggestive remark.

In this volume Thackeray presents himself partly under the somewhat novel aspect of a poet, and our interest is roused to find Mr Titmarsh seeking for admission among the denizens of Parnassus. The light and satirical vein, as might have been anticipated, predominates, but there are also one or two compositions of a different cast, and excellent in their way, *e.g.*, the appended stanzas from the "May-Day Ode," suggested by the opening of the Hyde Park Exhibition, and descriptive of our most gracious Sovereign. They are vastly superior to the best of Bowles.

"Behold her in her Royal place;
A gentle lady; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face,
She breathes amen, to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

"This moment round her empire's shores,
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to-day,

O! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms,
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May!

"A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet,—

The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

.

"Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall.

And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is binding blue,
God's peaceful sunlight's streaming through,
And shines o'er all."

The following translation from "*La Motte Fouqué*," strikes me as singularly happy:—

"And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

"The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one—in chimney corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on.

"A moment, and then sink'st to rest!
To wake, perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
Oh! weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward."

It falls upon us like a strain of solemn music, suggesting some thoughts to which we care not at present to give utterance, but which will readily occur to the readers of Macphail, to whom we now in all courtesy, wish "good-night" and pleasant dreams.

Harmony Cottage, T——ds—e,
15th November.

THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ,— AND CONTEMPORANEOUS CRITICISM.

AFTER the lapse of thirty years, amidst an amount of progress in Philosophy and Science, which previously no similar period of the world's history had witnessed, it is hardly even-handed justice to bring the *Noctes* before the bar of public opinion of the present. But for their republication and consequent pretension of a title to a permanent place in the Literature of our country, we should certainly have avoided taking so high grounds in dealing with the *Noctes*. But it is probably of some advantage to examine them from every possible point of view, and although the work may suffer by comparison with too high a standard, yet we ourselves may be instructed by reflecting on the range of thought which has been embraced by writers that have arisen in the interval,—and further, by considering the form and character of contemporaneous criticism in connection, we may be better able to estimate the sum total of new ideas and feeling which these papers have brought to our Literature. We are especially inclined indeed, to enter on the latter enquiry,—not that contemporary criticism will form an accurate measure by which to gauge the merit of these productions,—for the value and importance of this element itself, would still be a problem,—but by placing both on juxtaposition, we will be better able to determine all that was really new and valuable in the *Noctes* when first published to the world.

Going back to the end of the last, or the beginning of the present century, a very decided conflict of opinion existed on the subject of literary criticism. One set of critics based their views both with relation to thought and expression on the Greek and Roman classics. A second class set up as their ideal, the wits and poets of the age of Queen Anne and her immediate predecessors. A third, gathering from the circumference of civilized society, the popular impressions with respect to any given subject or production, re-presented to the world its own form of thought in the most rhetorical style of the time. And a fourth, collecting the yet feeble rays which the philosophy of Germany had thrown out, desired to impress the world with a higher form of criticism than had yet appeared. Looking at these multifarious forms of thought through the long vista of the past, we now feel somewhat astounded that the whole civilized world should have been enchained by the least powerful of them,—or that any of them all, to the exclusion of the rest, should have materially influenced society. But so it was. Moreover, certain critics, adopting the principle of eclecticism, blended two or several of them together, and thus produced a hybrid and pyebald description of thinking thoroughly unlike any thing either in heaven above, or on earth beneath. However, it was impossible in such a state of things, but that one form of criticism must necessarily, to some extent, run into and become incorporated with another, for this simple reason, that most persons aspiring to culture, had necessarily imbibed a portion of the spirit and sentiment of each. Let us glance then for a moment at the living and salient features of these diverse kinds of criticism, that we may descry the reasons why later thinkers have re-

treated behind more powerful strongholds, having now taken up impregnable positions in the phenomena and laws of nature themselves.

The cultivation of a knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, throughout Europe, for a period of considerably more than a thousand years, and that too extending down to our own day, laid the foundation of classical criticism. These productions, so far as the ideas reached, being rather perfect models of composition, the minds of the young naturally became deeply imbued with their thought, and more than satisfied with their expression and imagery. Modern ideas and philosophy, though more comprehensive and natural, were not yet embodied in that fascinating symbolism that had captivated the young, and still enchained men of riper years. Modern thought, indeed, had not yet grown into the different languages of Europe, and most men, carried away by the mere beauty and elegance of the vehicle, still remained attached to the ideas of Greece and Rome. Even the poets of last century, though from constitution and temperament more allied to nature than authority, continued in the leading strings of ancient literature, and it is no wonder that young men of high talents and culture, fresh from our universities, should long preserve their predilections for ancient learning. From early boyhood the best intellects of Europe had been accustomed to contemplate the universe through the antiquated forms of Aristotelean logic and Grecian thought. With them the literature of Greece and Rome had become a second nature, and they looked at nothing excepting through the wisdom of antiquity. They had Greek and Roman apothegms constantly on their lips, for with them the inflexible laws of nature themselves must bend and conform to the spirit of the ancients. Hence down to a recent date the literature of antiquity formed the standard of taste, and little was appreciated by our critics beyond this circumscribed circle of thought and expression. It was accordingly deemed especially barbarous to publish anything that had not the prestige of ancient authority, or even for a poet to use an image or symbol that had not been stamped as legitimate by some Greek or Roman writer of two thousand years ago. The whole world must walk in the leading strings of antiquity! They must have no faith whatever in their own intellectual or moral vision, but must trust alone to guidance past the rocks and quicksands of thought, to the lights and beacons set up by the ancients. About the beginning of the present century, the critics most wedded to this limited range of thought were a class who had devoted themselves exclusively to literature as a profession. Though sometimes vigorous in expression, they were especially conservative in their modes of feeling and thinking, and as long as Greek and Roman literature continued on the ascendant, their opinions were regarded as authority in all matters of taste. To this order of thinkers belonged most of the early writers in the *Quarterly Review*, for this organ was conservative both in literature and politics. Gifford, Southey, Lockhart, and a considerable list of less notable persons were all more or less deeply tinged with the classical spirit. Accordingly all the early and many of the later articles of this organ bear more the impress of great learning and research than a knowledge and familiarity with nature. In their reviews

they bring an author before the tribunal of a Roman judge rather than test his qualities by the opinion and verdict of a modern and Christian jury. If a poet, they prove him by a comparison with Homer, Pindar, Virgil, or Horace. If a philosopher, he is tried for his offences before Socrates or Plato, and if an orator, he is placed in the dock to answer for his misdeeds before Demosthenes or Cicero. Such are the statute books and authorities which direct the classical school of critics, but the difference between ancient and modern society occasionally forced upon them the necessity of relaxing the narrowness and stringency of their views, and of sometimes admitting that Christian thought and modern manners must after all be tolerated in our judgments, and even that the phenomena and laws of nature, as viewed in the beginning of the nineteenth century, must not be altogether overlooked. But the classical critics as a school are now nearly or fast becoming extinct.

The wits of Charles the II. and Queen Anne's reigns were as numerous as they were varied in their leading characteristics. The style both of thought and expression were for the most part founded on the Roman classics. They had superinduced, however, upon this element the philosophy of Bolingbroke, embracing a view of man and the universe as narrow and one-sided as it was humiliating and withering in its tendencies. Bolingbroke inculcated the doctrine that all human virtue is dependent on the sensational or emotional nature of man,—that the ultimate aim and end of man's being here is happiness, and that true self-love and social are the same. These opinions were evidently the reflected impression made upon a strong but sensational mind by the wicked and abandoned lives of the courtiers and leading men of Charles the Second's time. Bolingbroke, too, in conformity with the spirit of his philosophy, enacted a life of gentlemanly profligacy and blackguardism, thus becoming an incarnation of his own doctrines. His friend Pope immortalised this worthless system by embodying it in his *Essay on Man*, and illustrating it with striking examples and imagery, accompanied with a beauty of versification that he hardly shews elsewhere. We have the same sensational and empirical philosophy recently revived by Gall and Spurzheim and his disciple Mr Combe. The latter teaches it openly and avowedly in a work which he ludicrously enough styles "*the Constitution of Man*," but which actually reaches no deeper than the instincts of the animal—nay does not even touch the true soundings of these. This range of view formed the ground plan of most of the criticism of the wits of Queen Anne's and Charles the Second's day. They brought all poetry and thought to be tried by the statutes of morality laid down in the writings, and so admirably illustrated in the depraved and vicious life, of Bolingbroke. The vigorous and manly intellect of John Dryden was contaminated by the poisonous nature of these doctrines. They narrowed the range of his profound, penetrating, and far seeing spirit, which under a better dispensation might have accomplished much good for mankind. These nauseous opinions shine through all the masculine sense that marks both the poetical and prose writings of Dryden. All his productions are strong decoctions of honey and henbane. They are the more poisonous that they have a large admixture of the former. Swift and Arbuth-

not participate largely of the same spirit. Pope, who lived later and had taken deeper draughts of the poison than Dryden, was actually spiritually dead. He not only published Bolingbroke's philosophy as gospel truth, but the whole tenor of his thoughts were enchaind by it. Hence few glimmerings of nature or her laws ever cross the horizon of Pope's mind. His thoughts dwell alone in the districts of commonplace, viz., the practical and the useful. Accordingly the strength of his genius is spent more in balancing and arranging his versification than in taking flights into the regions of imagination or feeling. Hence too, he is strictly speaking more of a elegant adapter and paraphraser of the Roman classics than an original thinker. This cast of thought has given a tone and colour to an infinitude of minds since the days of Pope. It has made converts both in virtue of its contracted nature as well as by the eloquent and highly rhetorical manner in which it has been advocated. It is small and goes into little compass. It is thought, indeed, brought down to the mere necessities of our impulsive and animal nature.

The critics who adopted the school of Bolingbroke as their ideal, have been latterly described as utilitarians, and their numbers are legion. They are for the most part employed in pointing out trivial and unimportant errors. In poetry they fix with special avidity upon an unhappy similitude, a false quantity, or a mis-spelt word. In prose they are notable in tracing the thought of an author to some obscure source, in marking his plagiarisms or in pointing out the malconstruction of his sentences, or the awkwardness of his arrangement. They have no standard within themselves by which to measure his views, and they adopt one at random. They are blind leaders of the blind, for their language, though highly rhetorical, encloses within its flowery envelope nothing but the most common-place and vulgar thought or the utmost darkness and obscurity. These characteristics, where they exist, are always sufficiently plain and well marked to guide our readers in the detection of this description of criticism.

The third class of critics are, for reasons which we shall immediately notice, probably the most popular. They are the disciples of no philosophy, ideal, sensational, or sceptical. Though they may have gleaned a superficial knowledge of the different philosophical systems, they have never been able to grasp any one of them so as to perceive its applicability to man. They possess however sufficient artistic power and ingenuity to construct elegant sentences and to be highly rhetorical, but they lack the depth and breadth to comprehend the true spirit and structure of a philosophy. They are acute and penetrating, and even far seeing, within the range of the visible, but they are thoroughly wanting in a knowledge of all that underlies it. Accordingly they are peculiarly quick and alert in recognising effects, but have little or no capacity for tracing them to their invisible causes. So long as their subject lies within the territory of the visible, they easily become adepts in it. Their great mastery and power, indeed, centres in their capacity of collecting from the wide circumference of civilized society all that is salient, striking, and popular in thought or action, and sometimes only what may be partially so. Hence indeed they now and then mistake the opinions of a club or coterie for

those of the world, and thus they occasionally adopt views that no amount of eloquence can impress upon mankind. As long however as these critics square their notions with the most popular ideas of their time, they are received by the world as gospel. Such critics merely catch the passing impressions of the world and stereotype them as absolute truth. They clothe them in a dress of clear, beautiful, and transparent rhetoric, so that every man discovers in them the reflected form of his own thoughts, accompanied, however, with an amount of decoration that he could not have imparted to them. To him they are new and striking only on account of the fitness and elegance of the tailoring. All that is essential was previously in himself, and he is only pleased and flattered by seeing it look so trig and well in its new and somewhat romantic costume.

The most noted of this school was Francis Jeffrey. He was by nature possessed of an acuteness, and, in some matters, of a peculiar subtlety of mind, that, in some respects, adapted him for a certain range of criticism. By profession a lawyer, in considerable practice, he had little time to collect the impressions of the world with relation to any subject whatever, and his own mind, though lively, nimble, and teeming with good sense, was wanting in vigour and comprehensiveness. In his hey-day he was the *facile princeps* of the rhetorical school. With him the most commonplace thoughts became crystallized into the most beautiful language; so much so, that his writings were regarded as a rhetorical fairy-land. As a critic, however, he trusted more to mere outward and empirical sources than to the native strength of his own intuitions. In speaking of Robert Burns, in 1809, he has the miserable taste and short-sightedness of mentioning him in the same breath with Stephen Duck and Thomas Dermody,—and he damns some of his finest lyrics with faint praise, after bringing them before the bar of a coterie of mincing and fashionable young women! In a review of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's* apprenticeship, which has been stamped by the approving voice of mankind, without knowing or considering the difference between German and English manners, he characterises the whole, with some slight reservation, as a tissue of flimsy and ill digested trash. In noticing some of the loftier efforts of Byron, he merely remarks upon the power and eloquence of certain passages, never for a moment reflecting upon the breadth, comprehensiveness, and originality of their thought. And last, but not least, come his sins against Wordsworth. The happiest productions of this poet lay quite beyond the circle of conventional criticism. Nothing in Aristotle's *Poetics*, Horace's *Ars Poetica*, or Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, could be brought to bear upon their peculiar texture and framework. On their first appearance they were the favourites of no fashionable coterie, and if there was any soil in Britain in which they would take root and flourish, it had yet apparently to be discovered. Armed at all points with such powerful artillery, Jeffrey attacked the poet's works with uncommon ferocity. He especially directed all his powers against Alice Fell, The Idiot Boy, and Peter Bell the Potter. These very subjects he maintained were far below the dignity of poetry! The poor critic in his indignant haste had forgotten that some of the

most exquisite productions of our national poet Burns, sprung from still more insignificant sources. Burns's Address to a Mountain Daisy, as well as that to a Mouse upon turning up her nest with his plough, upon which even our critic bestows some praise, were of the same description of theme. Nay, the subjects of some of his finest songs are persons in no higher rank than female farm-servants! Our critic indeed omitted to see that one of the greatest laws in the material universe may be proved or illustrated as effectually by the falling of an apple as by the motions of the planets in their orbits, or that the principles and workings of the human mind may be as powerfully delineated in the life of a potter as in that of an emperor. Thus our critic altogether mistakes the poet's function, for it certainly does not consist in the choice of a theme, but rather in following closely in the footprints of his Creator. whithersoever he has strength to go, and they may conduct him, and in faithfully recording in the most beautiful natural imagery all that is new and interesting to man that he descries in his route. But the world has already pronounced its verdict, that these works of Wordsworth will live fresh in the memories of men long after the names of Jeffrey and his other decriers are forgotten. We must now pass to another writer of the same school.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, a living critic and historian of established reputation, differs widely in several essential mental characteristics from Jeffrey. He is thoroughly wanting in the microscopic subtlety and acuteness which distinguished that writer, but he possesses in a high degree compensating qualities which probably more than make up for this shortcoming. Though as thoroughly untutored in a real knowledge of any philosophical system which he could make available as an engine of thought as Jeffrey, he possesses an infinitely wider range of vision. His insight is not profound, but it is clear and far-stretching on outward and material things. In an intellectual sense, he is more a man of the world and of society than his friend and compeer. He collects the materials of his thought, such as it is, from a much wider circumference, and he accordingly catches with greater distinctness the current impressions of the time. Accordingly, in his history of England, he brings no philosophy, good, bad, or indifferent, to bear upon it. It consists of a series of splendid panoramic pictures, which, if judiciously executed by a vigorous scene painter, might be exhibited with advantage and profit at the London Colliseum—and he mixes up and colours them with the floating and ephemeral prejudices of the times. The great gift of Macaulay lies in the force and vigour of his pictorial power. He is chiefly wanting in a philosophy or philosophic spirit to impart to his pictures the truth and colouring of nature. He frequently indeed introduces the worn-out and castaway thought of the past, but instead of improving his representations, it only renders them more garish and theatrical. As a notable example, we need go no farther than his view of the character of William the III. Prince of Orange. In conformity with his ultra whig prejudices and his theatrical love for effect, he represents William as the ideal man of his time. According to Macaulay, he is endowed with every human virtue, and all but stamped with every perfection.

He touches but lightly upon his apathy and cold-bloodedness, and glosses over that culminating feature in his history—the massacre of Glencoe, which in less troublous and exciting times, might have brought him or any other British sovereign to the scaffold. That the Prince of Orange, or any other puppet of Legitimacy, should have been borne to the throne on the current of popular and right-founded feeling, is not at all now any matter of wonder, for whoever or whatever was carried thither, was only done as a testimony of every highminded Englishman's sense of right, and his hatred of wrong; but it is somewhat strange, that a popular historian should, in the middle of the nineteenth century, so far misrepresent facts, as actually to conceal his hero's errors and disguise his infamy. If Macaulay, indeed, had possessed the least possible portion of a philosophic spirit, he would at any rate have attributed much less power in the Revolution to the miserable, shrivelled up, moral nature of William, and infinitely more to the spirit and high-toned character of the English people. By doing so, he would have contributed greatly to strengthen the sentiment of his party, as well as to illustrate the strong inherent sense of right peculiarly characteristic of the Norman-Saxon race. But Thomas Babington Macaulay possesses no adequate amount of genius for dealing with the strong features, or the deep under current of History.

But though deficient in some of the elements that constitute a great historian, we have yet to consider Macaulay's character as a critic. The very fact of his having no faith in any philosophy, is sufficient of itself to establish that he can be no true critic on the subject of history, for without a philosophy or philosophic spirit, he can only comprehend the mere outward events that happen—he is incapable of penetrating into their causes, or deservying their tendencies. A perusal of his remarks on Hallam's Constitutional History will establish almost to the least reflecting that this view of his historical criticism is well founded. But even on the subject of miscellaneous literature, though extremely rhetorical and popular as a critical writer, we are afraid we can award him no high place as a thinker and a critic. With the advantage of a thorough knowledge of every recognised organon on the subject of criticism, united with an accurate survey of ancient and modern learning, to which we may add an extensive acquaintance with European society, and its manners and customs, it might not be presumptuous for him to imagine that he had wind and sail, and rudder enough to carry him safely to the harbour of all men's thoughts. It was certainly a wide field of view over which he might at any time glance and collect materials for thinking; but after all, this, and an infinitude of more learning, lay outward and behind him. This accumulated mass neither gave comprehensiveness nor depth of penetration to his intellectual eye, but only furnished him with antiquated or fashionable rules and examples, which even required his own mental vision to apply correctly to the subject in hand. Accordingly, in his critiques on Milton, and Mr Robert Montgomery's Poems, he is specially happy in pointing out accurate or false similitudes. In the latter, the entire article, from beginning to end, is occupied with an enumeration of instances of bad English, bad grammar, and false metaphors. He never for a moment condescends to test the

thought of the work by any known philosophy or a reference to nature. The structure of the poem, as a specimen of thinking, is brought to the bar of no set of opinions or standard, ancient or modern.

But it has been said by his friends that Macaulay's *chef d'œuvre* is his review of Montagu's *Life and Writings of Bacon*; and it is after all but fair play to take into account of our estimate the most successful efforts of his pen. And there is no doubt that here all the salient and striking features of Macaulay's style come out to advantage. It appears that Montagu, in his *Life of Bacon*, defends that great man in his most vulnerable and least defensible points. 1. He acquits him of any blame in his atrocious attack upon the character of his friend and early patron, Essex, on his trial for high treason. 2. He attempts to clear Bacon of bribery and corruption, with which he was charged while Lord High Chancellor of England, and to which he himself pled guilty. Upon these two questions Macaulay unfolds all his strength. He examines the evidence in both matters with great ability, and shews up the attempt of Montagu as the most absurd and Quixotic that ever has been made in the history of biography. Macaulay indeed traverses all the facts with peculiar force and vivacity, and leaves poor Basil Montagu no chance of escape. It is really on the whole a vigorous and manly exposition, and though coloured with much sympathy for the unfortunate Bacon, places the matter of his guilt on both points beyond the possibility of question.

But our critic no sooner comes to treat of the principal subject matter with which Bacon deals, than he falls into blunders that an ordinary second year's student at a Scottish university must have avoided. He characterises his works *de augmentis scientiarum* and his *novum organon* as embodying a system of the profoundest philosophy, and throughout he speaks of Bacon as the greatest of English philosophers. He reiterates this fallacious dogma again and again till one is wearied with its repetition. Now Mr Macaulay knows, or ought to know, that Bacon is not in a strict sense a philosopher at all, and that he never wrote one syllable upon the subject that would have given him a title to be described as such, and to take a place among the philosophers of Europe. Lord Bacon is well known to every correct thinker to have been a great methodologist. He originated and set up a method of investigation, accompanied with rules, in contradistinction to that pursued by the followers of Aristotle. He points out and classifies the numerous sources from which the errors of the Aristotelians sprung,—but farther than this Bacon neither attempted nor accomplished anything. Thus our critic is true to the form and character of his intuitions, even on a subject with which a man of his culture and acquirements ought to have been familiar; for instead of placing Bacon in the niche which has been assigned by every correct thinker in Europe, he gives him a place which he occupies only in the popular mind. Hence, Macaulay, instead of being employed in vending well ascertained and recognised truths, is guilty of propagating and perpetuating vulgar errors, and that too on subjects within his own field of view. Our space forbids us from accompanying our critic farther with Bacon. But on the whole we may say with truth, that the writings of Thomas

Babington Macaulay are admired and popular because they bring the subjects and events of which they treat more under the cognizance of the senses than of the understanding and reason, and the bulk of mankind are unfortunately more subject to the thralldom and slavery of the former, than under the benign dominion and guidance of the two latter.

There is still another description of conventional criticism that derives its characteristics as much from the localities where it is produced as from the spirit and temperament of the writers. We refer to many of the Reviews and Journals emanating from Cockneyland. When produced by authors on the spot, they bear the unequivocal impress of the alleys and purlieus of a monster city. The writers have lost all the freshness and vigour of thought that distinguish men in immediate contact with nature. Her phenomena and laws have evidently long ceased to affect vividly their imaginations or their reason, and they think and write chiefly in the trammels of a beer-shop or of a drawing-room coterie. This state of things indeed is natural enough, for it is but reasonable to expect that men should be most affected and impressed by that which is constantly under their intellectual eye. These errors, accordingly, are not so much the fault of the individuals, as they are, to a great extent, the result of their situation and environments. Hence the criticisms of Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Jerdan, and others of the same school, savour infinitely more of London and its associations than they do of nature. Hence too some of the best written reviews and essays by Hazlitt, though marked somewhat by vigour and comprehensiveness, and even coloured with imagination, yet they are so crowded with antithesis and apparent paradox, that they are the reverse of natural. The art of Hazlitt indeed has only a limited and conventional foundation. He never for a moment holds the mirror up to nature to catch the freshness of her hues, and the perfection and beauty of her outlines. The rest of this school participate largely of the same faults. Hazlitt has even the presumption to examine Shakespere himself through the conventional eye of a London coterie; and in speaking of Burns, he gives the palm to some of his least effective lyrics, where the poet embodies only the most flimsy forms of feeling, for the simplest of all reasons, that the critic is not in the least degree acquainted with the archetypes of the poet's best characters in nature. If we were to except any from this sweeping condemnation, we would place foremost in our list the name of Charles Lamb. Hazlitt and the Cockney school of critics thus err largely, not through any malice, but only through sheer ignorance. It is alleged by statists and political economists, that, but for being constantly supplied by a fresh population from the rural districts, all great cities would anon become depopulated, leaving nothing behind but their ruins. Be this as it may, it is certain that, but for men of genius and culture being constantly in immediate contact and converse with nature, they anon suffer moral paralysis or intellectual death. The hearts of great cities are for them spiritually unhealthy and unfit habitations. The conventional arrangements of a monster society do not supply them with mental nourishment, and they are speedily lost, or die in the labyrinths of a vulgar conventionalism. It is surely our duty, therefore, not to reprobate too strongly

the sins and shortcomings of our Hazlitts, Hunts, and others of the same school, but rather to lament their fate as men of genius born and brought up amid such environments, and to consider that under other circumstances they might have formed the purest and highest ornaments in our Literature.

We made mention of still another kind of criticism that derived all its power and peculiarities from the modern philosophy of Germany, or at least was deeply tinged with its spirit. It reflected the views of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. It caught from these writers the gigantic outlines of the human mind which they present, and applied them as a plummet to measure the nature and value of current thought and opinion. In the hands of Thomas De Quincey, (the English Opium Eater, and one of the interlocutors in the present volume of the *Noctes*,) it assumed its most abstract form, and he wielded it with great skill and ability. It certainly enlarged the natural comprehensiveness of his mind, and strengthened and deepened its subtlety. But still he never accomplished the task of dressing the new philosophy in a true English garb. He could never give it a genuine Norman-Saxon terminology. Hence, as a pure critical system, it could never by possibility take deep root in Britain. Under certain exposures indeed it might live for a season as a large sickly exotic, but it could never attain adequate strength to resist the storms of our wintry skies. Whatever indeed was in German philosophy, it did not chime in with the popular mind of England, and accordingly was not adapted to take its place here as a critical organon. Other writers of mark and likelihood attempted to adopt it, but however much it might enlarge and sharpen their intellects, they all uniformly dropped its form as a method of exposition.

But though the philosophy of Germany could not be brought to bear directly upon English literature, the works of several English writers of distinction have recently been deeply coloured by some of its leading characteristics. Thomas Carlyle, though far from being, in a strict sense, a philosopher, or even the disciple of any philosophy, (for his nature is not sufficiently constructive for being so,) has caught the true spirit of German thought and literature. His mind constitutionally is large, lofty, and far-seeing. He can clearly descry and comprehend the length and breadth of a great physical or moral law, and trace at a glance its applications through an infinitude of examples. He looks indeed at the phenomena and laws of the universe with the calmness and inflexibility of a demi-god, for his mental eye never shrinks under the intensity of its gaze. He produces to us a picture or series of delineations that is infinitely more suggestive than any thing we ever heard or read before, and we instinctively feel it like an inspiration as if directly from heaven. We are affected after the perusal of some of his best works, as if our whole nature had been lighted up at a new fane, for we feel it impressed with something like the genius of a new and higher religion. Hence Thomas Carlyle could not fail to impress the world with his true power and greatness. His "*Sartor Resartus*," which embodies the entire spirit of his thought, is probably the most powerful and original of his productions, though certainly not the most popular. His "*French Revolu-*

tion," though marked by all the idiosyncracies and defects of his style, both of thinking and expression, delineates in a most vigorous, powerful, and picturesque manner, a series of events that could only emanate from the impulsive character of the French people. The sentiment of the French is reflected truly in every page. It is impossible for any man of sensibility to read Carlyle's account of the death of Mirabeau without shedding tears. It is so true to the spirit of the time. His "Hero Worship" is remarkable for the power and depth of its delineations. Among his "Miscellanies" is his critique on the Life and Character of Robert Burns, which first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. With some minor defects arising from the peculiarity of Carlyle's own nature, it is a piece of the most manly and high-minded criticism in any language. It places the life and genius of Burns in a somewhat new and striking point of view. The writings of Carlyle, however, must be read to be understood and appreciated.

But if the works of Carlyle are distinguished by great power, and marked with peculiar and characteristic beauties, they are likewise disfigured by their countervailing defects. Carlyle's faults and shortcomings do not arise from any want in his education or culture. They are deeper seated in their origin, for they spring from an aboriginal and inherent deficiency in his mental frame-work. In looking at nature and her laws, or at the arrangements of savage or civilised life, Carlyle appears almost wanting in a sense for structure, for his mind never embraces in its grasp his subject in all its entirety. He sees it only point by point, and in detail. He cannot comprehend it at a glance. Though he sees clearly, and deeply, and sufficiently far, it is only in a long and narrow vista, and accordingly, though he forms an accurate estimate of the separate parts of his subject, he never embraces it as a whole, far less its multifarious relations. Carlyle, in a word, is markedly deficient in the constructive sense, so indispensable to an artist to enable him both to recognise the relations of his materials to each other, and to arrange them in their proper places. Our critic accordingly can never comprehend the entire structure and frame-work of anything. He only sees clearly an infinitude of details, but has no power to give them unity and compactness in his conceptions. For this reason he has no knowledge of any philosophy as a system; he merely knows its separate parts, but he cannot group these together and look through them, as if through a glass, at nature and her laws. Hence, Carlyle in his writings points out what he deems innumerable errors and shortcomings in society and elsewhere, but he never presents us with remedies. He would pull down structures and arrangements which are consecrated by time because there is something at fault with a portion of the plan, but he never attempts to substitute better in their stead. Thus Carlyle never looks at men or events in their entirety, and cannot judge of them correctly in that relationship. He condemns society and its present constitution, but the question recurs when all things are considered, will it admit of being improved by being taken to pieces and reconstructed? All or most of Carlyle's shortcomings are traceable to the same defect in his nature. Why does he characterise the present generation, in comparison with the past,

as mere flunkies? Whence is it that he is so much given up to hero-worship? How is mere earnestness and sincerity the only indispensable test of true greatness? These positions could only be adopted by a writer, who, however lofty his genius, and far seeing his intellect, gazed more intensely at the individual features of men and things in their separate powers and capacities, than he saw and regarded them as a part and parcel of a system, or of a universal whole. His loose and ill-assorted style is a simpler sort of evidence of the same characteristic.

After traversing the virtues and vices of so many critics, we return with pleasure to the agreeable task of examining the second volume of the *Noctes*. We have perused it with more than ordinary attention, and found it to contain a larger amount of genuine thought and philosophy, and that compressed into a smaller compass, than ever we discovered elsewhere. The present volume indeed is a great improvement upon the last. While it embraces a much greater variety of subjects, they are all treated with consummate skill and ability. While Christopher North and the English opium eater take the largest and most subtle views of the loftiest enquiries, the Shepherd chimes in as an expositor of their doctrines from the common sense stand-point. He translates their profound philosophy and criticism into the simplest doric, so that one is actually charmed both with its breadth and simplicity. With an extensive knowledge of the world and of mankind, both Christopher North and the English opium-eater evince a thorough acquaintance both with ancient and modern literature,—and when occasion presents itself they bring it to bear on the point in hand. They look at nature and the universe through the eye of no particular system, but through enlightened views, derived from and common to all. We are carried away by the vigor and rapidity of their impressions, for before we have had time to examine one we are introduced to another. There is no subject, however lofty or insignificant, of which they do not treat. All great passing events, all works of note, all men occupying a large portion of public notice, education in all its forms, and in fact, everything the least interesting to man, come in for a share of their attention. Thus the criticism of the *Noctes* is infinitely more natural than any mere criticism bearing upon books. It possesses all the freshness and force of men living in constant contact with the matters of which they speak. Though the Shepherd is an indispensable and constant interlocutor, he never repeats himself. There is no reiteration of the same thought or of the same imagery. He is always original and refreshing,—and the rapid change from subject to subject, keeps the mind of the reader in a pleasurable excitement. One cannot help feeling, after finishing the volume, that he is parting with an intellectual friend with whom he has passed hours of agreeable converse. We are sorry that our space will not permit us to give more than one passage of this admirable volume. We select one almost at random:—

“*North*. There is something most affecting in the natural sorrows of poor men, my dear Shepherd, as, after a few days’ wrestling with affliction, they appear again at their usual work—melancholy, but not miserable.

“*Shepherd*. You ken a gude deal, sir, about the life and character o’ the

puir; but then it's frae philosophical and poetical observation and sympathy—no frae art-and-part participation, like mine, in their merriment and their meesery. Folk in what they ca' the upper classes o' society, a' look upon life, mair or less, as a scene o' enjoyment, and amusement, and delight. They get a' selfish in their sensibilities, and would fain mak the verra laws o' natur obedient to their wull. Thus they cherish and encourage habits o' thocht and feeling that are maist adverse to obedience and resignation to the decrees o' the Almighty—when these decrees dash in pieces small the idols o' their earthly worship.

“*North.* Too true, alas! my dearest Shepherd.

“*Shepherd.* Pity me! how they moan, and groan, and greet, and wring their hauns, and tear their hair, even auld folk their thin grey hair, when death comes into the bedroom, or the verra drawing-room, and carries aff in his clutches some wee bit spoiled bairn, yammerin amang its playthings, or keepin its mither awake a' nicht by its perpetual cries!

“*North.* Touch tenderly, James—on—

“*Shepherd.* Ane wad think that nae parents had ever lost a child afore—yet hoo mony a sma' funeral do you see ilka day pacin along the streets unheeded on, amang the carts and hackney-coaches!

“*North.* Unheeded, as a party of upholsterer's men carrying furniture to a new house.

“*Shepherd.* There is little or naething o' this thochtless, this senseless clamour in kintra-houses, when the cloud o' God's judgment passes ower them, and orders are gien for a grave to be dug in the kirkyard. A' the house is hushed and quate—just the same as if the patient were still sick, and no gane awa—the father, and perhaps the mother, the brothers, and the sisters, are a' gaun about their ordinary business, wi' grave faces nae doubt, and some o' them now and then dichtin the draps frae their een; but, after the first black day, little audible greetin, and nae indecent and impious outcries.

“*North.* The angler calling in at the cottage would never know that a corpse was the cause of the calm.

“*Shepherd.* Rich folk, if they saw sic douce, composed ongoings, wad doubtless wonder to think hoo callous, hoo insensible were the puir! That natur had kindly denied to them those fine feelings that belong to cultivated life! But if they heard the prayer o' the auld man at nicht, when the survivin family were on their knees around the wa', and his puir wife neist him in the holy circle, they wad ken better, and confess that there is something as sublime as it is sincere and simple, in the resignation and piety of those humble Christians, whose doom it is to live by the sweat o' their brow, and who are taught, almost frae the cradle to the grave, to feel every hour they breathe, that all they enjoy, and all they suffer, is dropt down frae the hand o' God, almost as visibly as the dew or the hail,—and hence their faith in things unseen and eternal, is firm as their belief in things seen and temporal—and that they a' feel, sir, when lettin down the coffin into the grave!

“*North.* Take another glass, my dear friend, of Mrs Gentle's elder-flower wine.

“*Shepherd.* Frontignac! but harken! There, again, the bit happy motherless cretur is beguiled into anither sang! Her ain voice, sir, brings comfort frae a' the air around, even as if it were an angel's sang, singing to her frae the heart o' heaven!

“*North.* From how many spiritual sources come assuagings of our most mortal griefs!

“*Shepherd.* It's a strathspey!—I canna understand the want o' an ear. When I'm alone, I'm aye either whistlin, or singin, or hummin, till I fa' into thocht; and then baith thoochts and feelings are swayed, if I'm no sair

mista'en, in their main current by the tune, whether gay or sad, that your heart has been harpin on ; so, if I hadna a gude ear, the loneliness o' the hills wad be unco wearisome, unvisited by involuntary dreams about indefinite things ! Do folk aye think in words ?

"*North.* Generally, I suspect.

"*Shepherd.* Yet the thochts maun come first, surely. I fancy words and thochts fly intil ane anither's hauns. A thousan' thochts may be a' wrapt up in ae wee bit word—just as a thousand beauties in ae wee bit flower. They baith expand out into beauty—and then there's nae end to the creations o' the eye and the ear—for the soul sits ahint the pupil o' the tane, and the drum o' the tither, and takin a hint frae tone or hue, expawtiates ower the universe.

"*North.* Scottish Music, my dear James, is to me rather monotonous.

"*Shepherd.* So is Scottish Poetry, sir. It has nae great range ; but human natur never wearies o' its ain prime elementary feelings. A man may sit a haill nicht by his ingle, wi' his wife and bairna, without either thinking or feeling muckle ; and yet he's perfectly happy till bed-time, and says his prayers wi' fervent gratitude to the Giver o' a' mercies. It's only whan he's beginnin to tire o' the hummin o' the wheel, or o' his wife flytin at the weans, or o' the weans upeettin the stools, or ruggin ane anither's hair, that his fancy takes a very poetical flight into the regions o' the Imagination. Sae lang's the heart sleeps amang its affections, it dwalls upon few images ; but these images may be infinitely varied ; and, when expressed in words, the variety will be felt. Sae that, after a', it's scarcely correct to ca' Scottish Poetry monotonous, or Scottish Music either, ony mair than you would ca' a kintra level, in bonny gentle ups and downs, or a sky dull, though the clouds were neither mony nor multiform ; a' depends upon the spirit. Two-three notes may mak a maist beautifu' tune ; two-three woody knowes a bonny landscape ; and there are some bit streams amang the hills, without ony striking or very peculiar scenery, that it's no possible to dauner along at gloamin without feelin them to be visionary, as if they flowed through a land o' glamour. It's the same thing wi' faces. Little depends on the features ; a' on the composition. There is a nameless something that tells, when the colour o' the een, and o' the hair, and o' the cheeks, and the roundin aff o' the chin rin intil the throat, and then awa aff, like a wave o' the sea, until the breast is a' harmonious as music ; and leaves ane lookin at the lasses as if they were listenin 'to a melody that's sweetly play'd in tune !' Sensibility feels a' this ; Genius creauts it ; and in Poetry it dwells, like the charm in the Amulet."

We cannot part from this volume without repeating our impression how much superior it is both in subject-matter and expression to its predecessor. The views are larger and more philosophical, although impressed with no formality either in the style of thinking, or in its symbolism. We feel that Professor Wilson has caught the spirit and thought of a variety of widely different thinkers, and has embodied their views with a power and felicity that evinces no ordinary dramatic genius. The leading characteristic and new features in the *Noctes* are that they not only bring the most subtle forms of metaphysical thought under the eye of the popular mind, but that they translate it into the most popular and attractive language. This volume indeed contains much more genuine poetry than appears elsewhere from the pen of Professor Wilson. Looking back upon these papers as connecting themselves with the mere temporary and ephemeral interest of passing events, we are astonished to find so much profound and true philosophy, and we do not at all wonder now

that Professor Wilson should have marshalled around him all the genuine poetry and spirit of the time. Accordingly we find in the pages of Blackwood most of the exquisite short pieces of Delta, and several powerful productions from the pen of Thomas Aird. Among the rest we shall never forget the impression made upon us on the first appearance of the Devil's Dream by the latter, and we are afraid that some time may elapse before such a galaxy of genius and talent will reappear in the same hemisphere.

THE CONDITION OF OUR WORKING CLASSES.

THE condition of the poor in this city and of the working classes in general throughout the country is a subject of painful interest to every Christian mind. Multitudes, it is well known, never enter any place of worship. There are thousands of men, women, and children literally in a state of heathenism in the midst of us. Any scheme which has for its object to elevate the degraded, to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim and reform the depraved in our city populations, is deserving of the warm interest and sympathy of every philanthropic heart. The Home Mission question is forcing itself more strongly on the attention of the Church of Christ every day, and it is pleasing to observe that home missionary effort is keeping pace with the extension of foreign missions. Whatever may be said of the Territorial Scheme, it is certain that no better plan has yet been devised, for laying hold of the outlying portions of the community and bringing them within the reach of religious influences than Mission Churches, fully equipped with all the appliances of Visiting Agencies, Sabbath Schools, Libraries, Savings' Banks, Lectures to the People, together with the regular Preaching of the Gospel in halls and chapels which the non-church-going population are invited to attend in their plainest dress. We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following circular in connection with the efforts of Broughton Place U. P. Congregation in this city, who have lately reinforced their staff of visiting agents and missionaries by the addition of an ordained minister as the Superintendent of their Home Missionary operations in the Canongate—the Rev. Mr Gillespie, late of Aberdeenshire, and formerly Missionary in China, who has frequently enriched the pages of our Magazine with his “Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.” It is pleasing to observe from what follows, the warm interest which eminent Professors, Doctors of Divinity, and other talented lecturers in our city take in the intellectual and social elevation of the people as well as in their religious improvement:—

“TO THE WORKING CLASSES.—A Course of Popular Lectures will be delivered every Tuesday Evening during the winter in the Mission Chapel, Chalmers's Close. The following gentlemen have consented to give lectures:—

Rev. Dr GUTHRIE.
Professor GEORGE WILSON.

Dr WONG-FOON, from China.
Rev. Mr WATSON, Jamaica.

MR FORRESTER, Newington Academy.

Rev. Mr TASKER.

MR ZERUB BAILLIE.

Rev. Mr ROBERTSON, New Greyfriars'.

Dr COLDSTREAM.

Professor MILLAR.

Professor BLACKIE.

Rev. Dr ALEXANDER.

Rev. Mr SWAN, from Russia.

Mr SMITH, on Scottish Songs.

Rev. Dr M'CRIE.

Mr WILSON, Leith High School.

Rev. Mr REID.

Rev. Mr WALLACE.

Mr ROBERT ANDERSON, Lecturer on Natural History.

Rev. Mr LOWRIE, East Calder.

Mr WILBERFORCE PHILIP, from the Cape.

Rev. Dr ANDREW THOMSON.

Rev. Mr MACEWAN, South College Street.

Mr STEVENSON, Christian Institute.

Rev. Mr ROBERTSON, Newington.

Dr BRYCE, Dalkeith.

Rev. Mr GILLESPIE.

"Lectures will be delivered on Technology, Electricity, Physical Geography, Natural History, Political Economy, Music, Temperance, and other subjects; also on Russia, India, China, the Cape, Egypt, Petra, Nubia, Palestine, Italy, and Jamaica, by gentlemen who have been in these countries. Illustrative Diagrams, Specimens, and Curiosities from different countries will be occasionally exhibited. ADMISSION FREE.

"The object of these Lectures is to draw away the people from public-houses, to provide innocent and instructive entertainments for the young, and to entice the population generally from vicious company and hurtful amusements to better and purer pleasures. The attention of the Working Classes in the neighbourhood is earnestly directed to the interest which is thus taken in their social advancement, in their intellectual elevation, and above all, in their religious welfare. Our great desire is to reclaim the people to church-going habits, so as soon to have a regularly organized Church of Christ established in the Canongate, where Christian ordinances may be dispensed to believers, and Christian privileges enjoyed. In connection with this movement, a TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY will be formed, to be called the Canongate Total Abstinence Society, and those who are disposed to become members of it, will have an opportunity of giving in their names at the close of the Lectures every Tuesday Evening.

"WILLIAM GILLESPIE,

"Superintendent of the Canongate Mission."

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

(Continued from page 222.)

Practical Question.—Which of the Christian churches of the present day is the most distinguished propagatrix of Christian churches? Which lives only on the thought how the Religion of Satan, the world, and the flesh, shall make room for their trees of righteousness? So long as churches fulfil this end of their exotic existence, so long will they continue in the garden of the Lord, and go no more out; when once and so soon as they lose sight of this end of their privileged distinction among the nations, as Levites specially joined to God, will the place that now knows them, know them no more for ever.

For no one can look upon the three-storied and outspreading and rising churches, without seeing that the winding and outspreading stairs are the dove's (the Jonah or Juno's, Heb.) outspread wings, wherewith

she every moment seeks to quit the earth and rise to heaven, her only rest ; for here there is no permanent rest to the soles of her feet. The individual churches have each of them two pairs of wing-like stairs, wherewith they make a few partial flights from place to place along the earth, generally with the natural sun travelling westward ; but at a time untold these partial flights will cease, and there will cease to be any church on earth, collective or single ; though of these times we have nowhere any description but the bare statement of the fact,—1 Thess. iv. 17.

If we were expounding the historical passages, it would be lawful to go into detail. We should then have occasion to notice the coincidence between the thirty pillars of the house and the thirty worthies who formed the militant staff of King David, who planned and furnished all the details of the house. We should see the coincidence between David's triumviral duxships, and the same grouping of the Apostles into such triads as Peter, James, and John, corresponding to Joab, Abishai, and Benaiah, heads of their respective triads. 1 Chron. xi. 10. "Such were the chief of the mighty men whom David had, *who strengthened themselves with him*, (= Eph. ii. 28. fitly framed together) in his kingdom, yes with all Israel, to make him king," &c. To understand what entitles one to be called a pillar of the truth, we have, in the history of David's worthies, *as much* as in the history of Christ's apostles, the twelve foundations of the New Jerusalem to study true championship ; taking care in explaining David's typical heroes, to spiritualize aright all their physical acts. The individual parallelism is large and satisfactory, but here out of place. Joab's forwardness was Peter's ; both required their checks ; both got the foremost place.

Again, much is meant by the particular sum of money given to Judas to betray Christ being made *thirty* pieces of silver. Whereas all ecclesiastical power is by Christ delegated to such as the twelve apostles, men of like passions with ourselves, men of every shade of weakness and sin ; it may at any time happen in just judgment upon a nation or church's sin, that a Judas may steal his way to the throne, and as the Moses or Aaron, the chief magistrate, bishop, or civic president of the day, bargain away the throne, the king, *church*, and all, the *thirty* pillars for *thirty* pieces of silver. Without at present resting longer on the pillars, let us see how men of such infirmity come to wield so much power.

Promise the seventh and last.—What more can a Christian or a Christian church have, unless it be a seat upon the very throne of Christ. Assessors on his ecclesiastical throne, his mercy-seat on earth, whereof the chief magistrate and chief priest, the two cherubim of the type, were always an inseparable appendage ; ruling elders, "kings and priests," are delegated to do all that Christ wishes to have done in his earthly kingdom. "We shall reign on the earth." Sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of the true Israel, the twelve apostles, or their twelve times twelve thousand successors in every age, have the appointment of all the stewards, elders, pastors, or other officers in the church ; the settling of their duties and their fees ; censuring or honouring each, as Christ by his word and Spirit enables them with more or less judg-

ment to decide or miscarry ; approving of the acts of all the courts below, or overruling these acts ; suspending pastors from the ministry, or absolutely deposing them, all in terms of the statute of the spiritual realm, the law and the testimony, whereby Christ binds himself and assessors in judgment ever to decide ; holding the whole legislative and executive power which Christ himself would most judiciously exercise if he acted without the means of a human ministry. This honour, this crowning, and crowned honour have all the saints. Rev. iii. 21, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne (of church judgment,) even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his providential throne."

Joseph, the type of Christ and his salvation, conveyed to nations through human means, was the saviour of Egypt in time of famine, and, in reward, obtained from the monarch the absolute disposal of all things in the government of that country. Gen. xli. 42, "Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and made him ride in the second chariot which he had ; and they cried before him, Bow the knee ; and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt ; and Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt."

The promotion of Daniel and his three colleagues to the highest civil offices of the Babylonian Empire, is intended more systematically to teach the same doctrine ; not only that the dominion over the earth will ultimately be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, but that their chosen and privileged representatives will divide among them the whole legislative and executive power of the national churches on earth. By the promotion of such *scholars*, Dan. i. 20, it will ever be the policy and eternal happiness of earthly potentates to "kiss the Son," fondly embracing such delegates, in bowing them to their rightful places on the national throne. Hear how Nebuchadnezzar, one of the most notable types of Christ, both in his humiliation and exaltation, treats the *four* leading princes of the typical church even in its bondage. Dan. iii. 28, Nebuchadnezzar said, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him," &c. 29, "Therefore I make a decree, that every people, nation, and language which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego shall be cut in pieces, and their house shall be made a dunghill, because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort. 30, Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the province of Babylon."

It is in the person of *such* delegates that God sets his king upon his holy hill of Zion ; this is the only personal advent spoken of in the Apocalypse. Woe to them who in any way misrepresent their Master, and abuse such unlimited power to what they dream their own advantage ; Matth. xxiv. 49, "smiting their fellow-servants, eating and drinking with the drunken," &c. Attempts to unseat those who merit a seat on Christ's national throne, will generally be attended with such increase of their honour and influence as befel the captive quater-

nion. Four such beasts, Rev. iv. 6, will only be more established in their blessed power ; the lion's den will not long unseat *such* commissioners ; Dan. vi. 3, who will persist from dynasty to dynasty, the salvation of each. There need be no difficulty in defining the respective limits of the civil and ecclesiastical power. Moses and Aaron, the two representatives of these two powers, had their twin-like images on the mercy-seat, Christ's earthly throne. Joseph had no difficulty in seeing when he should obey God, when man ; Daniel and his learned colleagues had no doubts. Doubt can only arise when our eye is double ; when we vainly hope to serve two opposing masters ; and this will prove a sore torture to those who are more saints in name than reality ; and who forget that it was mainly by suffering that the most eminent worthies rendered most eminent service to God and the church. Not to him who bargains for an easy peace, and is unprepared to quarrel with his friends, but "to him who overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne."

There need be no mistake as to the parties who may truly be said to sit with Christ on his church-throne. Place-hunters may often attain the object of their temporary, and therefore paltry ambition, whether in church or state, but place-hunters are not crown-holders. The only place worth holding, if Johns, and Peters, and Pauls are to be believed, is "spiritual usefulness," whatever our nominal place may be ; and we should ask, "If any man hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be Christ's disciple ;" he cannot savingly use even the ordinary means of grace common to the congregation ; how then, we should ask, can he rise to the peculiar honours and distinction of the spiritual peerage ? Let us then walk by faith and not by sight. Let us not confound Joseph's rings and Daniel's privy-seal with Joseph's purity of heart and Daniel's simple godliness.

We have said that the spiritual peerage's assessorship in the national throne of any gospel state, is more systematically typified in the history of Daniel's quaternion, than in that of Joseph's individual co-regency. When the church was yet, in the days of Jacob, confined to a single family, it was meet that a representative of that church, when taken into assessorship on a civil throne, should be a single man, a Joseph ; but when that family was enlarged into a national church, and that church managed by *four* ruling princes, who had a prerogative over the other princes and elders of the people, Rev. iv. 6 ; it was now meet, when another typical instance of assessorship with a civil ruler was to take place, that it should recognise and, if possible, embody the constitution of the church as it then stood. Accordingly we have seen that Nebuchadnezzar, the greatest monarch of his time, took into his counsels exactly *four* royal youths of the captive church ; made these his assessors on his throne ; divided among them the whole executive of the Babylonish Empire, Dan. ii. 49, = Ps. ii. 8, = Gen. xlix. 16. These *four*, under Nebuchadnezzar, corresponded to the four leading princes of the twelve tribes, namely, the Lion of Judah, the Calf of Ephraim, the Bull of Reuben, the Eagle of Dan, appointed to rule the *united* church

and state. But this is not all. They sat with whom? With Nebuchadnezzar. And who was he? The most notable,—in one respect the unique type of Christ. To anticipate, Rev. xvii. 8, last clause. He was he “that was, and is not, and yet is.” We do not remember any other individual who thus typified Christ’s eternal kingship, his exaltation both before and after his temporary humiliation. In Nebuchadnezzar how distinctly do we see Him who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich; and then resumed his original dignity. Nebuchadnezzar *was*, for several years, a mighty prince; then for seven years of bovine humiliation he *is not* a man or a king; and yet *is*,—he is again a king and most eloquent preacher of the coming kingdom of the Messiah; so that he is both one of seven kings and also an eighth king; he is twice a king. So was Christ. Though dwelling from eternity in the bosom of the Father, he passed by angels, made himself of no reputation, was found in fashion as a man, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever,—Heb. i. 8, = Dan. iv. 36. In other words, all thrones are his, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion ruleth over all. The *conjunct* management of the different earthly states, under whatever name existing, he delegates to his church, the earthly ruler’s dove, the inseparable partner of his joys and cares, his troubles and successes; and if we would know who will attain to the honour of a commissioned assessor, we have only to study the Bible worthies; apply for help to the same quarter as they did, assured that Christ is more willing to promote us than we are to take the trouble of being promoted; “Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open I will come in and sup with him,” and intimately and lovingly *form our schemes* for the public management of the church and state. And when thus he has done and suffered the will of God, he will, after a life of faith and patience, pass into the inheritance of the saints in real, no longer in typical, light.

Summary and Paraphrase of the Seven Promises.—Every one living near a Christian church and school, has an opportunity, and should have the ambition, of attaining to at least a share of that spiritual influence in the last of the promises,—sitting on Christ’s church-throne. How shall I attain, should each of us ask, the laudable object of being a propagator of those mind-improving principles, which will prosper more and more through the untold duration of gospel times. There is only one way and that so plain, that ordinary capacity and simplicity of purpose can make no mistake about it. At every step through Scripture we read, “this is the way, walk ye in it.”

First Promise, Rev. ii. 7.—We must individually partake of the common benefits of Christ’s redemption. We must individually be on as good a footing with God, as Adam was before his fall. It is delightful to know that this scheme of redemption is powerfully condensed in our Catechism, and through the Bible-founded instructions of our parish Schools, generally understood. Am I then, it is the business of each militant to ask, personally justified by Christ? In evidence of this blessed change upon my whole fate and character, do I instinctively de-

light in walking with God? Can I no more want communion with Christ and his people, than I can want my daily bread?

Promise Second, Rev. ii. 11.—Let me not mistake. Saints not only backslide, but need to backslide; without this they would never know themselves. But when a revival comes, when a spiritual spring returns, does it also return to me? Is the grief of backsliding the most precious evidence of my returning love to Christ? Is there any uncertainty here? What active steps do I take to remove the uncertainty? For, continuance of suspended animation is the second death?

Promise Third, Rev. ii. 17.—Precious promise, most precious, shall I say, of all the promises. So far from finding myself in continued heart-torpor, do I plainly find myself *wedded* to Christ, inseparate from him in my affections; and did I not know from my repeated backsliding the uncertainty of mental emotion, attached to him for ever. Wedded to Christ, my beloved is mine and I am his; notwithstanding my absurd inconsistencies, I cannot pronounce myself dead. On the contrary, his constitution has entered into mine. Truly this is a state 'which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.' I have now no other wish, care, or inclination, than to bring forth fruit unto God. It matters little where or how I am; whether with Joseph mangled in the pit; whether with Joseph by his prince's side, the assessor of his throne; whether with Paul and Silas in Philippi's dungeon; whether with the apostle lifted in the billows to the skies, or sunk between them to the chambers of death; everywhere I have bowels of love to all, wishing them to be altogether such as I am, save these bonds.

Promise Fourth.—As long as I speak and think with this simplicity, speaking only what I strongly feel, my conversation often becomes a sermon; and the workshop task is sometimes unduly suspended to hear a cheerful-minded and embryo preacher tell 'what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God.' He dwells with a child's eloquence upon the delight of growing in grace; upon the lowly love of Christ, who seeks this honour in his people's clustered fruitfulness, and who, as the good shepherd, layeth down his life for the sheep; carryeth the lambs in his arms, and gently leads them that are with young. He leads them away to the evening sermon, and sometimes preaches himself; the ill-conditioned child of vice becomes an ardent expectant of eternal life; the sabbath pews are gradually lined with a youthful generation, trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Thus mildly, thus effectively, does Christ make the 'Overcomer a rod of iron.' Many a vessel of wrath, which themselves admitted, and by their mutual oaths confessed, were fitted only for destruction, has the preacher seen smashed by the iron rod that accompanied his else weakly discourse; while, by a chemistry of its own, it melted them, in every affection of the heart, and remoulded them into vessels of honour in the very sanctuary of God. Among such a people the simple-minded star becomes a 'Morning Star,' rightly dividing the word of Truth.

Promise Fifth, Rev. iii. 5.—Reluctantly, and with no comfort or ease does he in his turn fill the business chairs of the church courts. Think-

ing it better to confine himself to his own more private sphere, wherein he is now conscious to himself that he shines, the subdivision of labour as well as of honour suggests that those of more courtly manners and business tastes, and quicker perception, and more varied learning, should fill the more public offices of the superintendent sanctuary, and 'sit with princes' (I. Sam. ii. 8). In the robes of ecclesiastical clerkship, let the overseers be, according to their talents, selected to revise and review the conduct of the general flock, the conduct of the particular pastors of its different folds; while I give myself wholly to the one work of the ministry, let them from year to year be re-appointed to the honour of walking in public and elevated consultation with the Great Head of the Church; let this continue so long as their energies and talents and character find them worthy; let them be standing as well as noted names in the books of the priestly life; and at the close of their veteran service, they will no longer deal in types, but pass into the analogies of the gospel state; and begin to study, in their disembodied purity, the similarity of the church in heaven to the church on earth. This is progression indeed.

Promise Sixth, Rev. iii. 12.—Meanwhile, says the one-minded Evangelist, though personally I wave the public honours and public usefulness of the upper earthly sanctuary, I may yet be a pedestal to my local church, which, based on Christ alone, will stand when myself and successors in the pastoral office are gathered to our fathers. It may not stand forever on the same spot; the Great Analogist has in all his teaching taught us that he has made the changes of nature types of the changes of grace, and we should therefore be ever ready to meet these changes. Our local community may be allowed to become a field of weeds, as it was before, but delightfully certain I am, that the tender slips from the tender branches of our local trees of life, are every year plentiful in our distant colonies, the destined parts of the extended church. Our poorer emigrants, our best hope, have in the first seat of our three floored pillar house, learned to read and admire their Bibles, and these they carry out to all parts of the earth. Of these slips not only have we no fears, but the highest hopes. Only we pray that Christ would bestow the blessings of a Bible education in proportion to the increase of the home population. Scotland is still the central sanctuary of our trees of life. Rev. xxii. 2.—Ezek. xlvii.

Promise Seventh, Rev. iii. 20-21, and xxi. 7-8. Private devotedness to pastoral duty is the highest ambition, nay the only ambition of the human soul. In cultivating trees of life what are we doing? We are actually in the persons of our Bible-trained colonists giving law to all regions of the earth. These colonial families, these British communities take the management of every thing secular and civil wherever they go. In east and west our emigrants are the growing princes of the earth; so that we at home who have for many generations had the honour of rearing the trees of life, have virtually and most substantially been sitting with Christ on his earthly throne, bestowing the different parts of his conquest upon those who by his word and Spirit are prepared to "*inherit all things.*"

It is observable that the choice of the saints are twice promised power over the nations, in promises fourth and seventh. It is also observable, that that power seems to be more violently used in the earlier than in the latter stage; as if it would happen that maturity of experience would convince us that our more youthful zeal in the righteous assertion of the church's rights, which are nothing more than the rights of humanity, was more violent than winning; while age teaches that we may win with love, knocking at their door and supping with those whom the iron rod of righteous indignation vainly hopes to conquer.

Chap. iv.—“A race fitted by nature and grace ‘to inherit all things;’ and actually entering more and more every day into that inheritance! How do they attain to this pre-eminence? We have been told that, from the close of the Mosaic system and onwards, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Is there then no system of Government under the Gospel? The typical church was all system together. Is it by order or disorder, by honesty or fraud, by anarchy or law, that the new system is to excel the beautiful but limited order of the old dispensation?”

The fourth chapter is the answer to that question. From the side of the Hebrew church encampment (Fig. V.) to which he may be supposed to belong, John is by the duet-harmony of the two silver trumpets, Numb. x. 21, summoned up to Sinai, the mountain centre (Fig. VI.) of the wheel, Ezekiel x. 13; the axis of the twelve tribed host. “Come up hither.” Nay, before the summons to ascend the mountain so often climbed by the three-lifed foster Moses, John sees some Levite hands holding back the four stripped curtain-door of the Tabernacle, Christ's seat of heavenly rule (Fig. IX. c.); he sees the exposed portion of the tapestry, containing a portion of the countless cherubim, the pictures of the Levite-angels themselves; and learns that it is for his admission into a cabinet council of the wilderness church, that they are, on this occasion, divinely commanded to hold back with inviting hand, the four striped curtains' hanging folds; for the east end of the tent, wanting the gilded board, the curtains, which were also the *lining* of gilt tabernacle (Fig. VII.), were *here* its only wall and door; so easily, so quietly may a child enter or retire from God's holy place.

V. 2. Behold a throne (t) was set in this place of the supreme management of the kingdom of heaven on earth, the imperfect and preparatory heaven. It turns out that the constitutional management of the gospel kingdom, is in all ages to be substantially, not formally, but virtually that which was once for all given to the model church; the national government of the Jewish people, in all its phases, is the only government of a Christian people. “One sat on the throne,” one used to do so typically; namely, Moses or Aaron, or any one of their successors, presided at the cabinet council in the outer room (Fig. VIII. 25); but now Christ, a priest upon his throne, far above every principality, and power, and every name that is named; head over all things to the church which is his body, the fulness of him who filleth all in all, Ephes. i. 21.

V. 3. He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a *Sardine* stone; he wore in his own person, the family likeness of *all* the redeemed, (Deut.

xviii. 15, "of thy brethren.") From the first-born Reuben, whose breastplate stone was a *sardius*, to the last-born Benjamin, whose stone was a jasper, the church which is his body, and which was but typically embodied in the twelve tribes, is now so evidently identified with Christ, that it cannot be destroyed without annihilating him. He cannot himself throw it off. If Christ is anything, he is the likeness of his brethren; he is the twelve stones. The breastplate then has been absorbed, assimilated into the Christian body, Hosea, viii. 8.

As before, some tribes will be bolder than others in defending, advancing, and fighting for the throne in all its real or supposed interests. Too prone to recur, like Peter, unbidden to the iron-sword, *some* Judah-tribe will lie with her whelps in peaceful, yet ever suspicious, ever watchful, slumber around the foot of the throne, sleeping only with one eye. The throne's *defence* is through Judah's stone, the green emerald elegantly combined with the covenant-keeping character of Christ our living head. Of this character, he now boasts by exhibiting the emerald rainbow around the throne, in allusion to Gen. ix. 16, "I will look upon the rainbow, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." He virtually asks whether he is not, after long delays, in a fair way of fulfilling all the promises of his marriage-covenant.

The main idea of the rainbow, however, is the *defence* which Christ will ever dispose the church to raise in his and her defence. Himself of the emerald tribe, and the lion thereof, it is meet that a throne, based amid war and treachery, (for Judas is as like as possible to Judah, and ever present in his place,) should have for its satellites, the *king's own* tribe, a body of Pelethites (Pelet. Heb. a refuge) within whose phalanx square, the general body of the flock may ever stand secure, till her enemies shy her spears and walk off. 1 Kings x. 18, "King Solomon made a great throne of ivory, with six steps on each side. Besides the two lions, one on each side of the seat, were twelve lions, six on each set of steps."

Some Judah tribe will do this defensive work; for while the breastplate was undergoing repair, "the first tribe was put last and the last first." It is no longer first Reuben and last Benjamin, but first jasper, Benjamin, and last sardine, Reuben. Hence the church learns, that whenever or wherever her demerit calls for it, the tables may and will at any time be turned. As the prodigal son, the *younger* brother, may on his return to God and duty, not only get a treat, but the secretaryship, the "ring," the seals of office, the whole management of the kingdom, as Joseph did from Pharaoh; so may the once insignificant Gad become a troop, and be boasted of as the king's best lion, 1 Chron. xii. 8; first and readiest and ablest to defend David in all his afflictions.

The passage descriptive of the throne, suggests the parallel ones alluding to other stones of the breast-plate. Thus Exod. xxiv. 10, when on Mount Sinai, as a king on his throne, Christ dictated the law to four chief priests and seventy elders, there was *under his feet* a paved work of a *sapphire-stone*; so when he flitted bodily with his church from Jerusalem to Babylon, to undergo the fiery trial of his people's purifi-

cation, Ezek. i. 26-28, his *throne* was a sapphire-stone, his body the church was purified to the colour of amber, purified not only in its worst parts but its best, not only from the loins downward, but from the loins upward. These and such passages all illustrate the same doctrine, that from a fiery trial some portion will come out the best that used to be the worst. The sapphire Dan of the old pavement will become the sapphire of the new throne, Gen. xlix. 16, "Dan shall judge God's people," Ezek. i. 26. In other words, while the body of Christ is imperishable, indestructible, it is volatile or flitting, its wave in one part rising high, while in another sinking low; in one place passing out of night into morn, in another out of evening into night; its summer sun here bestowing six months of unbroken day upon the southern pole, while a similar Arctic day is passing into a six months' night of winter darkness, destined in endless, or at least untold alternation, to suffer and enjoy in turn. By the sapphire pavement of maiden-born Dan promoted for a *moral season* to the sapphire throne; by the jasper rear of Benjamin wheeled round into a jasper van; by the sardine front of Reuben affronted into an ignoble rear—the ever enduring church is an ever enduring change. Hence let us learn once more that here there is no permanent heaven; and while the eternal one, the rest that remaineth to the people of God, can only be hinted at by descriptions drawn from the temporal one, let us look for an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that *fadeth not away*, 1 Pet. i. 4.

Mary knew well what she said, Luke i. 48, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and exalted them of low degree; he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden;" alluding to the maid Bilhah bearing Dan, the prospective sapphire judge, who meanwhile and in consequence of his low birth was not admitted with the sons of Leah and Rachel into Pharaoh's reception rooms, Gen. xlvii. 2. How completely in Dan's case the tables have been turned, can only be felt by those, who in the myth-history of the Danaoi, the sons of Dan, and the Achaivi, the general brethren (Heb. Ach, a brother) plainly read the history of the once humble tribe who in the fulness of time were honoured to spread the Gospel through Greece and Italy to the British shores.

Then all the lustre of Christ's throne and person has in every age been reflected only from the people's gems! Though himself the only true light, never will any of his light be seen but as it is thus reflected. Hear what the meek and lowly Jesus says; I am the vine, ye are the branches; herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; what is a vine worth if it bear not fruit? Him that honoureth me, I will honour; I will turn a sapphire pavement into a sapphire throne.

When Christ instructs John to name the last and first of his gems, and thereby comprehend them all, we are called upon to say something of each, but decline it here; only repeating that it was Joseph, onyx the eleventh on the plate, which formed the two shoulder studs for the breast-plate, and afterwards supplanted the breast-plate; and desiring to remember that his purity is Christianity, individual or collective, while I cannot injure it so much as by harbouring in my mind any impure thought, however pleasant.

From the throne we pass to the peerage. Verse iv. "Round about the throne were four and twenty thrones (thronoi). These are the twenty four thrones of the twelve princes and twelve elders of the people; the twenty four representatives of the nobility and commonalty of Israel. The constitution of this supreme court remained from first to last unaltered, up to the Babylonish captivity; the twelve princes enjoying a hereditary peerage, the twelve judges or elders of the people probably rising through the Decal courts (Deut. i. 15,) by professional talent or other influence, acting in their respective tribes as High sheriffs, in the Cabinet council as law lords. We cannot but admire this wholesome balance of the second and third estates. If honestly worked, any promising youth in Israel might, by a successful discharge of duty in the inferior courts, purchase by his own talents and industry a seat in their House of Lords, while such liberalism had its needful check in the number of popular members being equalled by the peers, twelve to twelve. All that is wanted in any Christian state is to give honest effect to this balance principle. The nearer we approach its divine perfection, the higher we rise in national and inter-national importance and prosperity; because by it, no party is over-elated, no party overwhelmed.

The constitution of this court was faithfully copied by the Hebrew colonies of Greece. Her Amphaclyonic council met twice a-year; in spring at Delphi, the centre of her orbis terrarum; in the autumn at Authela, the former season corresponding to the Passover, the latter to the Atonement. The states that sent deputies to this council were *twelve*; each state sent *two* deputies, one of whom was called Hieromnemon, the other Pylagoras, who attended to the civil and military interests of his community.

Space forbids our entering into the *history* of the Hebrew "twenty-five." Such a separate dissertation drawn from Bible sources alone, at least exclusive of rabbinical authorities, would form a manual of the eldership, which Christian rulers might do well to study. Passing over this history for the present, let us witness their last scene, remembering that their character is our character, their fate ours. As surely as there was in model times a type, will there in old Gospel times be an antitype, and broad and ever recurring reality. Ezek. viii. 16, The Lord brought me (Ezekiel) into the inner court of the Lord's house, and behold, at the door of the temple of the Lord, between the porch and the altar, (Fig. I. and X.) about *five and twenty men*, and their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the east; and they worshipped the Sun toward the east.—The old Persians believed that the Sun was good; it was high time the supreme council, king and all, should pass into their proper school, where they should have seen enough. A few weeks saw the last of their people the bondsmen of the Sun's worshippers, II. Kings, xxv; see also Ezek. xi. 1. What a large sermon is contained in the small text "twenty-four thrones," twenty-four and one.

"And upon the thrones I saw *the* four and twenty presbyters seated, (*the*—see Greek text) clothed in white garments, and they had on their heads crowns of gold." In many respects the wilderness church was a neater and more expressive model than when it came to be settled amid

the irregularities of Canaan hills and dales. The circle, or as Ezekiel is instructed to call it, the wheel, the annular encampment of the twelve tribes, grouped, as the remarkable name tribe implies, into *four sets*, so that a single tribe was but *one of three* and a tribus partibus, and occupying the four cardinal points of the compass, Num. ii. 8, 10, 18, 25, represented *all the national churches* that will ever, with more or less completeness, constitute the universal Church on earth, where there is no physical and never will be any moral perfection.

It was this circular model, the earliest and best, that the Greeks everywhere made the outline of their choiography. Delos, (Heb. uplifted,) corresponding to Sinai amidst the *encircling* tribes, was the centre of the cyclades, the *sons of the circle*, and on a mountain in that central islet, were born into fame the two twin-like judges, Apollo and Diana, (Heb. *Apl the judge*, and *Danē a judge*,) his twin-like sister Miriam, whose care of her infant brother is every poet's song. We shall occasionally make short excursions into the classic myth, as the most important part of the external evidence, being to the fuller Bible light, what the dawn is to the risen sun. To return.

It was highly proper that the representatives of the tribes, typifying the Kings and Queens who will in Gospel times be the nursing fathers and nursing mothers of Christ's spiritual body, should in the councils of the model church appear with the highest emblems of their civil rank. "They had on their heads crowns of Gold." But these kings of the whole earth, or of as much of it as is embraced in the Christian fold, must be like their common king, the king of kings, and he is more than anything a *priest* upon his throne, Zech. vi. Accordingly they are clothed with priestly garments, "white garments." A Christian state will prosper best when the highest civil officers qualify themselves to take their places around the throne of Christ, by having something more than the outward garb of the priestly character, that whiteness, that purity of heart, that child-like simplicity of purpose, that righteousness of the saints, which will enable them to see the relative worth and bearing of all things, Ps. li. 7. If the pure in heart will not literally see God, they will at least be blessed in seeing all that God can make them capable of seeing; they will see God's will, God's goodness, man's true interest, their own true honour, the best and simplest methods of advancing both their own and their people's happiness.

But thus to spiritualize, however justly, is not to expound the Apocalypse. The passage then which gives so much of the civil and judicial rule to the house of Levi, that is to persons, Ps. li. 13, possessing the due qualifications of the priesthood, of whatever time or place, age or nation, office or name, is Ezekiel xlv. 15-24; "The priests, the Levites, the sons of Zadok, that kept the charge of my Sanctuary, when the children of Israel went astray from me, they, (that is, *such*,) shall come near to me to minister unto me; 17, they shall be clothed with linen garments, linen bonnets, linen breeches, all as white as snow. 24, In *controversy* they shall stand in judgment, they shall judge it according to my judgments, and they shall keep my laws and my statutes in all mine assemblies." After such a distinct transference of office,

John could never have restored the legislative and executive to their former and rightful occupants ;—the judges subsequent to the captivity, the judges in the ideally-restored sanctuary of Ezekiel, Fig. I. are to be Levites, and Levites alone. This was never realized in the typical church between the captivity and the final destruction of Jerusalem ; and is plainly, like all the new sanctuary arrangements, to be understood and realized only in a Gospel sense. It is wonderful how substantially the arrangement has been realized in the reformed Churches of Christendom. Therein almost all church business is, by common consent, left to the priesthood ; the same parties who fill the pulpits, fill the judges' chairs in all matters ecclesiastical. Our presbyters, to which class Peter and the beloved John boasted that they belonged, wear both the linen garments of the priesthood, and the crowns of the thrones of judgment, with God they are God's, Ps. xcvi. 7. Matth. xix. 28, Ye, all evangelists, of whatever name or time, all who are really what the white garment means, all Zadocks who singly maintain the better fight, shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel ; those whom these tribes represented, Psalm cxvii. 5, *There*, in the New Jerusalem, the Gospel Church, are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Delegates, or as we presently call them, commissioners from very distant and still more unlikely parts, claim and wear these crowns, and leave them in the sanctuary when they retire to their respective churches. This is indicated in Zech. vi. 4. ; where certain visitors from Babylon, named in the text, had, by God's orders to Zechariah, gold and silver crowns made for them, not at their own but God's suggestion. When made, they were all successively put upon the head of the high priest, sitting as a type of "the Branch," the Messiah, the priest upon his throne. They were then declared to be the property of these Babylonish brethren, whose successors probably saw the star in the east and came to Jerusalem to own him as the Branch from the root of David. As such a pledge of their share in the Messiah's crown, these coronets were left "as a memorial" in the temple, and are to be held as a mere sample of that general principle so often repeated in the New Testament, that the management of the Messiah's church was *in this way* to be made up of parties coming from afar ; Matth. viii. 11, nay, like *sheep driven* from afar ; *spirits* in prison, hugging their Babylonish chains, as *unwilling* of themselves to come to Christ, or to claim a share of his crown, as the old world *once* was to come into Noah's ark. 1 Pet. iii. 20. Their unpersuadability, (apeithesai) on that *one* occasion, is a sample of captives' unwillingness on all occasions (pote, ever, gk.) to be jubileed ; Isaiah lxi. 1. In the name of the chief shepherd, Peter went to Babylon, and with the miraculous powers of the Holy Ghost humbly persuaded them to enjoy the acceptable year of the Lord. By sheer force of miracle had they to be *driven forth*. In Luke, x. 19, Christ explains that the parties in prison were those to whom he preached deliverance.

(To be continued.)

ANTI-MAUD.¹

TIME was when Rolleads, probationary odes for the laureateship, rejected addressees, and anticipations (of Parliamentary speeches) were among the favourite recreations of literature,—and caused the island to ring with laughter from sea to sea.

We are at a loss in what class to put the author of Anti-Maud. Whether to regard him as a serious candidate for the reversion of the laurel, or as a mocker, who means, first, to quiz his model, and next to raise the hiss at the party whose cause he affects to espouse, viz., the *furious for peace*. Our perplexity with regard to his ends and aims, moves us to cry out with Swift, speaking of a satirist of his time, “Me-thinks he ought to be more serious, or more merry.”

The supposition that he is a candidate for the reversion of the laurel seems to be supported by two or three features of *prima facie* evidence. He describes, with apparent interest, the stealing foot of servility and do-tage, just touching the robe of the *once* accomplished Tennyson.

“The laureate feels a touch of the age,—he breathes no diviner air.”

Next, he thinks the war has done—and therefore should have done with—its work, which appears to have had for its final cause, the hitching of that reeling, staggering, ever roundabout statesman, Lord Palmerston, into a moment’s occupancy of a stand-point at the helm of state.

“Methinks we have done enough for the sake of a statesman’s whim,
Floundering onward, drifting onward, reeling and staggering to and fro.”

When we have done with the war, we shall have done with the quivered Cupid, for whose emolument and glory it has been it seems so widely protracted, and shall be ready for an administration of Bright & Co. And as the poppy seems to be already nodding on the brow of the old laureate,—who knows,—who knows,—but he may be ready, just in time, to betake himself to the literal Lethe, and to leave his honours to a worthier? And then, who should succeed but the poet of peace,—the sweet singer of Anti-Maud.

We are sorry to have to state a third reason for our conjecture, which may seem to savour a little of malice,—but we aver that it owes its sole origin not to a grain of malice, but to a few grains of experience. When a lady is clamorous in the assertion of her virtue,—or a swell volunteers many oaths in the asseveration of his honour,—or when with reference to others, the one is foremost with her “O fie!” and the other with his “I knew him for an infernal scamp,”—we are tempted to resort for interpretation to the rule of contraries. Now, it would grieve us, if we thought such a rule applicable to the following burst of self-denial:—

“What do they seek? The safety and honour of all?
’Tis their own dear selves they labour and sweat to upraise.
But upon paltry ends, groping for objects small.”

We have done with this class of conjecture,—and are rather inclined to adjust our criticism to the standard of another theory, which is, that

¹ Anti-Maud. By a Poet of the People. London: E. Churton.

Anti-Maud is designed to quiz the party it affects to patronize,—the friends of peace. This indeed may be thought somewhat unnecessary,—inasmuch as the prototype, Maud, is supposed to be a war-poem ; but ridicule, we know, in the hands of a great master, can be made to serve every purpose of serious admonition ; and who knows but the spirit that the laureate tried to evoke by his martial dithyrambics, may have been covertly intended to be kept alive, by the process of so representing the views of the peace party as to provoke indignant laughter. Let us then proceed to try Anti-Maud for a little by this test, and to attempt its interpretation on this theory.

Anti-Maud opens thus savourily :—

“ I hate the murky pool at the back of the stable yard,
For dear though it be to the ducks and geese, it has an unpleasant
smell.

If you gaze therein at your own sweet face the reflection is broken and
marred,

And echo there, if you ask how she is, replies, ‘ I feel very unwell.’ ”

We remember Pope, in his quizzing style, is fond of introducing the unfortunate wits of the *Dunciad*, at the brink,—

“ Where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames.”

We thought the kindred, but better fed geniuses of our own press had ceased to resort to such scenes for pleasure or meditation,—but it seems we have been mistaken. If necessity no longer carries them to the “ Fleet,” it would seem that their taste is not wholly averse to the dear delight of the puddle and the ditch. Our poet proceeds :—

“ For there in the muddy ditch, a moistened body was found ;

A lap-dog I gave to my wife. O Pompey, who would have thought it ?
Swoll’n and decomposed, and trampled into the ground ;

With the collar around its neck, which it wore on the day I bought it.”

This affecting catastrophe is explained (if we may presume to guess at the solution), to have been the result of the poor wretch’s habit of plaguing the cook in the kitchen, by snarling at the parrot, his rival in his mistress’s affections.

“ Knavery somewhere !

And my poor little dog, as ’tis said, by the crabbed old cook,”

∴ Dropped gorged from the shoulder of lamb which was meant for the
servants’ supper.”

We are confirmed, by this opening incident, in our belief that the poem is a quiz not on the war, but the peace party. The object of “ Maud ” is, to shew that war is a safety or an escapement valve from these little home-excitements. There can be no reasonable doubt that universal peace tends to the increase, rather than the diminution, of scratched faces, and brawls of all sorts, at home,—and that the monotony of such establishments as the poet is best acquainted with, is not always relieved by those melodies of pipe and tabor in which he affects to rejoice, as the happy effects of a cessation from wars. When the shop-keeper thrives, and tea-bread is cheap,—then luxury steps in, with par-

rot and lap-dog in her train,—rendering probable enough, in the vicinity of the back-parlour, such incidents as those of which the pool beside the stable is the finale.

If the imagery is not quite Tennysonian, we can only hope that it shall not fare with the poet, as it did with one of the immortal dunces of the last age,—when

“Renewed by ordure’s sympathetic force,
As oiled with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises,—from the effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life,—and scours and struts along.

We come by and bye to satire, so marked, so personal, that we perceive the falling off of the mask (gently as it seems to descend), and find ourselves tempted to exclaim, “By my troth these be bitter words.”

“The world is wicked and base, and vile,—how was it *before the peace* ?
Was it well in the good old times, when savage war was abroad ?
Did no one cheat in the glorious days ? Did no one plunder or fleece ?
Was the libertine checked in his foul career ? Was the merry atheist awed.”

It appears that the poet, under the mask of dulness,—under the mask of radicalism,—under the mask of deistical democratism,—is a tory wag. Why, in the war-time whereof he speaks, men were really too angry to have the interests of “the commonwealth” tampered with,—and the result was, that atheism was pillowed,—deism fixed and imprisoned,—immorality, in all its varieties, consigned to the stocks, the jail, and the hulks. The reign of peace allowed these matters to increase and multiply,—because, as why ? The utilitarian tried to persuade us that wars had ceased,—that sedition had become impossible,—that infidelity was a harmless stingless monster,—that gagging-bills were the dreams of old women, *for the quiet of the commonwealth*, which was otherwise perfectly secured.

Yet our wag would persuade us that the suppression of atheism, the silence of infidelity, and the subversion of vice and immorality, were the blessed fruits of the peace, between A.D. 1815 and A.D. 1853. Laud we the gods.

Why, with *that* peace came the one hundred grafts of the fatal tree of knowledge to these our privileged shores. Then began the instruction of our youth in the doctrine of St Simon,—of Hegel,—of Strauss,—of Cousin ;—the continent opened upon us with a hundred mouths bawling infidelity, and we have fructified fifty-fold in infidelities of our own.

Will our poet pretend that these infidel crops were the produce of the *war*, and not of the peace period. Verily,

“Time was, that when the brains were out, the man would die.”

But our poet is the very prince of satirists,—the greatest master of *grave irony* that ever wrote. Pope in his mock praise of the dunces,—Boileau in that of his heroes of the reading-desk,—Homer in that of the chiefs of his frogs and mice,—were twaddles, in a lower key-note, to the ironic vein of the poet of Anti-Maud.

Let us hear him again :—

"Methinks there *was* (*Is* ?) crime, black crime in the heart of the land,—
A dare-devil selfish spirit, a spirit lying and base,—
 Haunting the wretched minds of men who would not understand
 How the just God waited calmly until they had run their race.
 Watched and waited during the night, till the dawn of another world
 Should smite with its clear cold light on the culprit's shivering brain ;
 The mystic curtains of life for ever and ever be furled,
 The awful goodness revealed at length,—the terrible guilt made plain !
 Who cared for the dear ones of Christ," &c.

The poor secularists ! Heaven have mercy upon them ! well may they exclaim,—“save us from our friends.” Their poet has prepared for them Tophet, of which “the pile is large,—fire and much wood.” Who would have ordained for them such a doom as this ? It is sad—when the Methodist turns democrat—swearing is his vocation—Ex-communication is his amusement—“tidings of damnation” his favourite news,—he affects to be consigning the *war party* to merited judgment, but in his description of the victims, he shews that he *means* the *friends of peace*.

Anti-Maud is detaining us too long. We shall, however, before we have done do the lady justice,—as the judge is minded to do when he dons the *black cap*.

Judgment shall be passed on conviction upon two proven counts ; nonsense about the Author of Maud,—and nonsense about the Prospect of Peace.

“Who clamours for war ? Is it one who is ready to fight ?
 Is it one who will grasp the sword ? And rush on the foe with a shout ?
 Far from it—’tis one of a musing mind, who merely intends to write ;
 He sits at home by his own snug hearth, and hears the storm howl without.”

And now comes the grand recipe for peace. Shade of Dr Solomon ! Living names of Perry & Co. Dr Eadie, with thy *lettered-panacea*, for all human ills, in the shape of a *boundless* promise of unnamed advantages to the party, hide your diminished heads, and “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,” the poet’s easy, sure, and certain remedy for the war-mania, without inconvenience to, or so much as *confinement* of the patient :—

“Let the Czar relax his hold on the Turco-Christian race,
 Let the Czar withdraw his grasp from the throat of the Danube river,
 Let the Czar be pledged to maintain the Turk in his ancient plain,
 Let the Euxine Sea be free to the fleets of the west for ever.”

Verily blessed are the peacemakers. Yea, *Fiat Lux*, let there be light, and light was. Yea, “call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come when ye do bid them.” Said we not, sooth, when we said that the poet is a wag—and that under the mask of writing for the next vacancy of the laureateship, he is doing his humble best to expose the *peace policy* to general hissing and contempt.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy. With a Memoir of the Author, &c.
By the Rev. THOMAS JORDAN, M.A., Curate of St Michan's. Dublin
University Press.

THIS is a new and very neat edition of Dugald Stewart's *Outlines*. It is designed for the use of the undergraduate course in Trinity College, Dublin, and its general value is enhanced by explanatory notes and an appendix of questions. A memoir of the author is prefixed,—short, but genial and thoughtful,—from which we extract the following very just observations:—
“The life of philosophers, as has been often remarked, is generally barren of striking or exciting incidents. A life of Aristotle and a life of Alexander are very different in the amount of interest they possess: but if ‘he that ruleth his spirit be greater than he that taketh a city,’ the life of one who treats of the empire of reason and the sovereignty of conscience, deservedly occupies a place in our attention. It is not wholly owing to the obstacle of a dead language, that the ancient ethical writers are not so popular as the modern. Our acquaintance with the lives of the moderns, however slight it may be, is yet greater than it is with those of the ancients, and this makes a vast difference in the interest their works possess. Owing to this deficiency in our biographical knowledge of the ancients, their ethical systems may be compared to their statues, which, though exact in proportion and perfect in beauty, are withal inanimate; while our knowledge of the life and acts of Berkeley, Butler, or Stewart, is the breath that gives reality and animation to their writings.”

The fame of Dugald Stewart as a metaphysician was not only great in his own day, but is great still. While he lectured in Edinburgh University, we are told that he opened his house for the reception of pupils of rank. Among these private pupils were the present Marquis of Landsdowne, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Brougham, Horner, and many other eminent men, the leading spirits of their age and the lights of a nation, and, through them, the beneficial effects of the great philosopher's teaching is doubtless to this day impressing itself on our national institutions. Not merely as a philosopher, but as a lecturer, so famous did Stewart become, that among his audience were persons from most of the countries in Europe, as well as from America. “All the years that I remained in Edinburgh,” says Mr James Mill, “I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart.”

The “*Outlines*,” which Stewart prepared as a text-book for his pupils, have been so highly appreciated abroad that they have been translated into French by Jouffroy, and a great portion of them has been incorporated into Cousin's “*Fragmens Philosophiques*.” They are also in use as a text-book in several American Colleges. We give our hearty commendation to the present beautiful edition, and we are constrained to add our meed of applause to the care and industry with which Mr Jordan has discharged his duty as editor. The Appendix of questions has struck us as being peculiarly rich and suggestive. We need only quote a few of these questions to show how abundant are the materials for thought contained in them. For example:—What is the great business of philosophy? Why has there not been so great progress made in modern times in metaphysics and ethics as in physics? What two active principles distinguish man from the brutes? Does vanity ever lead to greatness? Is malevolence an essential element of emulation? What is the proper object of ridicule? Veracity as a moral duty extends to our acts as well as to our language? In the influence of habit on the

mind, is there an evidence of the goodness of God? What is the probable object of the union of soul and body in the present state? What view of religion chiefly secures a discharge of duty from the uneducated classes? Even from regard to ourselves we should act with a view to duty rather than to happiness? What is the most solid foundation that can be laid in youth for the happiness of mature life?—Such inquiries as these, so tersely put, we regard as admirably fitted to stimulate youth in the pursuit of ethical and metaphysical science, and we trust that the present volume will be in this respect very widely useful.

The Protestant's Handbook. A Reply to the Question, Why are you neither a Papist nor a Puseyite, but a Christian and a Presbyterian? By the Rev. JOHN CHARLES, A.M., Minister of Garvock. Edinburgh: Moodie & Lothian.

MR CHARLES is an uncompromising opponent alike of Popery and Puseyism. His Manual has been carefully compiled, is full of reference to Scripture, and embodies a forcible defence of the antiquity and accordance with Scripture, of that form of church government and mode of worship which have been established in the northern division of the island. We can recommend it as containing much useful information, and as suited to the time.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Evan Mackenzie Masson, to the church at Steinscholl, in the parish of Kilmuir, in the Presbytery and Isle of Skye, vacant by the death of the Rev. Donald Macdonald.

Whitchall, Nov. 10.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. David Rose to the church and parish of Ferry-Port-on-Craig, in the Presbytery of St Andrews, and County of Fife.

Presentation.—The Duke of Roxburgh has presented the living of Morebattle to the Rev. John Glen of Glasgow.

Presentation.—Sir William Forbes, Bart., has issued a presentation to the church and parish of Fintray, in favour of the Rev. William Ogilvie, of the East Church and Parish, Aberdeen.

Moderator of the General Assembly.—We are authorised to state that the Rev. John Crombie, of Seone, will be proposed Moderator to the General Assembly.

The Church of Scotland Endowment Scheme.—We believe that his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh has manifested his interest in this Scheme by contributing towards it the munificent sum of £600.

The late Rev. William Dow.—We

have to announce the death of the Rev. William Dow, who was for nine years Minister of Tongland, near Kirkcudbright. The circumstances of his expulsion from the ministry of the Church of Scotland must yet be fresh in the remembrance of many. Adopting the peculiar views of doctrine, and the church promulgated by the late Rev. Edward Irving, he was deposed from the office of the ministry by the General Assembly. But Mr Dow's talents and character gave him great weight among the body of Christians to which he adhered. He became a leading minister among them, an "Apostle" in short, and travelled much in that capacity over the Continent of Europe, chiefly in Russia and Turkey, where the Greek faith is professed. He had high literary powers, and besides a number of tracts and articles which came from his pen, he published a few years ago two volumes of sermons, which, though pervaded with his own peculiar tenets, are in many respects admirable specimens of composition.

Died, at the Manse of North Berwick, on the 20th ult., the Rev. Robert Balfour Graham, D.D., Minister of North Berwick.

MACP HAIL'S
EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CXX.

JANUARY 1856.

THE EDUCATION OF THE IDIOT AND IMBECILE.

1. *An Essay on Education.* By RICHARD POOLE, M.D. Edinburgh, 1825.
2. *The Abendberg, an Alpine Retreat for the treatment of Infant Cretins.* By L. G., GENEVA; with an Introduction by John Coldstream, M.D. Kennedy, Edinburgh, 1848.
3. *Report of the Bath Institution for Idiot Children, and those of Weak Intellect.* 1850.
4. *Reports of the London Asylum for Idiots.* 1850-1-2-3-4-5.
5. *Report by Dr S. G. Howe, on Training and Teaching Idiots. Presented to the Senate of the State of Massachusetts.* 1850.
6. *Teaching the Idiot: a Lecture delivered in St Martin's Hall, London, August 4, 1854, in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.* By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, Rector of Cornard Parva, Suffolk, and Chaplain to the Viscount Hill. Routledge & Co., London and New York.

It is, we presume, within the recollection of many of our readers, that we were once accustomed to see running at large upon our streets, men and women, as well as boys and girls, in a state of idiocy, in various degrees. It is not more than thirty-five years since the parish authorities began to confine these within the walls of workhouses. Those who remember the disgusting objects and shameful scenes presented and occasioned by the miserable beings who so frequently, and, very often, most inopportunately, intruded themselves upon our observation, can estimate the benefit conferred upon society at large by the withdrawal from the streets of such nuisances. But it is painful to think of poor children, and

others, whose instincts impel them to activity, being imprisoned, and treated as if they were criminals. Still more distressing is it to think of their having hitherto been allowed (for the most part) to pass their time in complete idleness. It is to be feared that, in very few instances, have any attempts been made to cultivate the feeble powers of mind and body which exist in most idiots, and are educible by proper training. They have been unjustly regarded as more useless than beasts; and, alas! have too often been treated with *more indifference*, not to say *cruelly*, than dogs or swine. While, therefore, we owe much gratitude to those who rid our public thoroughfares of the dirty, ragged, drivelling, mischievous creatures, whose very aspect shocked the sensitive, and whose weaknesses and bad habits excited the sport-loving boys to play all sorts of tricks upon them, to the great annoyance, and even personal danger of passers by—we owe *much more* to those who have, with admirable patience and perseverance, led the way in befriending the poor idiot, in bringing the blessings of education and of medicine, combined, to bear upon him, and who have (with the Divine blessing upon their labours of love) succeeded in shewing that there are not a few, formerly regarded as wholly unimprovable, who are susceptible of being trained and rendered useful members of society, although in humble spheres.

In his thesis on Alpine fatuity, (that is Swiss Cretinism, which is one of the worst forms of idiocy), published here in 1803, Dr Abercrombie distinctly pointed out the feasibility of attempting to do something effectively to ameliorate the lamentable condition of the Cretins, by bringing sanitary influences to bear upon them in infancy and childhood. The French physician, Fodéré, and the German Wenzel, about the same time, advanced similar views. So far as Cretinism is concerned, it does not appear that any one attempted to reduce these views to practice until Dr Guggenbühl began his beneficent labours in 1839, in the Institution on the Abendberg, near Interlaken, Switzerland. The expediency of subjecting all fatuous and imbecile children to medical treatment and educational training was strongly advocated by Dr Poole, (then of Edinburgh, now of Aberdeen) in a treatise on Education, which appeared first in 1819, as an article in the *Encyclopædia Edinensis*, and was, in 1825, published as a separate volume.

The following extracts from Dr Poole's book will shew how distinctly he perceived the work to be done, and how to do it:—

“What, but the most culpable indifference, can account for those appalling and truly heart-rending spectacles, so often witnessed in almost every village, and, still more marvellously, in the streets of our large cities? Is it as a foil, one might ask, or in compliment to the usually enjoyed proportion of intellect, that the poor idiot is permitted, if not encouraged, by the carelessness of his nominal keepers, and the dole of sickening humanity, in his objectless and staring perambulations among us? If this be the motive, why is so important a personage, as he must necessarily be esteemed, allowed to become a recipient of every abuse and cruelty which wantonness or fiend-like perversity thinks proper to heap upon him? Is he not entitled, if his visitations are either profitable or tolerable, to, at least, the humane treatment which our laws award to the brute creation? May not

even his exterior resemblance to our species be somewhat enhanced by his being furnished with a decent garb to cover his nakedness, and protect him from the inclemency of the weather, or the harsher inclemencies of an insulting and a prostituted superiority? Finally, is there not a possibility, if he must go at large, of guarding him against brutality and outrage, with as much care, at least, as is manifested in the preservation of property?

"In whatever manner these questions, or any similar ones, may be disposed of, it is certain that the evil is a reproach and a nuisance to society; and the proper remedy for it demands yet more profound examination, more ample command of means, and more extensive co-operation than may at first sight be imagined necessary. Nothing could be easier, it is true, than the alleviation, if not the entire removal of its most obnoxious symptoms. The fiat of authority might compel, under severe penalties, to be inflicted on near relatives, or, failing them, the official guardians of our municipal comforts, as in another case of deplorable misfortune, the entire disappearance and confinement of those helpless creatures, whose history has hitherto belied the splendid dream of human perfectibility. But, admitting the efficacy and expediency of legislative interference, is it fitting for an age of improvement and benevolence, to allow the success of such interference to be the ultimatum of what is desirable and practicable on the subject? Would it be, ought it to be, enough for us, that these unfortunates were removed from our sight? We answer—no. It is with some anxiety and commendable regard to decency and feeling, that we dispose of the dead bodies of our fellow-men. We protect, too, the last and common receptacle of mortality by an opinion of sacredness and a rigour of law, even against the demands of an important science, which can never be duly cultivated, so as to yield its full amount of benefits to mankind, without violating a sanctuary so respected. Shall we be less concerned about the disposal of those living beings, whose weakness ought to call forth our compassion in the very proportion that it renders them burdensome to society? That there prevails a great degree of negligence as to their condition and comfort, will appear very obvious, when we compare the little attention which has as yet been shewn them collectively, with the extensive plans almost generally devised in this country, in favour of every class of unfortunates. Let us confine ourselves to a single city. In Edinburgh, we have a Magdalen Asylum, a Lunatic Asylum, a Blind Asylum, an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a House of Industry, and a great variety of establishments for sundry benevolent purposes. But, what is done in it—what has ever been attempted to be done in it—in behalf of that by no means small class of helpless creatures, whom the hand of nature appears to have cast around us as if to humble our pride, and to demonstrate our dependence, for much of what we deem our excellence, on the laws of the material world? The poor-houses, it is true, usually contain some of these unfortunate beings. But many of them are allowed to wander at large; and those, again, who are lodged there, are, with few exceptions, precluded, by the very circumstances of the establishments, and by the influence of a very general opinion as to their total incapacity for education, from all chance or possibility of being ever useful to society. We are not certain, indeed, that there is a single institution in Great Britain, exclusively, professedly, and systematically appropriated to this class of defectives. The reason of this neglect seems to be a persuasion, that there is only one species of the disease or evil under which they labour, and that this is entirely and for ever incurable. Some inquiry at least ought to be made before allowing such a conclusion; and even were this conclusion better founded than it is, there would, nevertheless, exist some ground for charging the practical consequences, as they are now displayed, with untenderness and impolicy.

But it is contended, that the conclusion, in place of being warranted by facts, is disproved by them: that the mental defects of the individuals in question, so far from being all alike, are immensely dissimilar; that, in many cases, there is reason for imagining *the principle of substitution*, by which one faculty or sense is made to answer in some degree for another, might serve as the basis of successful education: and that it is possible, the very worst cases ever met with would yield so far to science and industry, as to vindicate and reward the patience and ingenuity bestowed on them. All that is meant to be given on the subject in this place are a few observations, which, it is thought, if extended and modified by further inquiry, might lead some benevolent minds to the adoption of a plan calculated to lessen the evil complained of."

"Where there are many manifest indications of this imbecility, it is recommended to have recourse to medical skill, for the purpose of putting into practice every means calculated to invigorate the constitution. Few persons, perhaps, are aware of the different effects produced on the state of both the intellectual and moral powers by peculiarities in diet and regimen. This is a subject on which some curious information might be obtained from those persons who are in the habit of *training* for sundry athletic purposes. One person, for example, who has had much experience in this way, Mr Jackson, has, positively, and we think most justly asserted, that the faculties of the mind are as distinctly improved as the condition of the bodily health, by the process now alluded to." "It is surely obvious, then, there is ground for employing medical advice in cases of general imbecility presenting in early life; and there cannot be a doubt, that cases of this kind, which are allowed by despair to become confirmed and deteriorated, might have been relieved by professional interference. Who has not witnessed the expressionless inane countenance, perfectly indicative of the internal state, in a person just recovering from a fever, or reduced by poverty and hunger? Is it not quite conceivable, that a condition of the system somewhat analogous to this, but dependent on causes which have operated before birth, and continued to operate even for years afterwards, might admit of an alteration and improvement, similar to what occurs in these cases, on the restoration of wonted health? It would not be difficult to demonstrate the truth of these remarks, and to confirm the hopes they are intended to excite, by an appeal to examples of infantine weakness followed by manly vigour. Instances are not wanting of great ability succeeding to long continued feebleness of constitution, which did not even seem to promise mediocrity. Gibbon and Sheridan are among the latest of this kind. In these cases, in addition to the employment of medical aid, it is of the utmost consequence to proportion the mental exercise to the mental strength. This may be so little as to render every sort of study absolutely improper, and every employment of the senses, beyond a certain degree, injurious. In short, the individual must be treated at first much as a plant, and that also a sickly one, with simple nourishment and exposure to good air. The next step is that of merely animal life, as characterized by sensations and perceptions, which will require suitable exertion. The manifestation of the intellectual or moral powers is an advancement of a still more promising nature, and may be hailed as the basis of some moderate endeavours towards ordinary education. But, throughout the whole process, great caution is necessary to guard against any overstretch of power in any direction, which would be sure to occasion a relapse, and, perhaps, entirely to prevent recovery." "But, enough, perhaps, has been said to point out the possibility of distinguishing differences in the class of defectives now treated of, and to confirm the idea, that something more might be done for many, if not all of them, than has usually been attempted. The philosopher, for

such he should require to be, who should undertake to investigate the whole subject, and to suggest a suitable plan of remedy or alleviation, would perform an acceptable service to science, and merit the gratitude of mankind."

It is humbling to reflect that so long a period as thirty years should have been allowed to elapse before anything was done in Scotland to reduce to practice the views thus expressed so well by Dr Poole. Elsewhere, however, they were soon acted on.

It was in Paris that the first thorough educational experiment was made on idiots. In 1828, M. Ferrus, chief physician of the Asylum of the Bicêtre, organized a school for his fatuous patients, and caused them to be taught habits of order and industry, and to be instructed (as far as possible) in reading, writing, arithmetic, and gymnastics.

The success met with, led Messrs Voisin, Falret, and Leuret, to extend the system of instruction; and, latterly, all the educable patients in the hospital referred to have been systematically subjected to such means as are fitted to rouse and to invigorate the dormant and feeble faculties.

After witnessing the improvement in the condition of some of the objects of treatment in these schools of the Bicêtre, in 1844, Dr Conolly of London thus expressed himself:—"It is difficult to avoid falling into the language of enthusiasm on beholding such an apparent miracle; but the means of its performance are simple, demanding only that rare perseverance, (without which nothing good or great is ever effected,) and suitable space, and local arrangements, adapted to the conservation of the health and safety of the pupils; the establishment of cleanly habits; the presenting them with objects for the exercise of their faculties of sense, motion, and intellect, and the promotion of good feeling, and a cheerful, active disposition."

Dr Guggenbühl's earnest efforts for the good of the poor Cretins, carried on for the last fifteen years in his alpine retreat, have done much to fix public attention on the possibility of ameliorating the sad condition of those unfortunates. We need not at present dwell on the details of Dr Guggenbühl's experience, as it is not perfectly applicable to the work we are called on to undertake in this country; but we *must* advert to the good example of devotedness to a work demanding so much self-denial and patience, which that excellent person has been enabled to set before us.

A pamphlet published by the late Dr William Twining of London,* in 1843, was the means of introducing the enterprise of Dr Guggenbühl to the notice of the British public. Considerable interest was excited, and money was readily raised in aid of the Swiss work.

In 1846, two ladies at Bath (Misses White) instituted, at their own charge, a small establishment for the reception and training of idiot children. This was the first in Britain. It is now supported—at least in part—by the contributions of the charitable; and, judging from the reports which have been published, it has been the means of doing much good.

* Some Account of Cretinism, and the Institution for its Cure on the Abendberg.

We present some remarks, and a few of the cases recorded in one of the last reports of this school :—

"The children are instructed, as their capabilities permit, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography; and their acquaintance with external objects extended and improved. Religious knowledge and moral culture are directly or indirectly kept in view in every pursuit. Control of temper, obedience, order, and kindness to each other, are steadily inculcated; and sufficient progress has been made in these respects to justify much hope for their future conduct. The children show considerable affection for their teachers, and are, in general, happy and contented. Corporal punishment is not permitted in the establishment, but strict obedience is endeavoured to be enforced by means of moral influence.

"A brief notice of two or three cases may be desirable, as showing the working of the system.

"E. P. was ten years of age when admitted; idiotic from birth. His appearance and bearing gave evidence of great mental deficiency. He showed much reluctance to be instructed, and his memory was so little retentive that it required much persevering effort before any real progress was made. An additional impediment was found in the difficulty of controlling his attention. He did not seem to have any power over the organ of sight, nor sufficient mental capacity to fix his thoughts on any given subject, however simple. This, of course, much retarded his progress. Three times did he appear to be improving in reading and writing, and as often was he obliged to be put back to the very rudiments of these acquirements; the power he had for a time possessed appeared suddenly to leave him. But, by the exercise of patience and ingenuity, he was again led on to some degree of proficiency, and he has now been enabled to write two letters to his mother, who had formerly assured his teachers, that any attempt to teach him writing would fail, as she had herself used every endeavour to instruct him, without success. He has now been two years in the institution, and his mind has opened to the reception of much general knowledge, and there is no doubt but he will be capable of being instructed in some trade. A remarkable improvement has taken place in this child's disposition, which, from being extremely selfish and unyielding, has become gentle, liberal, and considerate; he shows much kindness to his younger school-fellows, whom he will at all times assist and protect, as far as lies in his power.

"S. M., deficient from birth, nine years old when admitted, perfectly ignorant and untrained, but gentle and tractable. She required much stimulating before she would take an interest in any employment. She has been one year at the institution. Her sluggishness has been in a great measure overcome, and her progress is now most satisfactory. Her attention has been much directed to needlework and house employments, in both of which she promises to excel. From having been allowed much licence at home there was some difficulty in bringing her into habits of obedience; but she is now so steady and orderly as to cause little trouble, and even to encourage a hope that, if spared, she will prove a useful servant in the establishment.

"H. B., aged eight at the time of his admission; was violent and unmanageable to a great degree; subject to fits of rage, during which he would throw himself on the floor, kicking and screaming, until exhausted. In walking through the streets he was with difficulty restrained from rushing into the shops, and seizing everything he saw in them, and has frequently attracted the notice of those passing by. He could only articulate a few broken sentences; nor could he give an answer to a question. He is now able to read and write fairly, can repeat many texts of Scripture, hymns,

&c., and is perfectly orderly when walking, asking questions as to what he sees passing around him. His temper is equally improved.

"G. C. was nine at the time of her admission. She was so unruly at home as to be generally tied to the table, which she would drag about the room. She is now perfectly under control; reads, writes, and works at her needle; assists also at household work, washing and dressing the younger children.

"The success of the Bath institution will afford encouragement to others to commence the same work elsewhere; and, surely, no one can be considered more necessary—more charitable. The experience of the past affords strong hope for the future, if only means be supplied to carry out the plans now in contemplation. These are, in the first place, to secure a large and more commodious dwelling; and, secondly, thoroughly to instruct the inmates, according to their capacity, in various trades and employments, by which they may be able hereafter to support, or assist to support, themselves. For, it must be remembered, this institution is strictly for education and training, and not intended to be an asylum or permanent abode."

It was also in 1846 (the same year that witnessed the opening of the Bath Institution,) that a notice of Dr Guggenbühl's hospice, was published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. This was reprinted as a separate pamphlet, and was the means of exciting no small interest in the object here. It was, we believe, written by the late Madame Gaussen of Geneva, a native of Scotland, who, for many years, took the greatest interest in, and did much to promote the welfare of, the Abendberg hospital. Another tract from her pen, which was forwarded to this country by Dr Guggenbühl for publication, is among the works at present before us. It appeared in 1848, with an introduction by Dr Coldstream of this city, and supplies the most complete and interesting account of this now famous institution which we possess.

The most important step that has yet been taken in this work was the formation of a large society in London in 1847, for the establishment and support of an asylum for idiots. The prime mover in this scheme was the Rev. Dr Andrew Reed of Hackney, a well-known and much respected Congregationalist minister. He still acts as honorary secretary, and has had the satisfaction of seeing the society, and its several establishments, increase and prosper to an extent which proves at once the need that existed for such institutions, and the benefits which already they have been instrumental in conferring upon society. The very first report contained the following statement:—

"Never has an infant charity made such progress in so short a period. Never has a board of similar character taken up such serious responsibilities; and never, perhaps, has any one been so sustained by public sympathy;" . . . "The benefit has already extended beyond the sphere of our exertions. The tone of public feeling in relation to the poor idiot has been raised. He never can again be the forlorn, abandoned, scorned, imprisoned creature he once was."

The first asylum of this society was established at Highgate, in an old mansion-house, surrounded by gardens and policies, of moderate extent. In 1850, Mr Peto (now Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart.), presented Essex Hall, a large house at Colchester, to be used as a supplementary institution. Both houses were soon filled. Three years ago,

a movement was begun with a view to raise a sum of money sufficient to erect a large asylum. This was so successful, that already a most extensive and magnificent structure has been reared at Red Hill, Reigate, which has cost upwards of L.30,000. It is intended for the accommodation of a family of at least 500 persons, and is now, we believe, quite ready for their reception. On the occupation of the new asylum by those for whom it has been erected, it is expected that Essex Hall will be elevated into an independent idiot asylum for the four eastern counties. We had the pleasure of visiting the asylum at Highgate in 1851, and were highly gratified by the proofs everywhere manifested of love being the animating principle of the whole, as well as of the wonderful success accorded to the labours of the superintendent and teachers. In one of their reports, the directors of the London asylum thus state the principles on which the training of the pupil-patients is founded:—

“The board have acted on the principle, that *always there is mind, and that, in itself, it is perfect*; and that it has imperfect and defective expression from imperfect or deranged organization. The education, therefore, has been principally physical; and the board have availed themselves of separation, and of classification, in conducting it. They have sought for the particular defect, and begun with it. They have educated the eye, the ear, the mouth, the brain, the muscle, the limb; and have thus endeavoured to reach the better portion of our nature, that it also might be trained to moral and spiritual exercises.”

We quote from one of the latest reports the narratives of a few cases illustrative of the benefit of the training in the London institution:—

“—, a little girl, aged three years, admitted *June, 1850*. This case remarkably illustrates the advantage of very early treatment. She was quite helpless; of dirty habits; could not even stand alone; and it seemed impossible to fix her attention. *April, 1851*. She has improved surprisingly. Her health is better, her limbs stronger, she can walk alone, has become intelligent, notices what is going on, knows the persons around her, and is still making satisfactory progress.”

“M. L., a boy, aged thirteen years, admitted *July, 1848*, a congenital idiot; was not able to say two words consecutively; used bad language, as far as his imperfect articulation would permit; was deceitful, and could neither write, draw, nor sing. *April, 1853*. He can repeat any sentence; has given up the use of improper language; he can read, write, sing, and draw well; and has become very expert as a tailor.”

“F. W., a boy, aged fourteen years; admitted *May, 1851*; could not read, write, draw, nor do anything; he was said to be beyond improvement; was very spirited, and ran away from home several times. *April, 1853*. For eighteen months after his entrance all efforts appeared useless, and patience was almost exhausted, as he did not know a single letter. Now he knows most of the alphabet, writes in a copy-book, is obedient and tractable, and has made several pairs of shoes and slippers.”

“B. A., a young man, aged thirty-one years; admitted *March, 1850*; was very morose, solitary, incorrect in his habits; one of the most trying cases in the house. *April, 1854*. He is perfectly correct in his habits; often speaks; he is very amiable, and is very fond of his companions, some of the younger of whom he takes pleasure in leading about.”

“B. T., a boy, aged fifteen years, admitted *October, 1852*; was the sport

of all the boys in the village ; was afraid of a stranger ; would not speak to any one, even to his friends ; he appeared quite hopeless. *April, 1854.* He did not speak for four months after admission ; was constantly moping. He has now found that he is with friends, and is gaining courage, and can speak well ; will repeat the creed, the commandments, and church-prayers accurately ; is very attentive to the religious services at home, and is anxious to go to church every Sunday ; can read and write well ; and is a basketmaker. A short time ago he sent a specimen of his work to his parents, which much surprised them."

"D. A., a boy, aged thirteen years ; admitted *May, 1851* ; could only utter single words imperfectly ; had never been subjected to control ; was of dirty habits ; used very bad language ; and was almost inert. *April, 1854.* Speaks very well ; habits are correct ; can wash and dress himself ; has not been known to utter an improper word for twelve months ; he is one of the most forward in the play-ground ; and a straw-plaiter."

"F. E., a girl, aged twenty years ; admitted *June 1852* ; was very deficient, and had never received any kind of instruction. *April, 1854.* For a long time little progress was made ; now she knows all her letters ; can join them into little words ; can hem towels, do bead-work, and is learning to write on a slate ; she is very active in her movements."

"C. E., aged eighteen years ; admitted *February, 1850* ; she could not read, write, nor do any kind of needle-work ; her speech was very imperfect ; her habits incorrect ; not much hope of her improvement was entertained. *April, 1855.* She speaks well, and is more intelligent. She can read and write very nicely ; and will correctly write down short sentences from dictation ; she has become very expert with her needle ; can make a shirt, with a little assistance ; she knits mittens, comforters, and other useful articles ; assists the other girls in dressing ; and can make beds."

"S. J., aged seventeen years ; admitted *December 1852* ; a congenital idiot ; his speech was unintelligible ; he was unmanageable at home, and had suffered from neglect ; could neither read nor write, and seemed incapable of thinking. *April, 1855.* He can now read, write, and spell very well ; is obedient and attentive ; and his countenance has become more cheerful ; is active in the play-ground ; and works in the tailors' shop."

"J. H., aged thirteen years ; admitted *November, 1853* ; an imbecile from birth ; could neither read nor write ; and was very pugnacious. *April, 1855.* He can read and write well. The discipline to which he has been subjected has made him a quiet and useful lad. He assists in putting some of the little boys to bed ; he is one of our best singers ; and is learning the tailoring business."

Last year 259 pupils were under training at the two establishments supported by the London Society. And the general result of the experience gained in these, so far as the progress of the pupils is concerned, is thus stated :—"It is now delightfully patent to every observer, that for three-fourths of the pupils, much, very much, may be done"—"for the remaining fourth only protection and comfort can be provided."*

The results of some of the cases treated in this asylum show that the patients will be able, on their dismissal, after five years' training, to contribute in part, and in some cases entirely, to their own support. Already eight of the female patients have been engaged as servants ; and as this is never done as a matter of charity, it is among the best

* The lowest rate charged in the London establishment is L.25 per annum for each child ; for most of the pupils, L.50 is paid.

proofs that can be given of the efficiency of the training which they have enjoyed. The board of management of the London asylum have done good service in arousing attention to the interests of the idiot in other districts of the country, in which they have been greatly assisted by the Rev. Edward Sidney. In the report for 1854 they remark :—"There is reason to hope that in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Edinburgh, and Dublin, an interest has been created, which will issue in separate local action."

In 1845, the work was begun in America, and that in a very thorough manner. The statistics of idiocy were carefully taken up in the state of Massachusetts, and a grant of money from the public purse was made for the establishment of a well-appointed institution. This has been presided over since its formation by the well-known Dr Howe, who has published some most interesting reports of his progress. Take the following as a *resumé* of the results attained :—

Several of the pupil-patients, who were in a condition of hopeless idiocy, have gained some really useful knowledge, the most of them have become cleanly, decent, docile, industrious ; *all* have improved in personal appearance and habits, in general health, in vigour, and activity of body, and are represented as happier and better, in consequence of the efforts made in their behalf. Dr Howe, at the outset, had entire faith in the practicability of his ideas, and his faith has now become assurance. This assurance is shared in by the parents of the children, and by many who have watched the trial.

Besides ten beneficiaries of the state, eight private pupils have been received into the institution ; some of these are from wealthy families out of the state, who are willing to pay a high price for the advantages thus secured.

Two cases are described in order to show by example what has been done by the school. The first is of a boy, who may be taken as a type of the idiot proper :—

"He is a congenital idiot. Before coming to the school he knew nothing, could do nothing, observed not the first rules of decency, was utterly helpless, and, doubtless, under the usual system of neglect, would have remained so ; or, as is universally the case with neglected idiots, would have become, if possible, worse. This child now takes the visitor's hand, talks, articulates distinctly, and, going to the letter-frame upon the table, not only selects and arranges the letters to speak any short word, but, without aid, also forms the sentence, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,'—words which are now only familiar to the eye of the idiot child, but which may yet penetrate his soul. His parents have been touched by the beautiful change. Pouring forth his delight at the progress of his son, the father said,—'George now *plays with* the other boys ; he *plays like* the other boys.'"

The second case is one selected from that large class of persons who are born with a certain capacity, and who, under proper treatment, would have manifested a moderate share of intellect, but who have been badly managed, and become idiotic, or have been misunderstood and considered idiotic :—

"This boy was a frightful sight to observe. He could not stand, or even

sit erect. He had no command of his limbs, not even so much as an infant of three months. He is described as lying like a jelly-fish, as though his body were a mass of flesh, without bones. He could not chew solid food, but was fed on milk, of which he consumed an inordinate quantity. This boy is so changed that he is no longer regarded as an idiot. He is decent in all his habits, and tidy in his appearance; his countenance is bright and pleasing; he can sit at table and feed himself with a knife and fork; he shakes hands, is pleased and smiles, and can readily read."

Such are two of the cases; others, equally gratifying, might be mentioned. Dr Howe considers the experiment to have been entirely successful; and that it has demonstrated, that among these unfortunates, left to grovel in the lowest idiocy, there are many who can be redeemed, and rendered comparatively intelligent, happy, and useful. How far they can be elevated, and to what extent they can be educated, can only be shown by the experience of the future; but, certainly, the experience of the past does not justify the entertainment of meagre expectations. Our American friends fully realize the extent of their mission. They do not limit themselves to the improvement of the intellect and bodily condition; the still harder task is attempted of appealing to the moral sense, and drawing out what little capacity there may exist for comprehending right, for exercising conscience, and for developing the religious sentiments.

The promoters of the effort for the improvement of the idiot in America calculate on many important indirect results of their labours, not the least of which is the diffusing of greater knowledge of idiocy throughout the community, and, as a consequence, the saving of many children who really have mental capacity, from being condemned as incapable of improvement. A case in illustration is so impressive that we must present it to our readers:—

"Michael Maher, aged thirteen. This boy was quite unmanageable by any means within the reach of his father or friends. They knew no way to make him obey but that of force or blows. He was formerly a tolerably bright boy, but he had been in this condition for years, and was rapidly growing worse. He seemed to live in continual terror, and seldom spoke a word. The first time that I heard him utter a word was one day when his father took hold of him to make him obey some command, upon which, with his knees fairly knocking, and his body trembling all over, he screamed convulsively,—‘Will good boy—will good boy.’ This was enough to show that, whatever may have been the cause of his strange condition, the daily treatment he was receiving was gradually crushing his feeble intellect, and would tend to drive him into hopeless idiocy or insanity, and yet his father was a sober, well-meaning man, and not a cruel parent. He simply did not know how to govern his own feelings, nor how to train those of his unfortunate child. The boy, therefore, was taken into our school at once. He is still a little shy, but he has lost all the appearance of terror; he not only comes readily when called, but often goes up to those belonging to the home, and puts his arms affectionately about them, and returns their caresses. He takes his place in the class, and strives to imitate all the motions of the scholars, and obey the signs of the teacher. He can select the letters of the alphabet, and understands a few words. He is obedient and docile, and tries hard to learn with the others. He is affectionate,

and much gratified by any mark of praise or approval. He begins to talk, and is rapidly improving in every respect. The following letter from Mr Downer, who brought him to the institution, will show how much, in the opinion of that gentleman, he has improved under the treatment he has received in his new home. The improvement is mainly attributable to the spirit of gentleness which pervades the household. This has quieted all his terrors, and soothed his spirit, so that he is able to give attention to the judicious instruction which Mr Richards imparts to him.

"Dr S. G. Howe.

"BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,—I availed myself to-day of your invitation to visit the institution for the benefit of the feeble-minded, that I might have an opportunity of witnessing the improvement (if any) of the boy Michael Maher, who has been enjoying its privileges; but I hardly know how to comply with your request to communicate how his present appearance struck me, as compared with that which he exhibited before being placed there. When I remember his wild and almost frantic demeanour when approached by any one, and the apparent impossibility of communicating with him, and now see him standing in his class, playing with his fellows, and willingly and familiarly approaching me, examining what I give him; and when I see him already selecting articles named by his teacher, and even correctly pronouncing some words printed on cards, improvement does not convey the idea presented to my mind—it is *creation*—it is making him anew. I also noticed an entire change in his manner of moving his hands, and whole body. In truth, as he stood in his class, it was with difficulty I recognised him, so changed was his appearance. I was struck particularly by the fresh and healthy appearance of his skin and complexion, which was formerly pale and haggard.

"If, sir, he is a fair sample of what training and education can do for idiots, I can only say, God speed you in your endeavours to build up such an institution—it has but to be known to be appreciated, and to have the views of its founders carried into successful operation.—I remain very truly, &c.,
SAMUEL DOWNER, JR."

Although, as we have seen, it was in Scotland that some of the earliest suggestions as to the feasibility of ameliorating the condition of the fatuous by appropriate training were made, yet it was not until 1852 that the work was actually begun in this country. The subject having attracted the attention of Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy, (whose beneficent labours amongst the poor of Dundee had made them familiar with all the multiform causes of distress affecting the lower grades of society,) they generously resolved to erect, at their own expense, an institution for educating the imbecile, on their estate of Baldovan, about four miles from Dundee. A handsome structure was reared and opened for the reception of inmates about a year ago. It is devoted, in part, to the education of poor orphans, healthy in body and mind. The department for idiot children is well arranged, and capable of accommodating between twenty and thirty children, with attendants. Dr Fleming of Dundee is the physician in ordinary to this establishment, which enjoys also the advantage of being watched over, both by the benevolent founders, and by a committee of intelligent gentlemen, especially interested in the work, through local connections and otherwise. The details of treatment and training are superintended

by Miss Bodman, an accomplished educator, who has acquired the principles of her art in the schools of Switzerland and London. It is too soon to speak of the results obtained at Baldovan, but we have reason to believe that these have been as encouraging as elsewhere. No report has yet been published. It is not to be carried on as an eleemosynary institution, but rather as a self-supporting one. Nevertheless, the charges for children of the humbler classes are so moderate that some parochial boards are found willing to place certain of their poor imbeciles there. Superior accommodation is provided for young persons accustomed to the refinements of higher life.

Deeply impressed as we are, with a sense of the gratitude which the nation owes to the worthy baronet and his lady, who have so liberally and well commenced this good work in Scotland, we cannot but hope that they will have the satisfaction of seeing the example followed in many parts of the country. This, we are assured, would be regarded by Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy as the best reward they could meet with. May they be long spared to enjoy such rewards—blest in blessing others!

Very recently, we are glad to learn, an institution for the treatment and training of invalid and imbecile children has been opened in Edinburgh. It is under the immediate direction of Dr David Brodie, whose qualifications and experience are devoted mainly to the work of doing all that medical science and improved systems of training point out as applicable to the improvement of the physical and moral conditions of the objects of his care. He is assisted by Mrs Brodie, whose previous engagements in the education of youth have well prepared her for the laborious but hopeful duties of her present position. A visiting committee, composed of several respectable and influential gentlemen, will inspect the institution from time to time; two medical gentlemen, Drs John Smith and Coldstream, whose attention has been specially directed to the work, will act as physicians; so that the public are supplied with the best guarantees that can be given for the establishment being conducted in a thorough and efficient manner.

The founders of this Edinburgh School were very unwilling to add another to the already very numerous, and yet inadequately supported, charitable institutions of this metropolis. They, therefore, made various attempts to induce the managers of some of the large and richly endowed educational establishments to engraft the plan upon their own. These attempts failed, chiefly from its having been found impossible to adopt such a scheme, without illegally contravening the charter of the respective schools applied to.

An application was also made to the City Parochial Board for leave to establish a school for pauper children in connection with the workhouse, should any considerable number of imbecile paupers of a suitable age be found to exist in the city. The subject was earnestly pressed upon the attention of the Board by Dr Smith, who, in a printed memorial, stated what had been done elsewhere for the good of fatuous children, and urged the Board to establish proper schools for the poor ob-

jects under its care. This memorial was extensively circulated, and helped not a little to rouse the attention of the public to the subject.

It is likely that, sooner or later, Parochial Boards, generally, will be led to move in this matter. Either they will establish schools of their own, or send their fatuous pauper-children to some of the existing institutions. But for such movement, it was considered quite inexpedient to wait.

Dr Brodie having resolved to devote himself to the good work, a few generous friends supplied the means of making a commencement. No small difficulty was met in endeavouring to find a suitable house. An airy and quiet situation in the outskirts of the town, with a good house and garden was a combination not easily found. The tenement ultimately secured is in Gayfield Square. It is, in several respects, admirably adapted to its purpose. As in the case of Baldovan Institution, it is desired to have the Edinburgh school regarded as a self-supporting one. This, as well as the disinclination so generally felt by the parents of weakly children to part with them, will, probably, cause the progress of the institution to be slow. But, to admit of the superintendents being gradually initiated into the difficulties of their task, there seems to be a providential fitness in the slowness of its increase.

The following sentences are extracted from the circular which was issued at the time of the opening of the institution :—

“ The objects to be aimed at are :—

“ 1st, The improvement of the general health, by physical training, exercise, bathing, and all other suitable appliances. 2d, The awakening, regulation, and development of the mental powers, by those means, peculiarly adapted to this class, which have already been found so effective in similar institutions. 3d, The employment of those educational resources which have been systematically developed in connection with *Infant Training*, with so much modification and extension as may be necessary to meet the peculiarities of the pupils. 4th, In the cases of the more advanced pupils, the providing of some suitable occupation, giving healthy employment, at once agreeable and profitable, to all their powers; especially keeping in view such occupations as may fit the pupils for future usefulness and intercourse with society.”

“ The institution will receive a certain proportion of children and youth not affected with mental imperfection or peculiarity, but who are, from bodily ailments or other causes, unable to take their place at ordinary schools. The combination which this institution presents, of practical medical experience with efficient educational resources, will supply, it is hoped, a want which is much felt by the parents of children in the condition here referred to.”

From the history of this movement, as sketched in the preceding pages, we think the following deductions may be legitimately drawn :—

1. That very many, perhaps a majority of children, born with such defects of the nervous system as issue in idiocy or imbecility, are susceptible of great improvement, both in mind and body, under appropriate treatment and training.

2. That *all* fatuous children ought to be subjected to the proper means of education in institutions devoted to the purpose.

3. That such institutions ought to be superintended, or conducted by, properly qualified medical men.

Some distinguished members of the medical profession in Denmark, Prussia, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, have, more or less recently, devoted themselves to the forwarding of this good work in various ways. For example, in Copenhagen, the learned Professor of Physiology in the University, Dr Eschricht, published last year an interesting treatise "On the Possibility of Educating Idiot Children to become useful members of Society." In the same city, Dr Hybertz has published an elaborate statistical inquiry into the extent to which idiocy prevails in the various countries of Europe; and has also devoted himself to the treatment of a certain number of children affected with it. Mr Moldenhawer, also, in the Danish capital, has commenced a work of the same kind; while in Schleswig, Dr Hansen is similarly employed. Dr Särgert of Berlin, Director of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in that city, has written much and well on the treatment of idiocy, and as, for several years, laboured personally in training imbecile children. At Bendorf, near Coblenz, Dr Erlenmeyer has a small establishment of the same kind. In Saxony, Dr Kern at Leipsic, and Dr Gläusche at Hubertsburg, near Dresden; in Wurtemberg, Dr Müller at Winterbach, and Dr Zimmer at Mariaberg,—are all in charge of institutions for treating idiocy, varying in extent.

A proof of the zeal in this good cause which exists in Denmark, has lately been shewn in the mission of a gentleman, in all respects well qualified, charged by the government of that country to visit, and report upon, all the institutions for the cure of idiocy in Europe. This commissioner, (Mr John Moldenhawer, who published last year an account of the German establishments), after having visited the English schools, came to Edinburgh, in expectation of seeing something worthy of his attention, and was disappointed. Dundee alone, in all Scotland, could furnish him with the material for his report.

The subject of the treatment of idiocy lately engaged the attention of the Academy of Medicine at Paris; a paper on it having been read before that body in July last, by M. Delasiauve, physician in charge of the epileptics and idiots at Bicêtre. This author homologates the axiom of Voisin, regarding the object of the education of the idiot, namely, *to develop what already exists*. He announces a classification of idiots with reference to their various degrees of aptitude for education, and suggests some improvements, both of a general and special kind, which he thinks ought to be introduced into establishments devoted to the cure of idiocy.

REMINISCENCES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH EGYPT AND HOME.

EAGER curiosity to behold the wonders of the land of Egypt permitted me to enjoy only a feverish rest during the night, and early next morning I sallied forth in company with a few *compagnons de voyage* for a stroll through Cairo. A Turk, whose name was Hassan, offered his services as our dragoman. Mounted on donkeys, which we hired for the occasion, we rode first of all to the citadel. Through a confused mass of steep streets and narrow crooked lanes, darkened with overhanging balconies, and destitute of all windows in front save here and there an ornamental wooden lattice, we directed our course among the thronging crowds, till, on turning a sharp corner, there burst upon our view the stupendous pyramids, together with the glorious Nile winding through the land, its lustrous bosom shining with silvery brightness amid the mists of the morning. On reaching the citadel we viewed the city beneath our feet, with its hundreds of mosques shooting up their towering minarets to heaven. We were taken into the grand square in which the Mamelukes were massacred about forty years ago, and shown the fearful precipice over whose giddy ramparts the last of them threw himself on horseback, and survived the leap, though his horse was killed under him. Some of the young members of the Pacha's family rode out of the gate of the palace as we entered, mounted on magnificent Arabian horses. Over against us, at Ghizeh, only a few miles distant, stood the three largest of the pyramids, namely, those built by Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, that of Cheops being the largest of the three, and appearing much broken and defaced on the top. They looked like dark mountains of masonry, and their sharp angles stood out clearly defined on the edge of the desert. The plain of Egypt, the Delta, and the valley of the Nile lay spread out before us, clothed with rich vegetation. Vast tracts of sandy desert stretched far away in the distance beyond on both sides of the river. Above the sea of houses at our feet rose the domes of innumerable mosques and glittering minarets, intermingled with waving palms. Before us rolled the famous stream whose source is lost in the mountains of Nubia, and which washes in its course the ruins of Thebes, and Luxor, and Karnac; and in the distance, cleaving to the solid earth, stood the mighty pyramids, hoary with the mists of milleniums, the Sphinx at their feet, and the boundless desert everywhere beyond. All this constituted a sight never to be forgotten, and, in gazing on such world-renowned marvels, hundreds and thousands of years seemed to roll through the mind.

In a splendid mosque within the citadel, groups of reverend mustis sat on carpets at their morning devotions, incessantly swaying and rocking their bodies to and fro, while they recited aloud portions from the Koran before them. In the palace were marble baths of the most massive and beautiful appearance. The rooms were fitted up with rich divans

running all round them, and, on the wall of one apartment was suspended the portrait of the Sultan, Abdul Mejid. A magnificent European chandelier with myriads of lustres, hung from the roof of another large hall.

In prosecuting our rambles through the town, an English carriage, drawn by richly caparisoned horses, and containing some Turkish ladies, drove past us in one of the streets. A Moorish eunuch, obese and bulky, and black as night, rode haughtily by on horseback, followed by his attendants. A Copt, yellow as a Chinese, but of very different features, rode by on a donkey. Grave looking Turks sat smoking at their door-steps, their long pipes or chibouques, made of cherry stick, stretching out a yard and more across the pavement, so that passers-by were in danger at once of being tripped up, and of knocking the pipes from the owners' mouths. Boys and girls stood naked before the doors of their houses, or ran and played about the streets in the same nude condition. When looked at, the girls in confusion lifted up their hands to their eyes and thus tried to veil their faces. The children were all very filthy, and seemed never to have been washed from the day they were born. They are purposely kept in a state of dirt during infancy and childhood from superstitious motives. There is nothing the Turks dread so much as the evil eye, and, should their children appear clean and beautiful, it is feared that they might not only attract the admiring gaze of friends, but also the malignant glance of an enemy. After a certain age, when the evil eye is supposed to have lost its baleful and mischievous power over them, their parents begin for the first time to clean and scrub them into something like decency. It was very curious when wandering through the streets of Cairo, to hear old-fashioned oriental names, venerable on the page of Scripture though disguised in eastern pronunciation—Ibrahim and Youssoof, for example, shouted out to each other by the boys at their play.

Cairo, or, as it is called by the Turks, "El Kahireh," the City of Victory, contains a population of about 300,000 inhabitants, composed principally of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Jews, and Copts. The Copts, who claim to be the pure descendants of the ancient Egyptians, number about 50,000. The name Copt, seems to be part of the Greek name for the ancient Egyptians, *Aigyptoi*. They are an abject and degenerate race, and if lineally descended from the old possessors of the country, they possess none of the great qualities of their ancestors. Cairo stands two miles distant from the banks of the Nile. Boulak, the port of Cairo, is itself a rising and flourishing town. Numerous French and English engineers are here employed in the Pacha's service. The road between Cairo and Boulak is lined with noble sycamore and olive trees. The island of Rhoda is here pointed out as the place near which Pharaoh's daughter discovered Moses in his ark of bulrushes, among the flags on the river's brink. Around Cairo are numerous burial grounds where sleep the ashes of the Patriarchs, the Pharaohs, the Caliphs, and innumerable generations of Turks and Arabs.

Five miles from Cairo are the ruins of the ancient Egyptian city, On, called by the Greeks, Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, and believed

to be one of the oldest cities in the world: Here Jacob dwelt, and here Joseph married the daughter of Potipherah, "priest of On." Near its ruins, tradition still points out the spot where the Holy Family rested beside a fountain, under the shadow of a sycamore tree, in their flight with the infant Saviour into Egypt. A few miles from Cairo, in another direction, towards the pyramids of Ghizeh, stood the ancient city of Memphis, the Noph of Isaiah and Ezekiel. It was a city of twenty miles in circumference, the capital of ancient Egypt, and the principal scene of the Egyptian brute worship. Here Strabo wandered, visited its sphinxes, and described its colossal monuments. It was overrun and destroyed by the Saracens, and of its former glories scarcely a vestige is now to be seen. The sands of the desert have overflowed it. As Isaiah foretold, "its idols are destroyed, and the images have ceased out of Noph;" and as Jeremiah prophesied, "Noph is waste and desolate, without an inhabitant." Thus Cairo and its neighbourhood are not only interesting in themselves from the appearance of the country, the oriental character of the people, their architecture and their modes of life, suggesting vivid thoughts of "*Arabian Nights*," but also from the remains of great and venerable cities with which it is surrounded.

An extraordinary natural curiosity is to be seen six miles from Cairo, namely, a forest of petrified trees. The vast trunks are now lying prostrate on the ground, and what must once have been a scene of the richest vegetation is now a stony wilderness. The shattered trunks of trees are now converted into huge fragments of stone, as truly as if they were pillars of granite ready for the chisel. A large block taken from this forest is shown to visitors at the English hotel at Cairo.

In the early morning I heard in my room the sounds of wailing for the dead, proceeding from an adjoining house, raised probably by hired mourners. The most piercing shrieks and doleful lamentations resounded through the neighbourhood. Jeremiah mentions hired wailing-women, and in the New Testament we read of the same thing—"the minstrels and the people making a noise," at the death of the young daughter of Jairus. Eastern customs never change, and here I had my attention called to the oriental mode of bewailing departed friends, namely, by loud and public demonstrations of grief for their loss. El Islam is but another name for Resignation, but the Moslem is not so apathetic a being after all, but that he loudly testifies his sorrow at the death of his friends, however resigned to calamity he may be in his own person. Lane and Warburton have recorded scenes of family distress, where on the death of the master of the house, for example, he is lamented in such strains as these:—"O my master! O my camel! O my lion! O my only one! O my buffalo! (this is not so pathetic.) O my jackass! (rather ambiguous until the addition of 'bearer of my burdens' turns it into eloquence,) O my glory! O my recourse," &c.

It was long ago prophesied in the Old Testament that Egypt should become the "basest of kingdoms," and for more than two thousand years it has been subject to foreign conquerors. There is "no more a prince in the land of Egypt." No country in the world has been ground down with such intense oppression and for so long a time. Ruled

since the Christian era by one race of foreign princes after another, its people lie prostrate under the yoke, hopeless and submissive in their abject misery. The ancient language of the country is lost. To be called "a son of the Pharaohs" is now a name of reproach in a land where once the Pharaohs reigned gloriously. The Copts are thus stigmatised and derided as "the posterity of Pharaoh" by a race themselves degraded and oppressed. And not only politically, but morally also, it may truly be called "the basest of kingdoms." I saw sights in Egypt indicative of a low tone of moral feeling such as I never witnessed in any heathen land. The peculiar dances of the country, to the accompaniment of music, played by male and female minstrels, were to be seen in every street and court-yard in Cairo. The Fellahs wrought at their work in the fields and on the river's banks in a state of absolute nudity. All that could be said on this subject cannot well be told. Warburton says, "Cairo is the most decorous and dissolute metropolis that the sun shines on. The men walk along with patriarchal appearance and stern formality. Their thoughts appear abstracted from the earth. The women are all veiled or in mourning, except their flashing eyes, and you might imagine that you beheld the people of Nineveh the day after they had repented. But it is all a masquerade. Within all is sensuality, guilt, uncleanness, pollution."

As illustrative of the injustice and oppression practised under the Turkish government, I may mention the following anecdote which I heard related by one of the Sultan's own subjects. A certain man broke into a weaver's house one night, and stole a large web of cloth, but, in cutting it from the loom, a spindle flew up and struck out one of his eyes. Next morning he went to a magistrate and lodged a complaint against the weaver, and the poor man was actually summoned to answer for the injury which his spindle had inflicted on the thief's eye. The parties being confronted in Court, the magistrate, who had been previously bribed by the thief, asked him no questions as to his business in the weaver's shop the night before, but demanded of the latter why he had allowed the spindle of his loom to strike out this gentleman's eye. The weaver's story was not listened to, and he was condemned to lose an eye too—an eye for an eye. But although a poor man he was possessed of some ingenuity, and, seeing that the cause was going against him, he set his wits to work to extricate himself from his disagreeable position. "May it please your worship," he said, "I cannot afford to lose an eye, for when I throw the shuttle with the right hand, I follow it with the right eye, and when I throw it with the left hand, I have to follow it with the left eye, so that in pursuing my business as a weaver, I really need both my eyes; but I know another man in my street who I think can want an eye, for he makes pipes, and needs only one eye in his trade." "Send for the pipe-maker," said the magistrate. The pipe-maker was dragged into court, and the magistrate asked him what business he followed? "I make pipes," was the reply. "How do you make a pipe?" "I take a slender piece of wood and bore a hole through the length of it, then I polish it and examine if it is straight—so," (stretching out his right hand and shutting one of his eyes.) "Ah," said the magistrate,

"I see you can want an eye better than the weaver." So the pipe-maker was condemned to lose an eye.

On leaving Cairo we were conveyed down the Nile from Boulak to Atfeh in one of the Pacha's small steamers, and thence to Alexandria, by the Mahmoudie Canal. This canal was finished in six weeks by the late Mehemet Ali, with incredible energy, but at the cost of 30,000 lives. But, from the days of the Pharaohs, the lives of their subjects have ever been held of small account by the rulers of Egypt in carrying out their gigantic projects. In sailing down the Nile, a polite Turk on board became remarkably friendly and communicative. His salutation consisted first in laying his hand on his bosom, then raising it to his forehead, and, last of all, kissing it with his lips. While steaming down this river, I was struck with the remarkable height of its banks, and the great depth to which a person would require to descend before reaching the water. At the time of the inundation of the Nile these high banks must be overflowed. A number of buffaloes were disporting themselves in the river, at various points, as we descended. They moved cautiously down the shelving banks, plunged into the cool stream, and wallowed about in its refreshing waters, showing little more than the tips of their noses above the surface. It struck me that there was more in Pharaoh's account of the seven kine that "came up out of the river" than I had yet observed in the sacred narrative. They were certainly the highest and steepest river's banks I ever saw. In the case of most other rivers, an animal requires to do little more than leap from the water on to the river's banks, but here the banks were high above the water. On both sides the green fields extended to a considerable distance, and although the desert is said to be making encroachments on the fertile soil, yet the grassy meadows and corn land looked rich and pleasant. The account which Pharaoh is represented as giving of his vision is remarkably true to these facts of the case:—"Behold there came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine, and fat-fleshed, and they fed in a meadow; and, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favoured and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river."

In sailing down the Nile the pyramids continued to be visible for many hours after leaving Cairo. Dreamy memories came over me—ages of the world's history drove rapidly in succession through my mind, as I gazed on these mighty products of Egyptian bondage, and as I floated down the stream whose waters were once turned into blood. Throughout the length and breadth of the land before me through which I was now passing; Joseph had gone five and thirty hundred years ago—"he went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt." On this river's brink stood Moses and Aaron, "early in the morning, before Pharaoh, when he came forth to the water, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, let my people go that they may serve me." Little change there may be in the great features and landmarks of the country, but its glory is now departed, and the memory of its greatness lives only in the page of

history. The Egyptian villages on both sides of the river are of the meanest and most wretched description. The huts are built of mud, and are surmounted by high cones of unbaked clay, which serve as pigeon houses. On first seeing these pigeon villages in the dull, grey morning, while descending the river, I did not imagine for a moment that they were human dwellings. Their inhabitants, too, seem to exist in a state of perfect nudity, or, if there was a rag of clothing about any of them it was employed in covering the face and head.

On approaching Alexandria, the first objects that attracted our attention were Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. The canal, which connects the Nile with Alexandria, terminated at about two miles' distance from the city, and the rest of the journey was performed in omnibuses. On drawing near the city we drove through a fine avenue of trees, intermingled with houses, and were then set down at the English hotel in the Grand Square. This square is surrounded with noble and massive buildings, and contains the residences of the foreign consulates. In the centre of the square is a handsome fountain. This is the best part of modern Alexandria, and though a large and important city, it is doubtless immeasurably inferior to the ancient city of the same name. The ruins of old Alexandria lie to the south of the modern city. Over a space of several miles is spread out a confused assemblage of broken columns, fallen obelisks, and the shattered remains of ancient temples and palaces. It contained a population of 600,000 inhabitants, of whom 40,000 were Jews. At the time of its fall it possessed a library of 700,000 volumes, also 4000 palaces, and 400 theatres or public buildings. The temple of Serapis alone was entered by a flight of 100 steps. Its streets were 2000 feet broad, and intersected each other in the most regular manner. Lined with marble columns, and noble porticoes, these vast streets afforded a vista through which the vessels on Lake Mareotis exchanged signals with those upon the sea.

Many strange thoughts rise within one's mind on such a spot as this. Iskendereeyeh, as it is called by the Turks, was once the capital of an empire. Here Alexander the Great founded a city, the remains of whose ancient magnificence and architectural grandeur attest it to have been worthy of being the capital of his dominions. Here, under the Macedonian rule, civilization, commerce, and learning flourished. Here was gathered the largest and most valuable collection of Greek and Roman classics that the world ever saw. Here the Old Testament was translated into Greek by the Seventy, whose work, the Septuagint, still remains in our hands. Here Ptolemies flourished and Cæsars contended and Cleopatra fascinated her conquerors—"*vainqueur des vainqueurs du monde*." Here dwelt Apollo, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;" here Origen and Athanasius flourished; and here, almost in our own time, Abercromby fought and fell, when the French contended with us for possession of the highway to India. A little to the east of Alexandria is the Bay of Aboukir, the scene of one of our naval triumphs. Among the ruins of the ancient city Greek and Roman coins are still frequently discovered. I saw in the hotel a large

collection of such coins, containing the names and effigies of Philip, Caesar, Diocletian, &c., together with some which were pronounced coins of Cleopatra and the Ptolemies.

The population of Alexandria consists of Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, together with Circassian, Abyssinian, and Nubian slaves. In the Frank quarter of the town are whole streets of shops kept by Europeans, and filled with European goods. Over the shop doors of the Greeks were fine sonorous Greek names, painted in large Greek capital letters. Troops of Egyptian soldiers, in their motley uniform, half Turkish and half European, marched through the streets to the sound of musical instruments. The Pacha has here his fleet, arsenal, fort, and barracks for his army. His palace is close on the side of the harbour, and behind it, and rising high above it, appear the roofs of the harem, a spacious, handsome, white building. The Isle of Pharos, on which was placed the ancient lighthouse, stands out a short distance from the shore. The Turkish women whom I saw riding through the streets were always followed by some attendants. They were most closely veiled, and the ample folds of their dark cloaks completely concealed their figures. The Egyptian women whom I saw walking through the streets were also enveloped from head to foot in the same dark, shapeless robes, which the wind blew about them like loose sacks. A few women showed their faces, but in general the dark veil concealed everything but their brilliantly flashing eyes.

Pompey's Pillar consists of a fine shaft, surmounted with a Corinthian capital, and placed on a pedestal, each being composed of a single piece of granite, and the whole being about 90 feet in height. Cleopatra's Needle is a beautiful square obelisk, 60 feet high, and 7 feet broad at the base, of one single piece of granite, and entirely covered from top to bottom with hieroglyphics on each of its four sides. Various nameless ruins here are called after Egypt's beautiful Queen, and this is perhaps as good an explanation of its name as any other that can be given. The general opinion respecting it is that it was brought from Memphis to Alexandria. It and its companion column, which lies prostrate on the ground beside it, and which is exactly of the same dimensions, once formed in all probability the entrance to the palace of the Ptolemies. All around, in the immediate neighbourhood, are wretched huts, intermingled with fragments of immense round broken columns of granite, beautifully polished, and containing in their substance large red crystals.

The hieroglyphics on the seaward side of the Needle are now greatly effaced, probably from the combined action of wind and weather for thousands of years, but on the opposite side they are as bold and well defined as if fresh from the chisel. It is sad to see one of these magnificent columns lying prostrate in the dust, and desecrated by the feet of idle visitors. Cleopatra's Needle looks as if it would soon share the same fate. It has been greatly broken at its base, and is now supported on one side with artificial stone props. How clearly, sharply, and needle-like it shot up into the heavens! I stood a long time silently admiring it as it towered beautifully overhead above me, feeling sure that what I was now gazing on so near me had been similarly admired by ancient

Greeks and Romans, Egyptians and Christian fathers. A Turkish soldier seeing me thus occupied rushed out from an adjoining hut, with a hatchet in his hand, and offered to chip off a piece from the base of this beautiful monument as a keepsake, if I would give him "bak-sheish." I refused to countenance such an act of Vandalism, but as he seemed not to comprehend the reason of my refusal, and insisted on obliging me with a relic, I seized his arm and dragged him away from the spot with horror; and, as I could not talk to him in his own language, I took the pickaxe out of his hand, and threw it away from me to a considerable distance. Not till I had done all this, and scolded him roundly in English, and shaken my fist in his face, did he appear to understand that I would be no party to the further mutilation of this venerable piece of antiquity. I gathered from this incident that he made a trade of supplying visitors with pieces chipped off from the Needle, and the appearance of its base confirmed the supposition. But I felt it my duty to discourage it, although I was told afterwards for my pains, on returning to the hotel, that not one in ten thousand would do as I did. Invincibly does the thought press itself on the traveller's mind here, which is greatest?—the contrast between the modern mud-walled hut and the ancient magnificent palace, or between the ancient and modern inhabitants of the country?

In my walks through the town the donkey boys frequently offered to give me a ride to the "*bashaw's balace*," from which I concluded that there was a difficulty here in pronouncing the letter *p*, and that hence had arisen the old custom of writing *bashaw* instead of *pacha*. I visited the slave market here, for Egypt has always, ever since the days of Joseph, been the seat of a great mart for slaves. Here I saw some Nubian girls, possessed of beautiful forms, and the finest features in the world. Dark as were their skins, there was nothing of the negro type in the conformation of their heads and faces. They had neither the woolly hair, the flat noses, nor the long heels of the negro race, and it is generally admitted that they exhibit the pure Caucasian head and form. The Abyssinian slave-girls exposed for sale were not nearly so good-looking as the Nubians. In wandering about I discovered a Turkish school, where the boys were all seated cross-legged on the floor, bawling out their lessons from the Koran at the pitch of their voices, and, when not so occupied, writing with pens made of reed.

Little more now remains to be said, for the rest of the journey home has been often already well described. I embarked on board the Ripon, Captain Moresby, at Alexandria. In steaming out of the bay we bade adieu to the Pacha's wind-mills of which there are hundreds on its shores, as if all the corn in the country were still in the hands of its rulers since the days of Pharaoh. Ere long we landed at Malta, but our stay here was short, and I had not time to visit the bay—"a certain creek with a shore"—as St Luke tells us, in the midst of an iron-bound coast, where Paul was shipwrecked on his way to Rome. Then we passed the Island of Pantelaria, famous for its fine fruits and wines—Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, on our left—Malaga, a beautiful city, on our right—and on to Gibraltar, where we stopped to coal—then past

the vine-clad hills of Andalusia, and handsome Spanish towns and villages, perched on one hill-top beyond another. We enjoyed delightful weather, and were regaled on moonlight nights in the Mediterranean with the "Red Cross Knight," and other magnificent pieces, from our band on board. As we drew nearer home, the light clothing suitable for tropical climates was gradually exchanged for warmer garments. After entering the Channel we again hailed with joy the shores of England, steamed into Southampton Docks, and thence by railway to London, where we separated, the most of us probably never to see each other again in this world. May we meet in a better !

PHEMIE GRAY.

By W. S. DANIEL.

"Oh, Sir ! hae pity on my want,
Twa days I hav'na tasted bread,
My only goon is worn to rags,
Cauld blaws the win' aroun' my head."

"I've nocht to gi'e ye, Woman, nocht,
Ye needna speak a word to me,
We've gangrel bodies ilka day,
Wha steal the thing we dinna gie."

"Oh, Maister Graeme ! ye hav'na seen
The wae-worn face that's turnt to you,
I've kent the day your heart grew grit,
Aye jist to hear *me* ca' you 'Hugh !' "

"What, PHEMIE GRAY ! Oh, woman, turn,
And dinna blast me wi' your sicht ;
Oh ! bring na back the draps that burnt
My cheeks, a year syne, day and nicht.

"I saw you, Phemie, since your fa',
In yonder big and wicked toon,
Wi' painted cheek and fiery ee,
Conversain' wi' some upstart loon :

"Oh, woman, since I'd fell't the man,
In richteous loathin', to the grass,
Wha dared to fling a word o' scorn,
At Phemie Gray, my ain true lass ;

"And, maybe, in my pridefu' luvie,
I'd dauntin'd a' the lads to say
They kent a jimper waist than yours,
Or bonnier een—Oh, Phemie Gray !

"But noo your face I mauna see,
Your lang-lo'ed voice I canna bear ;
I'd rather see you streikt a corpse
Than stannin' in your fausehuid here !"

"I'm deein', Hugh! I'm deein' fast—
I ken my madness and my sin—
I've just come frae my faither's door,
And, Hugh, they wadna let me in ;

"Wi' faintin' heart and totterin' foot,
I socht the weel-kent, cooie place,
But my stapmither's een are bricht,
She drave the door into my face ;

"Syne, flingin' up the window sash,
'Catch the foul limmer, Fang!' said she—
The auld dog kent me i' my want,
He wadna put a tuith in me.

"Oh, Hugh! hae mercy on my need,
I beg you on my bendit knee,
Wi' you I ken I canna live,
But, Oh, I want a place to dee!"

"Weel, Phemie, gin ye stan' alane
In this wide warld, my open door
Shall ne'er be steek't; unseen by me,
I'll dream ye're what ye war afore—

"Ae lang saft curl o' yours I placed
Within my drawer, wi' jealous care,
And yet I'm sure my hand could find
The aften-kiss'd memorial there ;

"I see you in your snaw-white goon,
Upo' my brither's marriage day,
The sash I bocht ye roun' your waist,
My young heart's darlin', Phemie Gray!

"See, Janet! tak this wanderin' lass,
And gie her rest and needfu' fare—
She's gaen wi' toil, and want, and wae,
See that you gie her a' your care."

That nicht puir Phemie ate *his* meat,
And 'neath *his* roof-tree laid her head,
But e'er the barn-yaird cocks had crawn,
The young, fair, errin' thing was dead!

Oh, Phemie Gray—sweet Phemie Gray!
Your fate is aft puir woman's pairt;
Man ca's ye angel while ye stan',
But tempts ye through your luvin' heart ;

Syne, when ye fa', nae akaith is his,
As brichtly shines his manly name;
While the young, guiltless lass he wrang'd,
Bears a' the want, tholes a' the shame!

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

By W. S. DANIEL.

1.—THE CASTLE BY NIGHT.

The moon glides o'er a silvan solitude,
 Where stands a Castle, by a darkness mere—
 And as low night-winds shudder through the wood,
 The leaves fall, wavering, on the waters drear;
 A warrior pile it seems of feudal time,
 Grim-rifted, pinnacled, deep-moated, tall—
 An iron house of lordly force and crime,
 With hideous faces leering from the wall;
 The heart shrinks from it with a chill affright,
 It looms so vastly spectral through the gloom—
 Wild elfin eyes shoot from the glow-worm's light,
 And wizard hands wave with the owl's plume!
 One tiny creaset from a lattice high
 Sends a thin, trembling glimmer through the dark;
 Who is yon bony watcher, whose dull eye
 Peers from its socket by that lonely spark,
 Is it some wanderer from a charnelled age,
 Come from the valley where the shadows dwell,
 To con once more, on blood-bedabbled page,
 The potent words of some unhallowed spell?
 Hark! the clock soundeth from the belfry tower,
 Ding-dong, ding-dong, with melancholy tongue,
 As if by spirits lost, at witching hour,
 In speechless agony, the peal were rang;
 And see! yon figure on the turret high—
 It looks a demon goaded by despair,
 With wild dishevelled locks and bloodshot-eye,
 In act to spring into the lower air
 And light with burning plumes the dark and troubled sky!

2.—THE CASTLE BY DAY.

The sun ariseth in unclouded sheen
 O'er a proud mansion, by a sparkling mere—
 Begirt by meads of England's freshest green,
 Spinkled with oaks, and hme, and antlered deer.
 "That, Stranger! is old Atherbury Hall,"
 A yeoman says—"the dwelling of a line,
 Who, through their kindly hearts, (heaven bless them all!)
 "Held their high honours by a right divine;
 "Their far forefather was a lord in deed—
 "One of the stalwart, unforgotten band,
 "That won old England's rights on Runnymede,
 "And kept the glorious charter with mailed hand:
 "And still the sons are strong as oaks that throw
 "O'er Atherbury Chase their shadows tall;
 "The daughters lovely as the flowers that glow
 "On the sweet slopes of Atherbury Hall.

"There trips the Lady Alice—bless her face,
"Glowing and fresh as this unclouded dawn!
"She hastes with dainties to my sister, Grace,
"A-dying in yon cottage o'er the lawn:
"In that old hall there dwells no haughty scorn—
"Wide open stands its hospitable door,
"E'en to the poorest peasant that was born
"Of those who serv'd its gallant lords of yore."

Once more I gaze upon the ancient hall,
And scan its hoary walls with reverent eye,
Its windows, glittering in the sunlight all,
Its haughty turrets glimmering in the sky;

From a high lattice beams a small fair face,
With blue eyes laughing through thick, golden curls,
The playful nurseling of that ancient place,
The infant daughter of a line of Earls;

Sweet are the odours from the dewy flowers,
Opening their bosoms to the loving breeze—
And fair, in sheltered nooks, the bloomy bowers,
Moving with birds and musical with bees:

The scene indeed is lovely—such as Art
To paint, with pen or pencil, vainly tries,
At hour like this, when Nature sends her heart
In streams of rapture through her glowing eyes!

But see! with polished pall, the dairy-maid,
Humming a rustie song, with sidelong smile
(While tripping o'er the sunny meadow grass)
Nods to young Dickon on the old grange stile;

He, when those warm, brown eyes upon him shine,
Flings her an apple, from the garden wall,
But stay she dare not, for the lowing kine,
Impatient, for her rosy fingers call.

Her carol dies,—and, turning to the hall,
High on a turret, bending from a niche,
I see a female form, fair-limbed and tall,
Begirt with moss-grown fret-work rare and rich;

Sweet, wondrous sweet, is that pale, angel face—
Her hands are folded o'er her maiden breast:
Her wings, as eager for their heavenward race,
Scarce deign upon the mouldering wall to rest:

"That is a lovely figure, carved in stone,"
The yeoman saith, "the wonder of us all—
"To hoary-headed grandams it is known
"As 'Lady Blanche of Atherbury Hall.'"

Such is the Castle neath the scowl of Night—
Such is the Castle in the clear Sun-light.

A TURKISH SLAVE-GIRL TO A GAZELLE.

By W. S. DANIEL.

My coy Gazelle, my coy Gazelle !
 Sad thoughts stream through these eyes of thine,
 That turn their full dark orbs to mine,
 And I can feel the sigh that heaves
 Thy glossy breast against my hand ;
 " Yes," my heart says, " the captive grieves
 " For her own land."

My lone Gazelle, my lone Gazelle !
 Thy thoughts are where thy kindred play
 O'er wide carcoos the livelong day,
 Racing, leaping, bounding, free
 As winds that scour the distant hills,
 Or plunging—beauteous company !
 In foamy rills."

My sad Gazelle, my sad Gazelle !
 My drooping spirit ill can brook
 The patient anguish of thy look :
 Lo ! how she points her graceful ears—
 Dear memory lights her dreamy eye ;
 In thought, the gentle creature hears
 Her mother's cry !

My fond Gazelle, my fond Gazelle !
 Thy lot of bondage is my own ;
 Unloved, unseen, I weep alone—
 And seek mid gloomy harem walls,
 The fond light of familiar eyes ;
 My heart like thine, its kindred calls,
 But none replies.

My meek Gazelle, my meek Gazelle !
 Like thee in freedom I was born,
 And blessings hailed my natal morn ;
 But, like sweet rose-leaves, one by one
 From the forsaken calyx blown,
 My hopes have withered in the sun,
 Till all have flown !

My sweet Gazelle, my sweet Gazelle !
 I feel that on my pallid face
 A sister's sorrow thou can'st trace ;
 For ne'er tak'st thou with lightsome bound,
 From merrier hands the mellow fruit,
 But wait'st, like Echo, for the sound
 Of Leila's foot.

My poor Gazelle, my poor Gazelle !
 Darkly on free-born spirits falls
 The sunlight of their prison halls ;
 For them in vain the tulip springs,
 Or grapes the kindling vine-boughs throng,
 Or Bulbul from the covert flings
 The shafts of song.

My fleet Gazelle, my fleet Gazelle !
 How thy soft bosom pants to be,
 Even in grim peril's presence, free,
 Yea, 'neath the lion's hungry eye,
 Lone stalking by the river shore,
 With gory paws, while thickets nigh
 Shake at his roar !

My dear Gazelle, my dear Gazelle !
 Leave meaner souls than ours to bless
 The captive's gorgeous wretchedness ;
 There's freedom both for thee and me
 Where yon dark cypress' branches wave ;
 Soon may we fill—for ever free—
 A Stranger's Grave !

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

HYMN FOR 1855.

I.

Glory be to God above
 For his never-ending love,—
 For the spring with genial show'rs,
 For the summer's golden hours,
 For the autumn's plenteous store,
 For the icy winter hoar ;—
 Tempest, calm, and zephyr's sigh,
 All the wants of man supply,
 All the great designs fulfil,
 Of an Omnipresent will.

II.

Once again a year has fled ;
 Seek its seasons 'mid the dead ;—
 Hush !—their echoes ling'ring fall,—
 Hark !—with warning voice they call,—
 " Mortals ! mark, throughout the range
 Of *one* year, what mighty change !
 Trace, like furrows drawn in sand,
 All the workings of that hand ;
 Then aloud responsive cry,
 Glory be to God on high."

III.

'Mid the varied tribes of men,
 Marshalled justice to maintain,
 Leagued to crush a tyrant's away,
 Leagued for right and liberty ;—
 'Mid the blood of thousands shed,
 'Mid the dying and the dead,
 'Mid the weeper's poignant sighs,
 'Mid the friendless orphan's cries,
 Know that God does these decree ;—
 To *His* will submissive be.

IV.

Grateful raise aloud to Heav'n
 Thanks and praise for vict'ry giv'n,—
 Thanks for sons both true and brave,—
 God! we pray thee *them* to save;—
 Thanks for thrones and councils wise,
 That could such a plan devise,
 Joining sister nations' power
 With our own in evil hour;—
 Closer may such unions bind,
 Fraught with blessing to mankind.

V.

Suppliant let the nation kneel,
 Ask a blessing on her weal,
 Pray that Heav'n from her avert
 Still a sinful land's desert,
 And that wisdom still may guide
 All the movements on her side;
 Pray the God of Battles' might
 Still to aid and speed the right,
 And her warrior sons to shield
 On the struggle's reeking field.

VI.

'Mid thy supplications, pray
 For the wounded in the day
 When the shafts of death around
 Plough and tear the wreck-strewn ground:—
 Ye! who mourn the battle-shock,
 Be the mighty God your rock;—
 Hear, good Lord! the widow's pray'r,
 Dry, good Lord! the orphan's tear,
 And before *this* year shall cease,
 Grant us, Lord, a blessed peace.

1st January 1856.

R. H.

 THE LATE REV. DR THOMSON, OF ECCLES.

THE late Rev. James Thomson, D.D., minister of Eccles, was born in May 1768,¹ at Crieff, in Perthshire, and was the second son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Ewan. His father, after being engaged in the wool trade, was unsuccessful, and retiring from business, lived upon a small income, which was afterwards augmented by the dutiful conduct of his sons. After obtaining the elements of a classical education at the parish school, at the age of sixteen he went to College at Edinburgh, where he speedily acquired the friendship of Professors Hardie and Finlayson, the latter of whom was distinguished for the kindness and assistance which he afforded to young men of ability in their early progress. Here he was obliged to study with great assiduity, in consequence of the inefficiency of his early instructor, who upon one occasion flogged him for not pronouncing depōnent, according to the ac-

¹ The parish register contains in the baptisms,—“1768, June 17, James, Son to John Thomson, merchant, and Betty Ewan.”

centuation of this teacher, depōnent. After being licensed to preach, he frequently acted as assistant to his uncle, the Rev. John Ewan, minister of Whittingham, in East Lothian. During his connexion with that county he was in the habit of meeting John Home, the author of *Douglas*, in company with Anderson of Whitburgh. The latter used to joke with John Home, and remind him of the time when he was a prisoner in the army of the Pretender. Anderson was a supporter of the unfortunate Prince Charles, and after the defeat of the Highlanders was obliged to remain in concealment for a year. During that period Anderson was apprehended on suspicion (by mistake) of robbing the mail, and when he was conducted to prison he was placed among the general criminals, who crowded around him, and asked him if he was sent there for high treason, never supposing, from his appearance, that he could have been guilty of an inferior offence. In 1795, Mr James Thomson became colleague with the late Dr., afterwards Bishop, Gleig, in the editorship of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," having succeeded the late Bishop Walker in the office, and during his connexion with that publication, wrote the articles, *Thomas Buddiman*, *Scripture*, *Septuagint*, *Spectre*, *Suicide*, *Superstition*, *Thraashing*, *Water*,—being all composed in the year 1796. The article *Scripture* was republished in several of the subsequent editions, and is a very valuable *resumé* of the history of the peculiarities and sources of the books of the Old and New Testaments; constituting, "reasons for the faith that is in us." When editing this great work he had a free house, with coal and candle, and L.50 a-year, with payment for his articles, L.3 s. per sheet, remuneration for which, however, he never claimed. The house was the most northerly on the east of the *Advocate's* Close, the windows looking to the New Town. Mr Thomson edited an edition of the "*Spectator*," and wrote the biographies of the authors, which are still prefixed to many editions of that work. He wrote likewise a work entitled "*The Rise, Progress, and Consequences of the new Opinions and Principles lately introduced into France*," 8vo. 1799, which met with a rapid sale. Having become tutor to Stirling of Kippendavie, he placed his brother, the late Dr Thomas Thomson, afterwards the celebrated Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, in his own situation on the *Encyclopædia*. He had taught his brother arithmetic and Latin, and had sent him to the grammar school of Stirling, then presided over by Dr Doig, the friend of Lord Kames, and the author of "*Letters on the Savage State*." It is an honourable trait in the character of Dr Doig, that, when asked to receive his fees from the elder brother, he requested that he might be allowed to be compensated by the younger brother, when the latter should have entered upon life, and been enabled to disburse the debt from his own resources. It is almost unnecessary to state that the obligation was so liquidated most scrupulously. During his residence in Edinburgh he likewise attended the medical classes, and became a volunteer, regularly attending to his military duties. He used to relate an anecdote of Dr Gregory, who was in the same corps, that having been found somewhat awkward at drill, Serjeant Gould expressed an opinion that he would never become a soldier, and recommended that he should be made an officer. The serjeant, a man of ge-

nuine loyalty, was once asked by the worthy doctor why the left leg was always lifted first in marching? "Because," replied the indignant serjeant, "it is his Majesty's orders." Mr Thomson was an active member of the Forenoon or Saturday Select Theological Society, and acted as its Secretary. He was also a member of the Select Society for General Subjects, which consisted of six individuals—Dr John Barclay, Dr Miller, Dr James Thomson, Dr Thomas Thomson, Mr James Mill, the historian of India, and a gentleman, afterwards minister of Carluke. This was a most interesting association as being the origin of much valuable results to science and literature.

Drs Barclay and Thomas Thomson commenced as lecturers in Edinburgh on their respective branches of science, while James Mill obtained a tutorship in the family of a Scottish nobleman in East Lothian. But such a position was scarcely compatible with the independence of his mind, for having given offence to the heads of the family by drinking the health at table of one of the junior female members of the house, he gave up his situation, determined to trust to his pen and his own exertions. Having consulted with his friends of the Select Society, he was advised by Dr Thomas Thomson, to whom and his brother he was particularly attached, to try his fortune in London; and, after due deliberation, young Mill started for the metropolis, where he arrived in the beginning of 1802, without friends or patrons. Having obtained, however, by some means, an introduction to Dr Bisset, a literary character of the day, he wrote to Dr Thomas Thomson that this gentleman had promised to recommend him. "I told him," says Mill, in a MS. letter which has never been published, "that I could get a recommendation to Dr Gifford, and he advised me to lose no time in going to him, as he might have it in his power to employ me one week, but not if I waited to another; he said that Dr Gifford was a particular friend of his, and he would mention me to him likewise. But I depend most of all upon your recommendation, (Dr Thomas Thomson) because I have nobody here who knows me as a scholar, and can vouch for either my talents or my attention. I am extremely ambitious to remain here, which I feel to be so much the best scene for a man of letters, that you can have no notion of it till you be upon the spot. You get an ardour and a spirit of adventurousness which you never can get an idea of among our over-cautious countrymen at home. Here everybody applauds the most romantic scheme you can form. In Scotland everybody represses you if you but propose to step out of the beaten track. On the idea of remaining here I have even formed schemes for you and me already. If you were here, and we had made to ourselves something of a name, which I think we surely might do, what would hinder us to produce a periodical work of our own, of any description we might approve. I am sure we might make it more interesting than anything which is published at present, and the profits of these things, when they have a quick sale, are immense." The result of this communication was a letter of introduction from Dr Thomas Thomson to Dr Gifford, although the former was personally unknown to Gifford, and only beginning to be known to the scientific world by his article on

chemistry in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia. The idea of the periodical thus started by Mill was carried into execution on the 1st of January of the following year, when the *Literary Journal, a Review of Literature, Science, Manners, and Politics*, made its appearance, being published weekly, at the price of one shilling, transmissible by means of a stamp through the post. The paper was edited by Mr Mill, who wrote the political and general articles, while the scientific department was managed by Dr Thomas Thomson, and the Philosophy of Mind and Literature by Mr James Thomson. "I am happy," says Mr Mill to Dr Thomas Thomson, "you have got so good a hand to execute our article, Literature, as your brother, and hope he will not be sparing in his communications. I wish, however, that he would not confine his review to the Philosophy of Mind, but embrace the whole of the subjects belonging to that article. I do fear the capability of our labourers here." Mr J. Thomson's first article appeared on the 20th of January 1803, and is entitled the Philosophy of the Mind. It is characterized by a clear and transparent style, well worthy of being studied by our metaphysical students of the present day, who too frequently cultivate the mystic phraseology without the depth of true philosophy. In this paper he classifies everything belonging to the human mind into two great parts,—1. The powers of thinking, which are generally attended with belief; and, 2. The desires which prompt to action in order to accomplish some end. The first he states had hitherto received no name, and he proposes to term it Intellectual Philosophy, while the second comprehends Moral Philosophy. This journal continued its existence for several years, Mr Thomson continuing his contributions to it till 1805, when he was presented by the Crown to the parish of Eccles, where he devoted himself with unceasing energy to the study of his Bible, which he considered to constitute theology, and to the duties of his parish. He viewed the Old and New Testament in the original Hebrew and Greek, in other words, the Bible without note and comment, as the true objects of the study of the clergyman; and for the greater part of half a century he devoted a certain number of hours daily to the careful examination and criticism of the original. His practice was to rise early in the morning, and master a certain amount of Old Testament Hebrew, and, with regard to the New Testament, some years before his death, he had completed a translation of the whole of it. This preparation constituted the groundwork of his uncommon acquaintance with the Scriptures. His pulpit discourses abounded with new views of difficult passages, and were brought forward in such simple language that their originality was scarcely at once perceived. As evidence of the popularity of his preaching, it may be mentioned, that after he came to the parish he found a small body of Baptists, and some other sects, but in a short period these bodies had dispersed, and no dissenting meeting-house existed within the extensive area of the parish, until the latter end of his ministrations, when the unfortunate Voluntary controversy, set afloat by injudicious agitators in the church, induced the Dissenters, in self-defence, to erect chapels in many parishes. In the earlier years of his ministry he was in the habit of merely making notes for his discourses, but latterly he wrote them out with great care; and

after obtaining an assistant and successor, he devoted his time, from his eightieth to his eighty-seventh year, to revising and re-writing them, and brought many of them out at a great personal expense, in his three volumes on the Gospel of St Luke, and in his volume on the Acts of the Apostles. From the opinions of the best judges, there can be no doubt that for learning and acquaintance with Scripture, no publication in Scotland, during this century, has surpassed these valuable expositions, which did honour to the Church of Scotland. In 1842, Dr Thomson received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of St Andrews, and in the same year was presented with a splendid testimonial, in the form of a silver urn, by the landowners and parishioners. He continued to perform his parochial duties, with the exception of preaching, till 1847, in his eightieth year, when he went to live in Edinburgh, where he remained till 1854. During the last year he resided with his eldest son in London, where he breathed his last on the 28th November, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and fifty-first of his ministry. Dr Thomson was a model of a Christian pastor and gentleman, and was looked up to by a large circle of relations and friends with love and veneration. He was most benevolent and kind to the poor, was a generous contributor to all the Schemes of the Church, and to the Bible Society from an early period under the title of "A Friend near the Tweed." He lived to see his eldest son, Dr R. D. Thomson, Professor of Chemistry at St Thomas's Hospital, London, and his nephew, Dr Thomas Thomson, Superintendant of the East India Company's Botanic Gardens at Calcutta, occupying prominent positions in their respective sciences, both having been elected Fellows of the Royal Society of London, while his second son, James Thomson, Esq., was recently chairman of the Government Bank of Madras. Dr Thomson married in 1805 the eldest daughter of Captain James Skene of Aberdeen, the second son of George Skene, Esq. of Skene, with whom he enjoyed uninterrupted happiness till 1851, when she died, being the last of the name of that ancient family in the direct line, the estates being now in possession of the Earl of Fife, the grandson of her uncle.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

(Continued from page 314.)

Chap. iv. verse 5.—"And out of the throne proceeded lightnings, and thunders, and voices."—In preaching the mildness of the Gospel, we are apt to forget that we have, in its proper time and place, to lay aside the human face, and assume the lion's roar in trumpeting the terrors of the law. Christ here guards us against such omission. Before exhibiting himself as the Lamb that had been slain, He has no sooner shewn the general constitution of his supreme church-court, than He repeats the lightnings, thunders, and earthquake-terrors of his Sinai legislation, shewing that Sinai and Zion are one. As if he had instructed John to say, think ye that I am come to undo my own work, and contradict my own character? No! Whatever has been done, or said, or threatened, will in no way pass from the law till all be, in the widest, the largest, the most awful reality, fulfilled. The terrors of the model, as the name implies,

were comparatively nothing. Measure the greatness of my empire by the greatness of its punishments as much as of its rewards, temporal, eternal; though of the former only we now speak. How justly, then, may Paul, in his synopsis of the law exclaim, Heb. ii. 3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" x. 28. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses; 29. Of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trampled under foot the Son of God," &c. For the Gospel kingdom's sake, Exod. xix. 16, "were there thunderings and lightnings, and a black cloud upon the mount, and the *voice* of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people in my (typical) camp trembled; 18. Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because I descended upon it in fire, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly; 19. and when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and I answered him with a *voice*. I said, go down, charge the people, lest they break through to gaze, and many of them perish; and let the priests also take care lest I break forth upon them. All these my threats have to receive an awful series of fulfilments in Gospel times, an indescribably awful fulfilment in eternity. Their increasing awfulness will only cease with myself.

Now, though I need not them nor their aid, and only use them in my service for *their* benefit, training them on earth to be the images of God, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness; see whom I employ as my *omniscient judges* in my earthly courts, examining into the conduct of each subject of my spiritual realm; making allowances, in some cases with a *godlike* discrimination, for the circumstances wherein each good or evil work has been done; deciding the moral character of each, with its consequent rewards and punishments! Who are these *godlike* supervisors of the captains of tens, and fifties, and hundreds, and thousands? Who are these prodigies of judgment? None other than the chief churches, the Metropolitan Sanctuaries, and more especially the stars, the angels of these leading churches. God has committed himself to this principle, that he will risk his religion in the world upon the intelligence of his saints; so that if they do not in all things, private and public, shew a judgment superior to all others, he will not ask the world to accept a religion which makes the saints no better than their neighbours. The church-court judgment is liable to the imperfection common to all parts of the preparatory heaven; and this imperfection is one of the more obvious evidences for a final judgment, where there will be no assessor on the throne but Deity. That final, that only satisfactory judgment, must not be sought at a throne where the human assessors, sometimes guided into all truth by the very spirit of truth, are liable, at any moment, to be left to themselves, selling the king, denying him with curses.

The church-chiefs, as the *judicial wisdom* of God, by whom all judgment is to be conducted as God's Vicegerents on earth, are represented, like the clerkship in a national court, as seated immediately before the Mercy throne, Fig. ix. t, and Fig. x. "There were seven lamps of fire burn-

ing before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God:" That these seven lights, "the light of the world" set in a candlestick, and giving light to all that are in the house, are the leaders or representatives of the general church, is evident from Zechariah iv. 10, whereof our present text is a quotation. When all parties in Church and State, says God to Zechariah, are willing to do their respective duties, God promises he will do his, giving his effectual blessing upon their united dutifulness. When the two heads of all the State, the chief magistrate and the chief priest, that is, all the people whom they represent, are anxious to be olive-trees, conveying a needful, willing, and constant supply of oil to the seven lights, that is to the national church in *all* its departments; for the tribe of Levi included *all* the learned professions; then God will employ such a church "as the candle of the Lord," seeking out every iniquity among a people, however hidden, until there be none, or such as in abhorrence of the light will hide its face, dazzled with the brightness of his coming.

We believe there is no one, possessed of ordinary conscience, and privileged to sit under the preaching of the gospel, but has often come away from God's house with a belief that the preacher was personal in some of his remarks, and must surely have had information of the secret acts or thoughts of the conscience-smitten hearer. This enlightenment of the conscience, however, this conviction of God's omniscience, and of the justice of his judgments is not the light referred to in the text, which is rather a guarantee that the divine guidance will be afforded to the leaders of the church in passing court judgment upon the members of the church, whether that judgment be censure or praise.

As this passage of Zechariah is introduced in various passages of the Apocalypse, as at xi. 4, we may here, once for all, give it a short analysis. Zechariah, living in the times of Zerubbabel the first Governor, and Joshua the first High Priest, after their return from the Babylonish captivity, prophesied along with Haggai, about 550 years before Christ. Among other visions, he had that of the golden candlestick, the well-known emblem of a Religious State. It was, in the present condition of Jerusalem, and the lately returned captives, a great comfort to be assured that such a state would soon be re-established. The chief magistrate, Zerubbabel, had already laid the foundation of the new temple, by no means like the plan given them by Ezekiel, which was many times larger than Solomon's; but such a temple as their means now allowed. The angel in the vision, pointing to the seven-branched candlestick, the emblem of the restored church, says of it, "these, the seven lamps, or complete set of churches, are the eyes of the Lord which run to and fro through the whole land." These are the eyes of the Lord.

Upon Zechariah's asking, what meant the two olive-trees, each, by means of a pipe, conducting its oil to the general oil-vessel at the top of the lamps, the angel said, "these are the two anointed ones, the anointed king, and the anointed priest, in the present case, Zerubbabel and Joshua, that, in one form or another, either as a pair of golden cherubim stand on the Mercy-seat, or, as a pair of olive-wood and gilded cherubim, stand immediately behind the Mercy-seat, but in

either case are never out of the most holy place, and so "stand before the Lord of the whole earth."

So long as they are thus the inseparable companions of the Wonderful, the Counsellor, forming an essential appendage of his throne of merciful judgment, the surpassing wisdom of such parties in managing the united Church and State, the seven-lamped candlestick without the vail, is easily enough traced to its divine source; but to make doubly sure of this, the angel, at the outset of the vision, takes care to say, that this wisdom and its consequent successfulness are not at any time to be attributed to the magisterial might, or the ministerial influence; not by might nor by influence, but by my Spirit, shall such civil and religious officers oblige the world to call the churches the eyes of the Lord. A properly united and co-operative church and state, a state where magistrate and priest consider themselves as nurses to a suckling church, (for this is the main idea of the oil-pipes connecting the olive-trees with "the lights of the world,") is God's eye or inspectorship for surveying the moral police of the realm. Some, not too well versed in Bible truth, dream of various other methods of managing a community; but any state, not based upon this police principle, is no Christian state, and therefore cannot long endure.

In the preceding chapter, Zech. iii. 9, the angel says, "Zerubbabel, and Ezra, and Joshua, the anointed ones, have proceeded so far in founding the new temple; I, says the angel, have set up again one of the thirty pillars, (Fig. ii. and iii.,) as a sample by which all the rest will be fashioned, as ye can find means to erect them. Upon each of such stones, there will be seven eyes, that is, each pillar represents the complete set of churches in any one country. Behold I will engrave the graving thereof; I will cause each to bear moral evidence that the churches are mine, 2 Tim. ii. 19. The parallel fulfilment of such promises are such as these, Acts, xx. 28, Take heed to all the flock over which the *Holy Ghost* hath made you *overseers*, for grievous wolves will enter in among you, therefore watch, &c.

In keeping with this meaning of the word, "Eye," is the ordinary language of the classical nations. Thus, when the Spartans had it in their power, B. C. 404, they would not consent to the entire destruction of Athens, because, during foreign invasions, especially the Persian, they had most anxiously *watched* after the common interests of Greece. They therefore said they would not be guilty of putting out *one of the eyes of Greece*.

Verse 6.—"And before the throne (there was) a sea of glass, like unto crystal." (Fig. ix. s., after Fig. viii. s.) This improvement upon the Brazen Sea, the Molten Laver, whether Moses' one or Solomon's larger, borne by twelve bullocks, tail to tail, is as worthy of the pure mind of our evangelical poet, as of the subject he treats, the purifying influence of the Holy Ghost. As surely as the naturally corroding brass and the stagnant, and, therefore, putrifying water of the model lavers were a constant and indispensable portion of the sanctuary furniture, so will the washing of regeneration, and the renewing work of the Holy Ghost be the inseparable, because ever-neededful accompaniment of the

gospel church. As the third person of the Trinity has engaged in the last clause to guide the church into all truth, especially judicial truth, blessing her with the spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind, identifying himself with the seven lamps; so will he as surely sanctify and cleanse her with the washing of water by the word, that he may present her to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that she may be holy, and without blemish. *Ephes. v. 27.* But see especially *Exod. xxx. 20.*

Happily we have no need to explain the general doctrine of sanctification. Our country stands alone in the purity of this doctrine; each sect more evangelical than the rest, more correct, forcible, and eloquent. Delighted with this subdivision of labour, we keep to our types. We have remarked the apostle's improvement of the typical sea; his is a sea of *glass*, a substance in itself as incorruptible as any we can imagine. The glass, too, perhaps the contents of the glass, was (*homoia crystallo*, Gk.) like unto crystal?—*Note:* Those acquainted with Grecian antiquities are aware that glass or crystal is not a modern invention, any more than the name. A minute knowledge of Scripture is a knowledge of the early history of art.

Position of the Laver.—Moses' sea, (*Fig. viii. s.*) stood between the brazen altar (*A*) and the tabernacle door. As a spectator from that door looked eastward, the laver (*s*) was on his right hand, or south-east of the door; the altar a little further off in the same eastern direction. In the sanctuary of Solomon, the altar (*Fig. I.*) was immediately at the entrance of the temple porch, the grand twelve-bullock laver at its *south* side, to which position *Ezekiel* alludes in tracing the river of life from the temple door, by the *south* side of the altar, down the steps of the eastern court, and out at the east gate; so that sanctification is the chief element of the water of life, and of the new life.

Here, in the New Testament sanctuary, John finds that the laver, much improved, has been brought into the *inside* of the temple, or rather of the wilderness tabernacle, whose two apartments have, by the rending of the vail, (*vv. Fig. viii.*) been thrown into one, and the sea of glass (*s*) is placed immediately before the seven lamps just described. The Lamb that had been slain, *v. 6*, having by one sacrifice of himself, perfected for ever them that are sanctified, and so *entered with himself* into the holiest of all, wherever the altar, priest, and victim go, the appendage laver must go too. Justification and sanctification are not to be separated, *1 Cor. i. 30.*

To neglect the minute description of the lavers is to neglect the divinely appointed illustration of the doctrine of sanctification; it is not to know what is meant by the "washing of water by the word," but, as such tangible models will be best explained "by drawing them in their sight," the lowest of the three floors of the pillar-house, the Bible class of the public school, will be found the most convenient and effective for illustrative or expository theology. It is matter of gratitude that this handmaid of the more arduous oratory of the pulpit is increasing her co-operation in the divine work of Bible interpretation.

Sample of the minute description.—There were twelve princes in the

model church, and therefore twelve bullocks under the brazen sea. It is the main office of princes, Alephim, leaders, and should be their only pleasure *meekly* to bear the water of life, the purifying doctrines of the Gospel, to their respective tribes. The large laver shewed well enough that purification was provided for the two favoured tribes, Benjamin and Judah, on whose common frontier Jerusalem's ordinances stood; but there being equal need of sanctification among each of the other *ten* tribes, the prince of peace (Solomon) supplies them with *ten* lavers beautifully embossed with doctrinal emblems, and for convenience of transport, mounted upon *ten* four-wheeled trucks, 1 Kings vii. 30; see the passage. These emblems are a *repetition* of those already explained as *constituting* the high sanctuary. The brass vessels are the same parties who afterwards called themselves "earthen vessels," evangelists, angels of churches, "cherubim;" the same parties are "Lions" in relation to the wolves already described; the same parties are "oxen," bullocks or Alephim, *meek-minded* princes, willing to be yoked into any service for their master and his beloved people; the same parties are "palm-trees," feeding the flock, as already described; their tongue is the *pen* of a ready writer, the palm-trees' pen-like leaves are for the healing of the nations. The gospel, then, is the same everywhere, is everywhere needed, and everywhere to be preached in the same manner.

Verse 7. "And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man (has), and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle." These are the four leading prerogative princes of the twelve tribes of Israel. Their prerogative was either established or confirmed upon the first arrangement of the wilderness church into a circular series of encampments, Fig V. The permanent arrangement, typical of corresponding order throughout all gospel churches, without regard to time or place, age or nation, typical of the fraternal unity of the universal church, it is the object of the verse before us to enforce upon our attentive and minute study. The arrangement pointed at is contained in the first four chapters of Numbers, especially the second, which our text tells us should be distinctly printed on every Christian mind. We there find that the three tribes, forming the east side of the circular model church, had for their chief, the Prince of Judah, wearing for his ensign, crest, seal, and brand, the figure of a lion. "The first beast was like a *lion*." The three tribes on the west side of the wheel were managed by the Prince of Ephraim, whose military ensign, &c., was at first a bullock, the emblem of high prosperity in the arts of peace; afterwards a *calf*, implying an improvement of that prosperity, "the second beast was like a *calf*." The three tribes forming the south quarter of the sacred circle, were headed by one more anxious than able to obtain universal *headship*, the Prince of Reuben, whose choice figure, afterwards marking all his people's military dresses and banners, was the *human bust*, the upper half of the human figure, though his nature dragged him sadly down to the lower half, "the third beast had a *face* as a *man*." The north side of the family circle, the annular Philadelphia, was led by one of transcendent *judgment*, who, had his might equalled his wit, would have overmatched all his brethren—*Dan!* whose sagacity

was at first figured in an adder and serpent, afterwards still better figured in an *eagle*, bearing aloft in its talons these now helpless though still sly reptiles; "the fourth beast was as a *flying eagle*."

This extreme transition of Dan from the lowest to the highest, as before, from the sapphire pavement to the sapphire throne, has already been dwelt upon in speaking of the emerald rainbow around the throne. Dan's adder had a blue lustre in its scales, his sapphire a similar kind of blue,—a sky-blue. In any book of Roman antiquities may be seen the emblem of the eagle family, Dan's *flying* clan, in Latin translated from the Greek, Gens *Petilia*, a large eagle, bearing in its soaring clutches both "the smaller adder of the by-path, and the more daring serpent by the public way." Gen. xlix. 17.

Synecdoche reminds us that when the four *chief* ensigns are introduced to special notice in the cabinet council of the Christian church, we are thereby instructed to study the other eight. To do this justly is to study the whole book of Genesis, wherein the description is given in the most interesting circumstances. The 49th chapter of that wonderful book is, with the exception of Noah's prophecy regarding the relative fate of the three portions of the human race, perhaps the most comprehensive prophecy in the Bible. Before making a very brief quotation from that all-important chapter, we may remark, that Jacob did not, at least on *that* occasion, give his twelve sons their respective signets, as appears by the earlier history; Gen. xxxviii. 25. By whatever party suggested, each son, as he grew to manhood, and acquired personal property, needed some brand to mark, especially his cattle, feeding promiscuous in the common pasture hills. Gen. xlix. 9. "Judah is a lion's whelp, (a lion from *first* to last,) he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion, who shall rouse him up?" "The first beast was like a lion." Verse 3. "Reuben, thou art my first-born," (I admit that,) but give thee what thy signet aims at, "the excellency of *dignity*, the excellency of control!" His affectation to be lord of the creation, by being *head-man* over all his brethren, head of the whole church, was very appropriately, if too ambitiously displayed in his figure of the *human bust*. The second beast had a *face as a man*.

Verse 16. Dan, as his name implies, will, by his wit, sometimes stooping to slyness or low cunning, yet, by his superior acuteness or quickness, be able to judge *his people*, the whole people of Israel, as a prince, using his undisputed sway in his own individual tribe, where he is autocrat. "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that the rider shall fall backward." The fourth beast, or emblem, or standard, was like a flying eagle, bearing up a vainly struggling adder and serpent.

These emblems of family property are in the formation of the militant church turned into military ensigns. (Our private character and public one should agree. Saints, as already seen, constitute the body of Christ.) Numbers ii. 2. The Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron saying, "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house, far off, about the tabernacle of the congregation shall they pitch." Verse 3. On the east side

shall they of the standard and of the camp of *Judah* pitch, throughout their armies, and such a one of *Judah* shall be captain. Then follow two inferior tribes attached. This is the first set of united armies, and their representative in supreme council will in every Gospel age be the first beast. Verse 10. On the *south* side shall be the standard of the camp of Reuben, according to their armies, and such a one of Reuben shall be captain; then follow two inferior tribes attached; the representative of these southern hosts, by whatever scheme nominated and delegated, is the third beast, Reuben's bust. Verse 18. On the west side shall be the standard of the camp of *Ephraim*, according to their armies. The supreme councillor of the western population is the second beast, Ephraim's calf. Such a one of Ephraim shall be captain; then follow two tribes attached. Verse 25. The standard of the camp of Dan shall be in the north side, by their armies, and such a one of Dan shall be captain; then follow the names of two inferior tribes attached. The northern hordes' representative in supreme council is the fourth beast, or animal, or emblem, "the flying eagle."

Digression into the Precursive Dawn.—The myth, the sacred myth of Roma, "the beloved," Hebrew, "Ruamah," tells us, that "*Danaquil*," with her husband, rode in a chariot towards the "*beloved city*," when, in token of his destined supremacy in that metropolis, an eagle lifted off his cap, and therewith describing a circle round his now royal head, put it on again. Latin, *Aquila*, an eagle, the standard of the north; *Aquilo*, the north wind. The northern eagle of the Danaoi, introduced into Italy, subsequently to the times of Hosea (i. 6, I will call them Ammi who were L-Ammi, and her Roma who was La Roma,) has ever since been the military standard of the *counterfeit bride*, and her French progeny. When St Paul, Romans i. 7, said, "To all that be in *Rome*, beloved of God," he knew well he was translating the name of that spurious church, which is not based on the twelve apostles, but the twelve Cæsars. Into the close resemblance of the real and the counterfeit we may have subsequent opportunities of digressing.

Ephyr, plural, Ephraim, the fruitfulness of the west side of the circular encampment, gives the west wind, Zephyr, he who breathes on Flora, also Hesper, whose are the gardens (Gen. xlix. 22,) of the Hesperides, the likenesses or children of Ephyr-aim. Also, Vesper and other forms, all connected with the *west*.

The figure of the man, the banner-emblem of the south, is preserved in the name of the south wind, Auster; Hebrew, Aish, a man, the Man's Land. The east has preserved the physical origin of its name; Eurus, the east wind, is in Hebrew, the light. Eur. Light upon light, and yet more light, is Aur-or-a, the rising sun of the east.

Once more, the divisions of the mock-beloved's armies, which, in their fourfold division were, as divinely-appointed counterfeits, enabled to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth, had their names from the four divisions, headed by our four beasts. 1. Hastati; 2. Principes; 3. Triarii; 4. Velites. The first, the spear-men, were the bold lion hunters of Eastern Judah, 1 Chron. xii. 24, "The children of Judah, that bare shield and spear, were so many, ready armed to the war." Numb. ii. 9, "All

that were numbered in the camp of Judah—these shall *first* set out?" The *first* beast was like a lion. The *Principes*, (Fig. v. ii.) were the excellency of dignity, the excellency of power; men, the southern Reubens, who in ordinary marches were to go *second*, Numb. ii. 16, "They shall set out in the second rank." After the Levites, with the ark, came those of the *third* rank, as the name Triarii implies; these were the western Ephraimites, Numbers ii. 24. To indicate once more the instability of all earthly supremacy, even in the earthly heaven, John is instructed to promote the Triarii to the second place.

The fourth of the Romans, because the fourth of their parent Hebrews, were the flyers, the Velites; Latin, Volito, I flit,—as versatile as an adder, as volatile as an eagle. Numb. ii. 31, "All that were numbered in the camp of Dan shall go hindmost with their standards." The whole *ancient* usage, or rather *alleged* ancient usage of the counterfeit church-militant, is all, and easily, and only explainable upon the same Hebrew origin.

John's reason for partially altering the order of the four chief emblems, transposing the second and third, while in one sense illustrative of human selfishness and weakness, is yet and consequently a universal principle of human action, and will ever prove the vexation of this preparatory church. Benjamin of the rear, having in the breastplate's change become the wolf of the van, will he not use that power in behalf of his friends? Will he not see that *his own brother*, Manasseh and Ephraim both, be advanced? By the five messes for the others' one, in our time of need; by the five changes of raiment for the others' one, in our time of need; by Rachel's blood, peculiar to us twain, if I could I would advance him to the first place; however, the calves will be safer behind the lions. Let the Hastati still go first. Hence let us learn to make our needful changes in the constitution gradually, and part by part.

There is the utmost diversity in the mental constitution of the four chief beasts; a calf is as opposite as possible to a lion, a prince to a reptile. The practical inferences are too numerous to name. Taking a general view of all the twelve beasts, we should say that, in typical language, there are twelve sets of mental constitution, to one or more of which each individual Christian, and each Christian community, belongs. The patriarchs of the twelve tribes were somehow led by God to select emblems of these moral constitutions, tastes, or tendencies. If we would live to purpose, or know what we live for, nor misapply talent, taste, and opportunity, the most obvious duty is prayerfully and *habitually*, with Gen. xlix. before our mental eye, to inquire, first, whether we are more fit for leading or being led; secondly, what are our besetting sins, which of the twelve; thirdly, our local relations. Are we, like Reuben, brought up in the very temptation to which our temper leads us to yield? Then we must be the opposite of discouraged. Mental vigour is to be acquired and advanced only in proportion as we resist the temptation; all dynamics illustrate this. Are we Gadites in Gilead, far removed from all active pursuits in public life; then how do we learn to improve our leisure, com-

mercial, political, ecclesiastical? Are we ever beset with Issachar's temptations, sore and affronting; prepared to fight the battles of Megiddo for the highest bidder? (Issachar he will hire, Heb.) Or are we Danites slyly, during disastrous invasions, and consequent captivities, finding our way in Dagon ships, and deprived of ordinances, peopling the shores of some Mediterranean sea with a religion that has lost its head? What and where are we? What our obstacles, our facilities, our plans of removing the one and improving the other? For answering these leading questions in the moral philosophy of the Bible, the map of the twelve tribes, the miniature of the universal church in all Gospel ages, cannot be too much or too long studied.

(*To be continued.*)

INTERNAL HISTORY OF GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.¹

GERMAN literature, German science, German philosophy, German theology, as everybody knows, have become, not only the fashion, but the very passion of the British literary public. They are modifying and moulding the public opinion of modernity, and have, in fact, already given birth to "the spirit of the age," the school of progress, (if we may be allowed to appropriate the phrase to orthodoxy,) doubtless destined eventually to regenerate and reconstruct our political and ecclesiastical systems and creeds.

We cannot say, however, that we are as much astonished as some profess to be at the phenomenon;—for phenomenon it is, dating its appearance and manifestation at least half a century ago, in the history of Britain;—it may easily be accounted for. Nor are we like some others, particularly terrified by the bugbear; perhaps it may turn out a friend in disguise. Have our ignoramuses, who have been startled out of their self-possession by the phenomenon of Germanism, forgotten that Germany—or call it Saxony if you will—is the birth-place and cradle of Britain? That it is to Germany—not that we disown our connection with France and Switzerland also—we trace the source of our modern religion—of the glorious Reformation—of the Protestantism on which is based the civil and religious liberty which form the noble characteristic at once of the British constitution and of the British churches? We claim the same "fatherland" as the Germans; and he must be a blind observer that does not perceive that the same spirit of independence is equally displayed by the two peoples in their common Protestantism. And what is Protestantism? If we are simply to be satisfied with the schoolboy's Catechism, we might reply, It is a protest against Popery, Popish doctrines, and Popish church corruption—a protest uttered in the sixteenth century by Luther, Calvin, and their adherents. But what does this protest imply? What is Protestantism? Is it a protest proclaimed only against the Romish priesthood—Romish superstitions, in a word against Romish ecclesiasticism? Most assuredly not,

¹ Internal History of German Protestantism since the middle of Last Century. By Ch. Fred. Aug. Kahnis, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leipzig. Translated from the German by the Rev. Theodore Meyer, Hebrew Tutor in the New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 58 George Street. 1856.

if you pay any regard to the *tendencies* originated by "the glorious Reformation" in every department of human knowledge. It was a general protest against *authority* and *tradition*, not only in religion and theology, but in science, literature, and especially in philosophy, a fact embodied in the phrase by which we are accustomed to designate the results of the Reformation, viz., "The Revival of Learning."

Did Galileo prove to the scientific world that the earth performed its annual revolution round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth, as had formerly been believed? Authority—priestly authority—stepped forward to extort a humiliating formal recantation from the martyr of science, while he privately asseverated, "It does *move*, notwithstanding!" Does Spinoza espouse the doctrine on which Warburton founds the Divine legation of Moses, viz., that the Old Testament Scriptures maintain complete silence on the immortality of the soul? Authority—priestly authority—the Sanhedrim, hurls the martyr of philosophy from the synagogue, to publish a creed whose resuscitation we witness in the Pantheism of the present age. Did a Jerome or a Huss republish the doctrines of the primitive Church? Authority—priestly authority—pointed to antiquity and tradition as their condemnation—committed the martyrs of Christianity to the flames, in the light of which an early posterity read their title to the skies.

But Luther thundered his protest athwart the firmament of Europe—the nations recognised the voice of their deliverer—they leapt for joy, and snapped the fetters which bound them to the Papal throne, and in priestly thralldom—even cloaks and cowls of friars, black, white, and grey, were cast to the moles and the bats—the literati hurled Aristotle and medical scholasticities, and syllogistic subtleties, to limbo—edited the classics—the Hebrew and Hellenic Scriptures of the Old and New Testament—and initiated the science of philology, which has abolished the doctrine of "mechanical," and yet replaced it by plenary Divine inspiration. Science started on that noble career, which has tamed the lightning, annihilated distance, and is industriously binding the whole earth with ties of mutual brotherhood. Philosophy scorned the barriers of earth and time, soared into the regions of limitless space, played fantastic tricks before high heaven, in the first moment of unbridled freedom, to return gradually to her professional seat on this puny ball, which rolls amidst an infinity of other worlds, to eliminate, not a "speculative" philosophy for angel-hood, but a "positive" philosophy, adapted to the terrestrial requirements of humanity.

Freedom was the watchword of those centuries of emancipated humanity. Freedom—godless freedom—say some, was the watchword, especially of the eighteenth century, from the middle of which dates the commencement of Dr Kahn's "Internal History of German Protestantism." The leaven of Protestantism—the essence of Christianity—had been poured into the masses, and the process of fermentation developed itself ere long in revolution—in the sapping and mining of the antiquated fabrics of political as well as of ecclesiastical despotism. Britain caught up the echoes of that world-protest reverberated from the Continent of Europe—severed the hereditary chain that had bound

her for centuries as a thrall to the feet of the old man at Rome, and founded a republic on the shores of the New World, the declaration of whose independence woke the Continent "to arms." Voltaire, Rousseau, and their contemporaries, who may be regarded as types of the extreme reaction consequent upon the previous spiritual despotism, appealed from "tradition," prescription, privilege, and prerogative, to "Nature," vindicated "the rights of man," and inaugurated, in their coarse way, the age of liberty, equality, and fraternity. "To arms," echoed the martial shout and song, and despotism was put to flight.

When you thus recal the features of the epoch from which Dr Kahnis dates the commencement of his history—the fermenting process which the leaven of resuscitated and revived Christianity is determining throughout the length and breadth of Christendom—in the Old and New Worlds—we need scarcely say that the historian who should presume to present the public of the nineteenth century with the biography of that many-sided period, must be an individual possessed of no ordinary literary endowments and equipments—of largest sympathies—and must, moreover, furnish not only a statistical table of facts and figures, but also, in accordance with the demands of modern science, the philosophy of its history. Our opinion of Dr Kahnis will find expression in due time.

His object—which should form the prime object of all history, political or ecclesiastical, sacred or profane, viz., to provide "the means of understanding the present condition of the church,"—is unobjectionable, nay, is most commendable, if by "the church" he means "the kingdom of God" on earth, or even, as he apparently does, by the title "German Protestantism," the kingdom of God in Germany. But if he restricts "the church," as his contemporaries in Britain, and as his ultra-Lutheranism requires, to a little sect or a segment of a province of the kingdom of God in Germany, can we reasonably form any other than the usual anticipation—

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus?"

It is not to be denied, however, that he has at least collected (like an industrious German as he is), in his *omnium gatherum*, "materials for filling up a blank in our literature," one of the reasons assigned by the translator (who, by the way, has performed his task as creditably as the author's crabbed style would allow,) for presenting it to the English public; and let it be thankfully received in the interim, as a contribution towards the history of systems which have prevailed within the pale of the Christian church. "Wherever it was feasible," says Dr Kahnis, "the schools have been characterised in the very words of their representatives. But that which many will not pardon is the *stand-point* from which I judge." Certainly it was the most honest course, (and least liable to misrepresentation, so long as extracts are given ungarbbed and complete in their contextual connections,) that he could adopt, to characterise the schools in the very words of their representatives. Very honourable and fair; and they furnish, it is true, a counteractive, even to a cursory reader, to any misconstruction of the doctrines in question.

But "Dr Kahnis," says the translator, "is a Lutheran divine, belonging to the High Church section of that denomination, who, in their views of the church and the sacraments, come pretty near the opinions entertained by the ultra High Church party in the Anglican Church, and who, imagining themselves to be in possession of *the* truth, speak often in rather a disparaging manner of other evangelical denominations, and have revived the exclusiveness and fanaticism of bygone centuries against the Reformed Church." (Preface, p. 8.)

What sentence, then, can you expect him to pass, from the stand-point he has assumed, upon the rival and conflicting philosophical and theological systems of Germany? one only, and that, of course, in hearty condemnation of Pietism and Moravianism or German Methodism and dissent, because their abettors lay greater stress upon conversion and genuine practical Christianity than upon German Anglicanism, Ritualism, and Sacramentarianism. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a Scottish Episcopalian should publish a work entitled, "The Internal History of Protestantism in Scotland, from the middle of last century to the year of our Lord 1855," would he not carve upon every "schismatic" church, *i. e.* all churches except *his own*,—Ichabod, the glory hath departed, and utter a Jeremiad over the masses of nominal Protestants who have voluntarily consigned themselves to the uncovenanted mercies of God?" Dr Kahnis,

"Mutatis mutandis, fabula narratur de te."

But, as we said before, he has collected an *omnium gatherum* of materials *towards* a History of Systems; for it is a "survey of the *systems* and tendencies," which have agitated Protestantism, which he professes to offer. *Hagenbach* has already supplied us with a history of doctrines, in the course of which he has frequent opportunities of elucidating the very same topics which are brought under review by Dr Kahnis; and we feel inclined to give the preference in many respects to the concise compendium of *Hagenbach*. The course which Dr Kahnis has adopted, however, has rendered his work more comprehensive, inasmuch as he passes under review not only the theological, but the philosophical systems which held their successive sway over the German mind during the period. It is a course we gladly hail, not that it is to be regarded as a novelty, at least by students or critics conversant with continental literature, but because we would fain hope that it will find imitators in our own country, for theology is the bloom of philosophy; you find accordingly the dominant philosophy determines the character of the prevalent theology; a fact, of which the reader of Dr Kahnis will find ample confirmation. If, however, we would successfully cope with the Germans we must raise the standard of the literary and philosophical, as well as the theological education which has hitherto passed current in our Scottish universities. This by the way.

When we say that the work (though it embraces only 330 pages altogether) professes to offer a survey of the philosophical and theological systems which have prevailed from the middle of the last century to the present time, it will at once be acknowledged that we cannot re-

view them in detail, and must therefore content ourselves with a brief allusion to the miscellaneous contents of the volume, recommending the reader to the work itself, as a useful philosophical and theological cyclopædia of reference for the period. In fact, it is only a cyclopædia thrown into the form of a continuous narrative, interspersed with a running commentary upon the systems which alternately start into existence, and disappear in the history of human progression; and had the author, instead of dividing it into two books, with their subordinate subdivisions and sections, entituled the "Period of Illuminism and the Renovation," taken up the systems in chronological order, he would have obviated an objection which he himself anticipated—valid enough in all conscience—viz. "that by the confusion occasioned by the crossing and opposition of the various systems, we are *distracted* rather than edified."

For what is the task he has imposed upon himself, or rather, we should say, upon us, in the cyclopædia of the century? Judge for yourself, when we state that he carries us back to the father of modern philosophy, (1650), the philosophy of Protestantism, introduces us—for, of course, the hasty tour admits only of the slightest introduction and passing glance,—to that brilliant galaxy of philosophers, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Wolff, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, that constellation of Illuminism, towards which the mind's eye of the world is turned in search of the light of truth; secondly, to the body of illustrious divines, Bengel, Michaelis, Semler, Lessing, Paulus, Strauss, the theological expositors of the school of Illuminism, the fundamental axiom of which is, that "clearness is the criterion of truth; "*Wahr ist, was klar ist*;" or, in the language of the founder himself, "*Hæc igitur delectâ veritate simul etiam invenit omnium scientiarum fundamentum; ac etiam omnium aliarum veritatem mensuram ac regulam; scilicet, quicquid tam clarè ac distincte percipitur quàm istud verum est.*" (Descartes, Princip. Phil. p. 4); and, lastly, to the more modern theological expositors of the Period of Renovation, Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, &c., who may be classed (subject, however, to a graduated scale,) under the school of evangelism.

The translator assures us, that "it has been received with high approbation and applause in Germany," and quotes by way of authority, the *Lutheran Ecclesiastical Journal*. We beg, with all deference to Rudelbach and Guericke, the able conductors of this ecclesiastical organ, to raise our dissenting voice against the exclusiveness and one-sidedness which characterises Dr Kahnis's representations, both of philosophy and theology. We defy the most critical student to discover the slightest predilection to bestow so much as a smile upon those sons of genius who have bestowed their intellectual productions as an inestimable legacy to posterity. We must deny that he displays "true impartiality and the willingness, undisguised and confirmed by deed, joyfully, and without envy, to acknowledge all that is in any way commendable. And closely connected with this is his charity in judging of human weakness, errors, and mistakes; so that the saying of the old Roman poet, '*Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto*' is, in a Christian manner confirmed and purified;" the flattering terms in which the *Lutheran Journal*

bepraises the champion of "the church." It is impossible to refer to every instance in which he has infringed the rules of impartial judgment and charity; and in which he has condescended to retail the basest calumnies and insinuations against Christian divines of different persuasions; witness, for example, the *gusto* with which he tracks the footsteps of *Bahrdt*; it reminds one of Drummond's picture of the Bloodhound tracking the steps of the Fugitive Martyr; and insinuates in a parenthesis, ("these words allow us to think only of adultery.") Witness also the aspersions he casts upon the fair fame of Schleiermacher. "With the wife of the minister Grunow, Schleiermacher stood in a relation which likewise cannot be justified by any defence." Save us from such Lutheran "impartiality and charity," which would point a moral, not only with a David, "the man after God's own heart," but with that catalogue of godlike Christian heroes, of whom the world was not worthy, recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

But this is not all; there are heavier charges which every unprejudiced reader will prefer against this German type of Anglican impartiality and charity. He cannot allude *en passant* to Moravianism, Pietism, or the Inner Mission, but in the terms in which we are accustomed to hear High Churchmen and Puseyites speak of the fanaticism of schismatics, methodists, and dissenters. And what is the Inner Mission whose noble efforts he assails? Take his own representation which is as follows:—

"The aim and object of the Inner Mission is by means of free societies to gain back to the gospel the unchristianised people. The Inner Mission opens to children, to whom the parents cannot devote the necessary care and attention, its infant schools and nurseries; to destitute and demoralised children its asylums and reformatory schools; and takes care of the spiritual and temporal improvement of the adults in Sunday schools and young men's associations. It takes care of the poor in relief-associations, which not only support, but watch over the bodily and spiritual welfare of their charge. It nurses the sick; gets up healthy and cheap lodgings; increases in savings' banks the mite of the poor; seeks by the power of communion to educate the intemperate to renunciation; penetrates into the gaols of the criminals, and takes care of those who have been dismissed; circulates Bibles and Christian books, for awakening Christian faith and love; and seeks to make the Sunday again a Sabbath, a day of rest and of elevation to the Lord. It takes care of prostitute girls; descends, reproving and helping, into the abodes of filth; offers to the travelling journeyman places of spiritual recreation; brings the word of God to the crowds of labourers who do not find time to take care of their souls; endeavours to strengthen destitute and sunken congregations by itinerant preachers; educates nurses, who not only attend to the bodies, but also to the souls of the sick, &c. At the head of these efforts for elevating the bodily and spiritual pressure which bears upon the Christian people, *Wichern* placed himself—a man of unflinching energy, rich experience in the abodes of misery, and of great talent for organisation."

Does his soul rejoice at this disinterested display of philanthropy and Christian love? Oh, "This Pelagian confidence in the power of outward means! To exhibit their good works, in boasting numbers, such as is done with so-called meetings of the *Kirchentag* agrees ill with the

word of the Lord about doing that with the right hand of which the left is not to know anything. There was, and is much show and mere appearance in these associations."

Is it not melancholy that a professed servant of Christ, and a doctor of divinity, should depreciate and deride the very movement directed by a German Guthrie, which is calculated to cement the union not only of German, but also of Continental and British Churches—nay of Evangelical Christendom?

It is almost unnecessary to state that the only "Renovator" which forms the desideratum of Dr Kahnis, is the simple restoration of the "orthodoxy of the sixteenth century." "The watchword of our church," so concludes his peroration, "in this struggle can only be, 'Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' Our crown is *our confession*!"

Such is the only desideratum of this representative of Lutheranism in Germany, as well as of Anglicanism in Britain,—a return simpliciter to the ecclesiasticism of Henry VIII., which is nothing more nor less than British Popery. Will such a restorative, we ask in conclusion, afford satisfaction to the aspirations of modern Protestantism either on the Continent or in Britain? "In its spiritual application," it has been correctly remarked, "Protestant egotism assumes the shape of reliance on an *inner faith*; in its *political, of voluntarism*; in its *intellectual, of free inquiry and private judgment*." Recal the preliminary observations we took occasion to make at the commencement of this article, especially that Protestantism proclaimed a crusade against authority and tradition,¹ in literature, science, and philosophy, as well as in theology,—retrace the history of the past century—observe the tendencies which stamp the age and Christendom with these prominent characteristics, and is it not a fact that private judgment has disintegrated the church into innumerable sections,—that voluntarism has directly or indirectly gained numerous triumphs in ecclesiastical politics, and that inner faith—or designate by whatever phrase you will, the religious element which forms the essential and fundamental doctrine of Protestantism and Christianity—is attracting the Calvinistic and British Churches into closer union by mutual co-operation in the accomplishment of the christianisation of the masses,—an evangelical alliance which shall embrace the universal family of humanity?

¹ Note.—We extract the following question bearing upon our subject, from 'The Life of Goethe' by Lewes,—a work in which will be found not only a survey of German literature, but also of German 'Life and Manners' during the last century, executed by the hands of a master and artist. The Protest of the eighteenth century was twofold; 1. *Negative*, against authority; and, 2. *Positive* in favour of nature; the negative protest was directed against French taste as the authority in literature, and against the letter of scripture as the authority in religion; the authority with which Protestantism has replaced Papal infallibility. To combat these authorities, an appeal was made to nature, and to national literature. In art, Homer, Shakespeare, Legendary Lore, and the free spirit of earlier times were invoked as examples. In Religion, an appeal was made by the rationalists to the spirit of Christianity as seen in the early ages. Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, and Herder, thus prepared the way for Goethe and Schiller."—*Quantum valeat*.

Our limits do not admit of further discussion on this important subject. Certain we are, however, that if the several sections of the Christian Church adopt the watchword of Anglicanism—"Our crown is *our confession*"—unity, not to speak of uniformity, shall never be restored to divided christendom.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF SCOTLAND AND HIGHER INSTRUCTION.

1. *The Universities of Scotland, Past, Present, and Possible.* By JAMES LORIMER, Jun. Esq., Advocate. Edinburgh, W. P. Kennedy : London, Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1854.
2. *The Scottish University system suited to the People.* By the Rev. P. KELLAND, M.A. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. A. & C. Black, 1854.
3. *How to improve the Scottish Universities.* Introductory Lecture, Nov. 6, 1855. By the Rev. P. KELLAND, M.A. Edinburgh, A. & C. Black, 1855.
4. *On the Advancement of Learning in Scotland.* A Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek. Edinburgh : Sutherland & Knox, 1855.

PROGRESS and reform are the order of the day. No Institution escapes the searching investigation of those who would make all keep pace with the advancement of the times. If these adaptations are conducted with caution and prudence, and the pruning knife be applied judiciously, while the improvements demanded by a higher state of civilization are properly grafted on the old stock, great benefit is done to civilization. Unfortunately, however, this is not always the case ; and, whether from the corruptness of the institution itself, or from the want of gradual adaptation to the advancement of society, the changes proposed are often thoroughly destructive, sweeping away the good with the evil. Education, must, above all things, advance with the civilization of a country, being itself one of the chief promoters of a high state of advancement. Accordingly, we find that the progress of the education of the nation has been correspondingly extensive with the advancement of its civilization. In speaking of education we mean especially the instruction of the great body of the people. For it cannot be said that higher instruction has, in any degree, been co-extensive. On the contrary, a comparison of what may be termed higher instruction or learning, and the general instruction or ordinary education as exhibited in this country during a period of vast progress and general enlightenment, would lead us to infer, if not the incompatibility, at least the unsuitability of a high state of learning with a high state of civilization. The age is undoubtedly utilitarian, and its progress is of a like character. The tendency of this our civilization cannot, therefore, be expected to be to the formation or the fostering of a learned class. It may indeed be a question, if some centuries ago

Britain could not produce more learned men, though she might be styled comparatively barbarous and illiterate as to the great body of the people. As regards Scotland, Professor Blackie admits the greater learning of a bygone age. However much knowledge or sound education may be the grand distinction between civilization and barbarism, we cannot accept the statement that a high state of learning is, in any respect, a characteristic of high civilization. Our own case seems to prove the reverse of the proposition.

Consistently with this character of our civilization and progress, attention has been chiefly directed to the improvement of what may be called, in contradistinction, lower instruction. Rightly so, seeing that nothing is more important to the true wellbeing of a State than the education of the great body of the community. Without undervaluing the claims of learning in its higher departments, or their importance in the maintenance and supply of our schools, we cannot coincide with those who maintain that "efficient educational institutions will arise as an inevitable consequence of the formation of a learned class." With all our shortcomings, it cannot be denied that in Scotland there are efficient educational institutions, though there may be a sparing amount of a learned class.

By these introductory remarks, we seek not to oppose altogether the movement for the extension and improvement of our Universities. We are only desirous that, in the demand for a provision for a high condition of intellectual culture and learning, the paramount question of general education is not lost sight of, deferred, or put in the back ground. We are not sorry to see the agitation pressed to the extreme. In all reform movements such a course is not altogether unhealthy, as between the obstructers of improvement and the extreme reformers, substantial amendment may be the result. That such may be the case here, we should rejoice.

At the outset, we frankly admit the room for improvement, and our anxious desire to see this accomplished in the Universities of Scotland. The Universities of Scotland differ essentially from those of England. The reform of those of the one country will therefore be different from those of the other.

The changes desiderated in the Universities of England partake more of the character of reforms, while those required in Scotland are almost entirely of the nature of improvement and extension. Much of corruption, of exclusiveness, and antiquatedness in those of England requires to be swept away, and in much of the reform already made there has been an approach to the simplicity, openness, and progressive character of the Scotch Universities. In Scotland, these institutions are already so popular, so simple, and so open in their whole organisation, that an extension and somewhat different arrangement are nearly all that is really requisite. The main features of difference between the English and Scotch Universities may at once be pointed out. In England, a test and a preliminary examination are necessary to admission; in Scotland, neither. The consequence of this arrangement is, that the distinction between the school and the university is more marked in England, and

the students do not enter at the early age at which they go to college in Scotland. Residence in college, a common table, and a certain discipline are exacted of the English students, whereas the alumni of the Scottish Colleges have none of these. The system of Oxford and Cambridge is almost entirely tutorial, the lectures of the professors being unattended; but in Scotland lectures by the professors are universal. Again, the connection of those who have studied at the Universities of England is kept up through life if desired; but in Scotland, the connection generally ceases with the period of instruction. To the graduated members of Oxford and Cambridge, the additional privilege of representation in Parliament is given, while those of Scotland are totally unrepresented in the Legislature. The importance of defining the characteristic differences will hereafter appear, as, in the course of our remarks, we shall have occasion to shew wherein some of the English system might with benefit be applied to our own. We have been privileged to have received our education at the universities of both countries, and may, therefore, be allowed to have some experience of the working of the two systems.

In dealing with the important movement for the improvement of the University system of Scotland, attention will be chiefly directed to an examination of the views of the reformers, as expressed in the pamphlets of Mr Lorimer and Professor Blackie. At the threshold of the enquiry, we may observe that, if learning be at a miserably low ebb, if "Scotland is, at the present time, in no sense of the word, a learned country," we have little confidence in the means propounded by them for remedying this great deficiency. Such a radical alteration as is here implied is not to be accomplished in a few years, but must be the work of generations. This, however, we confidently confess, is no sound argument for delaying the process of reform. Indeed the longer it will take, the sooner the alteration should be set agoing. But the objection to the scheme lies deeper. So great a change of the tone and character of higher instruction necessarily involves a change in the habits, manners, and modes of thought of the country. The whole temper and spirit of the age must also be altered before there can be any reasonable prospect of their plan being accomplished. As is well observed by Professor Kelland, we are a totally different people from the Germans, among whom is the grand model of a scheme of a learned class—"different in our mental habitudes, different in our social constitution, different in our political organisation." Again,—“Are we sure that our new edifice will answer the purpose? Have we reason to believe that these exalted schemes will find a response in the people, and in the professions? Are we sure that when our system has been fully organised and set a going, we can find in this free country coercing powers sufficiently strong to keep the upper teaching at its proper level, and to render the lower subordinate to it? Is it not probable that the upper chairs will sink into sinecures, or hang as dead weights on the lower?”

The proposals are truly the putting of the cart before the horse, seeing that our manners, and habits, and modes of thinking must be changed, before any effectual progress can be made in so thorough an alteration of the system of higher instruction. It is not a compulsory matter. The

way must be paved first. It cannot clear the way for itself, and remove the prejudices and obstructions. There are difficulties on every side. Were their plan carried out to the full extent, the very object sought for would be defeated. The result would be, that the additions proposed, if compulsory, would make the knowledge so acquired, confusing, unsatisfactory, and superficial; if voluntary, would reduce the professorships to sinecures, as has been the case at Oxford and Cambridge. This enjoyment of honour and emolument, without labor, may be thought by the promoters to be the very realisation of their hopes, as leisure and reward to the learned, and offering inducements to the prosecution of their studies. This, we fear, is more apparent than real. From the experience of England, we are inclined to believe that such purely sinecure appointments neither produce so high a class of men, nor are conducive to the advancement of a healthy tone of learning. It is in this as in every state of idleness or want of distinct occupation—mischief is sure to be the result. Were they employed, for however short a time, in a regular pursuit or course of study, they would be alike better fulfilling their duty in their particular sphere, and be promoting the benefit of themselves and others, and the advancement of learning. Such then, is the general opinion which we have formed, on a fair and impartial consideration of the question, and after a comparison of the systems of employed and unemployed learned men. The experience of the past is sufficient warning against any rash innovations on the existing state of things in Scotland in this direction.

While we are opposed to the extension of the University system in the manner proposed, we are far from asserting that there is no need of improvement. We willingly admit the little encouragement which has been given to the fostering of learning in Scotland; nay, further, we regard it as of great importance to have a learned class, and to hold out inducements for the cultivation of the higher branches of instruction. This is good for the country generally, and is advantageous in the formation of that class who are to be the instructors of the community.

We coincide with the reformers in many of the amendments suggested. Professor Blackie has stated the case with great ability in his Letter to the Patrons of the University of Edinburgh. We propose to discuss under two heads what the learned Professor of Greek has stated in three propositions as the chief causes why learning has not flourished in Scotland. These are:—

I. The want of distinction between the School and the University, embracing the first and second causes of Professor Blackie.

II. The want of adequate encouragement to learning, contained in the third cause.

I. From the want of a proper regard to the distinction between these two great fields of instruction,—the lower and the higher, it is complained, and with justice, that the schools do not carry on their pupils far enough, and that the University curriculum is commenced too early. Thus the universities are degraded into mere higher schools; and the system of professorial lectures does not have proper action, being ill adapted to the rudimentary instruction which is generally required.

"The consequences are," as Professor Blackie says, "*first*, that the poor lads are ill educated, from receiving that instruction under the more loose and irregular control of a University, which ought to have been imparted to persons of such unripe age under the strict discipline of a school; *second*, that the professors are diverted from their proper work, and made to waste their strength in doing the lowest duties of elementary schoolmasters; *third*, that the whole character of academical learning in the country is lowered down to the level of a school, the national Universities are prostituted to a purpose for which they never were intended. . . . Boys go to college at so unripe an age, when they are totally unfit for the sudden relaxation of the bonds of discipline which they experience, and are altogether unable to profit by that sort of instruction which it is the business of a professor, as distinguished from a schoolmaster, to impart."

This is perfectly true; and the present practice of sending boys to the universities to learn the alphabet of Greek and other branches of learning, is prejudicial alike to the intellects of the students, and to the whole state of intellectual and learned training. As Lord Jeffrey remarks in his evidence to the University Commission in 1826:—"I don't think it is a fit thing that a very large proportion of the lads matriculated here in a regular university, should be learning the alphabet of a particular language. I do not see that that is a proper employment of an academical course, so long as there is a distinction between schools and universities."

It acts also on the Professor, who—

"in trying conscientiously to do everything, does nothing well. He is not a good elementary teacher, because the academical arrangements are not so favourable for that sort of work as the arrangements of a school; he is not a good professor, in the strict sense of that word, because his attention is distracted, his talents diverted, and his strength wasted on subjects not at all professorial, and that can bear no proper academical fruit."

In England they are not exposed to this, as the students are generally eighteen or nineteen before they go to the Universities. If this were amended, the Scottish system would operate better than that into which the University teaching has degenerated in Oxford and Cambridge, where the lectures of the University Professors are almost entirely abandoned for the school-room, or lecture, as it is improperly called, of the College Tutors. To obviate this defect, and to carry out the distinction, one or two arrangements might be made; 1. Either a certain amount of knowledge of the branch of education embraced in the lectures of the professor should be required, which should be tested by an examination previous to entry: 2. Or tutors or assistant-professors should be appointed, as proposed by Professor Blackie, under whose charge should be placed these elementary students. In this way the division of professorial labor might in some degree be attained, though not to the extent desiderated by the learned Professor of Greek. By delegating the elementary teaching to the assistant-professor, he would be enabled to devote himself to what ought certainly to be more peculiarly his department—lectures on the literature, history, and criticism, &c., of Greece. The professor repudiates the pecuniary views which might obstruct the attainment of this object. There can be no doubt that many fewer

students would go to the Universities, and many more to the burgh or higher schools. But if a sacrifice were made on the part of University professors, the standard of education would be vastly advantaged and elevated, both in the schools and in the Universities. To this part of the plan we think that no one who is interested in the promotion of education can object. In the laudations of his own peculiar department the Professor has our most hearty concurrence. The study of "that matchless language," as Lord Jeffrey observes, "should be regarded, not merely as the Greek tongue, but as a part of the literature and polite learning of Greece." "That the Greek language," as the Professor justly remarks, "contains a greater amount of materials for a large human culture, intellectual and moral, than any other language, ancient or modern, is a proposition which will be at once admitted by all whose education has been such as to enable them to form a judgment on such a subject. It is the corner-stone of all the higher learning." Nay, further, with that elegant scholar, the author of "the History of the Literature of Greece," Colonel Mure of Caldwell, we agree in thinking the study of the Greek language, and thereafter of Greek literature, as the foundation of all polite education, whether for the learned, the professional, or the gentleman.

II. Let us now consider Professor Blackie's third cause of the deficiency of learning in Scotland, our second head, viz., the want of adequate encouragement to learning. This is frankly acknowledged. But how it is to be remedied is a serious and very complicated question. There is little prospect of the plan of the association being carried into effect, at least for many years. The realisation of a scheme like this, where change of manners, and customs, and feelings of a people, large funds and government support are indispensable, can only be in the fond imaginations of its supporters. Compare the two countries where these means of fostering a learned class are said to exist. In Germany, where the whole organization of the culture of learning is in perfect accordance with the sentiments of the nation, it is the creature of the State, founded and endowed by the government. In England, the rich prizes of learning are chiefly due to private munificence during several centuries. The Universities of Scotland were, at one time, not altogether devoid of large endowments. It is through neglect, and appropriation to other purposes that they have lost much which they ought now to have possessed for the encouragement of learning. There is an observation which we would make in passing on this branch of the subject, and which may account for the great difference in this respect between the English and the Scotch Universities. Oxford and Cambridge owe much of their prosperity and wealthy endowments to the connection which has been kept up with their members throughout life. We should like to see this established in the Universities in Scotland, and we are glad to see that this forms one of the "practical suggestions" of Mr Lorimer. Nothing, we are thoroughly convinced, would tend more to promote the best interests, not only of the Universities, but of the members themselves and of education, than the attachment of the *alumni* to their *alma mater*, and the giving them a voice

in her proceedings. The representation of the Universities in the National Legislature would materially contribute to this object.

To return from this degression :—we demur to the fellowships and the sinecure professorships of Oxford and Cambridge. These fellowships when attained, as Mr Lorimer rightly says, often at least, “serve no better purpose than that of putting a well-educated school-boy at his ease.” They pursue not their learning further. Instead thereof it would be more healthful and conducive to the advancement of learning if there existed scholarships, or bursaries of five or seven years’ duration, to enable students to prosecute their education. If, however, there were such things as fellowships for those who had completed their education, they should not be mere rewards of previous labor, encouragements of future idleness. The holders of these appointments might become the assistant-professors, or the professors of the several branches of knowledge. A certain number of them might be attached to each professorship. By some such arrangement, the objection to these sinecure offices would be obviated. As to the second point, the endowment of professorships, if attendance on their lectures were not likely to be secured, they would, in many cases, defeat the whole object, and would lead to a similar result with the fellowships. Professor Kelland shews how the ample provision for education and elevation which is afforded at Cambridge has been a complete “failure as providing *teaching* of the highest order as supplementing the work of the tutors.” The same has been the result in Oxford. From these examples we are warranted in believing, that if such an attempt were made in Scotland, it would fail in producing a healthful encouragement to learning, or any great extension of it. Professor Kelland remarks,—“the eighteen new chairs proposed by the Association might be founded, and eighteen competent men placed in them. But, what then? Would they, ten years hence, attract eighteen students?” We trow not. Let the experience of England, with all its supplementary aid, be a warning to Scotland, not to follow in their footsteps in this matter; the minds, and feelings, and temperaments of Scotchmen must be indoctrinated with Germanism before the system proposed can ever be introduced here with any prospect of success to the interests of learning. We adopt the language of Professor Kelland :—

“I admit that we are open to improvement, by the addition of certain chairs to our Universities. I admit that there are some branches of human learning sadly neglected amongst us, which might be somewhat improved by setting up new chairs for their exposition; but I foresee very great difficulties in the way. I fear the lasting injury which, not the Universities alone, but the Scottish people at large shall suffer, when an incautious or unsteady hand shall extend minor blemishes into incurable sores. The great danger to be avoided is the destruction of the characteristic feature of our system—its simplicity and compactness. That being preserved, I have little fear for the rest.”

We would willingly see additional provision made for our literary men and our instructors; for certainly “neither our professors nor our schoolmasters, nor our clergy are paid as they ought to be.”

There are several other improvements which might with advantage be introduced in our Universities. Several are indicated in the form of "Practical Suggestions" by Mr Lorimer, of which we can only now take a rapid review. Regarding the suffrage, a better system of examinations, and a better system of patronage, as well as the conferring a part in the government on the students, and a voice in the legislature on our Universities, we have already sufficiently indicated our approval. These are the first steps towards placing the Universities of Scotland on a better footing, by the recognition of the distinction between the school and the University.

That students for the three learned professions should be men of a liberal education is most desirable. A mere professional or technical knowledge is not the best adapted for the highest rank in any profession, as it is apt to lead to limited views, and is not conducive to the broad and comprehensive spirit which should prevail in every profession. As Professor Blackie remarks, "an exclusively professional training is not the way to produce the greatest and most vigorous professional intellects; rather such a training has a direct tendency to render less and less marked, the difference that ought to separate a LIBERAL PROFESSION from a mere TRADE, and is the fertile mother of all sorts of narrow-mindedness, prejudice, and vain conceit." The Church already demands the curriculum for a degree in arts; and we are disposed in favor of a degree before taking orders, as in England. This must proceed from the Church. The Bar has already made a step in this direction in preferring a degree to the other preliminary qualifications, and probably in course of time may adopt this, assuredly the most practicable, mode of judging. That the same qualification should be exacted from Medical men seems reasonable. This is a matter to be settled by the medical profession. The Universities may act indirectly with considerable effect on the several professions, by exacting a preliminary examination before entrance. The professions alone can make the degree imperative as one of the qualifications for admission to the profession. The Universities could, however, still further exert a certain influence by making the degree the only qualification for becoming a voter whether in the management of the University, or for a member of the legislature, if this privilege should be conferred on them.

We are distinctly in favor of a system of more rigid discipline by the Universities over their members, and of greater facilities of intimacy and social intercourse among the members. These are the great distinguishing characteristics of the English Universities, and most powerful agents in their influence as training institutions. The residence within the college, the control of the college authorities, the independence of the individual members, and the social and friendly intercourse engendered by living in the same establishment, and at a common table,—all contribute to the formation of a manly and independent character. The blending of individual independence and college control, as exhibited in the system of Oxford and Cambridge, is indeed the best discipline through which youths just emerging into manhood can pass. To introduce the residence and common table in our Universities might now

be difficult. But we see no reason why there should not be a system of stricter discipline and surveillance established. Parents, guardians, and lodging-house keepers, should all be bound to observe the rules of the University; and all the students, wherever residing, should be subject to its discipline. The great source of friendly intercourse, and of relationships which may be kept up through life, is the common table. In no country in the world is the dinner table more the means of social intercourse than Great Britain. At some of our Universities¹ it did exist very recently; and it would be a great object if it could be again introduced. In discipline and the cultivation of social intercourse, we might with advantage borrow from our brethren of the South. Sure we are, that no means are more calculated to secure the moral and social upbringing of the youth of the country.

Before concluding, it is necessary that something be said on the subject of the Universities of Scotland in relation to the Indian appointments. These are, indeed, most lucrative and desirable situations, and it is important that the youth of Scotland should be able to obtain them as much as those of England. There are two reasons why the English students are now more successful than the Scotch; *first*, because they have been accustomed to that species of training or *cramming*, which is so well adapted to the answering of questions; and, *secondly*, because the examiners are chiefly Oxford and Cambridge men, accustomed to this line of examination. Thus the questioners and the questioned are quite familiar with each other's method; so that English candidates have a very decided advantage, and never hardly fail of being successful in a competition with Scotch students unaccustomed to this system.² Are then these Indian appointments of such paramount interest and importance, that the character of our Universities must be sacrificed in order to be accommodated to these? Are they to be turned into mere Indian cramming schools? How many of the 1200 students, at the University of Edinburgh, are likely to be candidates for these posts? The outcry for altering the Universities for these reasons is absurd. We cannot suppose that the members of the association for the extension of the Scottish Universities can be parties to this agitation. Two of their primary objects would be defeated by such an alteration; the distinction between the school and the University, and the due advancement of learning. These appointments are held by youths in their teens, so that they ought to go from the school rather than the University. Again, if such a system were pursued here, it would limit the great object of the reformers, the extension of learning. At the same time, all the branches of knowledge required for these offices should be obtained at the Univer-

¹ Not more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since this custom was in observance in the University of St Andrews. The bursars and such other students as chose, dined within the college at tables presided over by the professors in rotation.

² The candidates for these appointments generally attend private *grammers*, or *coaches* as they are called at Oxford, before examination. These men are chiefly Oxford and Cambridge men, and they are quite conversant not only with the questions, but the very mode in which they will be put. What an advantage have students who have been already taught in this way over those who have not.

sity. We think, however, that the present experiment of these examinations will not continue long. Tests of proficiency and qualification ought assuredly to be exacted. The present method does not, however, fulfil the conditions required in this matter. It would be presumptuous in us even to suggest a change. By all means let the present experiment have a fair trial, and if found wanting, let another be tried. But seek not to change the whole character of the Universities of Scotland with a view to these appointments.

In conclusion, let the University system of Scotland be improved and extended, but let no change be made on its simple and popular character. It is admirably suited to the people, open to all, and well calculated to advance the great interests of education and of intellectual culture.

PEACE OR WAR.

For some months we have abstained from any comments on the war. During this interval of silence, there has been really nothing worthy of remark. Now, however, when the question of peace is again seriously agitated, we have a word or two to say to our readers.

We propose in this article to examine the prospects of peace. In all fairness, be it said, that to our talented but recently wayward contemporary, *The Press*, the first significant intimation of an attempt to make peace is attributable. Six weeks ago, that Journal gave currency to the rumor; but was considerably at fault in giving the origin of it to the Court of St Petersburg. Glad should we have been, had a direct desire for pacification been manifested by the Power which has been the disturber of the peace of Europe. The hopes of a satisfactory issue would then have been more sanguine. We had no faith in this part of the statement; but suspected that it would be traced to that Court, which has already distinguished itself in this line of active interference. That we owe the renewal of proposals of terms of pacification to the Court of Vienna, is now undoubted. Whether this has originated from the suggestion of Russia, or from its own yearning desire for a termination of the warfare, matters not. The weight of authority on this point, seems pretty equally divided. Arguing, however, from the terms of which Prince Esterhazy is said to be the bearer, and from the general aspect of the affair, we are inclined to doubt that Russia had any direct hand in it. At any rate, communications have been going on for some time between the Court of Vienna, and the Courts of Paris and London. It is not improbable that Austria desired a mere renewal of negotiations. Fortunately, however, the Governments of Britain and France seem to have been firm in rejecting a repetition of the Vienna farce of 1855. The result has been certain terms which have been suggested by Austria, have received the approval of France and Great Britain, and are now being submitted to Russia as an *ultimatum*. Let us consider these terms and the probabilities of their acceptance.

I. *The Terms of Peace.*—What these exactly are, there is no agreement. While the arrangement was in progress a few weeks ago, the

Government Organ, the *Morning Post*, which even then said that it was Austria which was "making the move towards negotiations," set forth the only possible conditions, which now appear in another organ of the Government, the *Economist*, in the following somewhat modified form :—

"The *Euxine* is to be made a commercial sea; no ships of war are to navigate its waters; all Russian fortresses on its coasts are to be destroyed; consuls are to be established in all its ports, to watch over the faithful performance of these conditions; all forms and notions of 'Protectorate,' whether over the Principalities or the Christian subjects of the Porte, Russia is utterly to renounce; and the mouths of the Danube with a sufficient slice of Bessarabia to make this cession a secure reality, are to be given back to Turkey."

These are truly moderate terms. There is no demand for territory or expenses of the war. There is the embodiment of the principle which has throughout animated the Allies—the absence of all personal aggrandisement, and the attainment of the lowest conditions consistent with the object of the war. To many they may not be at all acceptable; to most they are not wholly satisfactory; but to few will a peace concluded on these terms be altogether undesirable. These terms are the lowest which the Western Powers can accede to, and the prolongation of the warfare will now be definite and comprehensible. Though these conditions of necessity involve an acknowledgment of defeat, they by no means imply humiliation, on the part of Russia. That Power has now a fine opportunity of getting out of the difficulty with a good grace. On her, then, will lie the *onus* of the continuance of the war, if she refuses this offer of pacification. The Allies shall have added one other endeavour to bring about the Peace of Europe. To the sword again must be committed the issue, before diplomacy can dare to attempt the settlement of the matters in dispute. This brings us to the consideration of our second topic.

II. *The Probabilities of Peace.*—Sincere as are our wishes, and ardent as are our hopes of a speedy arrangement, our belief is strong that none will be accomplished at present. The governments and the people of the two Western Powers are heartily desirous of a pacific conclusion of this dispute. And we verily believe that never at any period were they more anxious for it, and more willing to listen to any terms at all satisfactory. The conditions stated above are sufficient evidence of the prevailing sentiments, that the Allies wish to exact from Russia nothing which would humiliate or irritate her. Most religiously have they abstained from any demand beyond what was the original cause of the resort to the decision of arms. How can it be then asserted, as has been repeatedly done by parties in this country, that the object of the war is attained, and that we ought now to lay down arms? What is the meaning of this? It can have no other signification, in the present position of affairs, than that we should withdraw our forces, and say we are content,—we will fight no more. It is absurd to say that the time for peace has now arrived. It might with as good, if not with better reason, have been so said of any period since the rupture. But this is the natural process of a war however popular in the

commencement, that as it goes on it loses its popularity. The occasion is not really so favorable, in our estimation, as others which have gone by. Many circumstances in the present juncture of affairs, make the offer of peace to Russia far from opportune. We shall endeavour briefly to indicate those particulars which weigh with us in forming the belief, that Russia will not agree to these terms. We shall also state those circumstances which may influence the Czar towards Peace.

First then, Russia has shewn no desire or inclination for a termination of hostilities. There has assuredly been no direct intimation to this effect. And though the authorities for his wishing some arrangement be conflicting, the balance seems against such a supposition. In the absence of any direct or indirect intimation of a desire for peace on the part of Russia, what are the prospects of Peace? In addition to the want of any intimations in that quarter, there are several declarations and circumstances which strengthen the disbelief of peaceful intentions,—of course such intentions as imply certain concessions, and not intentions of concluding peace on his terms. The Czar is said to have expressed that the fall of Sebastopol made peace impossible, and that Russia never made peace after a defeat. These may be idle boasts, but they are in a certain degree influential, as the boast must be sustained. His journey to the Crimea has been, if report speaks true, satisfactory, and to have confirmed his previous determination of prosecuting the war, in the belief of ultimate success. His increased exertions for the reinforcement and strengthening of his armaments, argue nothing but an unflinching determination to go on. The fall of Kars will operate in making him hesitate to accept the proffered terms, and especially as it has already had the effect of bringing Persia round to him. The neutrality of Prussia strengthens Russia in his resolution. She is not the ally of the Western Powers, she can scarcely be called neutral; she may more justly be styled the ally of Russia. Her neutrality would be of vast importance to Russia, seeing that she can bring into the field the most formidable army of any state in Europe. How much more important is the position of Prussia to the Czar, when she enables him to carry on his commerce. Prussia scarcely moves in this present matter, but stands aloof, profiting by the quarrel and well knowing what a preponderating weight her share in the contest would bring to either scale. This must have considerable influence in the calculations of our foe. We are not prepared, however, to say what alteration the step taken by Sweden may make in Prussia's hitherto pro-Russian policy.

Last, not least, is the injurious and unpatriotic clamours for peace, of the peace-at-any-price-party and their daily increasing coadjutors. There is no more formidable obstacle to peace than this most unhallowed agitation—no cause more influential in determining the Czar to go on with the war.

Having now stated the reasons which are likely to influence Russia against peace, what are the causes, if any, for disposing her to peace? Considerable weight has been attached to the threatening aspect of Austria in case of refusal by Russia. It is most remarkable how artfully devised are all the movements of the Court of Vienna. It can hardly

escape the notice of the least observant, that that State has a second time accompanied the offer of peace by a reduction of her military forces,¹ clearly demonstrating that she has no intention of taking an active part in the war. Further, her menacing attitude is lowered. Formerly the understanding meant to be conveyed to the Western Powers—however little such was her real intention—was the taking up of arms on their side in case of refusal. The threat is now only to withdraw her ambassador from St Petersburg. However unimportant and trivial these circumstances may be regarded by some, they are most significant. They will not be lost sight of by the ever watchful diplomatists of the Czar; and will certainly not tend to diminish the contempt with which we believe the Autocrat regards Austria. Russia has certainly no desire of seeing Austria added to her foes, but the threat of such an event is not even now held over her head. This crafty Court would fain influence affairs. Her mediating zeal is very great. But, though the Western Powers have had the courtesy to allow her again to interfere, we have no hope that her mediations will in the least affect Russia's decision, or have any favorable effect. We need not recur to what has been the theme of previous articles, the necessity of peace to the existence of the Austrian empire. The knowledge of this fact will make her strive mightily to bring about a pacification; and it will make her defer to the last moment taking any active share in the war. But, in a similar degree, these circumstances will operate with Russia in disregarding Austria's present interference.

A French Journal, the *Pays*, in relation to Austria and Germany, puts the question, "Is peace probable? Yes! if Austria and Germany, adhering to the fundamental guarantees, which the future of Europe demands, clearly make known to Russia that they adopt them, and that they will impose them by force, if they are not obtained by negotiation. No! if Austria and Germany shut themselves up, the one in its immobility, the other in its neutrality."

We have no authentic means of forming a judgment on the sufferings of Russia in consequence of the war, nor of her resources for its continuance. Our information on these points is most scanty. All we know is that she must have lost a large number of men and much treasure. But we, at the same time, know how inexhaustible are her means of supplying her forces, and are ignorant of what funds she may have at her command, and what material she may yet possess in the way of stores, ammunition and provisions. She has, to be sure, been crippled as regards her navy; but, to judge from the specimen of Sebastopol and the Crimea, she has not yet arrived at that state of exhaustion which some make out to be her present condition. On the contrary, she has recruited her forces, and seems to keep up her supply of everything a considerable time in advance. Let us beware how we deceive ourselves by the belief of Russia's weakness. In the absence of all means of correct knowledge, nothing can be so prejudicial to our own interests as rash statements of this character, often made the one day and contradicted the next. Little reliance may be placed on this, as moving the Czar to peace.

By far the most important event,—the one most likely to be influen-

¹ This is denied.

tial with the Czar, is the treaty with Norway and Sweden, with the likelihood of Denmark following their example. If he is not irritated at this untoward turn of affairs, but looks calmly at the alteration which the alliance—now defensive, but it may be offensive,—of these States must make in the character and extent of the contest in the North Seas, he may be inclined to listen to these overtures. By the treaty now concluded, the hands of Russia are tied as respects these Northern Powers. Her further aggression in that quarter is not only stopped, but she cannot venture to attack them without coming into hostile collision with the Western Powers as their allies. Her further authority in the North is gone, and her future aggression is arrested. This, if seriously deliberated on should bring the Czar to his senses, and be a warning that if he goes on he will be shorn of his pretensions in other directions, if he be not also narrowed in his influence and territory.

On a review of the various grounds, *pro* and *con*, we feel disposed to think that Russia will not accede to these terms. But may she not accept them as she did the four points, and agree to meet to deliberate on their interpretation? We should not be surprised if this proposition were made. If Russia will not do more, but agrees to do this, Austria will second her, and endeavour to prevail on the Western Powers to accede to it. She will thus "wriggle out" of her engagement to assume a menacing attitude, if the conference should end in smoke. What course will the Allies take in this case? We can hardly suppose that they will be again cajoled into any conferences. Let the terms proposed be drawn up, and their interpretation agreed on before Russia receives them. And let these be simply accepted or rejected.

Supposing the issue of these negotiations not to be peace, what are the prospects of a continuance of the war? The *Press* oracularly gives out that, if peace is not concluded now, the war will go on for years. No one can pretend to see the end of these things. The war may assuredly continue, and, as it progresses, widen in its basis and character. To the Western Powers, however, no blame can be attributed. Their hands are clear. On the head of Russia will equally lie the commencement and the continuance of the war. Russia is the only obstruction to, as she was the disturber of, peace. Neither aggrandisement of themselves, nor humiliation of Russia is desired by the allies. Not an inch of territory is sought for, nor are the expenses incurred demanded. One grand purpose—the origin and aim of the war has been, and is to stop Russia's future aggressions, and to obtain a guarantee to this effect. "So far you have gone, and to that extent you may remain, but no farther shall you go" is the language of Great Britain and France to Russia. The sole object of the war, has never been attained. Then, and then only, can the time of peace be said to have arrived, when Russia concedes this point.

But we have somewhat digressed from the question of the prospects. It is impossible for any one to say what even another campaign may effect. The probability of to-day, or of this hour, may be changed by the occurrence of the next day or hour. Apply this to our Crimean campaign, and especially after the fall of Sebastopol. How ever chang-

ing were the probable results of the fall of that fortress. In the Crimea, unless some more vigor and energy characterise the generals of the allies, there is but little hope of progress. There has been unchecked success; but not one of the victories have been followed up. The offensive has never been assumed, and the Russians have remained after every defeat the masters of the field. They have all along kept us at bay. Spite of all that has been done, and all that has been gained, their communications continue uninterrupted. In the north, though little has been done beyond keeping the Russian fleet shut up, our prospects for the next year are much brighter. With the alliance and co-operation of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, an effective blow may at last be struck there. Amid all the regret for the continuance of a bloody and expensive war, the allies feel its justifiability, and their desire for its termination as soon as the original justifiable cause of war is attained. The hopes of ultimate success seem all in their favor, and Russia cannot surely regard with any pleasant prospect a prolongation of the contest. Her only hope must be in wearing out the allies.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Scott to the church and parish of Caputh, in the Presbytery of Dunkeld, and county of Perth, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Peter Colin Campbell.

Presentation.—The Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart., has presented the Rev. John Home, assistant to the Rev. William Robertson, New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, to the church and parish of Penicuik, vacant by the translation of Mr Thomson to Stirling.

Presentation.—We understand that the Earl of Seafield has presented the Rev. James Allan, schoolmaster of Deskford, to the church of Grantown, vacant by the translation of the Rev. J. Clark to the parish of Knockando, Elginshire.

St Bernard's Church.—We understand that the Rev. William Robertson of Midmar has, with the cordial concurrence of a committee representing the congregation, been presented by the patrons to the church and parish of St Bernard's, vacant by the translation of the Rev. David Brown to Scoonie.

Presentation.—Sir John Richardson has presented the Rev. Walter Tait to the church and parish of St Madoes, Perthshire.

The Glasgow University.—At a meet-

ing of the Senate of the University, held on Monday the 10th instant, William John Macquorn Rankine, Esq., was admitted Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics. At the same meeting the degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. William Menzies, Minister of Keir; the Rev. John M'Donald, Minister of Comrie; and the Rev. James George, Vice-Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada West; and the degree of LL.D. on John Fergusson, Esq., Rector of the Grammar School of Kelso, and Robert Buchanan, Esq., Rector of Greenock Academy.

North Berwick Parish.—We are authorised to state that Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., has presented the Rev. Peter Macmorland of St Luke's Church, Edinburgh, to the church of North Berwick, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Balfour Graham, D.D., and that Mr Macmorland has signified his acceptance of the presentation.

Died, at Cairo, on the 21st November, the Rev. Edward Place Dewar, minister of the parish of Auchtergaven, and eldest son of the Rev. Principal Dewar.

Died, at 10 Windmill Street, on the 16th inst., the Rev. Henry Rutherford, minister of Buccleuch Church.

Died, at the Manse of Fortingal, on the 3d inst., the Rev. Donald Stewart.

INDEX.

Anti-Mand, 313.

Arran, a Month in, 150, 223.

Arthur, Rev. Alexander, his Church of the Millenium, noticed, 64.

Bowles and Thackeray as Poets, 280.

Brewster, Sir David, his Life of Sir Isaac Newton, reviewed, 169.

Bryce, Dr James, his Appeal on behalf of Native Education in India, noticed, 191, 273.

Buckingham's Autobiography, reviewed, 193.

Calvin, John, his Character and Correspondence, reviewed, 43.

Carile, Alexander, his Poems, reviewed, 266.

Charles, Rev. John, his Protestant's Hand-Book, noticed, 320.

Characteristics of Modern Literature, 129.

Christianity, the Certainty of, noticed, 126.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library, New Series, noticed, 187.

Confessions of an Ex-verse Maker, 25.

Craig, Rev. Robert, his The Man Christ Jesus, noticed, 252.

Decalogue, the, Discourses on, by Dr Gillan, reviewed, 257.

Dove, Edward, his Romanism, noticed, 63.

Ecclesiastical Intelligenece, 64, 128, 192, 255, 320, 384.

Education of the Idiot and Imbecile, 321.

Gillan, Dr, his Discourses on the Decalogue, reviewed, 257.

Greek Extracts from the Attic Writers, noticed, 255.

Guizot, M., his Meditations and Moral Sketches, reviewed, 19.

Idiot, the Education of the, 321.

India, Native Education in, by Dr Bryce, reviewed, 191, 273.

Knox, John, his Life, by Dr M'Crie, noticed, 251.

Lays of the War, 76, 234.

Leisure, the, Hour, noticed, 192.

Literary Notices, 60, 123, 187, 251, 319.

Literature, Novel and Cheap, 65.

Mission, the, Lands of the Bible, 103.

Murray, Rev. James, his War in Prospect, and War in Earnest, noticed, 190.

Mulligan, John, his Grammatical Structure of the English Language, noticed, 255.

Newton, Sir Isaac, his Life by Brewster, reviewed, 169.

Noctes Ambrosianae, reviewed, 240, and Contemporaneous Criticism, 286.

Notes on the Book of Revelation, 33, 206, 302, 354.

Novel and Cheap Literature of the 19th Century, 65.

O'Flaherty, his Sketches of the War, noticed, 64.

Our Scottish Pulpit, 257.

Poetry.—Death of Lord Raglan, 41.

Ode to the Highland Brigade, 113.

The Half-witted Laddie, 164. Death

o' the Gairdner's Boy, 166. The

Sardinians at Tohernaya, 167. The

Bonfire of Craig-gowan, 234. My

Mither's Death, 236. The Sea-King's

Funeral, 237. Fall of Sebastopol, 249.

The Widow Effie's Boy, 269. Callias

the Daduchus, 272. The Memory of

our Fallen Heroes, 272. Phemie

Gray, 344. Darkness and Light, 346.

Turkish Slave Girl to a Gazelle, 348.

Gloria in Excelsis, 349.

Peace or War ? 379.

Pulpit, our Scottish, 257.

Protestants' Hand-Book, by Rev. John Charles, noticed, 320.

Protestantism, German, the Internal History of, 363.

Reminiscences of Eastern Travel, 1, 142, 199, 336.

Reynolds' Newspaper, its Reckless Want of Principle, 248.

Russia during Thirty-three Years' Residence, noticed, 191.

Stier on the Words of the Lord Jesus, noticed, 187.

Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy, by Jordan, noticed, 319.

Tennyson, Alfred, his Maud, reviewed, 120.

Thompson, Rev. R. A., his Burnett Treatise, reviewed, 82.

Thomson, Rev. Dr A., his Memoirs of Rev. J. Trench, noticed, 125.

Thomson, the late Dr, of Eccles, 350.

Ullman's Reformers before the Reformation, noticed, 187.

Universities of Scotland and Higher Instruction, 370.

War, the,—Ministerial Policy, 55.

Wolfe, J. R., his Nineveh, noticed, 63.

Working Classes, the Condition of our, 300.

Wylie, Rev. J. A., his Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber, reviewed, 114.

MODERATION.

Rev. James G. Young, Fintry.

INDUCTIONS.

Rev. Dr Stevenson, Ladykirk.

" Patrick Thompson, Liverpool.

" Mr Giffen, Dailly.

" John Clark, Knockando.

" D. Brown, Scoonie.

APPOINTMENTS.

Rev. Peter Campbell, Principality of King's College and University, Aberdeen.

Mr Walter Malcolm, Secretary to the General Assembly's Colonial Committee.

Dr George Smith, Interim Vice-Convenor of Colonial Committee.

Rev. Charles Roger, Stirling Castle.

" J. Campbell, 42d and 79th Regiments, Crimea.

" Mr Ross, 71st Regiment, Crimea.

" Mr Watson, Scots Greys and 93d Regiment, Kadikoi.

" Mr Fraser, 93d Highlanders, Crimea.

" F. Cameron, 72d do., do.

" Mr Thompson, Third Minister of Stirling.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. John A. Mackenzie, Kettina.

" Malcolm M'Intyre, Tobermory.

" David Brown, Seconie.

" Evan Mackenzie Masson, Stein-schol.

" Robert Scott, Caputh.

" John Home, Pennicuik.

" James Allan, Grantown.

" Mr Robertson, St Bernards', Edinburgh.

" Walter Tait, St Madoes.

" Peter M'Morland, North Berwick.

DEATHS.

Rev. Joseph Thompson, Morebattle.

" John Paterson, Kincaldrum.

" Wm. Dow, late of Tongueland.

" Robert Balfour Graham, D.D., North Berwick.

" Edward Place Dewar, Auchtergaven.

" Henry Rutherford, Edinburgh.

" Donald Stewart, Fortingal.



